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THE

Christian Remembrancer:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

REVIEW.

VOL. VI.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1843.

Parliamentary Papers. Correspondence relating to Affghanistan. Bombay Times, 1842, 1843.

Narrative of the War in Affghanistan. By Captain H. Havelock.

The Expedition into Affghanistan. By Dr. J. Atkinson, *Superintending Surgeon of the Bengal Division.*

Rough Notes of the Campaign in Scinde and Affghanistan. By Captain James Outram.

Campaign of the Army of the Indus. By R. H. Kennedy, *M.D. Superintending Surgeon to the Bombay column of the Force.*

Outline of the Operations of the British Troops in Scinde and Affghanistan, betwixt November 1838, *and November* 1842; *Bombay Monthly Times, published February 1st, March 1st, April 1st*, 1843.

Narrative of a Journey to Kalât, including an Account of the Insurrection at that place in 1840. *By* Charles Masson, *Esq.*

The Military Operations at Cabul, with a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan. By Lieut. Vincent Eyre.

A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan, in 1841, 1842. *By* Lady Sale.

In our May Number we entered into an examination of the reasons upon which the invasion of Affghanistan was founded, and expressed the opinion to which that examination had conducted us. We now proceed to redeem our promise of offering some notice of the manner in which the great and unjust scheme was carried out; and, if our space will allow it, something like a sketch of the beginning, middle, and end,—if the end is yet come,—of that strange and tragic drama. The incidents themselves are sufficiently exciting to attract the attention of those even who read merely for the gratification of curiosity, or for amusement; and for all those who find any meaning in the course of human events, few passages in recent history contain a deeper moral.

The interest which attaches to the late events in Affghanistan has in some degree extended to the earlier progress of the war,

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and it is probable that the works which come first in the list at the head of our article have been more generally read in the year 1843 than they were at the date of their publication. We do not name them with the purpose of criticising to any great extent their literary claims to attention.

To those who feel any historical interest in the subject, any wish to know what really happened, and how, they will all be more or less interesting; though going to a certain extent over the same ground, they present the variety of incident and character which is to be expected from Journals; and the general impression derived from the comparison of three or four will be nearer historical truth than would be that arising from any one.

Captain Havelock's is, we believe, the generally received military history of Lord Keane's campaign in Affghanistan. In addition to a clear and spirited account of the campaign, it contains sundry interspersed observations on its conduct, and these seem to be written with honesty and freedom. Captain Havelock is a decided admirer of the policy which dictated the invasion of Affghanistan; and, we presume that he includes in his estimate of the duties of an aide-de-camp to the general commanding a division of the invading force, a pretty thorough-going partizanship on the side of the king whose cause we embraced. He believes entirely in the dangerous approach, grasping ambition, and injustice of Russia, and draws from his belief curious inferences to guide the conduct of England. Apparently, the best way to encounter injustice and ambition is to imitate them. He frankly asserts the propriety of subjecting to our influence, that is subduing, all states lying between our Indian frontier and the Russian empire. "Those who are not decidedly for us," he says, "may be justly assumed to be unequivocally against us," and may, of course, be treated accordingly.

Dr. Atkinson carries even farther than Captain Havelock the view of the case which we presume was then the fashionable one among the *employés* of the Indian government. He is, what a writer in the Bombay Times somewhere calls him, the "courtly" historian of Shah Soojah; he is indeed an enthusiast in his favour, and, on the occasion of taking Ghuznee, becomes his self-elected poet laureate, putting into the mouth of Mahomed of Ghuznee a series of verses, descriptive of the coming golden age of Affghanistan, as bad as if they had proceeded from a genuine Mahometan Whitehead or Pye; singularly unpoetic, and, alas! even more inauspiciously unprophetic. We might, if we pleased, give our readers some specimens, which, compared with the subsequent facts, are so curiously and literally contradictory that they are as amusing as anything ludicrous on such a subject can be; but we abstain, merely recommending Dr. Atkinson, whose beautiful lithographed sketches of the scenery of the

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march are certainly more attractive than his poetry, to express his enthusiasm hereafter by the pencil only.

It is curious, as illustrative of the careless ignorance of the feelings of the Affghan nation, which prevailed even after the conclusion of Lord Keane's expedition, to compare the views given by these two writers of the popularity of the English and Shah Soojah in Affghanistan, with each other and with the event. In Captain Havelock's opinion, the Affghans disliked the Shah, but were delighted with the prospect of living under the just and settled rule of the English. In Dr. Atkinson's—but we must give in his own words his exhibition of the mutual feelings of the English and Affghans:—

"The power which raised him (the Shah) to the throne is the principal drawback on his popularity. *It is difficult for the people rightly to comprehend the policy which influenced that measure. They can see nothing in our advance to Cabul but a scheme of conquest...*" (What extraordinary dulness on their part!) "*The Affghans are the most bigoted, arrogant, and intolerant people* imaginable, and they equally detest our interference, our customs, and our creed. They look upon us at once with dread and contempt; subdued and prostrate as they are by our power, they yet despise us as a race of infidels, and, without one quality to warrant their being numbered generally among the class of civilized beings, they have, nevertheless, vanity enough to suppose that we have not sufficient penetration to detect and suspect their subterfuges and cunning, their doublings and deceit."

Subsequent events may, perhaps, be thought to have shown that this *vanity*, at least, was not ill founded. "*Odisse quem læseris,*" is a proverbially common feeling; and if Dr. Atkinson is to be regarded as the exponent of English feeling towards the Affghans, here is as strong an example of it as we recollect to have met with. The Affghans have saved us the trouble of solving the intricate knot of these contradictions—by cutting it asunder.

If there are any of our readers to whom Captain, now Major, Outram's name has not become familiar by the recent despatches of the Indian mail, we can only tell them these "Rough Notes" contribute to vindicate for him the reputation he enjoys of being a judicious, active, and daring soldier; that he appears throughout the campaign in Affghanistan, to have been the officer on all occasions selected for any service which might seem more peculiarly to require these qualities; that he has chased more refractory chiefs, captured more strongholds, and, in a rough way, for the time, pacified a greater extent of rough country than any one on record; and, finally, that he has the credit of having, in the character of Resident at Hyderabad, done all that could be done by a moderate, prudent, and humane servant of his government to prevent or defer the destructive crisis of conflict to which, ever since the great aggressive move of Lord Auckland, things in Scinde have been constantly tending—a reputation, if equally merited with the rest of his honours, how infinitely preferable to them all!

The last on our list of works relating to the early campaigns

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in Affghanistan is Dr. Kennedy's, and to us it is the most pleasing, partly as echoing our own feelings on the policy of the war, though generally in a light and satirical tone. It contains, however, the following remarkable passage, which is very striking when we consider that it appeared before any facts or surmises could have been thought to justify it. But there is no wonder that the spirit of indignant denunciation of wrong should for once be one with the spirit of prophecy.

"The day of reckoning is not come yet; but it will come, and bring with it results *at which the ear of him that heareth of them shall tingle.*"

We are not able to refer at this moment to the passage, but these are, we think, nearly the exact expressions. Did not the tidings of the winter of 1841 make the ear of every hearer throughout Europe to tingle?

For the rest, Dr. Kennedy is a pleasant and lively writer, a bit of a humorist, a bit of a philosopher, and as humorist and philosopher should be, a kind-hearted man. He loses his baggage by thieves, in the Bolan Pass,—it is very annoying; but it does not make him approve of the wholesale executions by which Sir J. Keane thought it right to terrify the plunderers: his natural inclination is to laugh at the follies of men, but he can express just and earnest indignation when the crime predominates over the folly. His last visit at Cabool is to the tomb of Baber, his last at Ghuznee to the tomb of Mahmoud, where the *Superintending Surgeon to the Bombay Column* of the Army of the Indus meditates on the transitory nature of human grandeur. "'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' repeated I to myself, as I wondered what had become of the Sultan's Chief of the medical department."

The "Outline of Operations," in the monthly Bombay Times, is, in fact, a *history* of the Affghan war,—a history which we should gladly see rescued from the perishable (and often illegible) columns of an Indian newspaper, and transformed into a more permanent shape. The number published on the 1st of February contains the account of Lord Keane's campaign. The inquiry into the causes of the war appears in the March number, and is illustrated by many despatches and parts of despatches which were never laid before Parliament, and of some of which we gratefully availed ourselves in our recent article. The last, which we have just received, carries the history to the end of 1840. The writer is no friend of the originators of the war, but the grounds on which his view is supported are such as hardly admit of misrepresentation, and lie open to the judgment of every one. In the history of the war itself, his facts are apparently collected with care, and *generally* supported by the military memoir-writers of the campaign; and his estimate of the characters and conduct of individuals has every appearance of impartiality.

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Such are the principal sources from which a knowledge of the earlier progress of the war may be sought. Mr. Masson's work, to which we shall hereafter refer, contains an account by an eye-witness and actor in many of the scenes he describes, of the Khelât insurrection in 1840; "an episode merely," as he says, "of the great political drama enacted west of the Indus," but not the least interesting, nor the least painful part of the drama. Upon works which, like Lady Sale's and Lieutenant Eyre's Journals, are in every one's hands, it is almost superfluous to offer any general remarks. Though, of course, indebted for the avidity with which they have been read, mainly, to the curiosity felt in reference to their subject, they are yet intrinsically entitled to much praise: they are most interesting records of events which no record could make quite uninteresting. Written by eye-witnesses, and without affectation, they have the one surpassing merit of reality; and the consequence is, that they make, what seemed when we first heard it the incredible story of the Cabool catastrophe, not only credible but intelligible. They coincide with each other to a degree which speaks well for their mutual accuracy, the main difference being, that the one is written by an actor in the scenes described, the other by a deeply-interested observer. There is indeed another not uncharacteristic distinction. The honourable caution of the military man, the anxious desire not to blame unjustly, the not unfrequent statement of facts from which the reader cannot but *infer* a severe censure, without the direct suggestion of any,—all this contrasts strikingly with the honest unreserve, the feminine vehemence, with which Lady Sale utters, from her whole heart, her well-merited praise or blame. Each book is in this respect just what it ought to be. Lieutenant Eyre's position as an officer doubtless strengthens, in this respect, his manly instinct of cool judgment and fairness; and the result is highly honourable to him. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in his book is the fair, calm, and unexaggerating tone with which he relates the long catalogue of errors, and misconduct. He never blames without stating his reasons; and he gives praise or blame, in opposition to his confessed personal predilections. Towards all on his own side—the English side—Lieutenant Eyre is uniformly and scrupulously just. If in his estimate of their opponents he appears to us occasionally partial and inconsistent,—if he deals a little too freely with words like "rebels," and "treason,"—if he sometimes seems to attribute to the whole nation the atrocities committed by a part,—we can, in his circumstances, excuse such an error without being misled by it. No one can read the work without receiving on the whole a most favourable impression of the writer.

Passing from the consideration of these works to offer some remarks on the course of the war, we feel that we cannot begin

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more appropriately than with a quotation from the proclamation of Simla. What actually has been, we shall see afterwards; it was thus that, in October, 1838, the Indian Government announced what was to be:—

"His Majesty Shah Sooja-ool-Moolk will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops, and will be supported against foreign interference and factious opposition by a British army. The Governor-General confidently hopes that the Shah will be speedily replaced on his throne by his own subjects and adherents, and when once he shall be secured in power, and the independence and integrity of Affghanistan established, the British army will be withdrawn."

We place this passage here as a text, upon which any outline of the history of the next four years will be found to furnish an impressive comment. Contradicted in almost every particular by the subsequent facts, it received its first, and perhaps its most emphatic, contradiction from the government who proclaimed it.

"His Majesty Shah Sooja-ool-Moolk will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops."

What was the composition of the troops here described as his Majesty's own? They were Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk's own, in a sense rather less strong than that in which the Eleventh Hussars is "Prince Albert's Own." The Eleventh Hussars is not more dependent on the Horse Guards than these troops were on the Indian Government. They were levies raised partially from the camp-followers of the Company's regiments. They were Hindostanees, subjects of the Company, officered by British officers, paid by British gold, at the entire disposal of the British authorities; "it was notorious," says Colonel Dennie, who had the agreeable occupation of drilling these undisciplined levies, "that there was not a single Affghan among them."

"His Majesty will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops."

This statement was deliberately made; apparently it was not true. What was it then?

Lord Palmerston's attempted defence (for this, like every other step in the business, Lord Palmerston is ready to defend,) amounts to saying that it was an erroneous conjecture; that the statement was made six months before the actual advance of the army; and might therefore have been *intended* to be true, though contradicted by subsequent events. It is a new thing to be told that state papers are not declaratory, but rather prophetic or conjectural; that the principle,

"O Laertiade, quicquid dicam *aut erit—aut non*,"

is to guide us in interpreting the public declarations of the intentions of a government. But the defence, such as it is, will not stand; if the march began only six months later than the declaration, the raising of the levies did not—and at the time at which Lord Auckland thus mistakenly prophesied that his

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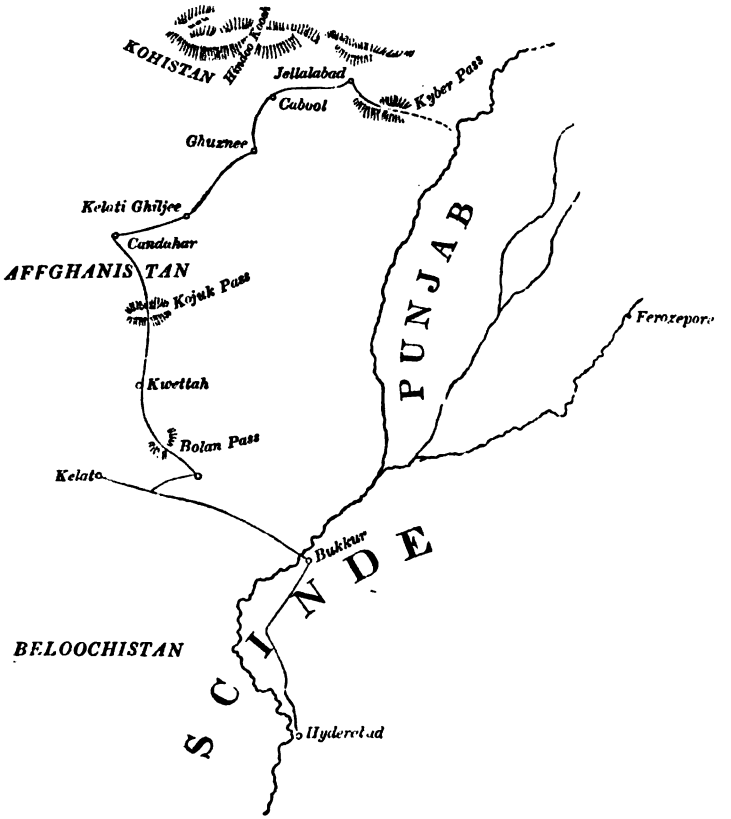
Majesty would enter his dominions surrounded by his own troops, the future character of the Shah's contingent must have been fully known. Lord Palmerston's equivocating defence is worthy of the assertion which he defends.

If, however, the Indian government failed in surrounding Shah Soojah with Affghan troops, they proceeded effectually to fulfil their promise of supporting him with a British army. The preparations made indicated an expectation of meeting with no inconsiderable amount of "factious opposition," and a resolution that no amount should interfere with the execution of their great project. Including the Shah's contingent, as it was called, and a few thousands of Sikh levies, the forces assembled in the early part of 1839, along the line of the Indus, amounted to more than 40,000 men. We subjoin a map, or maplike sketch of the country which was the scene of our operations, containing as few names of places as possible, but sufficient, we hope, to make our subsequent remarks intelligible.



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A glance at this map will show, that from Ferozepore, the head-quarters of the Bengal division of the "Army of the Indus," the nearest line of march on Cabool would have been that by which our troops, in 1842, evacuated the country, through the Punjaub and the defiles of the Khyber. The line ultimately chosen for the Bombay and Bengal divisions—the chief strength of the army both in numbers and efficiency—was the longer western route, leading through the territory of the Ameers of Scinde, and Eastern Beloochistan, by the Bolan Pass to Quettah and Candahar. It is curious to find that a principal reason for this preference was—the reluctance of our "old and faithful ally," Runjeet Singh, to permit those, who, by a reciprocal relation, must have been his "old and faithful allies," to traverse his territories with so large a force. For his scruples we had every respect; but, apparently, it is not every ruler who is entitled by his position to object to the passage of armies. The scruples of the weaker Ameers of Scinde, and of the Khan of Khelât, the principal chieftain of Eastern Beloochistan, though not less natural, were less complacently regarded. The former, who had previously promised supplies, assistance, and carriage, were, on our arrival in their country, found to regard the advance of the army with hostile feelings, which were more than shared by the fierce Beloochee tribes who acknowledged their dominion. It is even said that large sums of money were distributed by them among their undisciplined followers, assembled in thousands along the Indus, to *prevent* their attacking the British army. For a long time they refused to subscribe the new treaty tendered for their acceptance, large as it was in its demands, and equivalent to a renunciation of independence. At length, under immediate apprehension of an attack upon their capital by twenty thousand men, they agreed to forward by all means an expedition, of which the immediate effect would be to restore them to their former dependent position upon the monarch of Cabool, to pay a large sum of money *as instalment of tribute due to Shah Soojah since* 1805, and to cede the fort of Bukkur, the key of the Lower Indus, to be permanently occupied by a British garrison. Ten months before this occurred that conversation between Captain Burnes and Dost Mahomed, in which "I referred him to Scinde as an example of the advantages of British connexion;" five years later that connexion reached its climax, in perhaps the fiercest battle ever fought in India, resulting in the captivity of the princes of the land, and the occupation of its capital; and now, as we learn, in its permanent annexation to our empire.

On the subject of our dealings with Scinde, in 1839, we have read Captain Havelock with painful astonishment. That officer, who "records, not without a sentiment of national shame and humiliation," that our original demand on the Ameers was in

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direct violation of a treaty entered into with them only a few years earlier, who styles that demand "an expression of calm contempt, on the part of the British, for subsisting engagements," yet afterwards "ventures to think, that, after all, these deceitful rulers were dealt with too leniently," and speaks of the anticipated storm and plunder of Hyderabad, and the "blasted hopes" of the army, in consequence of a peaceful arrangement, in the spirit of a disappointed Mahratta plunderer. We solemnly assure our readers that the page in Captain Havelock's work, which anticipates the storm of Hyderabad, is headed "Golden Prospects," that the page which records how Hyderabad came *not* to be stormed, is headed "Prospects Blighted;" that each page is like to its heading, and that we have been able to discover no trace of irony. Is this the natural tone of a British officer? or is it the case that injustice on the part of rulers leavens the whole mass of those whom they employ with a corresponding leaven of iniquity?

After passing through Scinde, the route followed by our army led them through the parts of Eastern Beloochistan, subject to *Mehrab Khan of Khelât*—a name of deep significance to the student of the Affghan war. That chieftain, or his predecessors, had been, like the Ameers of Scinde, feudatory to the crown of Cabool, but for the last many years they had possessed both virtual and nominal independence. In 1834, Shah Soojah, flying from the consequences of a defeated attempt to recover his dominions, took refuge in the territories of Mehrab Khan, of whom he was demanded by his pursuer, one of the Barukzye chieftains of Candahar. Mehrab Khan had the generosity to refuse to give up the fugitive, and the Barukzye the generosity to applaud the refusal, saying, that "Mehrab Khan acted like a good man." Shah Soojah had now an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the man to whom he was perhaps indebted for liberty and life, and he did so characteristically. On understanding that Mehrab Khan demurred to the passage of the army, he wrote to him, reminding him that *Shah Nawaz Khan* was now in his camp; this Shah Nawaz Khan being a shoot of the ruling family of Khelât, and a legitimate pretender, with pretensions about one hundred years old, to the throne; whom the English afterwards actually set up on the death of Mehrab Khan, and maintained for a few months. In any estimate of the character of our *protegé*, Shah Soojah, this incident ought not to be forgotten.

Sir Alexander Burnes, who was more than once at Khelât for the purpose of conducting the negotiation for the supply of provisions and carriage with Mehrab Khan, has recorded some of his conversations with the chieftain. The Khan's remarks upon the dangerous impolicy of our conduct, by which, though we might set up Shah Soojah, "we could never win over the

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Affghan nation," indicate far more judgment and shrewdness than he receives credit for from Mr. Masson, who considers him an imprudent, though by no means treacherous, character. Once he is said to have used words of ominous prophecy: "You have brought an army into the country, but how do you propose to take it out again?" Ultimately, after showing much reluctance, Mehrab, as the historian of the Bombay Times says, "promised plentifully, as most Oriental, and many European, princes, under these circumstances, would have done; trusting that the chapter of accidents would enable him to evade, or release him from a treaty which was acceded to under fear or constraint."

As might have been expected, these promises were little regarded; probably it would not have been in Mehrab Khan's power to perform them, whatever had been his intention. But the distress of the army, in consequence of their non-performance, seems to have been fearful; even before the main division of Bengal, estimated, with the camp followers, at little short of one hundred thousand men, entered the tremendous pass of the Bolan, the non-combatants were reduced to half rations. A vivid idea of the nature of the march may be gained from Dr. Atkinson's sketches of the scenery of this pass; the deep and narrow split in the hills, where the precipitous cliffs, inclining towards each other as they run up, and, nearly meeting at top,

"Forehead to forehead hold their monstrous horns."

Half-way up, a wild group of Beloochees are perched in a cleft peering and pointing their matchlocks over the ledge at the invading column; some adventurous Sepoys are scrambling up the rocks to some "coin of vantage" from which to assail the plunderers; while the long line of march, men, horses, and laden camels, is toiling on painfully below. During the advance of seventy miles along that terrible chasm, their losses in baggage and provisions were great, owing to the difficulties of the route even more than to such predatory attacks; and the Bombay column, when following some weeks later, found the track marked by the dead bodies of horses, camels, and *marauding Beloochees*, who were invariably dealt with according to the order that "no prisoners were to be taken." Yet they were never attacked in force. An intercepted letter to a hill chief, written, whether by Mehrab Khan, or, as Mr. Masson thinks, by his treacherous minister without his knowledge, contains the following expressions:—"What is the use of your treaties and your arrangements? all child's play. There is no relief but in death: no cure but in the destruction of the English. Their heads, goods, and bodies must be sacrificed. Strengthen the Pass. Call on all the tribes to harass and destroy." Had this fierce but not unwise counsel been heartily followed; had

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Mehrab Khan combined with the chiefs of Candahar for the purpose of resolutely opposing the advance of the English, there seems no slight probability that the invasion of Affghanistan might have terminated short of the frontier of that country. But the retribution which, perhaps, but for the disunion of our enemies, might have signalized the Pass of the Bolan, was deferred until it should be better merited;

> "Until a day more dark and drear,
> And a more memorable year"

should give to Khoord Cabool and Tezeen the fame of the slaughter of an English army.

Between Quettah and Candahar, shortly before entering the Kojuk Pass, the danger—not from the sword, but from starvation—was great. The camp followers were in a state bordering on famine; the men were dispirited, and desponding; speculations upon the necessity of a retreat were prevalent in the camp; but were put an end to by the spirited and judicious order of the Commander-in-chief, directing an immediate advance. Still beset by attacks, rather on their baggage and stores than themselves, losing very few men by the sword, but many by sickness and exhaustion, having had many horses shot to preserve them from dying by starvation, and almost all the rest unfit for duty, the harassed, half-famished, and diminished column struggled on to Candahar. The Barukzye chiefs of Candahar, deterred from resistance by the treacherous desertion of one of their most influential adherents, fled at the approach of the British army, and Shah Soojah entered unopposed into the second city of his dominions, where he was apparently well received—flowers and loaves of bread being strewed before him by his loving subjects; the latter of which demonstrations of respect would have been more to the purpose in the course of the march through the passes. He proceeded to constitute a court, hold levees, and perform other similarly important functions of sovereignty. For all such formalities he seems to have had a strong taste, diametrically opposed to the prejudices and principles of his Affghan subjects, accustomed to feel pride in the rude freedom and social equality which existed under the half-patriarchal, half-feudal, government of their chieftains. On the plain outside the city, surrounded by English officers, and the roar of English cannon, he was solemnly recognised as sovereign of Affghanistan. The whole ceremony was conducted according to theatric programme, assigning to every one his place; and, among others, a place to the "populace," whose exuberant loyalty was to be "restrained" by the Shah's troops. The performance went off well; but the part of Hamlet was omitted—the people were not there.

Advancing, after two months' delay, from Candahar, and still exposed to similar privations, the army arrived at length before

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the fortified city of Ghuznee in a state in which failure would have been most dangerous, and success was almost necessary. Such situations are not unfrequent in war; and as the die falls, there is blame for the imprudence which risked and lost—or all praise for the courage which risked and won. "I know," said Napoleon, after hearing and answering the objections of some of his generals to his proposed scheme for the world-dividing campaign of 1813, "I know, after all, I shall be judged by the event." But the swift decision to try, and the resolution to win, which have never a small share in determining the event, determined that of the Ghuznee campaign of 1839. The battering train had been left at Candahar; the defences of the town were strong; but *one* gate, out of twenty-four, had not been walled up; and the scheme suggested by an engineer officer was instantly adopted by the general—to blow in this gate with powder, and carry the town by storm. All was done as it was arranged. On the 21st of July the garrison of Ghuznee first saw from their walls the colours of an English regiment; by five o'clock A.M. on the 23d, those colours were floating from the citadel.

Nothing can be more picturesque, nothing, as an exhibition of determined valour, apart from all considerations of the cause in which it was shown, more brilliant, than that assault, as told in the official despatches, and the accounts of those who were present. The stormy night, the violent gusts of wind preventing the garrison from hearing the approach of our columns; the enemy, seen through the chinks of the gate, quietly smoking, immediately before the explosion in which they were buried; the storming party, under Colonel Dennie, struggling through the half-ruined gateway, at once feeling and fighting their way forward through the covered passage in the dark, until their leader saw the blue sky and stars above the heads of their retiring opponents;—all these circumstances belong to the romance of war. According to the account of Colonel Dennie, confirmed from other quarters, an unavoidable mistake prevented the storming party from being immediately followed by the supporting column, of which the advance was delayed for some minutes; and Dennie and his small band forced their way into the town, and held their position there on the ramparts within, for some time, unsupported and alone.

"Alone I did it." He was the Coriolanus of Ghuznee.

This exploit, in fact, decided the struggle, and Shah Soojah might now consider himself, by the grace of the English, king of Affghanistan. We find him "every inch a king," taking, and, which is much stranger, receiving in Lord Keane's despatch, ostentatious credit for sparing the life of the "rebel" governor of Ghuznee, Prince Hyder Khan, son of Dost Mahomed; "as if," says Dr. Kennedy, with just indignation, "the bare possi-

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bility of the contrary could have been contemplated." The day previous he had begun to exercise in a yet more decided manner the rights of sovereignty. Fifty or sixty Affghan prisoners, *(prisoners of war)* had been taken and brought before him. His Majesty, who appears to have been fond of using strong language, began to storm at the rebels. One of them, a chief, irritated by the language addressed to him by the Shah, rushed towards him, and wounded an attendant with his dagger. The king, in the rage, it would seem, of a coward, instantly ordered the execution of the whole; and, in a few minutes, these fifty or sixty prisoners—again we say, *prisoners of war*—were massacred to a man.

This butchery was said at the time to have been perpetrated in the presence of the British Envoy, and by authority of the British Commander-in-Chief. We are sincerely glad to find that this was not the case;* but that Shah Soojah was at once warned by the Commander-in-Chief that, while within the limits of a British camp, he must measure out his mercy and justice, even towards his rebellious subjects, in a different proportion. One can conceive the unmitigated disgust and scorn with which every English gentleman—every English man in the camp, must have heard of the performance of this, the first Bed of Justice, held by the imbecile old man whom they were supporting in leading-strings, over the bodies of his subjects, to a throne. This was the first occasion on which he acted for himself, and it appears fair to presume that it was in character.

While the army staid at Ghuznee, the Nawab Jubbar Khan, brother of Dost Mahomed, (mentioned in our former article,) appeared once more in the character of a peace-maker, asking for himself, nothing; for Dost Mahomed, his hereditary office of Grand Vizier, as the condition of submitting to the Shah. This, of course, could not be granted. When presented to the Shah, we find his deportment was not uncourteous, but his courtesy did not prevent him from addressing to the king a rather awkward question. "If you are to be king, of what use is the British army here? If the English are to rule over the country, of what use are you here?" By the ancient laws of Menu, a severe penalty is attached to the offence of overcoming a Brahmin in argument; we do not know whether Affghan law attaches any penalty to bringing a king into an inextricable dilemma; but, if there is any such, we think it is pretty clear that the good Nawab had incurred it. He was offered maintenance in his property and honours, which he declined, and departed to share his brother's fortune; having first solemnly laid the responsibility of the blood which would be shed upon the *King* and the *Envoy*. At this, "one could not but smile."

* History in the Bombay Monthly Times.

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(Havelock.) One smiles at the time, at many things which, at the distance of three years, have a very unsmiling aspect. We will answer for it that, if Captain Havelock now recalls this conversation, the recollection does not make him smile.

A week after the capture of Ghuznee, the army advanced on Cabool, carrying with it the prestige and terror of victory. Dost Mahomed, who had shortly before 13,000 men around him, was deserted, and forced to fly with 600 horsemen to the mountains; and Shah Soojah entered Cabool, like Candahar, unopposed, and was received by the people in a manner which, we think, did them honour,—without insolence, without exultation; but with cold and grave respect.

Dost Mahomed was pursued by some sepoys and British officers under Captain Outram, and a body of Affghans under Hadji Khan of Kakur: the traitor who, having lately betrayed the Barukzye cause at Candahar, was expected to show the zeal of a convertite. This man, whose general course through life seems to have been that of a thorough scoundrel, may yet probably have felt some reluctance to be the instrument of putting his old master into the hands of his enemies. He took every excuse for hanging back; and his efforts in this line were more than seconded by his followers. To Captain Outram's forward energy they opposed an unconquerable *vis inertiæ;* and their leader repeatedly assured him that not one of them would strike against Dost Mahomed, should they overtake him. Once Captain Outram overheard the chiefs remonstrating with the Hadji on his conduct,—"Why should he, who had never received injury from Dost Mahomed, aid in putting him into the hands of the Feringees?" To which, as might be expected, the Hadji had nothing to say. On another occasion we find him, in answer to Captain Outram's reproaches of his backwardness, protesting that he had incurred the hatred of the whole nation by his attachment to the English. "I am, *next to the king*, the most unpopular man in the country." *Next to the king*, whose universal popularity had been so incontestably proved to Lord Auckland!

The result of the pursuit was such as might have been expected. After crossing the Hindoo Koosh at 15,000 feet above the sea,—after starving for days on handfuls of meal,—after coming to a unanimous and, we doubt not, very just conclusion, that, in case anything went wrong, all the Affghans on both sides would at once turn against them,—and passing, in full conclave of thirteen English officers, a resolution which recalls to us the wars of Cortez with the Mexicans, to direct their united attacks, should they come into conflict with the enemy, upon Dost Mahomed singly, whose fall would probably disperse his followers,—Captain Outram and his companions found themselves obliged to retrace their steps to Cabool; where, of course,

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the immediate consequence of their return was the disgrace and punishment of the "traitor," Hadji Khan. He had lately won riches and honour by betraying the Barukzye cause, and now, for favouring the escape of his old master, he was disgraced and punished. It was probably the only deed prompted by good feelings he had ever done in his life, and he did not find it answer. Doubtless, in the seclusion of his imprisonment at Loodianah, he resolved in his heart not to offend similarly again. Treason was no new game to him; but this time he had been traitor on the wrong side. It is an instructive lesson to scoundrels, to be careful, like Snake, to preserve their character, and not to disappoint their employers' estimate of their scoundrelism.

We shall not attempt to follow in detail the subsequent fortunes of Dost Mahomed. It will be sufficient to say that he strove to maintain the war against us with an honourable pertinacity; that in the course of his endeavours to obtain assistance he was imprisoned, savagely treated, and his life endangered by the ruler of Bokhara—the same wretched tyrant who has since become infamous by the murder of our two countrymen, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly; and that, escaping thence, he returned to Affghanistan, and became once more a rallying point of the "disaffected and rebellious," and at one time a source of most serious alarm, an insurrection, even in Cabool itself, being daily apprehended; that, after sustaining a ruinous defeat at Bamean, from Colonel Dennie, in an action which, in a military point of view, was perhaps the most brilliant fought in Affghanistan,—a defeat which a slight advantage gained at Purwan Durrah seems only to have convinced him it was impossible to repair,—he rode with one attendant straight from the last-mentioned field of battle to Cabool, met Sir William Macnaghten returning with his escort from his evening ride, and claimed, with a confidence honourably given, and honourably repaid, the protection of the representative of England. The Envoy merits praise for bestowing generously and readily the kindness which it would have been disgraceful to refuse,—but we regret to find that, true to his dislike to Dost Mahomed, he continued afterwards to attribute the favourable impression which he made on all who came in contact with him, to the singular misleading powers of this "accomplished dissembler." With this chivalric incident, which occurred in November 1840, exactly a year before the great insurrection in Cabool, closed for the time the public career of one whose name, otherwise little known beyond the limits of his own country, has now been made famous through the world; and carries with it, wherever it is spoken, a reproach to the impolicy and injustice of England.

We return to the course of earlier events; that is, to the autumn of 1839. Though Dost Mahomed had escaped for the time, the Indian government had kept its word, and placed Shah

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Soojah on the throne of his ancestors, and a large part of the troops were at once withdrawn to India. The returning march of the Bombay army was signalized by one of the most important events of the year 1839, the capture of Khelât. We have already alluded to the causes of quarrel with the chieftain of that country. He was accused, not only of having failed in his engagements to furnish provisions, but of having incited the hill tribes to attack us in the Bolan Pass, of having waylaid the bearers of the treaty he had signed, and of other hostile proceedings. Had all that he was charged with been entirely established, we cannot but regard the resolution to depose him as a harsh, high-handed, and arbitrary proceeding. He was false, if false at all, to a compulsory agreement, an agreement entered into not in furtherance of his own interests, but of ours; and to whatever extent the original demand upon him may be held to be vindicated by apparent necessity, the same cause cannot be given for visiting the violation of his engagement with the very extreme of retribution, after the expedition had been perfectly successful. It would, we think, have been more consistent with policy and justice, as well as with humanity, to have accepted the excuses with which he was ready to propitiate the conquerors of Affghanistan, and to establish by future kindness some right to those services which hitherto we had attempted to exact by terror. These considerations either did not occur to our politicians, or were disregarded by them. They had already tasted the pleasure of being "proud setters-up and pullers-down of kings," and the Commander of the Bombay column was charged in his return to effect the deposition of Mehrab Khan.

That chieftain, whatever his conduct towards us had been, seems not to have expected such a proceeding. He attempted to delay the advance of the British by professions of attachment and allegiance, coupled with the declaration that if attacked he would defend himself to the last. Professions and threats were alike unnoticed, and the British force appeared before Khelât on the 13th November. All the writers on the Affghan war bear testimony to the dashing gallantry of the assault which followed, and the determined resistance of the besieged.

The English general performed skilfully and bravely the service entrusted to him, and Mehrab Khan kept his word. Fighting to the last for the independence of his country, and for his own hereditary dominion, he died like a brave man in what was, in the main, a good cause, and the reverence of his people has not unworthily bestowed upon him and the chiefs who fell with him before the Feringee invaders, the blood-earned honour of martyrdom.

Mr. Masson, who arrived at Khelât a few months after these events, and who gives a painful picture of the depression prevailing among the inhabitants, and the resignation with which it was

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borne, states that he found there but one opinion respecting the conduct of Mehrab Khan; that he had not been guilty of the offences imputed to him, against the British government. We cannot go at length into the arguments by which Mr. Masson maintains that Mehrab Khan had not, as he was accused of doing, excited the mountain tribes against us: that this was done by others, who betrayed his confidence. That he was in the hands of traitors there can be no doubt. It is certain, that his principal agent in our camp threw every obstacle in the way of an amicable arrangement,—that he was at one and the same time doing all he could by letter to excite in the Khan's mind fear and hatred against the English, and representing to us in the strongest light the hostile and faithless disposition of his employer. The first half of this treason, which was not discovered till after the death of his unfortunate master, deprived him of the reward which he had earned in the character of our partisan by the second. This man is said by Masson to have forged, without Mehrab Khan's knowledge, the intercepted letters to the tribes: and there can be no doubt that he was quite capable of doing so. His object, evidently, was to ensure the Khan's destruction, by leading him to commit himself with the English, and, perhaps, by their all powerful assistance to procure the succession for himself. It is difficult, without fuller information, to form a positive opinion upon the question of Mehrab Khan's conduct. The fullest establishment of his guilt would be, we think, an inadequate defence for the precipitate and vindictive course of the British authorities; but if he was, in every sense, unjustly attacked—then, no deed more truly lamentable than this "brilliant exploit" has ever stained the annals of England.

We must give a short summary of the rest of this Khelât episode.

The territory of the slain chief was partitioned, our pet and *protegé*, Shah Soojah, coming in for a large share. The son of Mehrab Khan, a boy of fourteen, became a fugitive and wanderer, and Nawaz Khan, the relation to whom we have before alluded, was set up in Khelât to govern the diminished dominions, as the tributary of Shah Soojah, and under the control of an English political agent. Of the individual who filled this station at his arrival, Mr. Masson gives an account, to which we have, as yet, seen no contradiction offered; and it is frightful to think of the amount of unchecked power over hundreds of thousands thus placed in hands which, if the account be true, were unfit to exercise subordinate authority over a single company of soldiers, —over a single form of schoolboys.

The panacea of this Lieutenant Loveday for any disturbance apparently was—to blow the disturber from a gun; his way of visiting any offence to himself personally—to set his bull-dogs on the offender. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe this.

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Mr. Masson states that he was at first himself incredulous on the subject, and thought that some accident must have been exaggerated.

"I was frequently told, that, since I had been at Khelât, he had discontinued to use his dogs; and when I expressed anxiety to proceed, I was entreated to remain, that Lieut. Loveday might behave himself decently."

But afterwards,

"Yaiya, a déhwâr or agriculturist of Khelât, employed as a begar, or forced labourer, in some works connected with the house in progress of erection, incurred the displeasure of Lieutenant Loveday, who gave the necessary signal to his dogs, and they inflicted several wounds on the wretched individual. He was carried home in a grievous state and in a few days died."—*Masson*, p. 118.

To this dreadful incident, Mr. Masson in some degree attributes (and no wonder,) the insurrection which followed, and which terminated in the deposition of our puppet, the imprisonment of Loveday, and the reinstatement of the son of the late chief, Nusseer Khan. A superior British force was speedily directed upon Khelât, and Nusseer Khan again became a fugitive. In the course of his flight the miserable Loveday was murdered, but not by his orders. But the British authorities apparently began to feel the injustice of their former conduct, and, as far as it was now possible, wished to repair it. They made kind offers to the young Khan; but it was not easy to bring him to trust in the Feringees. With no unkindly intention, he was hunted like a partridge on the mountains. We recollect that the Indian newspapers of the day used to tell how, on the entrance of the English force into a valley, the young Khan and his followers would be seen escaping over the ridge of the hills, his mountain pony following him close, like a dog, and clambering over the rocks after him. At length, Colonel Stacy, the officer to whom the settlement of the country was entrusted, having ventured, unattended, into the fugitive camp of Nusseer Khan, confidence was won by confidence, and the young chief consented to be replaced by the English in the seat of his father. This took place in October, 1841. We are glad to find that the portion of his dominions taken from him, has since been restored by the present Governor-General.

It is worth observing that, to this single act of justice—the restoration of Nusseer Khan—we may attribute the subsequent tranquillity of that country, and therefore, in all probability, a great diminution of the danger to which, a short time after Nusseer Khan's restoration, the general insurrection in Affghanistan exposed our troops at Candahar. We are glad to find one spot upon which the eye can dwell with pleasure, in the dark history of our four years' supremacy beyond the Indus.

From Khelât, we return to the affairs of Cabool. One of Shah Soojah's first steps, on his restoration, was to institute what

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was called the "Order of the Douraunee Empire;" and if our readers wish for a laugh, in the midst of serious matters, they may read Dr. Kennedy's account of the institution of that burlesque upon chivalry, the most amazing absurdity, one should think, ever perpetrated under the sun;—how their decorations were successively inflicted upon the chief military and political authorities, Colonel Pottinger alone escaping—an escape, in the Doctor's opinion, only to be explained "by the unparalleled good fortune which has attended that gentleman through life;"—and how Sir John Keane, on receiving his "Grand *Cross*" from the hands of a *Mahomedan* sovereign, made a long speech "about hurling an usurper from the throne." Well, allowance must be made for the infirmity of human nature, when a speech is expected of it; and Sir John Keane, in 1839, had done something. But we have felt surprise, and something more than surprise, to see it solemnly announced in 1843, that—— —— has applied for, and received, gracious permission to wear the insignia of some class or other of the Order of the Douraunee Empire. Flebile ludibrium! The Order of the Douraunee Empire! Where is the Douraunee Empire? Buried in the bloody defiles of Khoord Cabool, and Jugdulluk! Like a straw on the top of a flood which has swept away bridges and buildings, this miserable Order comes floating by. Let us cease, in common sense, to exhibit with pride a memorial of miserable and unparalleled disasters, which could only be worn rationally as a mark of penance.

The memoir-writers of the campaign give us but little from which to judge of the general state and government of the country, during the two years, from the autumn of 1839 to November 1841, of Shah Soojah's precarious dominion. The real ruler of the country, of course, was Sir W. Macnaghten—the "lord sahib," as the insurgents at Khelât styled him, refusing, with contempt, to hold any communication with the puppet set up by the Feringees, but willing to write to the "lord sahib." We should be glad to believe, that his government was, in any material respect, wise or beneficial to the country. In the Asiatic Journal, for October and November last, we find a letter, written by Sir Alexander Burnes, in August 1840, descriptive of the then state of the country, with remarks upon it by Sir William Macnaghten. The following appears to us a very singular instance of unwisdom. Sir Alexander Burnes has represented, among many other sources of danger, the unpopularity arising from the presence of

"A body of Sikhs, in the costume of their country, as the king's guard in this Mahometan capital. A few evenings ago, I was saluted by several of them with the Sikh war-cry, in the very streets of Cabool. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that no Sikh ever durst, in the time of the Affghan monarchy, appear thus in this city; and further assert, that their presence here *is odious to the people, and to the last degree injurious.*"

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Could there be a doubt of it? A guard of Prussians, or English, in the year succeeding Waterloo, would have added something, we think, to the French hatred of the Bourbons; something to the difficulties of their difficult position. Conceive Talleyrand meeting a representation of the danger which might arise from such a circumstance, with a truism to the effect that "surely it was not desirable to perpetuate this exclusive spirit!" Such, however, is the remark of Sir W. Macnaghten, upon the statement of Sir Alexander Burnes.

That a statesman, sitting in Cabool, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, every house of which might, on provocation, turn out an armed warrior, with the hot ashes of insurrection smouldering beneath his very feet, and in different parts of the country the unextinguished fire still burning, holding, by such a tenure, the security of the empire he had only just begun to organize, the lives of thousands and his own, should receive a representation of the danger of offending, in the tenderest point, the prejudices of a fierce and exasperated people, and put it aside with a clap-trap of the platform!

A conqueror, who renounces the harmlessness of the dove, should at least try to have a little more of the wisdom of the serpent. "Surely it is time that this exclusive spirit should cease"—not a doubt of it. It was time—it is always time that any evil should cease, if it can. Was it, therefore, wise to hold up before the eyes of the Affghans a perpetual memorial of their conquest? to take pains to make them connect us, and our king, with a people whom they hated? The encouraged presence of Sikh soldiers in Cabool, felt, as it would be, as an insult, may, perhaps, have been a heavy item in the long account between the people of Cabool and the Envoy.

"The great error of Sir William Macnaghten," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, from whom we quoted in our former article,

"appears to us to have been the attempt to bestow too soon, and without sufficient means of coercing those who had hitherto lived at the expense of their weaker neighbours, the unappreciated blessings of an organized and powerful government upon the people of Affghanistan."

It might have been so. We know how much injustice, how much tyranny has been perpetrated, under the pretence—sometimes with the sincere hope, of improvement, even when the improvers were countrymen of those whose institutions they undertook to reform. It might perhaps have been, in the opinions of some, a good deed to bring the Affghans to exchange for the tranquillity of despotism, their fierce, struggling, ill-regulated freedom. It is doubtful whether the Affghans would have received with gratitude even good government at our hands; but it is still more doubtful whether good government was offered them. We find, in this same letter of Sir Alexander Burnes, the Shah's chief minister dragging the peasantry from

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their homes in hundreds, at seed-time, to labour without pay; unpaid troops demanding their arrears of this same minister, with the threat of cutting off his nose! and receiving it accordingly;—the population of districts driven to the hills by the demand of obsolete taxes—a chief employed in the collection of tribute, living at free quarters in the country, for five months, with 1800 men. Sir William Macnaghten, denying none of these charges, replies that these things were old abuses, and could not be altered at once: he does not notice Sir Alexander Burnes' remark, that we, backing this infinite misgovernment with resistless power, enabled Shah Soojah to do these things to any extent with impunity.

In one respect, our conduct seems to have been marked with singular and obvious impolicy; we mean the encouragement which we appear to have given to Shah Soojah's childish passion for form and ceremony. Courteous, though formal and strict in his adherence to etiquette towards English officers, to his own subjects he was difficult of access, haughty and cold. His sense of his own unapproachable dignity, his contempt for all meaner men, appears to have been rooted in him like a principle. During his march into Affghanistan, with his kingdom yet to win, he received every adherent who presented himself, with a manner cold and repulsive even to rudeness. His actual possession of power did not increase his condescension. His friends left his presence with chilled affection: his enemies, fresh from the compulsory oath of allegiance, swore a sincerer oath to devote their lives and fortunes to his destruction.* In the course of the last struggle at Cabool, with his throne and life at stake, he clung with the tenacity of insanity to his royal state; when the chiefs offered him their allegiance on twe conditions, that of intermarrying his daughters with them, and of relinquishing the practice of keeping them waiting at his gate for hours before his levées, ("The Affghans," says Lieutenant Eyre, "hate ceremony,") he gave a most reluctant consent, which he afterwards withdrew.

It is evident that the king was upheld in this tone by the profound and almost ludicrously affected respect shown to him by the English. In the works of the writers before us, in the despatches of Sir John Keane and the Envoy, "his Majesty Shah Soojah-ool-Moolkh" is introduced with a pompous flourish of reverence, "his gracious commands" are received with a solemn and deferential gravity, obviously acted and over-acted. In all probability, the fiction was seen through by the Affghans, though not by the unhappy king himself; but at any rate it is clear that this course, adopted as a profound piece of state-craft, was the very madness of impolicy. It was, in fact, doing our best to provoke, where sufficient provocation was quite certain

* Atkinson, p. 343.

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to be given at any rate. Such conduct would have made any king unpopular; but what must it have been in a king, who could hardly be popular at any rate—a king restored and supported by foreigners? The Affghans hated us; but for the golden image whom we had set up for them to worship, him they hated and despised.

"The surrender of Dost Mahomed," said Sir Alexander Burnes, "has made the country as quiet as Vesuvius after an eruption: how long it will continue so, God only knows." One thing was certain, that it could not continue so for ever. The country hardly ever was quite pacified. As in a volcanic country new craters were perpetually forming—till, at length, at Cabool, came the grand outbreak of the central volcano.

We agree with Lieutenant Eyre's editor, in opposition to the Edinburgh Reviewer, that that outbreak was, to a certain extent, prepared and organized. There is no other way of explaining the simultaneous occurrence of insurrection in different parts of the country, and the warnings we received; nor can we see the difficulty which, in the opinion of the Reviewer, attaches to the formation of such a conspiracy. It needs no very refined organization to combine men who are already united by the freemasonry of a common hatred. Those who plotted the outbreak on a particular day may have been few in number; they knew that, on the first glimpse of success, thousands were ready to follow their lead.

Leaders were not wanting, who had never acknowledged the existing government—such as the chiefs of Nijrow in Kohistan. "Since our first occupation of Cabool," says Lieutenant Eyre, "Nijrow had become a resort for all such restless and discontented characters, as had rendered themselves obnoxious to the existing government." These men, it seems, were guilty of "hatching against the state treasonable designs." Among them were such as "Meer Musjeedee, a contumacious rebel against the Shah's authority, obstinately refusing to make his submission even upon the most favourable terms, openly put himself at the head of a powerful and well-organized party, with the avowed intention of expelling the Feringees, and overturning the existing government."

Contumacious rebellion . . . treasonable designs . . . No, no, Lieutenant Eyre. To call these men *rebels*, and their designs *treasonable*, was excusable in November 1841; it was then your "*métier d'etre royaliste*," on behalf of the king whom you were sent there to protect. But it is not so that Englishmen generally will speak of them, even in 1843. The chiefs of Nijrow are in respectable company.

"What want these outlaws, *patriots* should have?"

There was once a contumacious rebel called Wallace, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered for his treasonable designs. There was once a contumacious rebel called Kosciusko, whose

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treasonable designs, though unsuccessful, were only visited with life-long exile. There were, between thirty and forty years since, a great number of contumacious rebels in Spain, whose treason prospered, and so became no treason. As history judges the Scotchmen of the 14th century, the Poles of the 18th, the Spaniards of 1808, so will she judge the Affghan chiefs, who never acknowledged, and ultimately overthrew, the king set up by the Feringees.

The first three pages of Lady Sale's journal, dated September 1841, are most significant of the then state of things. It seems that "a chief, contemptuously designated as a robber"—that is, we presume, an outlaw in arms against the existing government, —appeared in a town where he had no right to appear: that, consequently, a force was sent to apprehend him, who were "fired upon from six forts," whether with any result is not stated. Hereupon a larger force is sent, who reach a pass where (in September,) there was snow, and bitter cold. Beyond this pass the people of the country had fled, abandoning their property, and "their suffering must be severe in the approaching winter." The chiefs are all submission; but the orders were "peremptory to destroy the forts which had fired upon the Shah's troops." Akram Khan—we presume the chief above mentioned—is caught, and then we find "the Shah has ordered Akram Khan's execution." Meanwhile, the usual payment to certain chiefs has been discontinued, an act not only impolitic, but bordering upon direct dishonesty: and so, at last, there is "a pretty general insurrection" in Kohistan, Cabool itself is discontented, and "all the country about Tezeen and Bhoodkak in a state of revolt. It is only wonderful that this did not take place sooner." So think we.

The desperate opposition through which, from this time (October, 1841), General Sale had to fight his way from Cabool to Jellalabad—the assistance given to his assailants, the Eastern Ghilzies, by bodies of men from Cabool itself—the insults and attacks upon individual officers in and near the city,—all these circumstances, detailed as we find them in Lady Sale's or Lieutenant Eyre's works, force us, judging it is true after the event, but with every allowance we can make, to regard the supineness of the political authorities at Cabool as something perfectly wonderful. As Mirabeau said of the St. Domingo planters, they were sleeping on the edge of the volcano, and its first jets were not enough to wake them. At length, in Lady Sale's Journal, we come to—

"Nov. 2. This morning early, all was in commotion in Cabul—the shops were plundered, and the people were all fighting."

An announcement, we think, striking for its simplicity—evidently the real entry of the event, as it then looked, in the

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journal of the day. On this "commotion" turned the fate of an army and a kingdom.

It is generally agreed, that active means at first might have repressed the insurrection: but those who had been slow to believe the existence were slow to admit the extent of the danger; nor was it from the beginning so slight as has been represented. The ball, of course, grew by rolling; but it grew with tremendous rapidity. If, on the first day, the insurgents were only a few hundreds, by the next they were truly formidable. Whatever the defects of the position of our force, whatever the blunders of its leaders,—and they appear to have made all that it was possible, and some that it would previously have been impossible, to anticipate—the outbreak, by which an army of 6000 disciplined troops were so immediately induced to take up a defensive position, can never have been contemptible. Every one has felt the justice of Lieutenant Eyre's remarks on the imbecility which first led to the loss, and then prevented the recapture, of the commissariat fort: and, it is clear that the means which alone could enable the force to maintain its position, ought, at any risk, to have been defended, or recovered: still the attempts in furtherance of these objects, ill directed as they were, must have succeeded, had they not been met by a most active resistance, causing a very severe loss to the detachments employed. It is clear that vigorous and well-directed exertions might have resulted in safety and triumph. But it is out of our power to understand, how any one can, after reading Lieutenant Eyre's account of the first three weeks of the siege, feel justified in calling the Affghans "contemptible enemies." They may seem so to an Edinburgh Reviewer, calmly considering the numerous deficiencies of spirit and sense on our part, which were necessary to counterbalance the superiority of disciplined troops over bands of irregular warriors. Yet no Asiatic nation has successfully resisted us with forces so nearly equal. They did not seem contemptible to the men, on whom, on the occasion of the storm of the Rikabashee fort, (one of the few successful operations undertaken during the siege,) they inflicted a severer loss than that sustained by the conquerors of Ghuznee or Khelât. They did not seem so to Lady Sale, when she noticed how they stood against our guns without having any of their own; when she saw their cavalry, after receiving within a few yards the fire of our advancing columns, rush down the hill upon them—but we must give her own words:—

"My very heart leapt to my teeth as I saw the Affghans ride right through them. The onset was fearful. *They looked like a great cluster of bees*, but we beat them and drove them up again."

(That "great cluster of bees,"—the close, dark, irregular mass, hanging on the side of the hill, is a true touch of word-painting). The terrible and disastrous defeat of Beymaroo, on

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the 23d November, brought about as it was by an unexampled combination of errors,—a determination, it would seem, to run all the risk possible, to improve and secure no temporary advantage,—marked, as it was, by disgraceful cowardice on the part of some of our troops,—gave rise to exhibitions of daring courage on the part of the Affghans. What are we to say of the Ghazees,* estimated by Lady Sale at no more than 150 in number, who, creeping gradually up the side of the hill, charged, sword in hand, upon our square of infantry, broke it, and drove it before them? On our own side, the few Affghan "juzailchees" in our service, who stood by us to the end with a noble and extraordinary fidelity, were about the most efficient part of our army. The truth is, that the Affghans, in these conflicts for the freedom of their land, fully maintained the character which they have long possessed, and which their Rohilla descendants in India, whether as princes or mercenaries, have never forfeited, of being the bravest among the Asiatic nations. And this is not a little to say in their praise. A thoroughly brave man may, it is true, be a thoroughly wicked one; still for nations, even more than individuals, the foundation of all excellence is bravery.

We need not go into any detailed account of the events of the struggle. From the 2d to the 13th November the British forces were struggling to resume a position of superiority; from that date they met with nothing but disaster. On the 15th November Major Pottinger and Lieutenant Haughton, the former slightly, the latter desperately, wounded, came into their camp, with a single sepoy, the sole escaped relics of our force at Charekar, announcing by their arrival the complete success of the insurgents in the district of Kohistan. On the 22d November Mahomed Akbar came to aid the revolt. On the 23d occurred the disastrous conflict of Beymaroo, in which our troops were driven into cantonments in utter rout, and saved, in Lieutenant Eyre's judgment, from complete destruction only by the forbearance of their enemies; and, from that point to the evacuation of the cantonments, the picture is one of unvaried and increasing sadness; the hope of victory renounced, the hope of safety growing fainter, provisions becoming scarce, reinforcements impossible; lingering negotiations, alternating with despairing and unsuccessful attempts; within the camp, vacillation, famine, disease, and growing dismay; without, an enemy increasing in strength and confidence, and the worst enemy of all, the terrible winter, gradually creeping on.

In the whole painful and miserable story, as it lies before us,

* The *Ghazees* are a sect of Mussulman fanatics; the *Ghilzies* a mountain tribe. The war against us had many of the features of a religious war. We read of Mollahs going into all the villages to swear the people to fight to the last, as in a sacred cause, against the infidels.

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the most painful feature is the constant recurrence of chances of safety passively neglected, of wasted opportunities, of feats of useless valour. Never did the leaders of a victorious force display more devoted gallantry than was shown by many of the English officers at Cabool. Never in war was made so manifest the all-importance of the one directing mind. Even discipline, for once, was injurious. A body of men, less used to be commanded according to the strict rules of the service, might, perhaps, have been saved, and certainly could hardly have met with so utter a destruction. Had the constitution of an English force permitted it, who can doubt that the officers of the English and Indian regiments might, from among them, have furnished a Xenophon?

But it is impossible, on a contemplation of the whole series of events, not to echo the remark with which Lieutenant Eyre sums up his account of the miserable and disastrous day of battle at Beymaroo, into which were crowded specimens of every one of the errors which, throughout, proved so fatal to us: "It seemed as if we were under the ban of Heaven." No Greek tragedy that ever was constructed bore more strongly the impress of an ever-advancing irresistible fatality—a fatality, however, working to its end, as is the case in all similar events, less through outward circumstances than through the characters of men. In the respective positions, characters, and views of the two English generals, there appears to have been a singular, but unfortunate, adaptation. Whatever incompleteness existed in the unfitness of the one, was filled up by the deficiencies of the other. General Elphinstone's position was, indeed, an unfortunate one for a man, to say the least, of no remarkable vigour of character. Disabled, not only by health, but by an accident on the very first day of the insurrection, from taking an active part in the duties of the defence, or from personally seeing that his orders were obeyed, General Elphinstone was still in command, still the person to whom every proposal must be referred. Dependent on others for the necessary information, it was most natural, though lamentable in its results, that he should distrust his own judgment, and exhibit much consequent indecision. He could not decide upon his own knowledge; and, as the statements of others varied, so did the General's opinion. It has been said that a council of war never fights; General Elphinstone's house, during the siege of the cantonments, was a perpetual council of war.

On the other side, General Shelton, the acting, though not the sole responsible, commander, allowed himself to be overcome by the difficulty of a position, half supreme, half subordinate. Equal in courage to any one in the army, it is clear that he shrunk from an uncertain share of a divided responsibility. If Lady Sale may be trusted, he frequently declined giving any

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opinion on the measures proposed. One decided opinion he uniformly expressed, and that, whether right or wrong, was, by a singular fatality, on the only point on which the expression of such an opinion could do nothing but harm.

From the beginning, he, the officer in immediate command of the troops, expressed his opinion that they could not hold out for the winter, and advocated a retreat to Jellalabad. The Envoy,—the supreme political authority,—protested in the strongest manner against such a measure; and the General, responsible on the one hand for the sacrifice of the objects of his Government, on the other, for the safety of the army, remained wavering between them. The Envoy, in his position, and in the circumstances, was, as far as we can judge, perfectly right; still the opinion of Shelton, had it been at once acted upon,—that is, had it been that of a general in sole command,—would at least have saved the army. As things were, it had, and could have, only one effect—that of depressing yet farther the spirits of the soldiers. It is difficult to say which had the worst effect—the General's universal indecision, or Shelton's single opinion. We do not blame the latter for holding it; we merely point out the singular combination of circumstances working together for the evil of the devoted army. Any one of these authorities, acting independently of the others, would, probably, have saved the troops.

Having already in this, and our previous number, expressed our opinion of the conduct of the chief planner of the Affghan war, we are more anxious to do justice to his demeanour through the greater part of the struggle in which he perished. Lieutenant Eyre's account shows him to us in a most respectable light; the spring of every exertion made by the force; the suggester of every plan; the brave adopter of a responsibility from which the military leaders shrunk, and with his foresight uniformly vindicated by the favourable results of his suggestions.

He consented to treat only when forced to it; he rejected the offer of unworthy terms with becoming spirit, and his conduct throughout would have entitled him to no mean place among that order of men whose high qualities rise higher against adversity, but for one lamentable and final exception.

Our readers will generally know to what we allude. During the actual existence of a treaty between our force and the insurgents, Mahomed Akbar proposed to Sir W. Macnaghten a scheme, at once a test of his sincerity, and a trap to catch him, comprising, among other points, the seizure of certain other chiefs, parties to the actually existing treaty. The Envoy fell into the snare, and went forth to a conference prepared to seize the men who came to it in reliance on his word. Treachery was met by treachery; the countermine exploded under the feet of the miner. He was himself seized, and, resisting strongly,

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was shot by Mahomed Akbar, not, as it would seem, of previous purpose, but in the fierce passion excited by a violent personal struggle.

In Lady Sale's opinion, the Envoy's readiness to accede to the plot suggested to him by Mahomed Akbar against the other chiefs, was justified by the neglect on their part to fulfil the conditions prescribed by that treaty. In questions of strict morality, not less than in questions of speculative truth, a lady's judgment is apt to be biassed by her feelings. With every respect for the feelings which, in this case, misled Lady Sale, we must protest against her opinion. The alleged non-fulfilment of the terms of the treaty could have been honourably met in one way only—by openly declaring that it was no longer binding. To acquiesce in its continuance, and plot the seizure of men who came relying on its faith to a peaceful conference, was an act of detestable treachery, which, up to that time, at least, the Affghans had done nothing to parallel.

The arguments by which Lady Sale would justify the conduct of Sir W. Macnaghten, more than justify the counterplot against one already under his own hand convicted of treacherous intentions. The Affghans, in accordance with human nature, slurred over their own part of the transaction, which was bad enough, to dwell upon ours, which was worse, fiercely protesting that they had tried us, and found that we were not to be trusted: and who can tell what share this miserable transaction, with the distrust which it produced among them, may have had in occasioning the subsequent faithless destruction of our army?

That either party should trust the other after what had passed was impossible, and to resume the treaty was madness. Yet the treaty—which bound us, in short, to evacuate the country, the Affghans to permit and assist us to evacuate it in safety—was resumed; resumed, too, in accordance with the all but unanimous decision of a council of war. One man only dissented—the officer who had before saved Herat from the Persians, and whose counsel gave now the only chance of saving the English army at Cabool from the Affghans. He pointed out the risk incurred by the treaty, the impropriety of binding the hands of the Indian Government, and declared that the true choice for the army lay between holding out at Cabool to the last, and at once fighting their way to Jellalabad.

It is clear, after the result, that Major Pottinger was right. The first course might still, perhaps, have been successful—by the second, a remnant, at least, of the army might have reached Jellalabad. We must allow for the errors of men placed in a situation of almost unparalleled difficulty; still it does seem inexplicable that they should have adopted the one course calculated to insure destruction. We find, from Lady Sale, that many Affghans warned the English officers once and again, that

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their destruction was resolved upon, and attempted to induce their friends to leave the camp, and remain in safety under their protection. The power of the chiefs to restrain the tribes between Cabool and Jellalabad, was at least doubtful, whatever their intentions. But the retreat was resolved upon. In Lady Sale's Journal of the melancholy desponding days at the close of December 1841, we observe, with sad interest, the frequent and ominous entry of "snow all day."

On the sixth day of January, 1842, the force, amounting after all its losses to 4,500 fighting men, with 12,000 camp-followers, moved out of the cantonments, the whole country being covered with deep snow. The march could hardly have failed to be disastrous, with whatever skill it had been conducted; but from the beginning all appears to have been mismanagement and confusion. Systematic plan for providing the troops with shelter from the bitter cold there was none. The camp-followers from the very first mixed themselves with, and delayed the march of, the column. The tents, and most of the baggage, were early sacrificed; yet their progress was miserably slow. Everything depended upon a rapid advance; yet in two days the army had advanced only ten miles. The third morning found them at the mouth of the Khoord Cabool Pass, a disorganized multitude of from fourteen to sixteen thousand human beings, having, as yet, suffered comparatively little loss from the direct attacks of the enemy. But the two dreadful nights of frost had already paralyzed them. "Only a few hundred serviceable fighting men remained." At this point they were assailed in force by the savage Ghilzies. Losing men, by their fire, at each step, the column pressed on through the terrible defile. At the top of the pass they halted, leaving in it, according to Lieutenant Eyre, 3,000 men, having in three days completed fifteen miles, and ascended to a still colder climate than they had left behind. On this occasion it was that Lady Sale was wounded. She bears testimony to the fact, that the chiefs who escorted the European ladies through the pass, *apparently* exerted themselves to keep down the fire, which, certainly, endangered their lives as much as those who were under their protection. "But," she says, "I verily believe many of these persons would, individually, sacrifice themselves to rid their country of us." The implied doubt of their sincerity in attempting to stop the fire, is a terrible testimony to the strength of hatred with which we were regarded.

The next day, the fourth since leaving Cabool, was spent on the top of the Khoord Cabool, in negotiation and delay. Under the circumstances, this seems to have been sheer madness. One march more might have carried them clear of the snow. Mahomed Akbar had shown himself already either weak or unwilling to protect the force; and, in either case, whatever measure had been most prudent in itself, would have added to his ability,

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or increased his readiness. During this day it was that the ladies and officers (their husbands,) were made over to his protection. The delay, therefore, may be held to have led to their safety; but it sealed the fate of the army, who must, with the followers, even now, have amounted to more than 10,000 men: but most of them helpless, hopeless, and disabled; utterly without shelter, food, or fire; remaining day and night on the snow. The unfortunate natives of Hindostan suffered, of course, more than the English: hundreds of them were seen sitting on the snow, not sunk in the apathy of despair, but howling with pain. "More than one half of the force," writes Lady Sale, under the head of this day, "is now frost-bitten or wounded; and most of the men can scarcely put a foot to the ground."

The fifth, sixth, and seventh days of the march were one long and dreadful struggle; death from exhaustion, death from the cold, death from the merciless enemy. The way was lined with those who fell; every pass was a scene of fighting and slaughter; at every halting-place numbers were left dead or dying. The whole of the native infantry was destroyed or scattered on the fifth day, at the end of which Lieutenant Eyre computes that, since the departure from Cabool, 12,000 had perished. The frequent negotiations with Akbar and the Ghilzie chieftains for protection, had no effect, except to diminish the chance of preservation by creating delay. It was on the evening of the sixth day that Shelton and Elphinstone fell into his hands. It is impossible to refuse our tribute of admiration and praise to the resolute and noble spirit with which the remnant of officers and men struggled forward, through the attacks of an enemy as pitiless and untiring as a pack of wolves, forcing all obstacles, melting away at each step like a snowball in water, yet still keeping together, never to the last yielding to the weakness of despair. When the disasters of the siege are attributed to the misconduct of the men of the 44th regiment, and the mistakes of their commander, let not the steady yet desperate heroism shown by many of the former, and uniformly by the latter through those dreadful days, be forgotten.

We read with sad interest that much delay was occasioned by the anxiety of the men to bring on their wounded comrades, in the very last crisis of their fate, on the night of the seventh and morning of the eighth day. The miserable remnant had by this time cleared the Passes, and reached the open country, but by this time, too, their effective force was reduced to twenty muskets. Driven from the road, and forced to take up their position on a hill at Gundamuck, this fragment of an army defended themselves to the last, and were, all but three or four, destroyed there.

On the 9th of January, we believe, Sir Robert Sale received the order to evacuate Jellalabad. A few days after, a report

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ran through the garrison that the Cabool force was in full retreat upon them, and was being cut to pieces by the Ghilzies. On the 13th a single officer (hunted for his life till within a short distance of the gates,) came in, and told the all but incredible tale of what he had seen, half incoherent from fatigue and horror. Every effort was instantly made; the country was scoured in every direction by parties of horse, and, for several nights, beacons were kept constantly burning, to guide any stragglers, who might have escaped, to the friendly town. "*But none came. They were all dead. The army was annihilated.*" *

So fell the curtain upon one of the most terrible tragedies recorded in war. Greater numbers have perished in less time; but no similar force of civilized men was ever so utterly overwhelmed; nor can a great multitude of human beings have ever suffered more dreadful misery than was endured by those whose lingering destruction we have, following Lieutenant Eyre, faintly sketched, between the 6th and 13th of January, 1842. From the tumult in the city on the 2d of November, to the marvellous escape of the single man out of 17,000, the whole is one of those transactions of which the beginning and end are miracles, when looked at separately from the connecting events, of which every step is most natural;—a series of transactions all tending to one end, truer to nature than fiction ever can be, yet surpassing every effort of fiction in strangeness and horror.

We need not dwell much on the transactions of the rest of Affghanistan during this winter. At Candahar our supremacy was maintained unshaken. Ghuznee was taken after a stout resistance, and most of its garrison afterwards, in violation of the capitulation, massacred. The fort of Khelât-i-Ghilzie, between Candahar and Ghuznee, was attacked and defended with valour as obstinate as any minstrel has celebrated. It was, we believe, on their final repulse that the Affghans left in the possession of the English a standard which, in their desperate attempt to gain a footing inside the fortification, they had three times planted in the embrasure of one of our cannon. All the world knows how Jellalabad was defended, and how it was at length restored to security by a victory which, though brilliant, cost much,—costing the life of Dennie. Many complaints of the treatment received by this officer from his superiors have been made, and not, as far as we are aware, received answer, or attempt at answer, from those most interested in refuting them. We therefore hold them convicted of grievous injustice. Judging from his letters, he was, like many remarkable men, not the most tractable of subordinates. His temper was evidently quick, and impatient of injustice; his estimate of his own deserts, high; his tendency to *speak out*, inconvenient. But he appears to have

* Letter in an Indian Newspaper.

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been a man of a generous, self-devoting, and heroic tone of mind; of great energy and decision,—of daring and caution rightly combined,—of singular conduct and capacity in war. Those who are interested in defending the present system of promotion in the British Army, can perhaps explain how such a man, after 40 years' service, in the last two of which only he had the opportunity of proving what he was, died a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Of the transactions of the summer of 1842, previous to the advance of General Nott from Candahar, and General Pollock from Jellalabad, no historical summary has yet appeared.

The occasional notices in the journals of the captives of affairs at Cabool, during this period, present a most vividly confused picture of bewildering and intricate anarchy. In the course, we believe, of March the unhappy king, who had made some kind of arrangement with the chiefs after our departure, was murdered in cold blood: the first, it appears, of the Suddozye race who had so died.

"Even in the wildest of their civil dissensions," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "no member of that family had ever been put to death in cold blood. It was regarded as sacred, as well as royal."

Our interference, then, had excited a hatred stronger than even this sacred reverence. From the time of his death, the confusion, before not inconsiderable, became worse confounded; and there is a clashing and intertwining of interests, perfectly inexplicable; every man standing up for himself—fighting for his own hand, and Chaos sitting umpire. In Lady Sale's Journal, written within hearing of the cannon at Cabool, we find such, not unamusing, passages as the following:—

"Parties run high at Cabool: Zeman Shah Khan says he will be king, Akbar ditto, Jubhar Khan the same, and Amenoollah has a similar fancy, as also Mahommed Shah Khan, and Futteh Jung the Shahzada. The troops go out daily to fight; Amenoollah's to Ben-i-shehr, and Zeman Shah Khan's to Siah Sung; they fight a little, and then retreat to their former positions. Zeman Shah Khan has been driven out of his house, and Amenoollah out of his; but have part of the town in their favour."

And so things went on. There are constant actions, such as "sharp firing all day." "A grand battle is to come off on Sunday." One day we find that Zeman Shah and Akbar are allied against the rest; a few days after "we heard that Mahomed Shah was at war with Zeman Khan;" and the next day that Akbar having taken Zeman Khan and his two sons prisoners, and taken from them their guns and treasure—had released them again. Indeed, there is little appearance of bitter animosity in these contests. As Lady Sale says, "they fight a little" nearly every day; but it seems to be rather with the object of trying their strength than of doing each other any great injury; it was their inconvenient and inartificial method

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of popular election, by universal suffrage—a shaking together of the lots against each other in the helmet, to see which would spring out. The most destructive incident recorded, is the explosion of a mine, by which Akbar blew up a great number of *his own men*; but, in spite of his blundering engineering, the most marked feature in the whole is the manner in which he, amid all this confusion, asserts an increasing and ultimately complete ascendency. But the civil war of these "barbarians" was soon to sink into stillness before the approach of civilized invasion.

One thing is now clear; that the evacuation of Affghanistan was resolved upon by *both* Governments of India, Lord Auckland's as well as Lord Ellenborough's. One statesman was hardy enough to protest against the measure. One statesman only: shall we call him "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum?*" No,—injustice like justice is often tenacious of its purpose: like that,

"Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

There are men who, when the thunderbolt has shattered it over their heads, will set to work with a conscientious perseverance to rebuild the fallen fabric of evil. When the time shall come for summing up that statesman's services to his country, it should not be forgotten that Lord Palmerston earnestly, warningly protested against the withdrawal of our army from our *conquest* of Affghanistan.

But if Affghanistan was to be evacuated, we have to answer the question, for what purpose was the campaign of 1842 undertaken? For the recovery of the prisoners? or for revenge?

If necessarily undertaken for the former purpose, it was a duty—a duty which, had our original invasion been more iniquitous than it was, we were still, before God and man, bound to fulfil,—a duty, the neglect of which would have been a worse crime than the most unjust invasion. The Indian Government would have been guilty of cowardly treason, had it abandoned those whose position was the result of their faithful obedience to its orders, so long as it had a soldier to send to battle against the Affghans, a rupee in its treasury. We should have thought it unnecessary to say this, had we not seen in some quarters the attempt to insinuate a counter opinion,—that, if the original war was unjust, to continue it, even for the recovery of our countrymen and countrywomen, was unjust also—but it is at any rate unnecessary to do more than say it. We cannot stop to argue a point so evident.

But was the campaign of 1842 necessary for the recovery of the prisoners? On this point there have been many contradictory statements, as well as diverse opinions: into the whole of which we cannot at present enter.

It is well known that, during the first part of the summer of 1842, negotiations for a mutual exchange of prisoners were

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constantly occurring. It is now positively stated* that arrangements to that effect had actually been made, Akbar Khan engaging not only to restore the prisoners in his immediate charge, but to collect the sepoys scattered over the country, and escort them through the passes; the condition being, that the Affghan prisoners in India should be released, and the English withdraw altogether from the country; and that, on the reception of direct orders from the home Government, these arrangements were broken off and hostilities recommenced; upon hearing which, Mahomed Akbar exclaimed, in fierce anger, that "every Affghan chief had been taught to lie and break faith by the Feringees!"

On this subject, we would direct attention to a letter from General Pollock, to the secretary of the Governor-General, quoted from the Parliamentary Papers at p. 394 in the Appendix to Lieut. Eyre's Journal. It proves, we think, that General Pollock's breaking off the negotiations arose, not from any orders he might have received, but from distrust of the sincerity of Mahomed Akbar. A positive engagement to withdraw would, he thought, lead to delay on Akbar's part in the restoration of the prisoners; and our advance be likely to accelerate it. It is clear that the British general treated, as a man treats with another in whom he does not confide, anxious to avoid giving his opponent the advantage of binding himself to anything. We believe General Pollock, therefore, to have considered the advance on Cabool desirable, if not necessary, for the sake of the prisoners.

On the other hand, Mahomed Akbar, fully conscious of the hold on the British Government which he derived from the possession of the prisoners, was not in any way blamable for the refusal to restore them till assured of the conditions. It appears, however, from much concurrent testimony, that he entered into the negotiation honestly, with a sincere readiness to restore them on such assurance; that the sudden rupture of the negotiations not unnaturally impressed him with the belief that he had been merely played with; and that the advance of our army, under such circumstances, exposed the prisoners to great peril. Though no actual engagement had been broken, Akbar had been at least deliberately led to form expectations which it was never (as he at least must have thought,) intended to fulfil; and had he been the *fiend*, which many in and out of India thought him, the most terrible results might have followed.

Lieutenant Eyre remarks, that

"This negotiation * * * * seemed now, by the sudden turn that had taken place, likely to plunge us into a dangerous dilemma; Mahomed Akbar being notorious for stopping at no atrocity, when his angry passions

* Bombay Times, April, 1843.

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were once aroused, as we knew they soon would be, when he should hear of the advance of both generals, with their overwhelming forces."

His angry passions *were* roused, and not without reason—yet he perpetrated no atrocity. The prisoners, withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Cabool, knew not whether to hope or fear most from the progress of our victorious army. At length, in the very crisis of their fate, the adherent to whom Akbar had confided them was brought over, and the prisoners, headed by their jailer, occupied the fort to which they had been sent for custody, in open revolt against the power which had sent them there. It was a curious position in human affairs, and not without its peril; but their proceedings were conducted with spirit and prudence, and all went well with them, until they found themselves once more in an English camp, restored to safety and freedom. The principal immediate agent in their recovery was, appropriately, the same English officer whose name was previously known as connected with a service to humanity more free from alloy, more purely gratifying, than it can have often fallen to the lot of a military man to effect—the rescue and safe conduct to St. Petersburg of the prisoners detained at Khiva. Sir Richmond Shakespeare, to whose lot two such services have fallen, is indeed a man to be envied.

This was the bright spot in the campaign of 1842; we turn from it to the darkest; and we write the name of *Istaliff* with shame and horror—horror at the atrocities of which that name is the symbol; shame and deep indignation at the feeling, or rather the no feeling, with which their announcement was received in this country. Istaliff, a large town, about forty miles north-east of Cabool, was the refuge resorted to by many of the chiefs and their followers who had failed in opposing our advance upon that city; and a force was consequently sent against it. We say consequently, but we do not yet know *why*. Intending, as we did, to leave the Affghans to the "anarchy which was the consequence of their crimes," and not *their* crimes only—it does not appear to have been incumbent upon us to reduce all their strongholds before quitting the country, and even admitting that they had deserved punishment at our hands, who will say that enough had not been exacted, in the slaughter at Tezeen, the slaughter at Ghuznee, the burnt villages and wasted lands which marked the track of our invading army?

But to pass from this. Istaliff was attacked, and bravely taken: its capture is considered, in a military point of view, equal to any exploit in the war; but what followed on its capture? *This:*

"For this period (two days) the place was given over to fire and sword; not a living soul was spared, armed or unarmed; the men were hunted down like wild beasts; not a prisoner was taken; mercy was never dreamt of." *

* Indian Papers.

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It will be remembered that this statement did, in the House of Commons, give rise to some questioning and some explanation; an explanation not denying, not materially altering the charge; but simply stating that, as Affghan houses were all built and occupied like fortresses, it was impossible that fighting could cease on the entrance of the troops into the town. What then? Look at the charge and the defence, and say whether the one meets the other. The indictment is not traversed. Sir Henry Hardinge's plea would, by any tribunal who wished to do justice, have been set aside as irrelevant. But it sounded like an answer, and every one, of course, was glad of an excuse to escape from the unpopular possibility of an inquiry into the conduct of a brave and successful commander. It was not so, either in or out of the House of Commons, when an unwise, incautious, and unpopular proclamation of the present Governor-General gave a popular handle for a party attack upon the existing government; and the contrast is a disgrace to the nation in which it occurred. The self-styled religious world, which, at the Somnauth proclamation, screamed and yelled out like a man whose gouty foot is trod on, received the news of the slaughter of Istaliff with the calmness of the same man putting a cork leg into boiling water. Both were characteristic; yet, were it not for the unfeigned indifference, we might have made more allowance for the hypocritical and canting clamour. The heathen and unscrupulous Athenians, it is said, once received a general who came to them fresh from the performance of brilliant services, but accused of a great crime against Grecian morality, not with thanks, but a trial, in the course of which, hopeless of a favourable result, he slew himself in the assembly. When we first read this story, we thought—but that was a youthful error —that the time had come at which a state calling itself civilized and christian would not overlook savage cruelty, even in the victorious leaders of its armies.

With this dark, and not single, stain upon their character, the English forces withdrew from a country, in which their presence had, for four years, been the cause of every possible evil that can afflict a nation: — war, misgovernment, then war again, foreign and domestic; terminating in utter anarchy, an anarchy which impartial History, when she speaks of the Affghans, will *not* denominate the "consequence of *their* crimes." Doubtless, the Affghans, like every other nation that ever was engaged in a similar contest, committed crimes in the struggle for their independence. But in taking away their independence without cause, the English inflicted on them the greatest wrong which nation can inflict on nation. Of all the mutual misery, of their savage and treacherous hatred, of our cruel revenge, our injustice was the origin. Evil would not be so evil, if the very nature of wrong were not to provoke to wrong;—if the

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Affghans are now a worse people than they were five years since, is the fault theirs, or ours? "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;" is that a new saying? Is it a recent discovery, that war will necessarily lead to atrocities and crimes? and is it not for this very cause that an unjust war is most criminal? Nations in different stages of civilization must be expected to carry on war upon different principles, and to temper its conduct with different degrees of humanity. But, if we were to enter on the inquiry, which, in the mere conduct of the war, had offended most against their own standard of right and wrong, is it so certain that the answer would be favourable to the English?

We do not think that any candid reader of Lieutenant Eyre's work will lay it down with an impression altogether hostile to the Affghans. If, in the conflict for their independence, they committed many fierce and treacherous actions, they yet, on many occasions, entitled themselves to the praise of truth and mercy. When Lieutenant Eyre refers gratefully to the hand of Providence, as clearly discernible in "restraining the wrath of savage men whose intense hatred of us was only equalled by their unscrupulous cruelty," he conveys, in general terms, a censure which the facts related by him show to be far from universally applicable. An insurrection in any country, and especially such a country as Affghanistan, is no orderly, disciplined, well-conducted thing; the leaders in such a struggle have to make the fiercest passions of their countrymen the instruments of their deliverance: their influence is mainly directed to excite, and not to calm, the hatred which they share: and the history of every popular rising can furnish examples of their want of power to restrain it, when they have the will. Yet, in several instances, we find the chiefs exerting themselves to the utmost, and risking their own lives to preserve the lives of Europeans from their followers. An English officer orders his men to take charge of, and protect a prisoner, and he is obeyed:—an Affghan

"Takes off his turban—the last appeal a Mussulman can make—and implores the savage Ghazees, for God's sake, to respect the life of his friend."

"My conductor and Meerza Bàordeen Khan were obliged to press me up against the wall, covering me with their own bodies, and protesting that no blow should reach me but through their persons."

Afterwards

"These drew their swords in my defence, the chief himself throwing his arm round my neck, and receiving on his shoulder a cut aimed by Moollah Momin at my head."*

Look, too, at the conduct of the Nawab Zeman Khan, an old chieftain, some time king of the insurgent city of Cabool; in

* Captain Mackenzie's Account of the Envoy's Murder.

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whose custody we left the hostages given before our army left the cantonments. After protecting them for months against the constant efforts of the Ghazee fanatics to slay them, he at last consigned them to the care of the Meer Wyze, the high priest of Cabool, in whose venerated protection he believed they would be more secure.

"Before sending them to the Meer Wyze, which was done at night, he took the precaution to line the streets with his own followers, with strict orders to fire upon every one who should so much as poke his head out of a window; and he not only accompanied them himself, but sent his own family on a-head."

It is impossible not to smile at the very decided character of the precaution; but when good faith and plighted protection are at stake, we will not quarrel with strong measures. Noble old Zeman Khan! We read again that

"Hundreds of Hindostanees crowded the streets of Cabool begging for bread, which was daily served out to them by Nawab Jubbar Khan and Zeman Khan."

These Hindostanees were the survivors of an invading and conquering army. We have seen the survivors of a legion, sent out under authority of the English government, reduced to destitution by the nonfulfilment of the promises under which they were enrolled, meet with less kindness in the streets of London. But Mahomedanism is a charitable religion, and its professors frequently act up to its precepts.

These facts would, we think, be sufficient to redeem the Affghans from the sweeping charge of treachery and inhumanity which has been so frequently made against them. But there is one Affghan whose name, generally regarded as the symbol of every atrocity, is too closely connected with the darkest of our calamities for us to pass the subject without some reference to him in particular—Mahomed Akbar Khan.

This man, the second and favourite son of Dost Mahomed, and the only one, we believe, of the family, who never submitted to our power, was, in his own words, "when an English army entered his country, compelled to become our enemy, and was for three years a wanderer, and returned at the end of the confusion." Not yet (if Dost Mahomed may be believed,) twenty-two years of age, he had seen his father driven from power, to make way for a king set up by, and on behalf of, a set of foreign conquerors. To him it must all have seemed the most utter injustice, and so he returned "at the end of the confusion" our fierce and unscrupulous enemy, with one object at heart,—to rid the country of the English. In Captain Mackenzie's account of the death of the Envoy we find that, after "laying about him manfully" to save Captain Mackenzie from the Ghazees, Akbar Khan turned to the English officer clinging to his stirrup, "and repeatedly said, in a tone of triumphant derision, "*You'll seize my country,*

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will you?" An ungenerous departure, certainly, from the tone of courtesy which his outward demeanour towards the English prisoners usually exhibited, but noticeable as illustrative of the feelings under which he acted, then and afterwards.

Even without Lieutenant Eyre's concluding expression of regret over the high gifts and endowments which Mahomed Akbar has sullied with indelible stains, we should have been disposed to attribute to him some eminent qualities. Unscrupulous as to means, possessed with a great object, capable of generous actions,—capable also of great crimes,—wily, yet of frank, open, attractive demeanour,—such men have often been the instruments in great changes; and, as their history is written by the one side or the other, they descend to posterity as heroic deliverers, or fiend-like destroyers. To those who heard of his deeds at the distance of half the world, Akbar appeared the latter. It is curious to observe the different and natural tone generally used by the captives when speaking of their captors. The monsters and miscreants become men, like other men, when seen close at hand by those to whom their deeds had caused so much immediate suffering and danger. While the relatives of the prisoners and the slain were shuddering at the name of Akbar Khan with a mixture of fear and horror for which there was but too much reason; the prisoners themselves ate, drank, and talked with the terrible chieftain at their ease, and on terms of convivial equality. The evil genius of the English army, the murderer—for such he was—of the representative of England, sat down playfully on the floor among the children of those whose lives and liberties depended on his orders, "dipped into the dish as merrily as any of them," and was a great favourite with them. Lady Sale, though she professes to desire his death, speaks of him without hatred and passion, and Lieutenant Eyre with some degree of positive regard.

Of the murder of the Envoy, he is, as we said, clearly guilty; and, towards a man who trusted him, though plotting against others, it was an atrocious deed. Still, it appears to have been committed in sudden exasperation, without any previous design; looking at the circumstances of the case, the wrongs his country and family had endured, the fierce passions, the lax morality of the East, we do not think, with Mr. Eyre, that it places him "beyond the pale of Christian forgiveness;" which we recollect somewhere to have read, "forgiveth all things."

Lieutenant Eyre often speaks of this, the *one* deed but for which Akbar would be worthier than most of those he acted with; but, in our judgment, the deliberate massacre of the army was, if he was guilty of it, a far worse deed than the murder of the Envoy. The doubt, which for a time hung over this transaction, is now, we think, dispelled by a comparison of the previous warnings with his subsequent half avowal. He might, possibly,

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think that the English would not perform that part of the treaty which bound them to evacuate Jellalabad and the other garrisons; that the safe arrival of so large a force at Jellalabad would only enable them to reconquer the country in spring. The savage and uncontrolled tribes of the Passes afforded the easy means of destroying the retreating force, and he deliberately permitted them to do so. It was a crime not to be defended on any pretence of patriotism. Yet the massacre of Jaffa, for which there was less excuse, has not destroyed the French adoration for Napoleon. Blacker treachery for the same purpose has not prevented the Germans from making a national hero of Arminius. Among those who have founded, or extended, empires in the East, there are few whose lives are free from similar or worse stains. The Mahratta hero, Sevajee, would have done it; Aurungzebe would have done it; or, to come to those with whom we have ourselves been connected, Tippoo, or Hyder, would have done it.

Strong contrasts of good and evil may be expected in the characters of half-civilized men; and there are few contrasts more striking than those presented by the pages of Lieutenant Eyre's book. The man who could plot the treacherous slaughter of an army, while that very slaughter is going on, receives the individuals who are thrown into his hands with hospitable and, apparently, unaffected kindness. Lieutenant Melville is brought in wounded, and Mahomed Akbar "dressed his wounds with his own hands, applying burnt rags, and paid him every attention." The captives and their guards have to swim a river, and Akbar "manifested the greatest anxiety until all had crossed in safety." His conduct to them throughout, excepting occasional bursts of passion, appears to have been of the same character. Among civilized states very few prisoners of war are, with reference to the means of their captors, treated nearly as well as the English prisoners under the care of Akbar Khan. Compare this, again, with the conduct of other Oriental sovereigns; with the horrible cruelty shown towards their European captives by Hyder or Tippoo.

All this, it may be said, sprang from a politic intention to secure some title to our consideration; and we do not doubt that policy had its share in the kind treatment of his captives by Mahomed Akbar. There is, however, every appearance that his judgment was seconded by his natural inclination. Nor in the spectacle of the same man deliberately devoting many thousands to slaughter for a great object, and receiving the survivors with real kindness, is there any unexampled or inexplicable inconsistency. Take away his evil deeds, and Mahomed Akbar would have been entitled to high praise for his good ones. He is, then, at least, entitled to the benefit of them as a set-off; and, comparing the one with the other, we cannot but rejoice that he did not, by falling into the hands of the English, place them in the

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position of passing upon him a judgment which could hardly have been a just one.

Partly for mere justice, partly to show to one-sided observers that even these matters have two sides, we have thought it worth while to bestow thus much attention upon the conduct of a remarkable man. We return to ground more important, and less open to controversy, in returning, for a few words of retrospect, to the relation of England to Affghanistan.

Towards the beginning of these observations, we quoted the declaration of its own intentions, made in 1838, by the Government of India. The subsequent facts are, as we then said, the most striking comment on this declaration, presenting as they do so curious and singular a contrast between the end and the beginning. Such as we have described it was the scheme, and such as we have described it the ultimate fulfilment. Thus were carried out the "confident hopes" of the Governor-General, and thus, but not on the terms which he anticipated, was the "British army finally withdrawn." The contradiction between design and accomplishment is the very common-place of history; but it has seldom been more strikingly shown than in the series of events we have followed.

On the defeat, still more on the destruction, of English forces, employed in whatever cause, we cannot look with any other feeling than mere pain; and if there are any whose patriotism is more cosmopolitan, we are not sure that we envy them this liberality. But, separating, as far as we can, our judgment from our feeling, and looking impartially at this four years' war, from beginning to end, we cannot but see simply this—a great injustice deliberately planned, backed by great power, for a time triumphant, and then, by the natural and direct consequences of injustice, violently overthrown. Let those who can exult in the consideration that much as we have suffered, it is probable we have inflicted yet more; we can derive no consolation from such a thought. Let us honour, as we ought, those who have bravely served their country—but, as a nation, God knows, we have no ground for triumph.

We have received a severe lesson, which we may make a useful one; if we choose to learn from it, well—if not, we shall perpetrate injustice again and again; till, perhaps, another and another before "unparalleled calamity," carrying horror and misery into hundreds of English families, shall, at length, awaken the nation to a right sense of its responsibility, a right sense of the guilt incurred by the careless crimes whereby statesmen bid for majorities, a right sense of a truth, old even in the days we call most ancient, but not worn out now—nor now, nor ever perfectly learned,

——ΔΡΑΣΑΝΤΙ ΠΑΘΕΙΝ,
τριγέρων μῦθος τάδε φωνεῖ.

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Pious Harriet, &c. By the Author of the "Retrospect," &c. Nisbet and Co. 1829.

Little Ann. By the same. Nisbet. 1840.

Food for Babes; or, the First Sermons that very little Children are able to understand. By the Rev. D. Barclay Bevan, M.A. *Second Edition.* Hatchards. 1841.

Line upon Line, &c. By the Author of the "Peep of Day." Hatchards. 1841.

The Missionary Catechism, to help forward the Young Lambs of Christ's Flock in understanding and promoting the Heavenly Work of Christian Missions. Second Edition. Suter. 1837.

We trust that our readers remember the point to which we had brought the question of the religious development of children in our May number. We laid down the great principle on which we consider all to depend, and which, therefore, can be used at once as a test of other people's errors, and foundation whereon we can build truth ourselves. That principle is the redemption in Christ of our whole nature, and consequently of every stage through which it has to pass from its very beginning. Infancy and childhood, therefore, have both been hallowed, and we must beware how we doubt that our children have received the Christian calling, in their place and degree, and are susceptible of Christian excellence. At the same time, we must be careful in acting upon this, to understand that calling and that degree; since in consecrating children Christ has consecrated childhood, we must accurately observe what childhood is. In attempting an investigation of childhood, we were presented with a phenomenon which we applied to certain popular narratives of religious children, and which condemned some of the favourite topics and views of such compositions. We were led to see how vain was the demand for what is meant by *conversion*, or for *experience* in children; and how idle, and worse than idle, it is to impose on them any peculiar line of religious action.

Before quitting the negative for the positive branch of the subject, before (*i. e.*) proposing our own plans instead of exposing other people's doings, we must say a few words on two errors more, of a different cast from the former. They proceeded from the confusion between the mind of a child and an adult; those which we are about to consider, from placing too wide a chasm between them.

The first of the two is one on which we have partly spoken our mind already on former occasions, but which is so widely prevalent,

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and seems, as far as we can see, so unchecked as yet by what has been said against it, that we are constrained to renew our strictures on it. We mean the error of adapting (as is supposed,) the sacred history to the comprehension of children, by re-writing it in a style supposed to be simpler than that of the Bible, and anyhow very different—a childish undignified style. We allude to such books as one or two of those at the head of our article, "Line upon Line," *et id genus omne.* Both the work we have just named and the "Peep of Day," were admirably reviewed some years ago, by our contemporary, the British Magazine, from whose observations on them we now make the following extracts:—

"Inconsiderate people are perpetually complaining of the difficulty of getting children to *realize*, as they call it, what they read. And no doubt it is a difficulty for children of either a smaller or larger growth to "realize" any other scenes which may be described to them than those which consist principally of elements with which they are quite familiar. This difficulty does *not* belong to children only, but to all minds of *confined* views, and therefore to children only as long as their views are confined. As they grow older, and conversant, from month to month, with *more* and *higher* things, they can 'realize' more and more of what they read. If I described a horse-race (with all its crowds and excitement) to a horse-jockey, he would understand it at once, and 'realize' it with a witness, and enter into it with all his heart. But if I gave him a detail of the crowds and the excitement which attend the meetings of that august body, the British Association, perchance, instead of 'realizing' it, he might go to sleep. If I attempted to impress his mind with the sublime ideas which the world of nature presents, or those awful exhibitions of the majesty of the Deity to be found in the Book of Revelation, he would have still more difficulty in the 'realizing' process, because emotions connected with 'the sublime' have never been familiar to him. So is it with young children; try them with the two last-mentioned points, and you try them, of course, in vain, for the self-same reason which has been just assigned,—they have not yet been familiarized with the higher ideas of either moral or intellectual excellence or perfection, or with the emotions which their display is calculated to call forth, and cannot, consequently, enter into them. Now, all this applies most strictly to scripture narratives. No doubt, nothing can exceed their *simplicity*, in one sense, even where they speak of the Creator or the Redeemer. What, *in one sense*, can be more simple than the narrative of God's appearing to Moses in the bush, or of the wonderful and sublime scene of the transfiguration? But what will be the effect of attempting to *realize* these scenes too completely without the *reverential* feeling which, *before all others*, is necessary that they may be realized aright. You may realize scenes of this nature in two ways to those in whom, at a given time, these reverential feelings are not developed. That is to say, you may wait *till they are*, using all proper means to develop them; or *if you will not wait*, you may have them realized by stripping them of everything calculated to command reverence, and bringing them down to the level of common, mean, every-day life. The latter is the ready, easy way, and is the natural resort of a coarse and vulgar (though the reviewer willingly allows powerful) mind like Jacob Abbot's. This is the principle on which all his books are written; and it is precisely because in most of us the higher parts of our nature are quite undeveloped, that whatever is so is brought down to the level of mean daily life, and consequently, Abbot's scripture pictures are so generally acceptable. They who read such books 'realize' all which is told them of their Lord; but they realize it as the history of a mere human being, better, no doubt, than

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themselves, but not entitled, on any other ground, to be a whit more reverenced. It is to facilitate this 'realizing' that such books as Abbot's talk of the greater attention that would have been paid him if he had been *a gentleman living on his own estate*, and a hundred other things much worse; and that these books talk of his wanting his supper, and sending his disciples to look after a man *with a jug*. In one word, strip scripture characters of everything which a young child cannot understand, (that is to say, of everything which makes scripture precious,) and then the young child *will* understand it. Yes! he will, and so long as he lives, will read, and understand it in the same way; that is to say, as a common-place history of every-day life, not calculated to excite any higher emotions than a novel or a newspaper. Great obligations, indeed, will he have to the mother, or governess, who set him 'realizing' at three years old, when all his notions were confined to the nursery and bread and butter, and his emotions to the remembrance of pain, when he cut himself, or knocked his head against the table, or his passions, which required control and extirpation."—Vol. xiv. Pp. 553—555.

"The reviewer takes his leave of these books with a very serious and earnest request to all parents to consider well what they are doing in putting such matter into their children's hands, and whether it is not their solemn duty to endeavour, by degrees, to *raise* their children's minds to the level of scripture, as far as that can be, and not to lower scripture and its blessed Author to the level of babies' capacities, by the use of words and phrases which will effectually prevent them in after life from giving scripture the reverence due to it."—P. 560.

If we have any objection to these judicious observations, it is that, while vindicating the dignity of sacred things, they rate that of children too low. By the books in question, not only is injustice done to heavenly truth, but also to minds more fitted for its reception than the reviewer seems to allow. Children surely have, pre-eminently have, capacities for veneration and for *realizing* greatness; they have, they are "familiar" with, "emotions connected with the sublime;" their minds can be impressed "with the sublime ideas which the world of nature presents," and still more "with those awful exhibitions of the majesty of the Deity to be found in the Book of Revelation." If one thing more than another moves our ire, it is needless condescension of language in addressing children, or in preaching to the poor. There is an insolence in it which we think both classes have penetration to perceive, and self-respect to resent. Of course, neither should be addressed in language of which it knows nothing; of course scientific terms, and a logical cast of our sentences are to be avoided when we are speaking to either. But though our speech must thus be very plain, it needs not, therefore, be undignified; and if it be, we can have no readers or hearers more quickly alive to the defect than the classes in question. Children and the poor know what dignity is as well as we do, and they look for it both in books and in the pulpit; their fancies may, now and then, be tickled by an unexpected departure from it in either, but their healthy judgments disapprove of such departure notwithstanding. Besides, the trick is apparent; they know it to be meant for condescension to them;

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for the positive value of the communication, therefore, they lack assurance; the writer or the preacher is not saying what he would say to others, or speaking as he would naturally express himself.

But after all, is anything gained in real plainness? How is a child the better for reading of the Creation in "Line upon Line," as follows:—

"My dear children,—I know that you have heard that God made the world. Could a man have made the world? No; a man could not make such a world as this.

"Men can make many things, such as boxes and baskets. Perhaps you know a man who can make a box. Suppose you were to shut him up in a room, which was quite empty, and you were to say to him, 'You shall not come out till you have made a box,'—would the man ever come out? No—never. A man could not make a box, except he had something to make it of. He must have some wood, or some tin, or some pasteboard, or some other thing. But God had nothing to make the world of. He only spoke, and it was made.

"Making things of nothing, is called 'creating.' No one can create anything but God.

Do you know why God is called the Creator? It is because he created all things. There is only one Creator. Angels cannot create things, nor can men. They could not create one drop of water, or one little fly.

"You know that God was six days in creating the world. I will tell you what he did on each day.

"I.—On the first day, God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light.

"II.—On the second day, God spoke again, and there was water very high; that water is called the clouds. There was also water very low. There was nothing but water to be seen. God filled every place with air: but you know the air cannot be seen.

"III.—On the third day, God spoke, and the dry land appeared from under the water; and the water ran down into one deep place that God had prepared. God called the dry land Earth, and he called the water Seas. We walk upon the dry land. We cannot walk upon the sea. The sea is always rolling up and down; but it can never come out of the great place where God has put it. God spoke, and things grew out of the earth. Can you tell me what things grew out of the earth? Grass, and corn, and trees, and flowers.

"IV.—On the fourth day God spoke, and the sun and moon and stars were made. God ordered the sun to come every morning, and to go away in the evening, because God did not choose that it should be always light. It is best that it should be dark at night, when we are asleep. But God lets the moon shine in the night, and the stars also; so that if we go out in the night, we often have a little light. There are more stars than we can count.

"V.—On the fifth day God began to make things that are alive. He spoke, and the water was filled with fishes, and birds flew out of the water, and perched upon the trees.

"VI.—On the sixth day, God spoke, and the beasts came out of the earth: lions, sheep, cows, horses, and all kinds of beasts came out of the earth, as well as all kinds of creeping things, such as bees, ants, and worms, which creep upon the earth.

"At last, God made a man. God said, 'Let us make man in our likeness.' To whom did God speak? To his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ: his Son was with him when he made the world. God made man's body of the dust, and then breathed into him. The man had a soul as well as a body. So the

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man could think of God. Afterwards God made the woman of a piece of the flesh and bone from the man's side, as you have heard before.

"God gave all the other creatures to Adam and Eve; and he blessed them, and put them into the garden of Eden, and desired Adam to take care of the garden.

"When God had finished all his works, he saw that they were very good. He was pleased with the things he had made. They were all very beautiful. The light was glorious; the air was sweet; the earth was lovely, clothed in green; the sun and moon shone brightly in the heavens; the birds, and beasts, and all the living creatures, were good and happy, and Adam and Eve were the best of all, for they could think of God, and praise him."—Pp. 1—6.,

instead of in chap. i. of the Book of Genesis?

We venture to say that a child who can read (as is supposed in either case), will, even with no person by him to explain the one or two hard words, gain every fact from the latter that is told in the former. And if there be, as we may always take for granted, a parent or instructor by him, how easy and how soon performed the task of telling him the meaning of the one or two words which are beyond his power of guessing! How many are they? Created, form, void, firmament, abundantly, multiply, image, dominion, replenish, subdue,—these pretty nearly complete the list; and, even if they be unexplained, the chapter, as we have said, is very intelligible notwithstanding. When, however, the child has been told that *created* means *made; form, shape; void, empty; firmament, sky,* &c. he understands the whole narrative pretty nearly as well as any one can understand it during our present condition, quite as well as he will understand it when he reads it in "Line upon Line;" and with this twofold advantage, that he considers what he reads to have sacred authority, and that while the diction is simplicity itself, it is rhythmic, sonorous, beautiful, and solemn. Again, why need children learn the story of Job in any other words than those of the Bible? Much of its sublime poetry must of course be unintelligible to them, yet the story has touching features which can reach their hearts, and as regards the rest, Nature cannot be hurried; because a high style of beauty cannot yet be revealed to them, there is no reason why we should present them with a degrading substitute.

What is quoted from "Line upon Line" was by no means one of its offensive passages; nor do we mean to dwell on such at present. To show the inconsistency of the book, we must inform our readers that the children who are supposed unable to understand the simple majesty of the sacred history, are to read and, we imagine, understand the following verses, in which, if there be nothing very difficult, there is nothing very plain, and, as we may trust our readers to perceive, something very shocking.

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"In deepest gloom of darkest night,
Between two walls of wondrous height,
Pharaoh, with all his men of might,
Poor Israel's host pursue.
The wind is high—the path is dry,
Horsemen and chariots swiftly fly:
'We'll overtake,' they loudly cry,
'And kill that slavish crew.'

"But sudden—drag their chariot-wheels,
A sudden horror o'er them steals,
While God on high his wrath reveals
From yonder fiery cloud.
The lightnings play—the thunders roar,
The skies a mighty torrent pour:
Were e'er such lightnings known before,
Or thunderings so loud?

"The sound, the sight, o'erwhelm with fright,
Horsemen and chariots take to flight.
'Does not their God for Israel fight?'
The horsemen trembling cry.
But while with furious speed they go,
God makes the western wind to blow,
And o'er their heads the waters flow:
Like stones the horsemen lie.

"Beneath the deep their bodies sleep—
And they shall rise to wail and weep,*
And God upon their heads shall heap
Hailstones, and coals of fire.
What piercing cries shall rend the skies,
When *all* who were God's enemies
Shall meet the Judge's angry eyes,
Flashing with terrors dire!

"How vain to try from Him to fly,
Who made the sea, the earth, and sky,
Whose arm can reach the mountains high,
And deepest pits beneath!
How vain to try from Him to fly,
Who can all secret things descry,
Whose power no angel dare defy,
Whose *word* can blast with death!"—Pp. 187, 188.

It may indeed be alleged that oral explanations of heavenly truth to children are indispensable accompaniments to reading of any sort, however plain; it being out of the question that a child should always receive the meaning even of simple sentences on the first statement—that a diversity of illustration beyond what any writer has scope for is requisite to insure the success of his words; and that such oral explanation, and such diversity of illustration, always do and must partake of the same character as that here objected to in the works before us; *i. e.* they must be undignified in themselves, intrinsically

* How dares the authoress to pronounce on the eternal condition of Pharaoh's *army?*

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unworthy of their subjects, and irreverent if viewed apart from their purpose. But let it be considered that there is neither the same dignity, nor, in one sense, the same authority, in such oral explanation as in writing. The one, the child knows to be extemporaneous, and designed for himself only; the other, to be deliberately prepared for himself and others. The one is conversation, and if happy, it must be familiar and intimate conversation, in which no dignity is expected; the other is *printed in a book*, and to a child that is itself a point of mysterious dignity; accordingly he is startled and amazed to find things which he thought fit only for the most ordinary conversation introduced there, and in connexion with the most sacred subjects. So far from being less fastidious on the score of dignity in print than an adult, a child, we suspect, will be generally apt to be more so, because he has not yet acquired any habit of, nor been provided with any materials for, connecting remote thoughts, whereby the great things of the universe bear up and give meaning and value to those which would be otherwise mean and insignificant.

Add to this, that the oral explanation is transient. As soon as it has done its work, as soon as it has enabled the child to see the meaning of the written sentence, that meaning remains ever after annexed to the latter, and the former is soon forgotten. But "what is writ is writ;" there it remains, a fixed form, round which associations, suitable or unsuitable, have time and repeated occasion to gather, and to which they will cling.

Moreover, the parent or instructor can watch and can guide the moods that may appear, can, by gesture and by inflexions of the voice, turn off any rising irreverence, and by such like means modify and correct the whole in a way that is incalculable.

If incapacity for all this be pleaded, let it be considered whether such incapacity be not blameworthy—whether it amount not to an incapacity of doing the task and fulfilling the post providentially assigned to parents and instructors—whether, therefore, it be an incapacity that faith can admit or excuse. For parents, especially, cannot devolve the religious teaching of their children on a book; they cannot, as Christians, escape living intercourse with their little ones on this great subject; the main work must be done by means of that—there is the place for fillings up, illustration of all sorts; while reading should be liturgic, dignified, belonging to the more markedly solemn periods of the day. Nothing is so desirable as to make it worth while to sacrifice reverence; and childhood is the season when alone reverence can ordinarily be acquired and fixed in the character. It is one of the many things which cannot be left to time, its absence is no mere blank, the want of it is *irreverence*, its negation is, therefore, a frightful positive. The adult peni-

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tent will hardly acquire it, will sometimes indicate the want of it in his very struggles after it. His awe will be that of self-distrust and alarm, not that awe in which is exceeding joy—the awe of the seraphim—the awe which consists in recognizing a greatness and a goodness beyond all that we can aspire after or grasp at—an awe which it is one of the greatest privileges, as it is one of the highest energies, of the mind to exercise.

And why are children in any way to be robbed of this privilege, to be denied this exercise? Why are they not to have heavenly truth presented in that aspect of mystery which is most grateful to them, and which is in itself the justest aspect in which we can present it? Not as an altogether unknown and unintelligible thing, for in that the mind sees a mere void, and can take no interest; nor yet as an altogether known and altogether intelligible thing, for in that it sees nothing greater than itself, nothing whereof it is not itself the measure, nothing, therefore, to call forth its wonder, admiration, and awe; but as something whereof we perceive but a part, and perceive, too, that there remains much more; an object, part of which is brought near to us, but which dies away into distance and dimness; a greatness, which we can see indeed, but "only through a glass darkly"—is religious truth presented to the mind of men at all, nor must we try to make it otherwise to a child. A child delights in mystery, an intellectual one delights in the Bible, just because of its mystery; just because its words have a meaning into which he can enter, and yet seem to have much more besides—just because they are vivid, and yet far reaching; just because they are words of wonder, and suggest much more than they express. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." "Darkness wherein is light." What sentences are these! They convey a meaning into which we can all enter, but how small compared with those volumes of significance that we seem to hear rolling and dying away in the distance.

Those who have observed narrowly the tastes of children in poetry, will see there much to illustrate what we have been saying. They do not prefer verses written expressly for them; what grown-up persons find charming simplicity, has for them no charms at all. They often, indeed, admire and delight in bombast; but it is not that they like or wish for bombast; they have not yet learnt that what they admire is such; they see that the words have some meaning, they see, too, that they sound as if they had a great deal more, and they give them credit for having it, and are pleased accordingly.

One other prevalent mistake we must touch on, and then have done with this branch of the subject. It is commonly imagined, that the New Testament is more fitted for a child's reading than the Old; and accordingly we have found in one of our National schools, under the ablest management, that the latter is

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systematically dispensed with; we have examined there children who passed muster most creditably on such of the facts of the New Testament as were proposed to them, but who could tell nothing about Daniel and the lion's den, and the reason of this we found to be that they had never read a word of the Old Testament.

It is too generally imagined that the New Testament is better adapted for the young, the weak, the half-taught than the Old; and if only one of the two great sections of the sacred volume can be bestowed on any one, few would hesitate about preferring the latter. The issue of what are called *Testaments*, shows this.

We do not know whether this evil may have been corrected in the school in question since then, or whether it has even been remarked by any one else; but it seems to us a very great one, and we wish that our able contemporary, "the English Journal of Education," would entertain the subject. If the Old Testament in its various stages was an education necessary to train men's minds into a capacity for the fulness of time; if the ideas it awakened, and the associations to which it gave rise, were necessary in order that the heavenly truths of the New Testament might have meaning attached to them; if the whole structure of the Israelitish covenant and history served as "a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ," a knowledge of them, of their order, and their significance must be similarly requisite for any individual Christian now. We do not, of course, mean that the reading of the Old Testament must always precede that of the New; for the two may well go together in time, with the young, even as they do with the elder members of the Church; but, were we reduced in any case to the alternative, we should expect far more advantage from giving a child or a poor person the Old Testament only to read, accompanying the boon with oral instruction in New Testament truth, than from the common reversal of the process. And this for the plain reason that the New Testament presumes throughout the state of mind which is produced by the Old—the conceptions of God's being and man's duty which are supplied by that, and the impressions which the mercies and judgments narrated there are calculated to make. The New Testament is addressed to Jews,—whether such by natural or spiritual birth, anyhow to Jews,—to the seed of Abraham; and, therefore, in order to enter into its meaning, we must take care to be Jews, to be filled with the feelings and associations of Jews. How necessary this is, if we would understand the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the institutions, furniture, and ritual of the tabernacle are employed as a vocabulary, so to speak, whereby to express the transcendant mysteries of the gospel, all will readily acknowledge. And that it is no less necessary to our gaining an insight into the profound Epistle to the Romans, will be admitted by every one

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who has seen the mischief occasioned by men's taking up that Epistle with none but modern associations, with no sense of how a Jew felt in reference to the law, or how one who entered largely into those feelings would endeavour to meet the perversion of them.

These, however, it may be said, are not the portions of the New Testament which one would naturally put into the hands either of the young or the half-instructed. As a fact, however, the latter Epistle is considered by many to be suitable food for both, being beyond all question the favourite one of our age. Happy, indeed, would that age be were such a preference the way to understand it! But we do not confine our principle to the two documents which we have cited. We venture to say that St. Matthew's Gospel, the Pentecostal gift, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Sts. James and Peter, besides much else, so much as to leave little if any part of the New Testament excepted, cannot be understood by a mind unpossessed by Old Testament ideas and associations. It is in the progress of the elder covenant and history that those feelings are awakened, which the New contemplates and satisfies; and the latter must needs be a dead letter without the former.

We will content ourselves with one illustration of the evil proceeding from the present state of matters. Would the doctrine of *conversion*, as understood and delighted in by the poor, have such a hold on them, if they had been early trained to view God's designs and dealings with us, as marked not by abrupt anomaly, but as developed in a beautiful and instructive order,—as never for one moment arbitrary, and least of all in that dispensation wherein they have been fully expanded? had they been trained to the notion of a kingdom of God into which men are brought, and a solemn covenant by which they are to abide;—and of all blessedness being connected with the fellowship of this kingdom, and abiding by this covenant? It is not meant, of course, that either children or the unlearned will in words either express or gainsay what we have now been dwelling on, but they can feel and be practically persuaded one way or another notwithstanding.

Lastly, with all reverence be it asked, can the holy Eucharist be well understood by those in whom a Jewish spirit (in the best and truest sense) has not been cultivated?

But it is high time to have done with negation, and come to something positive,—to leave off the contemplation of other people's errors, and see what we can ourselves do in the matter; a far harder work than has hitherto engaged us. Nor have we, we must confess, so much to say on this part of the subject as the former. At the outset we laid it down that the religious development of children was one of the great problems given to this age to solve; not meaning thereby that it had never

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been solved before; but that it remains for solution in the present circumstances, and under the existing conditions of our social and ecclesiastical state. If so, much progress towards such solution can hardly be demanded of a single mind. A satisfactory result in such a case cannot be looked for, except from some general development of the Church in this direction. Meanwhile, however, we may throw out a few hints, which, we flatter ourselves, are far from impractical at present, and the following out of which would, we think, be a movement in the right direction.

It may seem to those who read our former article, that we considered the right development of children to be confined to the pale of their own families. And so, on the whole, we think it is, as regards the hourly course of the Christian life,—the week-day tasks and duties. We opposed this, their appointed sphere, to the perversion which would turn the young into miniature public characters, or as a condition of their being Christians indeed, would impress on them the stamp of peculiar fashions. But it remains written that out of their mouths God has ordained strength; from the moment of their baptism they have had larger relations than those which Nature conferred on them. Some sense and recognition of this ought to accompany their earliest movements of conscious religion,—they have a place as children, not merely in the family and the nation, but in the Catholic Church of Christ, and we must find that place for them, and make them fill it.

That we, of the present day, have failed in the duty we have just mentioned, is apparent at a glance. We take our children to church, no doubt, as soon as they are old enough to *remain quiet* during the service; and in this *remaining quiet*, we suspect most parents consider their whole part to consist. And a preliminary of course it is most needful to be learned. But what we complain of is, that we rest on it rather long. Take a child from six to twelve, and what does he find ever done in church which has any immediate relation to him, in which he, just as he is, in reference to his age and condition, is especially concerned; or which may be naturally counted on as interesting to him. We do not say, God forbid! that parents may, and do not often succeed in interesting their children in the services of the Church as they are now performed; but it must surely be allowed that no especial facilities are given them for this. And yet such ought to be given, for it is one of the distinctive glories of the Gospel dispensation, that under it praise and strength are ordained out of the mouth of very sucklings; and it is here, in the services of religion, that a place may be assigned them free from all the evils which we have hitherto been considering; a place which need neither elate the religious child with a sense of peculiar distinction, nor fail to give scope to those wants and

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feelings—to the enthusiasm, the sympathy, the wonder, the awe, and yet rejoicing—which may be demanded by his temperament, and to the exercise in some form of which his baptism may be considered as entitling him.

It is obvious that our Church both contemplates the presence and supposes the interest of her younger members in the public services of the sanctuary. The injunction to sponsors to call on their god-children "to hear sermons," presumes, as has been well argued, that sermons are at least frequently such as they can understand, and feel themselves concerned in. But how few clergymen are at any pains that this should be the case! How few sermons are preached in which it would be at all reasonable to demand of our children that they should be interested! Would not many of our popular preachers think it too great a condescension habitually to address the children before them in such wise as that they should listen and enter into his meaning? Would not many fear that by doing so frequently they would alienate and disgust their adult congregations? How far the clergymen who are unwilling to preach the gospel, and the laymen who are unwilling to hear it preached, to Christ's little ones, can be said to have become like little children, we must leave themselves to determine. But we think that a clergyman who feels the icy fetters of a doctrinalism brought on, it may be, by his necessary occupations, but still no healthy consequence thereof, may be glad to avail himself of this, as one especial way of freshening religious truth in his mind, of ceasing for a while to view it in its logical and antagonistic relations, and of announcing and making himself to feel it in its liveliness and its power. And what applies to the preacher applies to his congregation likewise. In an age of controversy and doctrinalism, they, too, may be benefited by having Heavenly Truth presented to them, not only in the liveliest, but in the universally true and applicable form, the form in which we should look at them supposing there had been no controversies about them. And that this effect may be counted on, is perhaps to be inferred from the sudden and earnest attention of the whole congregation whenever the preacher tries the experiment. May it not be thought, too, that by insisting on the duties of children, we can hardly fail to call attention also to those of their parents towards them, correlatives as these for the most part are? Surely, then, the experiment is worth trying; surely, too, it is not very hard to try. The festivals of the Church give abundant materials for addressing ourselves to children from the pulpit, granting that doing so may not at present be generally convenient on ordinary Sundays. Christmas, the Holy Innocents, the Epiphany, the Annunciation, the Ascension, and All Saints give obvious facilities, and supply abundant thoughts to lay before the young.

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But besides that our preaching was obviously designed to take their interests into consideration, there is an ordinance of the Church expressly appointed for her younger members, and neglected (most sinfully we think,) by a fearful majority of the clergy—that of catechising. The ends of the Church Catechism are by no means accomplished, nor the consciences of the priesthood clear in regard to it, merely by taking order that it be learned by the young of our flocks, or even explained up to the usual amount by masters and Sunday-school teachers, as we trust now to show.

If we wished to vindicate the English Reformation from the all but unmixed censure to which it is now sometimes subjected, we might, out of a copious selection of materials, be contented with appealing to the Church Catechism as one of its results.* That surely could have been no such uncatholic time, as we have heard it pronounced, which produced so noble a digest of catholic truth, so comprehensive a summary of saving knowledge. Never before was any branch of the Church entrusted with so wonderful an organ of her prophetic office as the Anglican received in the fifteenth century, when this invaluable document was placed in her hands. The theology of the Catechism will, we are sure, be found to grow on us in proportion as it is studied; and whoever may complain of receiving no benefit from it, it will never be the devout and earnest catechist himself. Now here is a post assigned to the young, and a provision made for them, in the services of the sanctuary, of which they are shamefully defrauded. It is not enough to say that the children of the poor learn their Catechisms at school, and those of the rich at home; for good as that may be in itself it is no substitute for what the Church intended the *ordinance* of catechising to be.

In the first place, what we want is to find a place in church for our children of whatever rank. Simply as Christian children, there would, as we think all will admit, be little use in sending those of the rich to a Sunday-school; for no real union between them and those of the poor would be effected thereby, and no instruction imparted such as they would not probably receive far more satisfactorily elsewhere. And—shall we confess the truth?—Sunday-schools are not especial favourites of ours. We deny not their necessity in populous places, where the principles and habits of parents are often such as to make it desirable for their children to pass the Lord's Day anywhere but under their roof. But this argument for them, valid though it be where it applies at all, presumes anomaly and evil. It is itself false in principle to separate a child from his parents and family during more than half the Sunday. And then what a

* All but the last section of the Catechism was produced during the crisis which we call the Reformation.

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strain on his attention! He is at school or at work six days of the week, and on that which ought to bring rest and refreshment we make him come twice to another school, and demand two attendances on the full services of the Church. Is this the way to make religion attractive to him?

Now, leaving for a while those unnatural populations which we have sinfully allowed to amass themselves neglected and untaught, till their whole condition and our relation to them has become an aching perplexity, let us suppose an ordinary rural parish, neither better nor worse than the majority of such. Of course its Pastor will not find it the Arcadia he pictured to himself, whilst ground down by the marriages, churchings, burials, register-searchings, and committees of a large town, or whilst picking his steps through its noisome alleys. Of course he will not find the fresh pure air that now surrounds him a type that may be relied on of the moral purity of the place. Of course, he may lay his count on difficulties and discouragements enough. But still in such a place, there will be no need of anomalous expedients. The great laws of nature may require reinforcement, but they have not altogether given way. Family feeling is still strong, and a judicious pastor will hold it his duty to strengthen it yet further. What, then, can he do in furtherance of our present aim?

We really think that the rubric and canons will supply him with all the guidance for which he need ask. Let him, instead of the evening sermon, catechise after the second lesson. Of course it will be found important that this ordinance, being public and liturgic, should be conducted gravely and without untoward accidents. The children, therefore, whom he questions, should be those on whose answers he can safely account; and he will be enabled to make the selection by his observations in the previous catechising before evening prayer, enjoined by Canon 59, in addition to his general knowledge of them. He will also put leading questions in following up the hints of the Catechism, such as shall win the answer from an ordinarily intelligent child, and by forcing him, notwithstanding, to a slight exercise of thought, shall fix the truth brought out firmly in his recollection. He will also make remarks himself, read passages of Scripture illustrative of the subject in hand, and in short, *really preach* directly to the children, but virtually to all present. Those who have observed the interest which the poor sometimes take in listening to catechising, will feel little doubt that the benefits of this particular ministration of God's holy word, are not likely to be confined to the young. Its being directly addressed to them, and their taking a part in it, give it an additional interest, especially to their parents and relatives; but, besides this, in explaining the Catechism many a subject is made clear to all, which the preacher in the pulpit

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generally presumes to be so already, many a piece of knowledge imparted, the possession of which is taken for granted in the majority of sermons. And this benefit may, perhaps, apply to the rich as well as the poor. Herbert's estimate of catechising is such as might be expected from him, but it is in point here, and therefore we quote part of it:—

"The country parson values catechising highly. For—there being three points of his duty; the one to infuse a competent knowledge of salvation in every one of his flock; the other to multiply and build up this knowledge to a spiritual temple; the third to inflame this knowledge, to press and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life, by pithy and lively exhortations;—catechising is the first point, and, but by catechising, the other cannot be attained. Besides, whereas in sermons there is a kind of state, in catechising there is a humbleness very suitable to Christian Regeneration. . . . . helping and cherishing the answerer, by making the question very plain with comparisons; and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being used to one, would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the catechised will at length find delight; and by which the catechiser, if he once get the skill of it, will draw out of ignorant and silly souls even the dark and deep points of religion. . . . . At sermons and prayers men may sleep or wander; but when one is asked a question he must discover what he is. This practice exceeds even sermons in teaching."—*Herbert's Country Parson*, chap. xxi.

It is no inconsiderable feature in the value of catechising that it is *liturgic*, both on the part of the catechist and the catechumen —that the latter take a part in the service, and that

——— "Each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims;
What sages would have died to burn,
Now taught by cottage dames."

Surely, if this be so, if we have here the assigned post of Christian children as such, it should be filled by rich and poor alike. Let it not be said that the former have no need of the instruction that is to be gained from it. Even were the upper classes nearer the true mark of lay Christian knowledge than we think they are, it would be no disparagement to them to say, that they cannot so administer the Word of Life,—that they have not such a treasure out of which to bring things new and old as the ordained pastor, supposing him the scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, which he ought to be.*

And thus, too, may the spiritual union of different ranks become very close in consequence of having begun very early: thus may our children be taught that they indeed belong to another family than that in which they were naturally born, thus may they livelily apprehend that they are members of one another by being members of Christ.

* Some of our popular preachers may perhaps despise catechising, as of inferior worth to their sermons, and fit to be entirely delegated. We are very sure, however that the systematic undertaking of the duty in some such way as we have been pointing out, would have the effect of raising the standard of theological knowledge among the clergy.

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It would be difficult indeed to calculate the amount of gain which would accrue to the rich from being thus subjected to the appointed training of the Church. From being early used in a practical way to have and to benefit by a pastor, they may wish for one through the rest of their lives. At present, they think of the clergyman, except with a view to the public offices of religion, as existing mainly for the sake of the poor. Many families would stare on being told that they needed his visits and his counsel on the same principle and in the same way as they do: a fatal reserve often exists between them and him on the very subject which ought to be the chief tie between them: in, we fear, most families of the upper classes he is little more than one among the herd of visitors and acquaintances; that he has to give account of their souls and the souls of their children, is little thought of either by him or by them; scarcely a word or a deed betrays the faintest recognition of this. His advice is little asked for concerning the children; he is seldom consulted about their training; they are not taught to look up to him as necessarily a friend, as a spiritual relative and guardian. But were they catechised like others in Church, this would cease to be the case. The due and dexterous performance of the duty requires, as we have said, an acquaintance with the condition and capacities of the children. The procuring this must lead to spiritual intercourse between them and their clergyman. Devout parents, who are at present negligent of this, would feel the blessing of it, would feel how it strengthened their own hands, and helped them in the discharge of their own duty. Then the time for confirmation would not come upon the clergyman and the young of the upper classes as it does at present,—a time of mutual shyness and discomfort; it would be but the ripening of a process which had long been going on; a joy to which both had long been looking forward in common. Then, too, might the men of the upper classes lose that fearful reserve on religious matters which unhappily, but often blamelessly as things are, characterises most of them at present. Then might their pastor feed them, too: then might he be their especial sympathiser in joy, and comforter in sorrow: then might his society be courted for better reasons than it is at present; and thus, the whole tone of their intercourse being thus improved and raised, might priesthood and laity alike present us with a nobler and statelier sight than the stunted and perverse religious growth which we see all around us now.

Other directions are open on which we cannot enter now. The verse we have twice quoted from the eighth Psalm, at once suggests the part children must take, with joy to themselves and us in sacred music. Things do seem tending to a development there, which we hope will, as it ought, be used in furtherance of the aim which we have now had before us.

In laying it down, however, as we have now done, that the

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religious development of children should be liturgic, we must not be understood as denying them the exercise of good works. The last page of our former article will vindicate us from such a supposition. These, however, we contend, as we did then, should be almost entirely domestic, and altogether private. Their only public religious action should be in Church; there alone can they be seen by others in a Christian capacity, without the imminent risk of injury to themselves.

Elements of Electro-Metallurgy. *By* Alfred Smee, F.R.S. Second Edition. Longmans. 1 vol. Pp. 318. 1843.

Glyphography; or, Engraved Drawing. London: Edward Palmer, 103, Newgate Street. 1843.

Electrotint. *By* T. Sampson. Palmer. 1842.

In our number for June, 1842, (vol. iii. pp. 631—644,) we traced the History of Electricity from its earliest days, six centuries before the Christian era, in the time of Thales, to the date of Coulomb's investigations; to whom we are indebted for the subjection of electro-statical phenomena to the rigorous rule of mathematical analysis, and the establishment of the fundamental principles of electro-statics as an independent science. In that article we were chiefly occupied with the elementary theories appertaining to the subject: in the present, we propose to consider some of its practical applications.

Natural science presents to us both laws and works: it has both its *credenda* and its *agenda*; its researches are both *lucifera* and *fructifera*; its end is both "the knowledge of causes and secret motions of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire to the effecting of all things possible."* The latter of these was a continual subject of high and bright anticipation to Lord Bacon; and, throughout all his writings, he dwells upon it with enthusiastic hope. In that interesting philosophical romance, the New Atlantis, he assigns a principal place to those "fellows" of "Solomon's house" who devote themselves to the Practical.

"We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works, as for plain demonstrations of causes, . . . and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call dowry-men, or benefactors."

* New Atlantis.

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"For our ordinances and rites, we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions; in the other, we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies; also the inventor of ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance, and of gunpowder; the inventor of music; the inventor of letters; the inventor of printing; the inventor of observations of astronomy; the inventor of works in metal; the inventor of glass; the inventor of silk of the worm; the inventor of wine; the inventor of corn and bread; the inventor of sugars, and all those by more certain tradition than you have. Then we have divers inventors of our own of excellent works . . . Upon every invention of value, we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward.

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for His marvellous works; and forms of prayers, imploring His aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses."

It has rarely been permitted to natural science to advance in both directions at once. When Newton pierced the skies, and raised philosophy to heaven, the scientific arts were comparatively few and weak. Now that the busy hands of science have made the surface of the civilized earth a theatre of wonders, her eye is all but closed to lofty speculations; and, having become the handmaid of material utility, she no longer reigns as a queen in the higher world of mind. Among our men of science we have "mystery-men," who "collect the experiments of all mechanical arts;"—"pioneers or miners," who "try new experiments;" and we are not without "lamps," who "out of former labours and collections, take care to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former." But the age still waits for an "Interpreter of Nature," who shall collect the scattered Sybilline leaves, and proclaim the one complete and consistent meaning of the broken oracles. Meanwhile, science heedfully toils on in the laboratory and the workshop. Her hand is busy though her eye is closed, and she fails not to scatter profuse material gifts among the sons of men. Her glory though obscured is not departed; and she awaits, in patient hope, the time when a new truth shall emerge from her multitudinous works, to rule over them; when her present humble ministrations to the material comforts and outward necessities of man, shall be rewarded by one of those grand and simple interpretations, which illuminate and exalt the age that witnesses their birth.

Next to chemistry, no science has been more fruitful than electricity in works subservient to the general purposes of life.

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The contributions of this infant science to the arts are too numerous to be described in full; and we shall confine ourselves to a notice of the more prominent, previously glancing at the general theory of electrical action, as far as appears to be necessary to our immediate purpose.

The identity of all the various kinds of electricity has been established by Faraday. From the time of Gilbert, the effects produced by friction on certain dry substances had been grouped under the common name of "electricity;" a word indifferently applied to the science conversant with these and kindred phenomena, and to the agent — whether a mode of action only, or a material but exquisitely subtle fluid—by which these effects were produced. The term "galvanism" had been applied to the effects resulting from the contact of different metals: while those effects which depend upon the action of the magnet were called "magnetism." But these various effects, at first attributed to different agents or causes, have been traced up by the indefatigable philosopher just named, to one and the same source: and it has been satisfactorily shown by his laborious and admirable researches, that electrical, galvanic, and magnetic phenomena, together with the intermediate varieties of electro-magnetism, animal electricity, thermo-electricity, electro-chemistry, &c. are all modifications of one agent, which exhibits itself under different forms according to the mode in which it is excited. The two principal of these forms are those now familiarly known as common and voltaic electricity. The first of these might properly be designated *electricity of tension*. It is well exhibited by the common electrical machine, with its prime conductor and the Leyden jar. It seems to result from the accumulation of electricity, or, as it is conveniently termed, "the electric fluid," on the surfaces of bodies; and has a continual tendency to escape, until an equilibrium is restored between the electrified body and those by which it is surrounded. The most magnificent specimen of this state of electricity is furnished by a thunder-storm. The other state of sensible or free electricity is that exhibited by electricity *in motion*; the effects being such as might be produced by a current flowing with enormous rapidity. Hence the term "electric current." In this case a vast quantity of electricity may be in action, but without any apparent intensity. Whilst the current is unbroken, it produces various magnetic phenomena: when interrupted, it produces chemical changes upon the interposed substances, under certain conditions; decomposing some, heating, igniting, deflagrating others. Common electricity differs from voltaic, in having a much greater degree of intensity or tension; so that it acts with greater elastic force in a given direction. On the other hand, voltaic differs from common electricity in the enormous quantity of electric "fluid" which it develops and puts in

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motion, and in the continuity or perpetual reproduction of the current.

Having thus briefly drawn out the difference between these two forms of electricity, we shall, through the remainder of this paper, speak only of the second of them, as being that from which those practical applications flow, which are our immediate subject of consideration.

Voltaic electricity,—although indebted to Volta, professor of natural philosophy at Pavia, 1800, for its distinguishing name, (that philosopher having been the first to give an exact and scientific character to his researches in this fascinating department of physical inquiry,)—owes its origin, in a great measure, to Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna, 1789.

The first stages in the growth of scientific discovery, like the first stages in the growth of a plant, are generally obscure, and the exact circumstances and dates unknown; so that the honours of discovery rarely encircle the head of the rightful candidate, and the favourite motto of aspirants—"*Palmam qui meruit ferat*"—is reversed. Thus Amerigo gained the honours due to Columbus: the invention of the fluxionary or differential calculus was disputed by Leibnitz and Newton: Franklin usurped the claim to priority of discovery with regard to the identity of lightning and common electricity. And, in the case before us, although the substitution of the word "voltaic" for the word "galvanic" is an example of a corrected judgment, yet, to do full justice, we must go back to dates anterior to those of both the philosophers, from whose names these words have been derived.

According to M. Becquerel, whose *Traité Expérimental de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme* is the standard work on the subject of which it treats, Sulzer, in 1782, was the first to bring to light the fact upon which galvanism or voltaic electricity historically rests. The fact was this: If we place a strip of zinc and a strip of silver, one upon and the other under the tongue, and bring their further extremities together, we perceive a taste similar to that of sulphate of iron, and at the same time a faint light, although each strip separately produces no effect whatever. Again, in 1786, Cotugno stated, in an early number of the *Journal Encyclopédique de Bologne*, that a medical student, whilst dissecting a live mouse, was much surprised by experiencing in his hand a slight electric shock, upon touching with his scalpel one of the nerves of the animal. These two facts, unconnected with any of the then known truths of physiology, and, indeed, wholly dissimilar, attracted little or no interest until 1789, when Galvani's attention was drawn to those phenomena attendant upon the accidental electrization of a skinned frog, which are too well known to allow of our relating them here.

The explanation which Galvani gave of the convulsive motions of the frog's leg, when placed in contact with metallic bodies,

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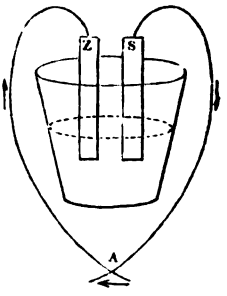
was that the muscle of the frog was a sort of Leyden phial; that the nerves represented the interior, and the muscles the exterior coating of the phial; and that the discharge or shock took place by the metals communicating between the two electrified coatings.

These experiments excited general interest. Valli, Fowler, Robison, Volta, Wells, Humbolt, Fabrici, and others, turned all their energies in this direction; but of all these experimentalists, Volta was by far the most successful. Galvani's most important discovery had been that relating to the influence of *different* metals in producing the convulsive movements of the dissected animal. This fact was Volta's starting-point. While Volta acknowledged Galvani's right to the priority of discovery, and always spoke of him with respect as an industrious experimentalist, he strenuously opposed Galvani's theory, and successfully maintained his own; which was, that the exciting cause was ordinary electricity produced by the contact of the two metals, and that the convulsions of the frog arose from the passage of the electricity thus developed along its nerves and muscles.

But the great contribution of this philosopher to the infant science was the Voltaic Pile; an instrument, which has grown into the voltaic batteries of Cruikshanks, Wollaston, Children, Hare, Faraday, Daniell, and several others.

We will content ourselves with describing the simplest form of this instrument; one too simple indeed to be of any practical use, but better suited than more complete and complicated forms to elucidate the theory of the action of the pile and battery.

Immerse a strip of pure zinc, and another of silver, in a cup of very dilute sulphuric acid. No action will ensue. But if we bring together the extremities of these strips which are out of the fluid, a decomposition of the water immediately begins; its oxygen combines with the zinc to form oxide of zinc, which is dissolved by the acid; while the hydrogen passes over to the surface of the silver, where it collects, and ultimately escapes in gaseous globules. At the same time there is a continuous current of electricity *from* the zinc across the water *to* the silver, and from the further extremity of the silver back to the zinc which is there in contact with it. If we now restore the strips to their original position, but attach a wire to the outer extremity of each, and then bring the further extremities of these wires together, the decomposition of the water will take place as before, and the current of electricity will flow in the direction indicated by the darts in the annexed diagram. Various substances may evidently be interposed at A; and, provided they are capable of transmit-



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ting electricity, the current will still pass. In this arrangement, the end of the wire attached to the silver plate S, is the *emitting* point or pole; and the end of that attached to the zinc plate Z, is the *receiving* point or pole. The first of these has been called the positive pole; the second the negative: but Mr. Faraday, with a view of avoiding certain misapprehensions to which these terms have given rise, has called them *electrodes*; meaning the doors or passages (of whatever substance formed,) by which the electricity passes into and out of other media. He further terms the positive electrode or emitting pole, the *anelectrode* or *anode*, that is, the way by which electricity *enters* substances through which it passes; and the negative electrode or receiving pole, the *catelectrode* or *cathode*, that is, the way by which electricity *goes out* of substances through which it passes. In addition to the above arrangements, it is a necessary condition of voltaic phenomena, that the interposed fluid be a conductor; and further, that it be an *electrolyte*; that is, a substance capable of direct decomposition by the action of the electric current. In the extremely simple arrangement represented by the diagram, the intensity of the electricity is very feeble. The force of the current is increased by properly arranging a succession of generating, conducting, and electrolytic substances; and thus are formed the various kinds of batteries. On these, the direction of the current is the same as in the simple arrangement described above, nor is the absolute quantity of travelling or circulating electricity altered; but the intensity is increased greatly, so that, when the series are numerous, we obtain, on separating the electrodes a little from one another, a most brilliant current of light, which is capable of igniting wires, deflagrating metals, exploding combustibles, and effecting chemical decompositions. The effects we are about to describe result from the action of a current of electricity, the velocity of which has been shown by Mr. Wheatstone to be not less than 200,000 miles per second.

The applications of this property of voltaic electricity to exploding the wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead, and to destroying an immense mass of Shakspeare's Cliff, at Dover, are well known. In a recent number, we have spoken of the attempts that have been made, to apply the enormous mechanical force which is brought into action by certain modes of exciting and applying electro-magnetism, to the important purposes of locomotion; superseding steam, as steam has superseded to so great an extent, the employment of animal power. The electrical telegraph is another highly useful application of electro-magnetism. But we must not suffer ourselves to be any longer detained from the very interesting facts of electro-metallurgy; which are fully and successfully treated by Mr. Smee, whose work is one of the most complete that has appeared.

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When the voltaic current is transmitted through metallic solutions, the metallic oxides are in certain cases decomposed, so that the pure metal is deposited upon the cathode. For example: let two pieces of clean platinum be immersed in a solution of sulphate of copper; and let the electric current be transmitted through the solution, so that these platinum plates may form the electrodes. The consequence will be the precipitation of pure metallic copper upon the catelectrode, while the anelectrode will remain clean. The texture of the deposited copper varies with the power employed, and with the temperature and strength of the solution; so that it may be obtained hard, brittle, and crystalline; or malleable and tough, according to the manipulation of the performer.

"When we subject any metallic solution to the action of the voltaic current, the metal itself will be reduced, although not always in the same state. Thus, if we dip a knife in a strong solution of sulphate of copper, bright metallic copper will be deposited; but if we use a piece of zinc, a black mass of copper will be thrown down. Again, introduce a piece of zinc into an ammoniacal solution of sulphate of copper, and the reduced copper will be bright; whilst, if we dip iron into a very dilute and acid solution of the sulphate, black metal will be reduced. It is doubtful whether the metal in these cases is reduced by single elective affinity, or whether a galvanic action causes the deposit. Be this, however, as it may, the same metal may, under different circumstances, be reduced in different states."—*Smee*, p. 113.

On the one hand, the strength of the metallic solution very materially influences the nature of the deposit. From a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, for instance, crystalline copper is deposited; if we dilute this solution with two to four times its bulk of water, the metallic deposit will be ductile and malleable: if the solution be very greatly diluted, the metal will be thrown down under the form of a black powder.

"If we examine the converse of the experiment, and take a solution of sulphate of copper (which should be acidulated to make it a better conductor,) and use successively, first one very small battery, then two or three batteries arranged in a series, and lastly, a very intense battery, we shall find that, with the same solution, we can obtain by these means, first a crystalline, then a reguline, and then a black deposit .... The laws which regulate the deposit of every metal appear to be the same; and, although very simple, yet have cost me much labour for their development .... *Law* 1. The metals are invariably thrown down as a black powder, when the current of electricity is so strong in relation to the strength of the solution, that hydrogen is evolved from the negative plate of the decomposition cell ... *Law* 2. Every metal is thrown down in a crystalline state, when there is no evolution of gas from the negative plate, or no tendency thereto; .. that is, when the strength of the metallic solution is so great, that, either electricity of a much greater tension must pass, or the solution must be rendered of more easy decomposition, before gas would be evolved. *Law* 3. Metals are reduced in the reguline state, when the quantity of electricity in relation to the strength of the solution is insufficient to cause the production of hydrogen on the negative plate in the decomposition trough, and yet the quantity of electricity very nearly suffices to induce that phenomenon."—*Smee*, pp. 114—118.

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Mr. Smee has devoted the concluding portion of his treatise to a consideration of the processes of electro-gilding, reduction of metals by galvanism, the electrotype, and galvanic etching.

For the art of gilding upon silver and brass by means of electricity, we are indebted to M. De la Rive, who was led to it by witnessing the very deleterious effects upon the workmen of the process known as "water-gilding;" in which the article to be gilt having been covered with an amalgam of gold is exposed to the heat of a clear charcoal fire, by means of which the mercury is driven off and the gold remains adherent to the surface. The evils attendant on this process from the mercurial vapour, are avoided in the process of electro-gilding; where, according to the method patented by Elkington, after the articles have been properly cleansed by a weak acid, they are immersed in a hot solution of nitro-muriate of gold, to which a considerable excess of bicarbonate of potash has been added. They thus receive, in the course of a few seconds, a beautiful and permanent coat of gold. With regard to this process, it has been supposed that the metal to be gilt is dissolved in proportion to the amount of gold deposited; that the deposition of the gold prevents the further solution of the metal; and, consequently, that only a very thin coat of gold can be obtained. Mr. Smee, therefore, gives the preference to a process in which the gold is precipitated from a solution of the auro-cyanide of potassium by means of a single battery. By this process the operator can regulate the thickness of the gilding, carrying it to any extent he pleases; and, by varying the rapidity of the deposition, he can obtain the gold under different forms. A rapid deposition produces a bright surface; but if reduced very slowly the metal will assume the beautiful frosted appearance of dead gold.

Of all the applications of voltaic electricity to the purposes of art, the electrotype is the most interesting and important.

"Electro metallurgy may be said to have had its origin in the discovery of the constant battery by Professor Daniell, for in that instrument the copper is continually reduced upon the negative plate. In his first experiments, Mr. Daniell observed, on removing a piece of the reduced copper from a platina electrode, that scratches on the latter were copied with accuracy on the copper. In this experiment we have the electrotype. But the author, in the first paper, detailing his experiments, having devoted all his attention to the construction of the battery itself, this valuable fact attracted but little of his notice.

"It was but a short time after the discovery of this battery, that Mr. De la Rue experimented on its properties. In a paper printed in the Philosophical Magazine for 1836, after describing a peculiar form of battery which he adopts, the following remarkable passage is found: 'The copper plate is also covered with a coating of metallic copper, which is continually being deposited; and, so perfect is the sheet of copper thus formed, that, being stript off, it has the counterpart of every scratch of the plate on which it is deposited.' This paper seems to have attracted very little attention; and, what seems still more singular, the author, although well qualified

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from his scientific attainments to have applied these facts, never thought of any practical benefit to which this experiment might lead.

"In this state the subject remained till October, 1838, when Professor Jacobi first announced that he could employ the reduction of copper, by galvanic agency, for the purposes of the arts. His process was called galvano-plastic. Immediately upon his process being announced in this country, in 1839, Mr. Spencer stated that he had executed some medals in copper, to which the public afterwards gave the name of electrotypes, or voltatypes, or, what is better, electro-medallions. . . . The next discovery, which is fully equal in value to the idea of the electrotype itself, was made by Mr. Murray. He found out that non-conducting substances might have metallic copper thrown down upon them by previously applying black lead.—*Smee*, pp. 17—21.

One of the greatest hindrances to the art of copper-plate engraving has been the difficulty of procuring good and pure metallic plates. This difficulty is now entirely removed. A prepared copper-plate with a good surface may have copper deposited upon it by voltaic agency, so that the deposited plate will have the same perfect surface, with the additional advantage of consisting of pure copper. Minute directions will be found in Mr. Smee's work. The practical electro-metallurgist may also consult with advantage Jacobi's *Die Galvanoplastik*, Petersburgh, 1840; and *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, September, 1840, tom. lxxv.

"Engraved plates were not employed till the fourteenth century, but now their uses are manifold. To hand down to posterity, and to diffuse among the multitude, copies of the choicest pictures and other works of art, are their most prominent applications; but they do not constitute a tithe of the purposes for which engraved plates are required. The great consumption now for these plates is at the potteries; for almost every common dinner service, and every piece of pottery, has its design given by a copper-plate. The device is deeply cut in the copper, and then it is printed on a piece of thin paper; but the impression is printed with a composition of arsenite of cobalt instead of the ordinary ink. The paper is then pressed upon the pottery plate before it is glazed, in order that the ink may adhere to it; after which the paper is carefully washed off. The pottery plate is next glazed, and is then ready for use.

"The electrotype promises to improve, materially, the patterns of our otherwise unrivalled pottery; for the expense of engraving valuable plates has hitherto been such, that, on account of the small number of copies they will afterwards print, their application has been necessarily prevented. Now, if a plate cost originally a thousand guineas, an infinite number of duplicates could be taken from it by the electrotype; and in this way the expense of every common dinner-plate would be the same, whether the ordinary blue-and-white service were used, or plates and dishes were embellished with copies of our finest works of art, the most exquisite scenes of nature, the most elaborate machinations of fancy, or the most intricate specimens of execution.

"A second extensive application of copper-plates is to be found in the manufactories of the calico-printers. The copper-plate is first engraved and bent round so as to form a cylindrical roller, and then the two edges are soldered. By various contrivances the die is placed by other rollers into the hollow of the engraving, when the calico to be printed passes under the roller by the force which the roller itself exerts from the revolution imparted to it by a steam engine. In this way twenty or thirty yards of calico can be printed in a few minutes."—*Smee*, pp. 270, 271.

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The multiplication of wood-cuts by means of electrotype processes is very promising. The vigour and delicacy, the precision and softness, of modern wood-cuts is surprising, and the durability of the blocks is extraordinary, one hundred thousand impressions having been taken from the same block; but yet, the multiplication of these by means of the electrotype is often desirable. Mr. Smee has given an interesting print, at page 277, of a dog's head, designed by the younger Landseer, a lad twelve years of age; the clichée of which was executed by Branston, and the electrotype by De la Rue. The "clichée," we may observe, is simply the reverse impression; the intermediate copy by means of which the ultimate plate is made the same as that from which the design was first taken.

The yet more recent art of glyphography is remarkably simple and useful.

"The term glyphography is derived from two Greek words, γλύφω *I engrave*, and γράφειν *to draw*; and signifies that art by which an engraving is produced by the simple mode of drawing; or, in other words, drawing and engraving, which have hitherto been two distinct operations, are here combined in one. Hence its merits, and vast importance to every artist, seeing that by its aid he becomes the engraver of his own work as much as he could by the practice of etching, but with this difference, that here his effect is as immediately conspicuous as though he were using a black-lead pencil on paper."—*Glyphography*, p. 5.

In this process, an ordinary plate of copper, prepared as usual for engravers' use, is taken, and blackened with sulphuret of potassium. It is then warmed, and coated with a very thin layer of a white composition resembling wax in nature and appearance. By means of various tools, which need not be described here, this composition is cleanly cut through by the artist, who sees at once the effect he produces, in consequence of his obtaining, as in the case of the lead-pencil, a black drawing upon a white ground. After careful inspection through a powerful lens, the plate is submitted to the action of a galvanic battery, by means of which the required deposition of copper is effected, and a new electrotype plate is obtained.

"Of the value of electro-metallurgy to the arts and manufactures, even in its present state, there can be no doubt. It may, indeed, be a matter of conjecture to what extent this art may be ultimately carried out, or to what other purposes it may be applied in years to come; but, were it never to be applied otherwise than it has already been, no one could deny that it is a most valuable acquisition; in short, we may safely assert, that no single discovery ever presented capabilities at once so many, so various, so interesting, or so valuable.

"Doubtless the galvanic fluid will, before long, be as important to the manufacturer as the heat of a furnace. At present, a person may enter a room by a door having finger-plates of the most costly device, made by the agency of the electric fluid; the walls of the room may be covered with engravings printed from plates originally etched by galvanism, and multiplied by the same force; the chimney-piece may be covered with ornaments

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made in a similar manner. At dinner, the plates may have devices given by electrotype engravings, and the salt-spoons gilt by the galvanic fluid. All these, and many other applications, we may have at present; but we must still look forward to the most important properties of the electric current derived from the galvanic battery: for, although great and glorious are the triumphs of science detailed in this work, yet the prospect of obtaining a power which shall supersede steam, exceeds in value all these applications." —*Smee*, pp. 295—300.

Mr. Smee's raptures are excessive; but the subject is unquestionably one of considerable interest. The applications of voltaic electricity are of great practical utility; and the principles of the science, when ripened and expanded, will form a valuable addition to the ever-growing body of physical truth.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, collected by Himself. In 10 vols. London: Longman, & Co. 1838.

To thinking minds, time is seldom so impressively marked, its clock seldom tolls so sadly and solemnly, as by the successive removal of the great men of an age. The constellation which ushered in the present epoch, is going out one by one. Goëthe, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Lamb, have departed, and now Southey has gone after them. Wordsworth, indeed, remains yet a little while, but he is now bereft of all his great companions; of all those with whom his name is for ever associated. There is something, we say, singularly sad and solemn in these departures. Its great men seem the essential features of an age, and when they are removed, a chill comes over us, the ground seems taken from under our feet, we feel as though a change of dispensation were at hand, an untried and unknown future opening before us.

There are few men to whose death more of this interest attaches itself than to him whom we have just lost. If Southey was not the foremost man of his time, he was perhaps the most bound up with that time, of all our men of letters. No man of intellectual pursuits in our day shared so largely in its feelings and struggles, and as the term of his life spanned its principal events and changes, he became a partaker in its most striking vicissitudes. There is nothing for a serious mind to scoff at, nothing that can furnish a legitimate sneer at Southey, in a comparison of his early Jacobinism and subsequent Toryism. In his case the whole process and progress was that of an earnest and noble mind, equally unworldly, though not equally temperate and far-seeing at its commencement and at its termination; and therefore, in the whole, we only read a deep and interesting lesson.

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In respect of intellect, Southey was nearly as great as is possible for a man not absolutely first-rate. His reputation for genius has suffered more from his own unrivalled and inconceivable industry than from any other cause. Not only did people think it impossible for a great poet to be capable of such hard work and such business-like punctuality in its execution—to be equally ready to write an Indian Tale and a History of Brazil—to narrate the exploits of a Thalaba and a Wesley—to sing the first great Spanish war against the Moor, and to record the last one against the Frenchman—to indite a ballad and an article for the Quarterly Review; not only did all this obscure and perplex the popular conception of a poet, but by directing men's attention to a much greater variety of topics than they had room in their minds for, diverted it from those which each might have found congenial to himself, on which he might also have found Southey speaking to him in strains to which he would have delighted to listen. For, although he, the same man, was equally willing to write, no one of us is equally willing and ready to read a life of Nelson and a History of Brazil, an Epic Poem, and a sketch of Methodism: and when a man's works comprehend all these, and much more besides, we are deterred, to some extent, from looking at any one of them. So connected with life is all really interesting literature, that we are attracted to books by our conception of the author, and where that takes no marked form, and points in no one direction, we are not greatly allured to the works themselves. No very delightful mind is encyclopædic—no very original one unboundedly various.

Wherefore his extraordinary copiousness and variety, both in prose and verse, while it kept Southey before the public eye, kept him further away from the human heart than he would otherwise have been. Not only would he have spoken more thrillingly and impassionedly had he spoken less; not only would his words have come from greater deeps of his own heart, and reached to greater in the hearts of others, had they been fewer and rarer, and more uniform in their direction; not only would he have gained in tension and concentration, by confining his aims, but in point of fact his great works, as they are, would have more justice done to them. For the surprising thing is, not that such a writer should, with all his powers, have indicated what may be called a laxity in art, or a want of that wistful earnestness, that deep-mouthed utterance with which the very greatest geniuses speak, but that this should not have been much more the case than it actually was. First-rate a man could not have been, who had his fixed hours for epic poetry, for reviewing and for history, and who passed from one to the other at the stroke of the clock; but it is astonishing that he was so great a second-rate man—that his genius showed itself so powerful and

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original. Desiderate in them what you will, Thalaba, the Curse of Kehama, and Roderick, are wonderful poems; and while we find it hard to imagine that posterity will, any more than the present generation, familiarize itself with all the contents of the ten volumes of Southey's poetical works, in addition to the whole library of his prose ones, we think, that these three performances will stand forth as English classics, at once the property of all subsequent ages, and illustrious monuments of that which produced them.

Yet, great as they are, they have not received the attention due to them in our time. They have, indeed, been abundantly noticed by reviewers, and they were delighted in by their author's great contemporaries, but their contents are not familiar to the general reader. There exists an impression, most unjust as regards them, but not to be wondered at under the circumstances, that though fine in parts, they are *bores* on the whole. Yet most unjust such an impression is, for not only are they rife with beauty, but never were three works more interesting throughout. One of their author's especial gifts was the construction of a story. In the three poems before us, as well as in Madoc, the whole fabric of the tale was woven out of his own brain; for hardly an incident within the action of Roderick is historical, and we need not vouch for the fictitious character of the others. And yet how interesting they are. We read with breathless suspense, even when the scene, the agency, and the events are most removed from the sphere of humanity, of nature, or of possibility. It is strange that such a master of machinery, such a constructor of a tale, was not tempted in the present day to write a novel. "The Doctor," though a most delightful book, can hardly be accounted one; and though a work of fiction, has nothing that can well be called a plot. But Southey's powers of invention and disposition were such as must have enabled him to rival Mrs. Radcliffe, or even Schiller's Ghost Seer. Had he undertaken a *serial*, he must have harrowed us as much as we believe the last-mentioned work harrowed the author's countrymen, coming out as it did in numbers. Southey, however, confined the exercise of this gift to his poetical tales, and wonderful indeed is its exercise there. Of these we propose now to consider the three eminent ones, which we almost wish had stood alone among his poetical works, and of which, in that case, the public must have taken a more undistracted view.

Of all his poems, Thalaba is the one most calculated to be popular. An Arabian tale as such has always a fair chance of favour; our earliest imaginative associations hang round the empire of Ishmael; and the affinity between the Arabian mind and the Hebrew makes us feel at home, to some extent, among Mussulmen and their sentiments. In Thalaba we have all this pleasure undisturbed. The tale is thoroughly Arabian, accord-

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ing at least to untravelled notions of Arabia. The machinery, though supernatural, is both consistent with Mahommedan, and not abhorrent to Christian Theism; and though on a vast scale, it never disturbs our interest in Thalaba. The exquisite music of the verse, of which the uncertain movement is not aided in its impression by rhyme, attests the author's ear and his skill. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the exquisite opening—

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven,
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

The story of the destruction of Ad, which almost immediately follows, is very fine and impressive; and nothing can be more charming in their way than the happy scenes of Thalaba's boyhood and youth around the tent of Moath. Let those who dread Southey as a tedious writer set out with the Destroyer in his great enterprise. Our space only permits us to quote some of the verses which usher in its tremendous consummation, nearly as bright and elastic as can be found in the language.

"Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,
'The morn is young, the Sun is fair,
And pleasantly through pleasant banks
Yon quiet stream flows on . .
Wilt thou embark with me?
Thou knowest not the water's way;
Think, stranger, well! and night must come, . .
Darest thou embark with me?
Through fearful perils thou must pass, . .
Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid!
Thou wilt embark with me!'
She smiled in tears upon the youth; . .
What heart were his who could gainsay
That melancholy smile?
'I will,' quoth Thalaba,
'I will, in Allah's name!'

"He sate him on the single seat,
The little boat moved on.
Through pleasant banks the quiet stream
Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir-groves now it past,
And now, through alder-shores,
Through green and fertile meadows now
It silently ran by.
The flag-flower blossom'd on its side,
The willow tresses waved,

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The flowing current furrow'd round
The water-lily's floating leaf,
The fly of green and gauzy wing,
Fell sporting down its course;
And grateful to the voyager
The freshness that it breathed,
And soothing to his ear
Its murmur round the prow.
The little boat falls rapidly,
Adown the rapid stream.

" But many a silent spring meantime,
And many a rivulet and rill
Had swoln the growing stream;
And when the southern Sun began
To wind the downward way of heaven,
It ran a river deep and wide,
Through banks that widen'd still.
Then once again the Damsel spake:
' The stream is strong, the river broad,
Wilt thou go on with me?
The day is fair, but night must come . .
Wilt thou go on with me?
Far, far away, the sufferer's eye
For thee hath long been looking, . .
Thou wilt go on with me!'
' Sail on, sail on,' quoth Thalaba,
' Sail on, in Allah's name!'
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the river-stream.

" A broader and yet broader stream,
That rock'd the little boat!
The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half open'd to the wind.
The Sun goes down, the crescent Moon
Is brightening in the firmament;
And what is yonder roar,
That sinking now, and swelling now,
But evermore increasing,
Still louder, louder, grows?
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the rapid tide;
The Moon is bright above,
And the great Ocean opens on their way.

Then did the Damsel speak again,
' Wilt thou go on with me?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
I know the ocean-paths;
Wilt thou go on with me? . .
Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!
Thou wilt go on with me!'
' Sail on, sail on!' quoth Thalaba,
' Sail on, in Allah's name!'

" The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
The little boat rides rapidly
Across the ocean waves;
The line of moonlight on the deep
Still follows as they voyage on;

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The winds are motionless;
The gentle waters gently part
In dimples round the prow.
He looks above, he looks around,
The boundless heaven, the boundless sea,
The crescent moon, the little boat,
Nought else above, below."

The Curse of Kehama is less free and nimble than Thalaba. A tropical heat seems to reside in its sometimes all but intolerable splendour, a tropical vegetation to animate and inform its gigantic and portentous growths. All this is as it should be, and shows at once how lively and well-directed was the author's imagination. We really feel in passing from Thalaba to Kehama that we have passed from Arabia to India.

That especial genius of Southey for constructing a plot of which we have made mention, stands forth very conspicuously here. Never were materials more unpromising. The preliminary to the whole plot—Kehama's irresistible power—is a notion so monstrous and uncongenial to the European, if not to the Hindoo mind, the scene of more than half the tale being in other worlds, the lover of the heroine not being a man, and the strange and incredible cosmography—all threaten to deprive the poem of anything like human interest. Yet in the author's hands none of these hindrances are allowed to have power. We hang with absorbed attention on each crisis of Kailyal's fate,—albeit, her foe is an almighty man, and her lover a Glendoveer; and she herself is sometimes in the Swerga, and at others in Padalon. Still she is to us a beautiful earthly maiden; human in all her joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears. One thing certainly helps the story, and that is curiosity. It is so difficult to conceive what possible extrication can be found for Ladurlad, Kailyal, or the Universe itself, from the difficulties caused by Kahama's achievement of unbounded power, that a reader's mind must be strangely constituted who does not either go on or look at the end. And never was anything more finely imagined than that extrication; never was a bad man represented as himself working out his own ruin on so large a scale; never was a truer lesson taught those who lust after power, than that nothing "less than omniscience can suffice to wield omnipotence. After having by his successful accomplishment of sacrifice wrung the gift of omnipotence from the reluctant gods,—after having conquered Padalon and its lord, he must needs drink out of the Amreeta cup, which, by rendering him immortal, would make him altogether a god. The triumph of evil seems at hand, for by the laws of things, after such sacrifices as his, that cup cannot be refused him. Kailyal appears destined to become the victim of his wicked will, from which not even the power of Seeva seems able to preserve her; and if she still refuse compliance, her father is to pay the penalty in endless

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torture. But even when the Universe seems about to pass under the sway of evil, the holy will remains firm—

> "She answered, I have said, it must not be,
> Almighty as thou art,
> Thou hast put all things underneath thy feet;
> But still the resolute heart
> And virtuous will are free.
> Never, oh! never, never, can there be
> Communion, Rajah, between thee and me."

Kehama receives the cup, uttering blasphemies against the supreme power with whom he now thinks to cope, little knowing what he is about.

> "O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice!
> Madman! to seek for power beyond thy scope
> Of knowledge, and to deem
> Less than Omniscience could suffice
> To wield Omnipotence! O fool, to dream
> That immortality could be
> The meed of evil!—yea thou hast it now,
> Victim of thine own wicked heart's device,
> Thou hast thine object now, and now must pay the price.
>
> "He did not know the holy mystery
> Of that divinest cup, that as the lips
> Which touch it, even such its quality,
> Good or malignant: Madman! and he thinks
> The blessed prize is won, and joyfully he drinks.
>
> "Then Seeva open'd on the Accursed One
> His eye of anger: upon him alone
> The wrath-beam fell. He shudders—but too late;
> The deed is done,
> The dreadful liquor works the will of Fate.
> Immortal he would be,
> Immortal he is made; but through his veins
> Torture at once and immortality,
> A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run,
> And while within the burning anguish flows,
> His outward body glows
> Like molten ore, beneath the avenging eye,
> Doom'd thus to live and burn eternally."

Southey was always at home among lofty thoughts, and sang heroic faith and fortitude in strains worthy of the subject. Witness the following noble description of Ladurlad under the sway of the curse:—

> "Thus ever, in her father's doating eye,
> Kailyal perform'd the customary rite;
> He, patient of his burning pain the while,
> Beheld her, and approved her pious toil;
> And sometimes at the sight,
> A melancholy smile
> Would gleam upon his awful countenance.
> He too by day and night, and every hour,

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Paid to a higher power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, and rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,
An agony represt, a will resign'd,
To her, who, on her secret throne reclin'd,
Amid the sea of milk, by Veeshnoo's side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power endued,
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,
And marks the silent sufferings of the good,
To recompense them in her own good time."

Nothing but actual perusal can give a notion of the gorgeous splendour of this poem,—its vast plunging melodies, its dazzling imagery, its unfailing opulence and sublimity. The funeral of Arvalan, the Swerga, Mount Meru, the Retreat, the submarine city of Baly, and, above and beyond all, the ethereal ascent of Mount Calasay, are each in its turn among the most magnificent displays of the imagination with which we are acquainted. Everybody knows the beautiful lines in Mount Meru, beginning—"They sin who tell us Love can die," because everybody has seen them in books of extracts; but everybody does not know how much more beautiful they are in the place where they occur, and amid the context to which they belong. And therefore, for the sake of such, we will quote it along with that; and those who know it in such connexion will not quarrel with us for doing so.

"Oh happy sire, and happy daughter!
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting place and sanctuary have found.
What! hath not then their mortal taint defiled
The sacred solitary ground?
Vain thought! the Holy Valley smiled
Receiving such a sire and child;
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously
And roll'd her little waves to meet
And welcome their beloved feet.
The gales of Swerga thither fled,
And heavenly odours there were shed
About, below, and overhead;
And earth rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming bower,
Where every amaranthine flower
Its deathless blossom interweaves
With bright and undecaying leaves.

"Three happy beings are there here,
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.
A fourth approaches, . . . who is this
That enters in the Bower of Bliss?
No form so fair might painter find
Among the daughters of mankind;

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For death her beauties hath refin'd,
And unto her a form hath given
Framed of the elements of Heaven;
Pure dwelling place for perfect mind.
She stood and gazed on Sire and Child;
Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
The tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when those tears her sight beguiled,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the caress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of life and painful happiness.

"The maid that lovely form survey'd;
Wistful she gazed, and knew her not,
But Nature to her heart convey'd
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe opprest.
Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held her to his breast!
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,
By Death alone to others given,
This moment hath to him restored
The early lost, the long-deplored.

"They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

"Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

We have spoken of the canto entitled Mount Calasay, as the

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finest part of the Curse of Kehama. In fact, few things are sublimer than Ereenia's long ascent to Seeva's throne, and the fontal glory which revealed itself there. There is a *metaphysical* beauty about it not very common in Southey's works; for probably, to have lived with Coleridge, no man has ever shown a propensity to metaphysics in any form. Our readers must follow Ereenia to the summit of Mount Calasay:—

"Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring enter
Celestial Spirit's mind. O wild adventure
That throne to find, for he must leave behind
This World, that in the centre,
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined;
Yea the Seven Earths that, each with its own ocean,
Ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.
What power of motion,
In less than endless years shall bear him there,
Along the limitless extent,
To the utmost bound of the remotest spheres?
What strength of wing
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament
That closes all within?
Yet he hath pass'd the measureless extent
And pierced the Golden Firmament;
For Faith hath given him power, and Space and Time
Vanish before that energy sublime.
Nor doth eternal Night
And outer Darkness check his resolute flight;
By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva's Seat appears,—behold Mount Calasay!

"Behold the Silver Mountain! round about
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest Heaven.
Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet from ring to ring
Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of Mount Calasay.
But that strong power that nerved his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustain'd Ereenia still,
And he hath gain'd the plain, the sanctuary above.

"Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That self-sustain'd, hangs buoyant in the air,
Lo! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonising rays,
In one mid fount of many-colour'd light,
The stream of splendour, flashing as it flows,
Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon celestial Rose!
Where is the sage whose wisdom can declare
The hidden things of that mysterious flower,
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear?

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The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell;
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Seeva's self doth dwell?
"Here first the Glendoveer
Felt his wing flag, and paused upon his flight.
Was it that fear came over him when here,
He saw the imagined throne appear?
Not so, for his immortal sight
Endured the Table's light;
Distinctly he beheld all things around,
And doubt and wonder rose within his mind
That this was all he found.
Howbeit he lifted up his voice and spake.
There is oppression in the world below;
Earth groans beneath the yoke; yea, in her woe,
She asks if the avenger's eye is blind?
Awake, O Lord, Awake!
Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest One!
Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's sake,
And strike the blow in justice to mankind!
"So as he prayed intenser faith he felt,
His spirit seem'd to melt
With ardent yearnings of increasing love;
Upward he turned his eyes
As if there should be something yet above:
Let me not, Seeva! seek in vain! he cries;
Thou art not here—for how should these contain thee?
Thou art not here—for how should I sustain thee?
But thou, where'er thou art,
Canst hear the voice of prayer,
Canst read the righteous heart.
Thy dwelling who can tell,
Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret throne?
But thou art not alone,
Not unapproachable!
O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art every where,
Whom all who seek shall find,
Hear me, O Seeva! hear the suppliant's prayer!
"So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung
Before the mystic Rose.
From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
Abash'd, confounded,
It left the Glendoveer—yea all astounded
In overpowering fear and deep dismay;
For when that Bell had sounded,
The Rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,
The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,
The holy Hill itself with all thereon,
Even as a morning dream before the day
Dissolves away, they faded and were gone.
"Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,
For all around is Light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light!
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,

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Nor eyes of Angel bear
That glory unimaginably bright;
The Sun himself had seem'd
A speck of darkness there."

And here we must notice one especial felicity in the Curse of Kehama, that while it all seems Hindoo, it is scarcely heathen. The idolatrous creeds and worship are dexterously invested with the highest sense of which they are capable, and made to border on a higher still. The inferior divinities are merely made to be good and bad created spirits, and Seeva is the one living and true God. The story, too, considered in itself, has every advantage for an Epic. Luis de Leon may have given the hint of its fitness to Southey, in that noble imitation of the Prophecy of Pereus, beginning "Tolgata el Rey Rodrigo."

But Southey is greater still when he surrounds himself with christian ritual and associations. We speak not of Madoc, which with all its merit is crude, but of that poem in which his genius had its full exercise, and all his distinctive powers had scope. Wonderful as are the splendours of Kehama, we prefer to be nearer home, to plant our footsteps on a firm soil, to understand the faces and the manners around us. In a word, we like to be in Europe, in Christendom. Mr. Southey's genius liked to be so too, and therefore was it more at home, and in fuller health and vigour in Roderick than in any of his other poems. The subject of that work possesses one advantage for an epic, which was wanting to the others. It had a previous interest for us, and a connexion with ourselves, and the stirring events of our own age. In the preface to Joan of Arc, our author alludes to its having "been established as a necessary rule for the epic, that the subject should be national," with obvious disparagement. There is no absolute necessity, perhaps, for the subject being national, but it should at least be congenial; and such the root and original of the Spanish monarchy very eminently were at the time when Roderick appeared. In connexion with that nation had Europe just been delivered, our own countrymen had just reaped their laurels among the mountains, where Pelayo reared his standard, and established his throne—the poet himself knew and loved that land—its capacious literature was his delight, and there was no ordinary affinity between his own noble nature and the best features of the Spanish character, therefore is Roderick Southey's noblest work. Although its subject be historical, the story, as we have it, is entirely the author's own devising, and an admirable and deeply interesting one it is. The situations of Roderick and Florinda, when they meet by night on their way to the Asturias, of Roderick and Rusilla at Cangas, of Roderick and Siverian, whenever they fall together, are as finely imagined, and as intensely interesting as anything we know in fiction. The

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elaboration and final consummation of the plot are true to the grandest principles of art; we scarcely know a statelier story, one that proceeds with a more majestic step, or that comes to a nobler ending. Its sublimity, too, unlike that of Kehama, is softened by frequent touches of the deepest pathos. How beautifully do the two blend in the prophetic vision seen by Roderick in his penitential retreat—

"Thus he cried,
Easing the pressure of his burthened heart
With passionate prayer; thus poured his spirit forth,
Till the long effort had exhausted him,
His spirit failed, and laying on the grave
His weary head, as on a pillow, sleep
Fell on him. He had prayed to hear a voice
Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
Of consolation came. Roderick, it said, . .
Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,
Jesus have mercy on thee! . . Not if Heaven
Had opened, and Romano, visible
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer; . .
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With such compunctious visitings, nor given
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs;
Counselled, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And lo! his Mother stood
Before him in the vision: in those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She followed her dear lord Theodofred
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespake a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe, . .
Yea a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;
Cooled his scorched limbs with medicinal herbs,
And prayed the while for patience for herself
And him, and prayed for vengeance too, and found
Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,
Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
A benediction on him; but those hands
Were chained, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm
Is wither'd—Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope,
Dost thou too sleep?—Awake, Pelayo!—up!—
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer?—But with that
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!

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Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross
Gleamed on her breast-plate, in her shield displayed
Erect a lion ramped; her helmed head
Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crowned
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp
Of horsemen and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around:
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
The shout of victory—Spain and Victory!
Roderick, as the strong vision mastered him,
Rushed to the fight rejoicing: starting then
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
He found himself upon that lonely grave
In moonlight and in silence. But the dream
Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart
Pant, and his withered arm was trembling still;
And still that voice was in his ear which called
On Jesus for his sake."

We are persuaded that, as a work of art, Roderick requires to be far more attentively studied than it has generally been, and that in this respect it is perhaps the most excellent which has been produced by England in the present day. From beginning to end, it is one carefully worked out whole, on which what seem the most chance touches, will be found to have a bearing. Its different cadences have their especial significance and propriety. With what a fine austere solemnity, for example, is the kingdom of the Goths dismissed into the past, while the author is preparing to sing the birth-pangs of a new and mightier kingdom.

"Then fell the kingdom of the Goths: their hour
Was come, and vengeance, long withheld, went loose.
Famine and pestilence had wasted them,
And treason, like an old and eating sore,
Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength;
And, worst of enemies, their sins were armed
Against them."

There is one particular in which Roderick stands alone, so far as we recollect or know among epics. Its heroism takes a form unknown to those of old. It is a picture of manly penitence,—the heroism is that of a humbled, abused man, a broken and a contrite heart. A noble soul that had tried to live without grace, amid kingly circumstance and deeds, finds that so living, it falls into a depth of degradation such as it would have shuddered beforehand to contemplate. A whole country's ruin is the stern consequence, the bitter fruit that must be gathered from a sovereign's sin. But the great deeps of his heart are stirred. He turns to the Lord his God, in weeping, in fasting, and prayer, and in the development of his own soul's renewal,

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is involved a second and better birth to his beloved country. He, himself, is well content that it should be so; well content that his own name should be left to the infamy it had deserved; well content to forego crown and kingdom, and reputation, and under a new and mysterious and isolated name, to achieve the deliverance of Spain. This is a noble and excellent picture, one for which a substitute cannot easily be found elsewhere in poetry, and it ought to be dear to all christian men. What precious lines are those which narrate how the unrecognised Roderick first of all men gave in his allegiance to Pelayo, as king of the new dynasty round which the hopes of Spain were to gather, how he took care that none should suspect the forfeiture to which he was thereby a party, and to which Pelayo himself would have been the last to consent,—how in that moment and act of re-constituting Spain, while Pelayo and Siverian were moved by a thousand recollections of the cherished past:—

> " Roderick alone appeared
> Unmoved and calm, for now the Royal Goth,
> Had offered his accepted sacrifice;
> And therefore in his soul he felt that peace,
> Which follows painful duty well performed;
> Perfect and heavenly peace, the Peace of God!"

Perhaps there is no one of Southey's poetical works in which the purity and beauty of his English style are more distinctly visible. Its absence of everything approaching to eccentricity, helps to manifest this. How exquisitely expressed, and in itself how full of gentle beauty amid the scenes of fierce war, is the following night-piece!

> " Soothed by the strain
> Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
> And sate contemplating. Florinda too
> Was calmed: If sore experience may be thought
> To teach the uses of adversity,
> She said, alas! who better learned than I
> In that sad school! Methinks if ye would know
> How visitations of calamity
> Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown thee there!
> Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
> Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
> The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
> And deemed the deep opake would blot her beams;
> But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
> In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
> The orb with richer beauties than her own,
> Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.
>
> Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
> Beholding with fixed eyes that lovely orb,
> Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
> The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
> Of spirit, as by travail of the day
> Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
> The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,

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And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have mouldered, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
Then by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and poured
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain."

The repentance of Count Julian, his absolution and communion received from Roderick's hands, and then his own astonished forgiveness of him, are finely conceived, but we must turn our thoughts to the magnificent consummation. We may help our readers by means of what we have to say of, and quote from it to see how perfect a work of art this whole poem is; but the full perception of this, of its unity and entireness, is to be attained, we can assure them, only by a careful study of the whole. Twice throughout the poem, Roderick appears in battle; first, at the beginning in that disastrous combat wherein all his skill and courage were vain against the judgment of heaven, and failed to preserve his crown and kingdom; wherein friend and foe alike thought that he had perished: but both were mistaken, for, even while he fought—

"Desperately in search of death
The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. 'Is the shield of heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me?'
Cried Roderick."

And once again at the close, he comes like a vision and leads his countrymen to victory. We cannot restrain ourselves from giving copious specimens of the last book of Roderick, than which we know little in respect to music, scenery, events, words, or thoughts, more altogether spirit-stirring. It is full of

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magnificence, and yet to our minds wonderfully pathetic. The recognition for which the reader has long craved, at length takes place, but how?

"As Pedro would have answered, a loud cry
Of menacing imprecation from the troops
Arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief
Sent to allay the storm his villainy
Had stirred, came hastening on a milk-white steed,
And at safe distance having checked the rein,
Beckoned for parley. 'Twas Orelio
On which he rode, Roderick's own battle-horse,
Who from his master's hand had wont to feed,
And with a glad docility obey
His voice familiar. At the sight the Goth
Started, and indignation to his soul
Brought back the thoughts and feelings of old time.
Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer him,
And hold these back the while! Thus having said,
He waited no reply, but as he was,
Bareheaded, in his weeds, and all unarmed,
Advanced towards the renegade. Sir Priest,
Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk
With thee; my errand is with Gunderick
And the Captains of the host, to whom I bring
Such liberal offers and clear proof . . .
The Goth,
Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaimed,
What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
I should have thought some sleek and sober mule
Long trained in shackles to procession pace,
More suited to my lord of Seville's use
Than this good war-horse, . . he who never bore
A villain, until Orpas crost his back! . . .
Wretch! cried the astonished renegade, and stoopt,
Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow
To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand
Trembling in passion could perform its will,
Roderick had seized the reins. How now, he cried,
Orelio! old companion, . . my good horse, . .
Off with this recreant burthen! . . . And with that
He raised his hand, and reared and backed the steed,
To that remembered voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderick over him
Thrice led with just and unrelenting hand
The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
And tell him Roderick sent thee!
At that sight,
Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
With louder acclamation was renewed,
When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse!
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand

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Patting his high-arched neck! the renegade,
I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!
Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,
Once more thou bearest to the field thy Lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cherished thee,
He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
Thou wert by all men honoured. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
My beautiful Orelio, . . to the last . . .
The happiest of his fields! . . . Then he drew forth
The scymitar, and waving it aloft,
Rode toward the troops; its unaccustomed shape
Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him; to the chiefs
Then said, if I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestowed
On this right hand! . . Go some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipped; . . haste there and strip
Yon villain of his armour!
Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armour cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched
The unguarded life he ventures . . . Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge! . . Make ready for the charge!
They come . . they come! . . On, brethren, to the field . .
The word is Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it past,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds returned
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lowered their spears, the infantry
Deliberately with slow and steady step
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hissed,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting: shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the Chiefs
Of Julian's army in that hour support
Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,

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Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
Alphonso through the host of infidels
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
But there was worst confusion and uproar,
Their widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Of his recovered Lord, Orelio plunged
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
Appalled they say, who to the front of war
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
They said, this is no human foe! . . Nor less
Of wonder filled the Spaniards when they saw
How flight and terror went before his way,
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
With what command and knightly ease he sits
The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
Bestrode with such command and majesty
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some Saint
Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven
Hath ever with especial bounty blest
Above all other lands its favoured Spain;
Choosing her children forth from all mankind
For its peculiar people, as of yore
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the Law.
Who knows not how on that most holy night
When Peace on Earth by Angels was proclaimed,
The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain? not just displayed,
As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn;
All the long winter hours from eve till morn
Her forests and her mountains and her plains,
Her hills and vallies were embathed in light,
A light which came not from the sun or moon
Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed,
But from the fountain-springs, the Light of Light
Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe
That this may be some Saint or Angel, charged
To lead us to miraculous victory?
Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified
With feet adorable our happy soil? . . .
Marked ye not, said another, how he cast
In wrath the unhallowed scymitar away,
And called for Christian weapon? Oh be sure
This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades, on!
A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain!

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Victory and Vengeance! Hew the miscreants down,
And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice!
God is with us! his Saints are in the field!
Victory! miraculous Victory!
* * * * *
By this the blood
Which Deva down her fatal channel poured,
Purpling Pionia's course, had reached and stained
The wider streams of Sella. Soon far off
The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
Where down the vale impatient to complete
The glorious work so well that day begun,
Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken Cross
Triumphant borne on high precedes their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner shone.
Roderick, who, dealing death from side to side,
Had through the Moorish army now made way,
Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
Approached, with sudden impulse that way rode,
To tell of what had passed, . . lest in the strife
They should engage with Julian's men, and mar
The mighty consummation. One ran on
To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
Halted awhile to let Orelio breathe.
Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntery
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou should'st know him best; regard him well:
Is't not Orelio?
Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself
In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch,
And answer to the voice which praises him.
Can it be Maccabee? rejoined the King,
Or are the secret wishes of my soul
Indeed fulfilled, and hath the grave given up
Its dead? . . . So saying, on the old man he turned
Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told
The incipient thought that for incredible
He spake no farther. But enough had passed,
For old Siverian started at the words
Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaimed,
Blind that I was to know him not till now!
My Master, O my Master!
He meantime
With easy pace moved on to meet their march.

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King, to Pelayo he began, this day
By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
Is stablished, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
Treacherously slain, Count Julian will be found
Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
Which at Visonia by the Primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am, . . yet sure I think
Not without mystery as the event hath shewn, . .
Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter gone to rest.
Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the tree falls,
So it shall lie!
In this and all things else,
Pelayo answered, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turned
His head away in silence. But the old man
Laid hold upon his bridle, and looked up
In his master's face, weeping and silently,
Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down towards him, said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest I am unarmed:
Thus disarrayed as thou beholdest me,
Clean through yon miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . . nay, . .
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to oppose me when my will was known!
To thee methinks I should be still the King.

"Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
Within the trees. Roderick alighted there,
And in the old man's armour dight himself.
Dost thou not marvel by what wonderous chance,
Said he, Orelio to his master's hand
Hath been restored? I found the renegade
Of Seville on his back, and hurled him down
Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
Rejoicingly obeyed my hand to shake
His recreant burthen off, and trample out
The life which once I spared in evil hour.
Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
In yonder field, and then I may go rest
In peace, . . my work is done!
And nobly done!
Exclaimed the old man. Oh! thou art greater now

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Than in that glorious hour of victory
When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
The prisoner of thy hand! . . Roderick replied,
O good Siverian, happier victory
Thy son hath now achieved, . . the victory
Over the world, his sins, and his despair.
If on the field my body should be found,
See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
And let no idle ear be told for whom
Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelio
As doth beseem the steed which hath so oft
Carried a king to battle: . . he hath done
Good service for his rightful lord to-day,
And better yet must do. Siverian, now
Farewell! I think we shall not meet again
Till it be in that world where never change
Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful friend,
How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's neck:
Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
And soon rejoined the host. On, comrades, on!
Victory and Vengeance! he exclaimed, and took
The lead on that good charger, he alone
Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
Victory and Vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and rolled it round.
Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and returned the glad acclaim.
The astonished Musslemen, on all sides charged,
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and everywhere with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found,
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
Ever before this hour achieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essayed beneath his horse's feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the Prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
He said, and turned aside. Fitliest from me!
Exclaimed a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orelio forced his way; fitliest from me
Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well-bestowed. He in the seat

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Tottered and fell. The Avenger hastened on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
Roderick the Goth! . . . his war-cry known so well,
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
With louder acclamations had that name
Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
If it had past their lips, would with a curse
Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came
From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd
To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
And he rejoicing in his strength rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
And overthrew, and scatter'd and destroy'd,
And trampled down; and still at every blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!

* * * * *

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
And prayers, and mingled with the din of arms
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
While over all predominant was heard
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! . . . Woe for Africa!
Woe for the circumcised! Woe for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The Chiefs
Have fallen; the Moors, confused and captainless,
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,
Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,
The enemy is there; look where they will,
Death hath environed their devoted ranks.

* * * * *

The evening darkened, but the avenging sword
Turned not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains then
Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Returned rejoicing, all but he for whom
All looked with most expectance. He full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end

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Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble union joined.
But still where through the press of war he went
Half-armed, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows passed him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet: he, when he beheld
The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bowed before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smeared
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seemed
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?

Days, months, and years, and generations past,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage, near Viseu's walls
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

And now have we said enough to show that Southey was a greater poet than some have imagined,—that the admiration of the men of his own standing was not misplaced, and that certain of his works have more than that *considerable merit*, which we suppose everybody in his senses would be ready to attribute to them; that those in question are deeply and thrillingly interesting, capable of stirring our hearts and souls? If our citations have been insufficient for this purpose, we recommend our readers to try how they will look in their contexts.

The same man who, if not the most prominent, was the most fertile poet of his time, who, in the course of his life, *burnt*, according to the testimony of one of his brother bards, more verses than all the others of the day had written; and the notes to whose different poems are in themselves a most extraordinary store of information and entertainment, was also one of the richest and most various of our prose writers. His industry, indeed, and its fruits, were almost beyond belief. The extent and diversity of his attainments, with scarcely a sign of shallowness or inaccuracy in any one direction towards which he ever inclined, seem, at first, nearly miraculous. To be sure, one seldom sees so much literary power and industry exempted from the distractions of a profession or business of some sort, and, therefore, there are few with whom he can be well compared.

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But, even allowing for the fact that he had nothing to think of but letters, we suspect that his redemption of the time was something very rare and admirable; assisted, no doubt, by a versatility which we have admitted to be greater than was desirable, inasmuch as it was incompatible with the concentrated energy of a first-rate genius.

His prose works are far too numerous to be noticed here; indeed, if his poetry has been more copious than the capacity of our receptive power, much more beyond our grasp has been the ample range of his prose. We should have pleasure in seeing a man daring enough to say that he had read one half of it. The author, of whom alone this can have been predicable, must have been a wonderfully informed person, merely on the strength of having read all his own works. All, however, know some, and may rejoice in each opportunity that occurs of knowing more, of these writings. The grace and purity of the style deserve especial notice, at a time when such merits seem in some danger of departing from among us. They were very wonderful in an author who not only wrote so much and so fast, but who connected himself with all the passing interests of his day, in the ephemeral records of which there is so much vicious diction, constituting a contagion which even those who are conscious of it fail, for the most, to escape. There is little oratory in Mr. Southey's prose,—a fact somewhat curious, seeing that no writer of the day was more oratorical in verse; but there is a charming flow at all times, with a beautiful structure of sentence, and a most impressive dignity whenever it is needed.

If he could not be called a very profound, he was, generally, a just thinker. With little tendency, as we have already observed, to metaphysics in his philosophy, and not much, perhaps, to deep doctrine in his theology, his was a wise and Christian mind,—his views of society were gained by a long and accurate insight into its nature and tendencies,—his conscience was ever clear and unjaundiced, and all his sentiments informed by the christian faith.

When it is asked to what religious school he belonged, we may, perhaps, safely reply, to the Tillotsonian form of English churchmanship. But of that form, his churchmanship and christianity were the most favourable specimens,—the very crown and full-blown flower of it, and the anticipation and harbinger of something deeper and better. He did not, perhaps, often look, in a practical way, beyond the pale of the English church; but then it must be remembered that, during his course, the national constitution and life of England were at stake, and that, by consequence, her faithful children of necessity looked at all that appertained to her—her religion and her Church, in such aspects as are comprehended within her pale. That such aspects there are, and that they are both true and important, not

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to be lost, but to be comprehended in the wider range of catholicism, no just thinker, we conceive, will deny. It was Southey's vocation to make men see those aspects; and well and faithfully he did his part. He was preeminently an Englishman; and as no man knew English life better, so none felt more reverence for its deep and sacred springs. His patriotism and piety were such as admitted no halting and no compromise; and we verily believe that he felt as an enemy to no man, except in so far as that man approved himself an enemy to what he regarded as holy and true. Some, we do not doubt, have stigmatized him as bigoted and uncharitable; while others may have wondered that he could not always extend the urbanities of private life to those from whom he publicly differed. Such coldness to a political opponent is construed, by some, into a coldness, or at least a want of frankness of heart; and so, when the points of opposition involve no vital consequence, we can hardly fail to regard it. But to have sneered at the zeal of England against the French revolutionary tyrant, and to have discouraged her efforts in the cause at once of her own safety and European independence, was, in the eyes of Southey, a crime which no personal amiability could cause him for a moment to forget. We own that we should be inclined to esteem that the truest-hearted man, that with such convictions was not capable of being cordial to their objects. That man's pressure of the hand, or welcome into his house, is, we think, the most to be valued, who deems that these tokens mean a real kindliness incompatible with a determined war. We remember well the sentiment of a deceased ornament of our Church, one of the noblest and gentlest minds with which we were ever in contact. He had, we believe, enjoyed in Rome the acquaintance of a well-known Anglo-Roman ecclesiastic, who never failed of making Rome both more instructive and more delightful to those who knew him. On our asking the former—the latter having arrived, with serious intentions, in England, whether he would renew the acquaintance, he answered "I think not. When one feels that there is a prospect of war to the knife between us, I own there seems little satisfaction in drinking wine with each other, and saying civil things across a table." Such, we apprehend, was the principle of Southey's dealings with those to whom he might seem repulsive. We believe that none really got past the first fences and outworks of his life and heart, without finding all smooth and friendly,

"Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree."

In his latter years this admirable writer made a new manifestation of his powers. What we wonder should ever have been a doubt, is now no secret, that "The Doctor" was his work. It seems to have been his aim to provide people with a decent and unexceptionable Sterne. In that we must think he failed. He

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was too exact and punctual a man to succeed well in eccentricity; and for the most part the least amusing passages of the Doctor are those which are most determinedly jocular. But there is a quiet, latent playfulness in the more orderly parts, which fits in well with the graver matter. Nothing can be more charming than the domestic incidents and scenes; and the book is rife with that wise insight into English life which we have already mentioned as one of the choice fruits of our author's years spent in gathering true and Divine wisdom, and in carefully practising what he enforced on others.

Such was Southey, according to our, perhaps not always accurate or thoroughly-informed, impressions of him. But if we have gone wrong on any point, we are sure that it must be one on which his memory would not suffer, by our being set right; and, "take him all in all," we fear that it may be long "before we look upon his like again."

On the important Discrepancy between the Church of England and the Scottish Episcopal Community, showing the Schismatical Character of a Subscription by English Clerics to the Scottish Communion Office of 1765. *By the Rev.* EDWARD CRAIG, *formerly Pastor of St. James' Chapel, Edinburgh.*

THE title of this pamphlet, coupled with the name of its author, may fill, with some surprise, any one who has been acquainted with Edinburgh during the last fifteen years. After his long retirement from the scene of his former ministry, we were not prepared to find Mr. Craig once more challenging public attention, by presenting himself on the arena of controversy. And we were still less prepared for the subject which he has chosen, and for the circumstances under which he has thought proper to bring that subject forward.

It is strange that, with the strong sense which Mr. Craig professes to entertain of the popish or idolatrous nature of the Scottish communion office, he should, for so many years, have endured the pollution of ministering as one of the presbyters of that corrupt church. And it is no less strange, that he should have reserved this censure, until the moment arrived which seemed favourable for exciting, or, at least, fomenting dissensions in that congregation, among whom he formerly ministered.

Mr. Craig has bestowed some pains, in order to prove that a presbyter of the Church of England cannot, consistently with his obligations as such, conform to the office of the holy communion used in the Church of Scotland. And he grounds his argument on the alleged discrepancy between the two; as he accuses the Scottish Church of holding both the sacrifice of the mass, and transubstantia-

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tion. For to this, in fact, do his charges amount. As to what regards the merits of this communion office, however, it is only necessary to examine it without prejudice, and to compare it with that of the Church of England, in order to admit that there is no essential discrepancy between them. The same great truths which are fully implied in the office of our communion, and which have been invariably held by the soundest and best divines of our Church, are, indeed, more prominently brought forward in the office of the Scottish Church; but there is no essential difference between them.

The peculiar circumstances in which Mr. Craig was placed, render his present charges against the Scottish Episcopal Church, not only peculiarly ungraceful, but altogether incompatible with consistency of opinion, or even of character, on his part. And we will dwell the rather on this subject, because the arguments which we would direct against Mr. Craig apply with still greater force to Mr. Drummond. Both the one and the other of them accuse the Scottish Church of having changed her character, and of adopting terms of communion which are incompatible with the ordination vows of a clergyman of the Church of England. And we will admit that, in the year 1838, certain changes were effected in the Scottish Church; but, when we inquire what these changes were, we shall find, not only that they are perfectly compatible with the allegiance due to the church of England by her own presbyters, but, that they have produced no essential alteration in the Church of Scotland.

The changes which were effected by the 28th canon of the Scottish church, in the year 1838, were *first*, an enactment which required that the ritual, and no extemporaneous prayer, should be used at every public ministration: and *secondly*, an enactment that the Scottish communion office should be used at all the General Synodal meetings of the Scottish Church, it having been previously used by obligation only at the consecration of bishops.

With regard to these changes, it must be generally admitted, that every church, or body of any sort, has a right to effect alterations in itself. The first of these was nothing more than to place the law on the same footing as that which exists in the Church of England. But Mr. Drummond has endeavoured to give to this regulation the colour of persecution, as if it had been directed expressly against him. Now, whether or not its enactment may have been caused by his irregularities has nothing to do with the rights or merits of the case. It may be, that, with his single exception, all the clergy in the Scottish Church had hitherto preferred the use of the Prayer-Book, on public occasions, to their own extemporaneous prayers; and that his singularity first showed the necessity of thus guarding the services of the Church against such innovations. But this, even if it were so, is no persecution.

The second of these regulations was nothing more than a very trifling alteration. The peculiar office for the holy communion, which is regularly and constantly used in several Scottish congregations, and

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is used at Episcopal consecrations, was henceforward to be used at meetings of general Synods. Surely this was a change which could not, in any way, affect the character of the services of the Church, or of the Church herself. If the Scottish communion office was so nearly Romish as to render its use incompatible with allegiance to the Church of England, it was so half a century ago as much as now. And yet, in the face of this, the English congregations in Scotland, were then set under Scottish bishops; and in the face of this did Messieurs Craig and Drummond, many years ago, join themselves to that communion, whose corruptions they now, with such feeling indignation, denounce.

When, in the reign of King Charles I., a Prayer-Book was prepared for Scotland, the communion office of the first Prayer-Book of King Edward VI. was adopted instead of that of the ritual then in use in England. But, as it was found that, at that time, the popular prejudice in Scotland against the use of any preconceived service whatever, was so violent as to present an insurmountable impediment, it was not then practically introduced. And, from the reign of King Charles I. to the revolution, when, with the exception of the period of republican usurpation, Episcopacy predominated in Scotland, there was no Service-Book in general use.

When the Presbyterian sect was established in connexion with the State at the revolution, the Church became a despised, persecuted, and, of course, greatly diminished body. All the Presbyterian elements were drained off, and nothing remained that was not thoroughly Episcopalian. The Prayer-Book was then generally introduced: and, after a time, it was deemed expedient to re-model the communion office, with a view to render it, as was conceived, more in accordance with primitive institution. This was effected in or about the year 1760, when the present office was framed, and it obtained, generally, in the northern congregations, and was, in fact, the acknowledged office of the Church, being always used in episcopal consecrations. It is now no more than it has always been, and it has always been as much as it is now, the communion office of the Scottish Church. And no alteration effected in 1838, by the introduction of the 28th canon, can afford any ground for the assertion that the constitution of the Church is changed.

Thus, if Mr. Craig had acted consistently with the views he now sets forth, he never would have conformed to the Scottish Church, or ministered as one of her presbyters. But, it would appear that he has reserved his censures, until he found an opportunity of directing them against the harmony of that congregation where he formerly officiated. The evil effect of schism engendering itself, and spreading its malignant infection, soon became manifest in the Scottish Church. The discovery which, during the course of these proceedings, Mr. Drummond thought that he had made of popery in the Scottish communion office, and at which he eagerly grasped, as a handle of excuse for his conduct, soon became the alleged reason of a bold attempt at a similar

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result on the part of a portion of the congregation of another chapel, in communion with the Scottish Church—that chapel where Mr. Craig, for so many years, exercised his ministry. They endeavoured to induce his successor, the Rev. D. Bagot, to imitate Mr. Drummond's example, and throw off the communion of the Scottish Church, renouncing submission to her bishops. This attempt, urged and abetted as it was, in the most unprincipled manner, by Mr. Craig, of which the pamphlet at the head of this article is a proof, was steadily resisted by Mr. Bagot, whose conduct, under very trying circumstances, exhibited the triumph of sound church principles. When he was found to be staunch to his duty to his diocesan, an attempt was next made to oust him from the ministry of the chapel, by a portion of the congregation who were inclined to schism, and who made a strenuous effort to withdraw the chapel from its connexion with the Scottish Church, and to transform themselves into a body of Independents, like the hearers of Mr. Drummond.

It may, indeed, be said, that the existence of so loose and ill-regulated a body, as the congregation in question, within the pale of the Church, is an eyesore and blemish, and that their departure is rather to be desired than to be deprecated. Yet it is mournful that so many persons should, for a series of years, have assumed the name of Churchmen, and should have constantly used our prayers, and worshipped according to our ritual, and yet, after all, should have received so little benefit from their privileges.

It is because this unhappy schism, which has lately arisen in the Church of Scotland, has, in some measure, implicated that of England, and has even compromised our ecclesiastical character, that it seems incumbent upon us, in justice to ourselves, still more than to the Scottish Church, to call for the vindication of the violated principle of churchmanship; for, we must remember that he who has become a schismatic in Scotland is a presbyter of the Church of England. And when, after committing a great sin in his relations with the Scottish Church, and virtually excommunicating himself from her, he proposes to fall back upon us, we are bound to withhold from him the sanction which might support him in his course of error, and, for our own sakes, to repudiate the claim which he wishes to establish to our countenance and support.

The facts of this painful case are already pretty generally known to the public, and as they have been detailed at some length, in one of our former numbers, we will not here venture, even shortly, to recapitulate them; more especially as the view of the subject which we consider as infinitely the most important has, as yet, scarcely been touched upon. This is the manner in which the schism of Mr. Drummond from the Scottish Church affects that of England, of which he is a presbyter. It is to this particular view of the case that we purpose now to direct our attention.

Referring, for the facts of the case, to our former number, to which we have already alluded, and recommending to our readers to peruse

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the correspondence between Bishop Terrot and Mr. Drummond, which, as it has been published in the cheapest form, is easily accessible to all, we will merely say that the Bishop's conduct has been distinguished by mildness and forbearance, while that of Mr. Drummond exhibits some most painful characteristics—an undutiful and quibbling attempt to embarrass the bishop by questions, and thereby to lead him to commit himself, and an assumption to himself of high gifts of edification, and of superior spiritual discernment, extolling the beneficial effects of his own extemporaneous prayer, and asserting that the substitution of the Church's prayers in their place would be hurtful to the best interests of his people. In short, the result of the controversy was such as might have been expected, where the parties were a firm and mild bishop, and a heady and latitudinarian presbyter, in a church where spiritual authority is supported neither by temporal dignity, nor by state protection. Mr. Drummond rebelled against the bishop, and set him at defiance.

The advantage of discipline is, that, in a difficult question, the superior authority shall direct the subordinate; and the merit of obedience is, that the subordinate shall bow to the superior in a matter of doubt and uncertainty. If we only obey where, even according to our own views, our duty is clear, what thank have we? When he who was set over Mr. Drummond in the Lord, expressed his judgment, that judgment ought to have met with unconditional obedience, as long as it did not involve anything subversive of Scripture, or of the authority of the Church; more especially as the point was not one which could have affected any unbiassed or healthy conscience. The substitution of the public prayers for his own extemporaneous addresses could not possibly, in reason, have appeared to him the substitution of the worse instead of the better, or an abridgment of christian liberty. And even if he had regarded it in that light, he should have submitted to him that was over him in the Lord for conscience' sake.

But, supposing that he could not conscientiously do this, he might at least have qualified his disobedience by quitting the Bishop of Edinburgh's jurisdiction, going to minister in that Church in which he was originally ordained, or else remaining where he was, silent and inactive, but at least not disobedient.

This, however, was not the course which he pursued. On the contrary, he consummated his disobedience by incurring the guilt of schism, accepting the invitation of a number of his congregation, who separated themselves from the communion of the Scottish Church, and formed themselves into a conventicle of Independents. Mr. Drummond thus became, in the first instance, a schismatic; committing an act of rebellion against him that was lawfully set over him, and encouraging a number of those to whom he had formerly ministered, in their separation from the branch of the Christian Church to which they had belonged: thus tearing asunder the body of Christ. And, in the second place, Mr. Drummond him-

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self became, and led his followers to become, Independents, placing themselves in a conventicle which is under no authority, and is in connexion with no church or sect.

Mr. Drummond is amenable to no jurisdiction save that of his congregation. He may inculcate the most fearful heresies, or he may fall into the worst practical errors, or he may entirely subvert all order in his public worship. And all this with the most perfect impunity; for he is under no control—he is beyond all discipline. Indeed he has virtually admitted this very peculiar position, for he has publicly declared his intention of dispensing with the rite of confirmation, being well aware that he can ask no bishop to administer it to the young schismatics of his conventicle; or that, if he did ask it, no bishop could comply. He must also be aware, that he could equally, without fear of ecclesiastical censure, omit either of the sacraments of Baptism or the Lord's Supper, or introduce any innovation, such as extreme unction, or love-feasts, or washing his people's feet; because he has made himself altogether superior to law, and has placed himself beyond rule, and without the pale of order.

This is his real condition, which he attempts to justify, and to dignify, by the pretence of falling back upon the Church of England, and continuing, in virtue of his orders of Anglican Presbyter, to minister to a congregation of professing Anglicans in Scotland.

He may possibly flatter himself that he can adduce, as cases in point, examples of Anglican congregations on the continent, and also precedents of Anglican congregations, during the last century, in Scotland. But the former case affords him no countenance, because the congregations of our countrymen on the continent are those of Anglicans in a Romish, Lutheran, or Calvinistic land, where the terms of national communion differ from ours; with whom we never have had intercommunion, and where there are either no bishops, or such bishops as would repudiate any spiritual superintendence over us or our people. And, moreover, where there is no Anglican bishop expressly appointed for such congregations, (as in the case of the bishops of Gibraltar and in Jerusalem,) they are under the superintendence of the Bishop of London, who has actually exercised that duty by confirming on the continent.

The case of the Church in Scotland is equally little a precedent; for, during the last century, the English congregations which were settled in that country, were, by civil enactments, separated from the Scottish Church; which, at that time, was nonjuring. And whether this was, or was not, a reason which could have satisfied the consciences of sound Anglican Churchmen, resident in Scotland, in keeping aloof from her, is not the question. A state of civil coercion, as that then was, is no precedent to us under altered circumstances. And this restraint was entirely done away at the time that the Scottish Church ceased to be nonjuring; when the English congregations in Scotland were united to her and placed under her bishops.

And, moreover, that mutual relation which, on sound church prin-

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ciples, ought always to have been acknowledged between the Churches of England and Scotland, has been very lately authorized and confirmed in the eye of the law, by a recent act of parliament, which acknowledges the bishops of the Scottish Church in their episcopal character, and declares Scottish presbyters eligible to officiate within English dioceses. This is mentioned, of course, not as strengthening the ecclesiastical bond between the churches, but as legalizing that of Scotland before the law of England, and completely nullifying any character of precedent which the separation, during a former century, between the dominant Church of England, and the despised and unacknowledged Church in Scotland, might seem to afford.

But Mr. Drummond was not satisfied merely to incur the guilt of schism by a voluntary excommunication of himself from the Scottish Church: he assumed an aggressive attitude, as the best way of acting on the defensive. He assumed the tone which, as we have already remarked, was taken by Mr. Craig, accusing the Church of Scotland of having changed her character, and having adopted terms of communion incompatible with those of the Church of England.

In addition to the remarks which we have already made on those charges, as advanced by Mr. Craig, we would add, that they come with a still worse grace from Mr. Drummond, who, even after the alleged obnoxious changes in 1838, continued to minister as a presbyter in the Scottish Church for nearly four years. During that period he conformed to them without scruple or difficulty; and now, for the first time, he attaches importance to them as an after-thought, in order to fortify himself in his schism, and to give to his rebellion the shadow of an excuse with the unthinking and the ignorant.

Moreover, even (as is not the case,) if the introduction of Canon 28th did effect a change in the Scottish Church, and *that* a change in essential matters, it does not, therefore, become of none effect to those who may consider it as a change for the worse. An inferior civil magistrate is not permitted to oppose an act of parliament which has passed since he was admitted to the magistracy, because he does not approve of it. He may indeed resign his commission of the peace; but if he does act, it must be in accordance with the law, changed as it is; be it for the better or for the worse. A new enactment is binding upon those who lived under the law as it formerly stood; and its novelty is no excuse for disobeying it, if it be legally enacted. If Mr. Drummond had pleased, he might have resigned his charge in the Scottish Episcopal Church in 1838, when the new canon, the 28th, was introduced; or he might afterwards have resigned. No one would have been disposed to question his motives if he had done so quietly, avoiding the sin and scandal of schism. But when he was first guilty of disobedience to him that was over him in spiritual things, and then of schism against the Church in which he had so long ministered, his acts assume a dark and grievous character, which is only heightened by his lame and apparently insincere attempt to excuse them by an after-thought.

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When he resigned, he did so entirely on the ground that he was not allowed to hold his meetings without using the Liturgy. Thereupon a committee was soon formed of his friends, who declared that his christian liberty had been infringed upon, and began to make arrangements to set up a congregation in Edinburgh out of communion with the Church of Scotland, but professing to hold that of England, to which they invited Mr. Drummond to minister.

Upon this, the clergy of the diocese of Edinburgh met in a body, in order to convey a solemn protest against this conduct; and they accordingly expressed their unanimous opinion to Mr. Drummond, entreating him to interfere and avert the threatened schism; at the same time demonstrating the folly and sinfulness of such a step. But so far from attending to the advice of his brother presbyters, he accepted the invitation of his misguided friends, and commenced his ministrations in a conventicle unconnected with the Church in Scotland, or in any other country, but all the while falsely assuming to form a portion of the Church of England, while, in fact, their position is that of Independents.

On the other hand, the conduct of the Bishop of Edinburgh has been marked by very great moderation: so great, indeed, as might rather be considered to amount to an abstaining from the salutary exercise of his authority as one of the chief pastors in Christ's Church. He has allowed active steps to be taken only on Mr. Drummond's side, he himself remaining wholly passive. Mr. Drummond may be said to have acted with as much worldly wisdom as any man can do who is guilty of a great fault, in his voluntary separation from the Scottish Church. He did not wait until ecclesiastical censure should have been pronounced against him by degradation or excommunication: he seceded of his own accord, instead of incurring the risk of being turned out. And had he then withdrawn to England, or, while in Scotland, had he retired from the exercise of his ministry, the matter would there have ended; but, by committing an act of schism, he has virtually excommunicated himself in the eye of the Church, as effectually as if the public censure of the bishop of the diocese, or the bishops of the Church, had been pronounced against him.

This is doubtless the view taken of the matter by the Bishop of Edinburgh, and he considers it unnecessary for him to execute that sentence upon the schismatic which he has already executed upon himself. Yet it would be well if the Bishop were to consider how far a different line of conduct may not be due to the general interests of the Church of Christ, in which he has a sacred trust to fulfil. And it cannot be denied that if he had solemnly expressed the censures of that Church against him, he would have rendered an essential service to the Christian world, demonstrating that a power still existed to visit a rebel with punishment; and that the Church, when unimpeded by any state connexion, though unaided by any adventitious worldly advantage, had still the courage

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to vindicate the authority which has been handed down, as a sacred deposit, from the Apostles.

We cannot doubt but that such would have been the course pursued in the days of Cyprian, Athanasius, or Ambrose; and we can as little doubt that if the Bishop of Edinburgh had acted thus, he would have conferred a most valuable boon upon the Church, and that his name would hereafter have been handed down with honour, as the assertor of a right and holy cause in the midst of schismatical rebuke and latitudinarian blasphemy. He might, it is true, have been exposed to persecution, he might have stood almost singly, to bear the reproach of an intolerant bigot, actuated by a spirit of tyranny equally injudicious, illiberal, and harsh; but, unquestionably, if he had degraded or excommunicated Mr. Drummond, he would not only have benefited his own immediate branch of the Church—he would have deserved well of the Church universal, by vindicating sound ecclesiastical principles in these days, when they are trampled to the ground. Although there might at first have been a fearful uproar, which only he could stand unto whom the angel of the Lord should appear, as he appeared to St. Paul, in the midst of the tempestuous winds, saying, "Fear not!"

And there is no reason to think that the time for this salutary exercise of episcopal authority on the part of the Bishop of Edinburgh, or of the bench of Scottish bishops, has gone by: the delay which has already taken place would rather impart to a sentence, when it did come, the additional force of deliberate moderation and matured judgment. Indeed, such a step, on the part of the Scottish bishops, seems to be requisite, not only with a view to vindicate the violated integrity of their branch of the Church, and to do their duty as its heads, but also to induce the Church of England fully to sympathize with them, and to enter into their cause. We know, indeed, that Mr. Drummond is a schismatic, and that it is our duty clearly to show that he has no sanction whatever from us; but, in order that we may have some document, some ground of action, there ought to be a previous measure of the Scottish Church. Her heads have on their part also a duty to perform; and, if they fail in doing it, they will render themselves amenable to the judgment of the Church universal, both now and in future times. For this matter, though in itself trivial, is one which involves important results; which will cause the parties who have been actors in it to be remembered either for evil or for good report. Should these pages ever chance to be perused by the Scottish bishops, they may receive the opinion here expressed as that of a numerous and influential portion of the Church of England; that portion the most anxious to see justice done to their office, and its authority vindicated. And, it may be, that a sense of what is expected from them may lead them to question the wisdom of a course of inactivity—which has almost the appearance of impotency—in a matter which loudly calls for the exercise of their apostolic authority.

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Yet, even as it is, the schism of Mr. Drummond from the outward and visible Church of Christ is sufficiently apparent, notwithstanding this vain assertion of falling back upon the Church of England, and continuing his ministrations as a minister of that Church to a congregation of its members.

It may be worth while to mention the strongest instance which can be given of the degree in which Mr. Drummond is repudiated by his former brethren of the Scottish Church, even by those who have hitherto generally coincided with his views, and have been the most in the habit of cooperating with him. When the so-called Church Missionary Society was expected, as usual, to send a deputation to Edinburgh, those clergymen in the different parts of Scotland who had been in the habit of giving the use of their churches to the deputation, took care to intimate to the Society that, in the present instance, they would withhold this permission, if the deputation should come with the intention of preaching or holding meetings in Mr. Drummond's conventicle; and, in consequence of this, no deputation from the Society is to visit Edinburgh this year.

Mr. Drummond boasts that he possesses the sympathy and is sure of the cooperation of many clergymen of the Church of England. If so, it is not improbable that other clergymen, with similar views, will come from England on a crusade against the alleged Romanisms of the Church in Scotland, and will set up as Independents, in schismatical opposition to the Scottish bishops; trusting to the probability of raising congregations among the numerous disturbed and unsettled persons, whom the extraordinary disruption of the presbyterian establishment in Scotland may possibly, ere long, throw loose upon the troubled sea of ecclesiastical contention.

This is a mournful prospect, and one which, for the sake of the Scottish episcopal communion, we must wish may not be realized. At all events, however, it is as yet hypothetical. But we of the Church of England have reason to lament a consequence of the Scottish schism already existing, and most grievously affecting our position as a branch of the Church Catholic.

It is because of this, and with no view of dictating to the heads of the Church in Scotland, of whose difficulties we confess ourselves to be no fit judges, that we have deemed it expedient humbly and earnestly to bring this appeal before our brethren, members of one common Church, in the hope that a consideration of the evil and dangerous principle involved in our apathy towards the aggression of schism, will lead them to prosecute some remedial measure.

But it may not be inappropriate to introduce the consideration of the way in which the Church of England stands affected by the Scottish schism, by an account of an appeal which has already been made by the fathers of the Scottish Church to the fathers of that of England, in a letter which the Primus, and other bishops of Scotland, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of England.

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In this letter two very important questions were asked with the view of ascertaining the light in which the heads of the Anglican Church regard schism from that of Scotland, as affecting the general ecclesiastical position of the schismatic. *First*, Do the archbishops and bishops of England consider the Scottish Episcopal Church to be in full spiritual communion with the United Church of England and Ireland? *Secondly*, Do the archbishops and bishops of England consider that a congregation in Scotland, professing to be of the episcopal communion, and using the Liturgy of the Church of England, under a clergyman of English or Irish ordination, but being separated from the Scottish Episcopal Church, is, by that separation, guilty of a culpable schism?

To the first of these questions an unhesitating answer was returned in the affirmative by the English bishops. As to the second query, they replied, that so many questions were involved in it, that they were unwilling to express an opinion, which, while it could have no legal effect, might bind them to a course of proceeding which might hereafter be questioned in a court of law. The letter is, as might have been expected, couched in the most courteous terms towards the Scottish bishops, and contains a disclaimer of any supposed approbation of the late schism; but, at the same time, stating that any formal denial of a falsely alleged approbation was unnecessary.

Thus the opinion of our bishops is perfectly obvious. As theologians, and chief pastors of the Church, they totally disapprove of the late proceedings; and, in their minds, they consider Mr. Drummond, and his congregation, to be schismatical. But they are prevented from giving any effect to this opinion by the state of the law, which might hereafter compel any one of them to admit Mr. Drummond (schismatic though he be judged by them) to a living in his diocese, to which he might possibly be presented. The English bishops have plainly said, We regard the Scottish Church as being in full spiritual communion with that over which we are placed in the Lord. There is nothing in any of your services, or in any part of your ritual, which makes us hesitate in thus frankly acknowledging our approbation of you, and our fellowship with you. We do not make exceptions against any portion of your discipline, ritual, or doctrine. Nor is your peculiar Communion Office in the least degree a stumbling-block to us. Consequently, if we were to express our sentiments, we should say that a separatist from your communion, who continues to live in Scotland, and in schism from you, is guilty of culpable schism, and must, *ipso facto*, be in schism from us, and therefore cannot fall back upon us, and challenge our protection. Such is our real judgment. And we think it unnecessary formally to refute those who have causelessly attributed to us approbation of conduct, which, in our hearts, we condemn.

But we are so situated, as respects the law of the land, which has a peculiar hold upon us, from our connexion with the state as the establishment, that we probably could not refuse to receive Mr.

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Drummond were any patron to present him to a living. Thus, were we to say what we think, we might possibly be obliged to act inconsistently with our expressed sentiments; and, in order to avoid incurring the risk of this, we will not express them.

It is impossible not to feel the embarrassment in which the Fathers of the Anglican Church are thus placed. In order to avoid a very painful inconsistency,—that of being compelled to act in a way contrary to their expressed opinions,—they run into the inconsistency of not condemning (as heads of a branch of Christ's Church,) the acts of a presbyter, whom they themselves have ordained; acts which have been grossly schismatical towards another branch of the Church with which they declare themselves to be in full spiritual communion. And this with the view of, possibly, (nay, probably,) ere long, being led into the further inconsistency of receiving that schismatic as a well-beloved son; and of admitting to a place of trust in their communion, *him* who has been already guilty of rebellion, and has misguided the flock of which he was overseer, into the bye-paths of schism. This is assuredly an anomalous and very painful position for our venerable Fathers to be placed in; and it is one which, for their sakes, as heads of the Church, and for our own sakes, as its members, we deeply deplore.

If we might be permitted, without boldness and irreverence, to hazard an opinion on the subject, we would venture to suggest a course, which, though it would not have relieved our bishops from the embarrassment of forced inconsistency, would still, in some degree, have vindicated the violated principle of churchmanship. Might not they, as heads of the Church, and as theologians, have unhesitatingly expressed their sentiments; giving to such a separation as that of Mr. Drummond and his flock, its right name of culpable schism, and fully admitting that he and they had no right to fall back upon the Church of England, but had virtually excommunicated themselves from her? Might not our bishops have thus expressed themselves; always, at the same time, allowing that, from the actual state of the law, and the working of the Establishment, they might, nevertheless, be compelled to act in a way contrary to this principle, by admitting Mr. Drummond to an English benefice?

The *latter* fact is no more than what is known to the whole world; while the *former* expression of deliberate opinion would have gladdened the hearts of all true Churchmen, and would have fulfilled what they had anxiously expected from their spiritual fathers.

As regards the compulsory working of the courts of law, the case would not have been altered if the Bishop of Edinburgh had at first taken the course to which we have already adverted, by proceeding against the refractory presbyter according to the canons of the Church. On a refusal to induct Mr. Drummond to an English living, on the grounds of the Scottish excommunication, or degradation, the English courts of law might say, We do not recognise the Scottish Episcopal Church, or any of her acts. The only ecclesiastical authority that

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we acknowledge, north of the Tweed, is the Presbyterian Establishment. The non-established Church is, in the eye of the law, a species of nonentity. And an excommunication, or degradation, proceeding from her, as affecting the interests of a clergyman appointed to an English living, are as null as they would be if pronounced by any dissenting sect in England or Scotland.

Indeed the Presbyterian Establishment would possibly take alarm if the acts of the non-established Church within its bounds were to be recognised as affecting the interests of any one in relation to the English Establishment. However, this latter ground has been, of late, happily rendered untenable, by the Act of the 4th of Victoria, which fully recognises the existence of the Scottish Episcopal Church as a public body, expressly naming her bishops, and conferring upon them, and upon her presbyters, certain ecclesiastical rights and privileges, which, during the century of their political depression, they did not possess.

We believe, indeed, that this want of inter-episcopal communion, (if we may use the expression,) is not confined to our relations with the Scottish Church. For a presbyter who, like Mr. Drummond, reared himself aloft in independency in the diocese of an English bishop, might, if not prosecuted by his diocesan before the proper court, and if a due sentence were not pronounced against him, compel another bishop to induct him to any living to which he might be presented. Only, in this case, the sentence pronounced would be sustained by an English court of law, which might repudiate a Scottish sentence.

It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a situation more anomalous than that in which the Church of England is, at this moment, placed. An act of schism is committed by one of her presbyters against a communion with which she is connected by the closest and most sacred ties, which is, in fact, an immediate branch of herself, and which has very recently been solemnly acknowledged as such, and admitted to a full intercommunion; and yet no measure whatever is taken by her, as a Church, in order to express the slightest censure of this act. The schismatic is permitted, without contradiction, to fall back upon her, to claim her countenance, sanction, and support. He daily, and without rebuke, renews his act of schism, and thereby compromises her catholicity; ministering in her name to a congregation of persons who profess to be her sons, and who misuse her venerable authority as a cloak to their deeds, which are, in the eye of the Church, lawless and indefensible.

While those of the Anglican clergy, to whom right church principle is sacred, regard this, now, with disapprobation, and reject all intercourse with him; there are not wanting others who hail him as a confessor, and extend to him the right hand of cordiality, bidding him God speed in his unlawful course.

Our venerable Fathers are, in the meanwhile, prevented from expressing their sentiments by the embarrassing consciousness, that they may be compelled by law to act in a way directly inconsistent with their

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sentence. And it is only too probable that such would be the consequence; for, were our bishops to be led by their principles and natural feelings as Churchmen to pursue a less cautious course than that which they have followed, there are not wanting those who, for the sake of a wicked triumph over their consistency, would gladly involve them in that embarrassment, by exercising the right of patronage in favour of *him* whom, as bishops and churchmen, they must and do condemn—a right to which, notwithstanding a previous expression of their judgment, however strong, they would, probably, be compelled to give effect, as the law at present stands.

We do not, however, say more than probably, as the case now is, and supposing an English Bishop to have nothing to allege against Mr. Drummond but his act of schism in Scotland. But whilst we were reasoning on the light in which the English Courts of Common Law would regard his claims to a benefice, supposing Bishop Terrot were to excommunicate and degrade him, we were speaking merely of what would, in all likelihood, be their *first impression* of the law. The law itself, we hope, is really very different; for the Canon Law, which of course looks to the ecclesiastical authority which has pronounced an excommunication, not to the place where it was pronounced, is still in force with us, except so far as it may interfere with one or more of these things—Royal Prerogative, the Statute, or the Common Law. Of these, the two former have nothing to do with the present question; and as little has the third. Common Law does not define wherein excommunication consists. It merely says that a Bishop shall not impede a competent clerk from entering on a benefice, to which he has been lawfully presented, without due cause shown. But then the clerk must be competent. If excommunicated, of course he is not; and it will be in vain for him to appeal to the Common Law—which asserts no right in his case. In this view the question would, we think, be well worth trying; but as the issue might be doubtful, it were, perhaps, well, for their own protection and our safety, if our Bishops were to procure a Declaratory Act, setting forth that the law empowered them to keep from livings all persons pronounced excommunicated, by the authorities of a Church with which we were in full communion, and whose orders we recognised. Our recognition of the Scottish bishops is now invested with Parliamentary sanction; and it were stultifying that sanction for Parliament to refuse to acknowledge one of its fairest consequences.

Mr. Drummond's schism has been followed by the secession of a Sir William Dunbar, of Aberdeen, who has thought proper to violate the canons, to write offensive letters to his bishop, to withdraw from communion with the Church, and to flatter himself that he also can still remain a Presbyter of the Church of England. We are glad to observe that one of the congregation of St. Paul's, too long significantly distinguished as the last which refused to accede to the Unions, has replied, in a very satisfactory "Letter to the Rev. Sir William Dunbar," &c. (Aberdeen.) It is not improbable that we may have occasion to recur to this painful subject.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Agnes de Tracy. A Tale of the Times of S. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. &c. Cambridge: Stevenson. London: Rivingtons. 1843.

OUR readers may remember the warm terms in which we recommended to them our author's former little tale, "Herbert Tresham." If we are not so hearty in our assurances in favour of the present, it is from no falling off that we have observed, either in Mr. Neale's powers or his invention. This tale is certainly a clever one, and the descriptions of mediæval worship and customs are not only lively and attractive, but would, at another time, we think have been very useful. At present, however, the public mind is in no very fit state for receiving them. On no side do men seem capable of thinking temperately on the subject of the epoch in which Mr. Neale has fixed his story, or of the extraordinary person whom he has made its hero. Let us hope that, in a year or two, a man may venture to announce what estimate of Thomas à Becket he may have been able to form, without being supposed thereby to involve all manner of doctrinal and practical consequences.

Mr. Neale takes a most disparaging view of Bishop Foliot, speaking of him as a mere hypocrite. Our author's master, Mr. Froude, formed a more mixed, more charitable, and, we think, a more probable, estimate of his character and principles.

But it is of comparatively little consequence in what light Mr. Neale regards the characters either of Becket or Foliot. What we complain of is that, in his enthusiastic descriptions of the ritual and practice of the Church in their age, he gives no sign of discrimination. A heedless reader will consider him to think that all was right then, and that all is wrong now. To produce such an impression was, doubtless, far from his design; but people in general look so much at first appearances, that we are sure of ultra-Protestants denouncing his book as popish, and *ultra-mediævals* claiming it as on their side, and making it serve as one pretext more for a discontented repining after the past, and shutting their eyes to the plain duties connected with the present.

We may mention a literary defect. The whole dialogue consists of sentences cast in an inverted mould, and having sundry phrases and peculiarities, which, along with the other feature, have, by Sir W. Scott and his followers, been employed as conventionally appropriate when their scene is fixed any time between the Conquest and the age of Elizabeth. It is a peculiarly tiresome structure of sentence; and as it never could have been used in conversation, being in fact a clumsy imitation of the more objectionable features in the literary styles of the seventeenth century, we think it had better be abandoned. Mr. Neale's characters must really have talked Norman-French or Anglo-Saxon. We grant that it would have been inconvenient to have given their conversations in either language; and since the facts of the case must therefore be departed from, and their talk represented in a translation, why not in such English as should resemble talk?

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The True Ministers of Christ accredited by the Holy Spirit: a Sermon preached at the Visitation of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Derby, &c. By the Rev. PHILIP GELL, M.A. *Published at the request of the Clergy.* Hatchards.

OUR readers are aware that we do not generally give separate notice to sermons, unless there be something uncommon connected with them. We hope that the present may fairly be ranked among our excepted cases. Though approximations to the tone and character of the document now before us are, we fear, much too frequent, we do hope that their full-grown manifestation here is as yet *uncommon* in the pulpit. Mr. Gell was probably not aware, when he betook himself to the work of slandering and misrepresenting many of his clerical brethren, that he was about to violate an important canon of the Church. We write it advisedly,—that Canon must by-and-bye be enforced. If the present evil continues, people must bestir themselves to rescue the pulpit from such a prostitution of its uses; and bring the uncharitable offender before the superior, to whose censures he has become amenable.

To say of Mr. Gell's sermon that it is rude and ignorant, is only to say that it is like too many others. But we must give a specimen or two of his right to accuse others of bad Churchmanship, and his qualifications for deciding on such points. His position is, that no man is a real minister of Christ, who is not personally sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Here are his own words:—

"But, alas! it is not only the unholy beyond dispute that may fail of the Holy Ghost. What say the habits of vain conversation in many; their ease and pleasure in worldly occupations and amusements; their constraint under sacred employments, and their gladness when such works are done? Must *their* hearts be the temples of the Holy Ghost? *Will He make the word to be 'the power of God,' to honour their preaching of it; or the sacraments means of grace to own their administration?* May He not, does He not refuse to do so? Where is the fruit of their labour?"—Pp. 7, 8.

How often, may we ask, has Mr. Gell subscribed his allegiance to Article XXVI.?

In the very next page to this flat contradiction of one of them, we are favoured with Mr. Gell's views of the Articles in general.

"Now it has often been acknowledged by the opposite party, that the compilers of our Articles were not only protestant, but calvinistic, and what we now call evangelical, in their religious views. It has often been felt and allowed, that, in the *plain and full meaning* of these Articles, according to their *literal and grammatical sense*, which the royal declaration peremptorily claims for them, without admitting of *any new sense* whatever, they favour less the Laudians and the Arminians, than the Puritans and Calvinists."—P. 9.

Did Mr. Gell ever hear of the late Archbishop Lawrence? Perhaps he might find that prelate capable of adding to his information about the Articles.

But our fullest indignation is reserved for an outrage at the close of the discourse, than which we never heard, in our own day, of a grosser.

"The happy and heavenly deaths of those who had lived upon the doctrines of evangelical protestantism are immortal and irresistible testimonies in favour of that sort of Christianity, as the truth of God. They constitute an evidence, which Anglo-

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catholics will never be able to produce. What were the latter days of Froude, their modern proto-saint, if not their proto-martyr? Where are their dying witnesses?" —P. 47.

Mr. Gell tells us that a paragraph or two of this sermon was omitted in the delivery; but he does not tell of this having been one of them. If it was not, where, we ask, was the common manliness of the Derby clergy that they did not resent the outrage,—that they condescended to ask the preacher to put his unfeeling insolence into print? But we will give both him and them the benefit of the doubt; we will, in charity, suppose that this most offensive sentence was not heard from the pulpit; though we think it greatly concerns both Mr. Gell and his brother clergy of Derby distinctly to assure us of this. Even as the case is, it is bad enough in all conscience. Without saying one word, at present, on Mr. Froude's peculiar opinions on some subjects, we can hardly wish better for Mr. Gell, than that it should be with him, at his dying hour, as we believe it was with the object of his indecent attack—an attack which, considering that Mr. Froude's father is still living, is about the most unfeeling we ever heard of. A late distinguished ornament of our Church, who was far, indeed, from agreeing with Mr. Froude in all his opinions, said, on hearing of his death, that he believed there never was a case in which the transition from saint to angel must have been more slight. This was the testimony of one whose spiritual discernment we should rank as much above Mr. Gell's, as his talents and attainments unquestionably would have been insulted by the comparison.

The Spiritual Creation, or Soul's New Birth. A Poem in seven Books. By Mrs. Martyn Roberts. London: Pickering. 12mo. pp. 170.

This is a metaphysical and theological poem, preceded by an *excursus* of some forty pages, devoted to evolving the views on which the poem is constructed; and, consequently, we have to regard the authoress in the threefold capacity of poet, philosopher, and divine. The poetry, so far as we have read it, is pleasing and above *par;* neither do we quarrel with the theory that a type of every spiritual truth is to be found in the physical world, so long as persons do not attempt to make a creed for themselves by the study of these correspondences. It will be readily seen that it makes all the difference, whether a person when he devotes himself to this insinuating kind of inquiry, has already learnt his faith of the Church, or whether he is going in search of a faith. In the one case it is not only a safe but a profitable employment; in the other it is, perhaps, the most dangerous course on which the experimentalist can set forth. The kingdoms of nature and grace abound, confessedly, in so many analogies, that the mind is sure to find stores of pleasing occupation in tracing them out; but their very variety is likely to mislead him, unless his mind has been trained in the severe school of catholic theology—unless he has learnt to resist any tempting theory that may arise to lead him away from the truth, by the opposing authority of the Church; and can take his stand on this simple ground, "This is the catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved." We can foresee no prospect of

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peace and unity for the Church, nor of any substantial growth in grace, till Churchmen learn practically, as of old, to apply this test, "This *is*"—"This is *not*—the catholic faith." It is the misfortune and fault of Mrs. Roberts that she was not so trained; and, accordingly, we find her treating that most elevating of all christian truths—the "soul's new-birth"— as still an open question—if not to be decided by woman's wit, and fanciful analogies, at least one on which each person may lawfully speculate to his soul's content. The theory of Mrs. Roberts, like that we noticed in our June number, is nearer to the catholic doctrine than some which have been lately broached: but still it is a mere experiment of private judgment, and therefore is unhesitatingly to be condemned. She protests against the "cant use of the word conversion," and speaks of the "spiritual pride which is engendered by the idea that such a new birth has taken place in a man when he first begins to be religious" as most dangerous, and urges the necessity of continued renewal and growth in grace; but, on the other hand, she ventures to divorce "what God hath joined together," the "water and the Spirit," the united agents of regeneration; and in other places, seems to put baptism almost entirely out of view.

With Mr. Napper's theory we dealt tenderly. Irish theology, indeed, demands more tenderness than we are disposed to award in our own church—but really "*Jam satis est!*" If we are ever to be "laying again the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," how shall we "go on unto perfection"?

Specimens of Ancient Church Plate, Sepulchral Crosses, &c. No. IV. Oxford: Parker. Cambridge: Stevenson. London: Rivingtons, and Burns.

We have already noticed the two first numbers of this book. The fourth has just appeared, and is entirely devoted to specimens of church plate. The execution is superior to any of the former numbers; and the subjects are amongst the best of the very few specimens which this country still possesses. Two patterns are given; one being the very beautiful one from Cliffe Church in Kent, silver-gilt and enamelled. Two chalices are also given; one being the elaborate one still in use at Trinity College, Oxford. There is also an ancient altar candlestick. As the editors of this book are endeavouring to possess themselves of drawings of all the plate remaining in the country, it will soon be seen how careful and indefatigable was the sacrilegious spirit which possessed the statesmen of the sixteenth, and the common people of the succeeding century.

We have noticed this work again, as it is really desirable that the information contained in it should be extensively circulated. It is quite time that the clergy knew something of the subject, and that the present manufacture of vulgar vessels was discontinued. Let it be once known, generally, what the true chalice is, and we shall have them in universal use.

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Mr. Paget's "Tract on Tombstones," is good in tone and intention. We quite agree with him that it would be desirable to decrease mortuary memorials in point of number: if we must have them, anything is preferable to our head and foot-stones. The illustrations on the whole are creditable. III. IV. and V. are head stones of early design. We should like to have seen a greater variety in point of date. No. VII. seems scarcely suitable for wood. The addition of a coped wooden cross, smaller in size than any given, would have improved the series.

"Essays on the Partial Derangement of the Mind, in supposed connexion with Religion," &c. by the late J. Cheyne, M.D. &c. (Dublin, Curry,) are the fruits of a pious and amiable mind. It seems to us, that medical learning and experience alone are hardly enough to establish all the author's conclusions, but there is doubtless much practical truth in the greater part of his remarks.

We have great pleasure in recommending to notice "The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church," which seems to promise being a series, whereof "The Homilies of Ælfric, with an English Translation by B. Thorpe, Esq." occupy Parts I. and II. of vol. i. They are printed "for the Ælfric Society," an association of which we confess not to have previously heard, but of which the objects are, doubtless, very important. We are glad to observe the name of Mr. J. M. Kemble among the cooperators.

We have also satisfaction in announcing to our readers, the appearance of a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Markland's excellent "Remarks on English Churches," (Parker, Oxford—Rivingtons). We have here both fresh matter and more engravings than in the first edition; among the latter there will be found one of the new monumental window at Chichester. An index is also appended.

"Nine and Two, or School Hours," &c., by G. Musgrave, M.A., and "A Vocabulary of Explanations," &c., by the same, (Rivingtons,) are manuals in which a good deal will be found that is useful, though they are perhaps too bulky and dear for the purpose intended. We wish the author would not call Dissenters' meeting-houses *Chapels*, and that he would reconsider one of his arguments in defence of the Prayer-Book, that it is almost entirely in the words of holy writ. This is not true, and it would be no merit if it were; it would be but stringing together the words and phrases of Scripture, to the injury of their meaning and use. We suspect, in opposition to our author, that it is more the case with dissenting than with church prayers. We also desiderate higher doctrine in our author's exposition, both of the institution of the Lord's Supper, and of the Discourse with Nicodemus. Mr. Musgrave writes more worthily of the former when he comes to John vi.

"The Baroness, a Tale," &c. (Seeley and Burnside). Judging from a glance, it seems well-written in parts; but we can see that its doctrine is unsound.

We wish that anything we could say would keep versifiers' hands off the Psalms. The Rev. F. Skurray, B.D. has just added one more to our metrical versions of strains to which modern metre is inapplicable, (Pickering.) A true poet of our day has tried the experiment, and has himself pointed out the reason why it must be so. Mr. Skurray seems by no means an inelegant versifier, but he has diluted the Hebrew energy of the Psalmist, so much as to make it almost disappear, without having departed enough from the original, to give himself any real scope.

"Questions for Self-examination," (Toovey,) and "Catechism for the use of young persons of the Church of England," from the same publisher, are manuals which, although probably they will meet with prejudiced critics, are, we think, to be estimated with candour. One great defect in our practical teaching, the lack of definiteness, closeness, and reality in the spiritual walk, they are admirably calculated to meet; and we cannot but be satisfied with whatever tends to cultivate tenderness of conscience as to individual cases of action as they arise.

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"A set of six Tract Covers" (Burns,) (which, however, are also Tracts themselves, and may well be used as such,) pleases us; the contents are varied; useful and ornamental, instructive both in the way of sacred precept and song, and at the same time sufficiently attractive.

We are happy to see a reprint, in a revised and augmented form, of "Home Discipline," (Burns,) a little work which ought to be in the hands of every mother and mistress of a family, of the higher and middle classes. The sanction it has received from the patronage of the Queen Dowager, is equally honourable to the work and to its Protectress.

"Address of a Minister of the Church of England to his Parishioners," by Robert Morres, M.A., (Wokingham, Goletee; Longmans, &c.,) is a reprint of a Tract which originally appeared at the close of last century; and is a very pleasing specimen of the mind and tone of thought which marked the devouter sort of old-fashioned high Churchmen.

A treatise on the Synagogue, taken from that of Vitringa, has just been put forth by an Irish clergyman of the name of Bernard. (Fellowes.) The question how far the appointments of the Church are derived from those of the Synagogue, which is handled here, is both interesting and important; but it should be carefully remembered, as our readers may recollect we once endeavoured to press upon them, that proofs of such derivation cannot lead to the results Mr. Bernard arrives at, unless they be also proofs of *exclusive* derivation from that quarter. And such we are well persuaded cannot be found. Believing that the whole system of Judaism expanded into the Church, and had its full blow there, we look in her at once for the true Synagogue, the true Temple, and the true Throne of David.

"Squire Allworthy and Farmer Blunt, or the Weekly Offertory," is the title of a most seasonable and serviceable Tract, by the Rev. William Palin, (Rivingtons; Burns.)

"A Remonstrance addressed to the Quarterly Reviewer, &c.," by a London Clergyman, (Rivingtons,) and "The Prayer for the Church Militant and the Surplice," (Ditto,) are the titles of two excellent pamphlets in reply to the late contemptible articles in the Quarterly on the Rubrics and Ritual of our Church. The former of the two is the more adapted for general circulation.

"A Letter to the Six Doctors, &c." from Torquemada the Younger, is a very clever piece of satire. We have nothing on this subject to add to our last month's remarks, Dr. Pusey's Sermon not having yet appeared.

We recommend to notice two valuable accessions to the furniture of religious teachers for their work, "A Catechism on the Common Prayer," by the indefatigable Mr. Watson, of Cheltenham, (Burns,) and an "Exposition of the Church Catechism," by the Rev. T. Halton, of Liverpool, (Ditto.)

The Bishop of Calcutta's Metropolitical Charge, (Seeley and Burnside,) exhibits that Prelate's usual ability, and contains much interesting matter. His Lordship's early prepossession prevents our being surprised at his taking, as we think, an altogether intemperate, and sometimes erroneous view, of the great questions of the day.

A very beautiful Sermon, entitled, "The Principles of Christian Membership," by the Rev. W. J. Dampier, (Burns,) has recently appeared, and is well adapted for circulation. The frontispiece gives a design of the ancient sittings in the author's church, which he has taken as a model for some open benches introduced by him in place of his own pew, a very judicious hint connected with which is given by him to his brother incumbents.

There are other interesting sermons before us, which we have no space to notice this month.

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF LINCOLN, *Sept.* 24.

ORDINATIONS.

By the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—H. Milne, Brasen.; H. Pigot, B.A. Brasen.; M. J. T. Boys, B.A. Wadh.

Of Cambridge.—P. J. Croft, B.A. Trin.; H. L. Jenner, B.A. Trin. H.; C. Lawford, B.A. Trin.; M. P. Sparrow, B.A. Clare H.; B. Cobb, B.A. Corp. Chris.; S. Cumming, B.A. Pem.; A. W. Mason, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. H. Lee, B.A. New Inn H.

Of Cambridge.—J. P. Birkett, B.A. Jesus; C. F. Davies, B.A. Queen's; G. Kingsford, B.A. Corp. Chris.

By the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *at Bishopsthorpe, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. P. Marriott, B.A. Balliol; R. Rolleston, B.A. Univ.; R. F. Inman, B.A. Linc.

Of Cambridge.—J. N. Fowler, B.A. Magd.; J. Kidd, S.C.L. Cath. H.; W. Duncombe, B.A. Queen's; R. G. Creyke, B.A. Cath. H.; H. C. Holmes, M.A. Cath. H.

Of Durham.—J. Hill. B.A. Univ.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—F. Watt, B.A. Univ.

Of Cambridge.—J. Teague, B.A. Emm.; W. Ayton, B.A. Trin.; O. Flowers, B.A. Queen's.

Of Durham.—G. Dacre, M.A. Univ.; J. Mason, Univ.

Of Dublin.—W. Smith, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, *at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Soper, B.A. Magd. H.; E. R. Twiss, B.A. Univ.; W. Rogers, B.A. Balliol; F. J. R. Lawrence, B.A Exet.; H. Nelson, M.A. St. John's.

Of Cambridge.—The Hon. A. Savile, M.A. Trin.; E. Rudge, S.C.L. Cath. H.; G. S. Drew, B.A. St. John's; J. Rickards, B.A. Trin.; R. King, S.C.L. Christ's; J. D. Watherston, B.A. St. John's; H. G. Roche, S.C.L. St. John's; J. B. Ansted, B.A. Christ's; W. Jephson, B.A. Corp. Chris.; F. W. Ellis, B.A. Trin.; G. Ridout, B.A. Emm.; S. Gall, B.A. Queen's; F. J. H. Rankin, B.A.

Of the Church Missionary College, Islington.—S. Crowther, T. Peyton, J. Hunter, F. Redford, N. Denton, C. F. Ehemann, G. T. Barencuck, D. Hechler.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—C. C. Spencer, B.A. Queen's; W. D. Wilson, B.A. Wadham; C. J. Smith, B.A. Ch. Ch.; C. B. Wollaston, M.A. Exet.; A. Gordon, B.A. Magd. H.; W. Russell, B.A. New Inn H.; J. G. Brine, B.A. St. John's; W. C. Howell, B.A. Brasen.

Of Cambridge.—R. E. A. Wilmott, B.A. Trin.; C. J. Elliott, M.A. Cath. H.; S. C. Headley, B.A. St. John's; H. Ludgater, M.A. Trin.; C. J. Fisher, B.A. Jesus; G. Phillips, B.A. Queen's; R. S. Tabor, Trin.; H. G. N. Bishop, B.A. Magdalene; J. Cohen, M.A. Pemb. H.; J. Thomson, B.A. St. John's.

Of Dublin.—E. Johnson, M.A. Trin.

Of the Church Missionary College, Islington.—H. Mellon.

Literates.—W. Krusé, R. Bellson.

By the LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, *on Sunday, June* 11, *at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—M. Estcourt, B.A. Exet.; W. Hughes, B.A. Jesus; C. H. Johnson, B.A. St. Edm. H.; R. T. Mills, B.A. Magdalen; J. Pitt, B.A. Oriel; G. Protheroe, B.A. Brasen.; H. M. Stowers, B.A. St. Edm. H.; J. R. Woodford, B.A. Pemb.; L. C. Bathurst, B.A. Trin., J. W. Clapcott, B.A. Trin., G. Pretyman, B.A. New Inn H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells.)

Of Cambridge.—G. H. Hodson, B.A. Trin.; R. G. Kingdon, B.A. St. John's; D. P. Lewis, B.A. St. John's; T. Mills, B.A. Trin.; E. Whateley, M.A. Trin.; J. B. Bunce, B.A. Clare H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Carlisle.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—C. B. Garside, B.A. Brasen.; R. W. Hippisley, B.A. Exet.; R. C. Patterson, B.C.L. St. Mary H.; A. Peache, B.A. Wadh.; G. T. Spring, B.A. St. Edm. H.; E. Wood, M.A. Magd. H.; J. Cooke, B.A. Balliol, W. Francklin, B.A. New Inn H., H. W. Guy, B.A. Exet., M. W. W. James, B.A. Oriel, J. Langworthy, B.A. Magd. H., J. P. Whalley, B.A. Univ. (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells.)

Of Cambridge.—M. Cocking, B.A. Univ.; W. Miniken, B.A. Cath. H.; G. Hutchinson, B.A. St. John's, J. H. Kirwin, B.A. Fellow of King's (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells); W. Rowe, B.A. Caius (*l. d.* Bp. of Lichfield).

Of Lampeter.—T. Williams, St. David's (*l. d.* Bp. of St. David's).

By the LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER, *on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—C. C. Adams, Mert.; J. F. Bickerdike, B.A. St. Edm. H.; W. G. Bradley, B.A. Brasen.; W. Lea, B.A. Brasen.; J. Merry, B.A. Queen's; G. S. Munn, B.A. Trin.; C. B. Turner, B.A. Balliol.

Of Cambridge.—F. S. C. Chalmers, St. Cath. H.; W. Gover, B.A. Corp. Chris.; R. Hickman, B.A. Emm.; F. G. Hughes, B.A. St. John's; A. C. Richings, B.A. Christ's; T. B. Stevenson, B.A. Christ's; J. R. Young, M.A. Caius.

Of Dublin.—R. Deverell, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* Bp. of Ossory.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Bayley, B.A. New Inn H.; A. Baynham, B.A. Pemb.; C. C. Beck, B.A. Ball.; J. Colville, M.A. Magd.; J. W. Fletcher, B.A. Brasen.; H. Hill, B.A. Wadh.

Of Cambridge.—E. Brine, B.A. Queen's; E. Illingworth, M.A. Clare H.; J. King, B.A. Queen's.

Of Dublin.—J. Irving, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* Abp. of Dublin); T. Tomlinson, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* Bp. of Ossory.)

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By the LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, *at Peterborough, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—G. A. Cuxson, B.A. Magd. H.; C. S. Gordon, B.A. Exet.; F. W. W. Martin, B.A. Balliol; S. H. Palmer, B.A. Ch. Ch.; G. Rawlinson, B.A. St. John's; H. W. Stair, Magd. H.

Of Cambridge.—L. Fry, B.A. St. Peter's; W. Howlett, B.A. Jesus; T. Inman, B.A. Queen's; G. Macfarlane, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Oliver, B.A. Queen's; H. Roberts, B.A. Jesus; J. C. Reynolds, B.A. Christ's: J. Slade, B.A. St. John's; E. C. Sharpe, B.A. Christ's; J. Wing, B.A. Queen's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—T. Bourne, B.A. St. Edm. H.; R. Watts, B.A. Magd. H.

Of Cambridge.—W. Gardner, Queen's; W. Layng, B.A. Sidney; R. Middlemist, B.A. Christ's; J. Norman, B.A. Queen's; H. Pratt, B.A. Trin.; S. K. Webster, B.A. Emm.; G. Beresford, M.A. St. John's.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, *at Lincoln, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—B. Burgess, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—J. N. Andrews, B.A. Clare H.; T. H. Bullock, B.A. Fellow of King's; E. G. Jarvis, M.B. Trin.; Z. Nash, B.A. Cath. H.; E. Owen, B.A. Sid. Sus.; W. Theed, B.A. Clare H.; E. B. Wroth, B.A. St. John's.

Of Dublin.—R. P. Blakeney, B.A. Trin.; F. J. Leigh, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. A. Birch, B.A. New Inn H.; O. Smith, B.A. Oriel.

Of Cambridge.—G. Allott, B.A. Jesus; J. Atlay, B.A. Fellow of St. John's; B. Blenkiron, M.A. Trin.; F. Firman, B.A. Queen's; J. Green, B.A. St. John's; A. Œ. Julius, B.A. St. John's; W. P. Turton, B.A. Jesus.

Literate.—T. A. Bolton.

By the LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, *at Chichester.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—R. Pratt, B.A. Merton; J. W. Miller, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—C. G. Flint, B.A. Magd.; M. A. Smelt, B.A. Caius; F. A. Piggott, M.A. Trin.

Literate.—C. Stuart.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—N. A. Garland, B.A. Ch. Ch.; J. Morris, M.A. Brasen.; L. Slater, B.A. Univ.; H. Mitchell, B.A. Lincoln.

Of Cambridge.—A. Ramsay, B.A. Trin.; G. Wagner, B.A. Trin.; A. Stuart, B.A. Sid. Sus.; N. Gream, B.A. Magd.

By the LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD, *at Hereford, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. H. Warneford, B.A. Worc.

Of Cambridge.—J. Gawen, Trin. H.; S. H. Lee-Warner, B.A. St. John's; R. Towers, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. Green, M.A. Univ.; J. Hall, M.A. Brasen.; R. Hill, B.A. Worc.; A. Oakley, M.A. New Inn H.; J. Smith, Magd. H.

Of Cambridge.—S. F. Montgomery, M.A. Corp. Chris.

Of Lampeter.—T. H. Jones, St. David's.

Of Dublin.—J. W. Dickson, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, *at Exeter, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—A. A. Hunt, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—W. M. W. Call, B.A. St. John's; E. M. S. Sandys, B.A. St. John's; W. Sadler, B.A. Queen's; J. Stewart, M.A. Caius.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Arden, M.A. Wadh.; R. Bowden, B.A. Wadh.; P. F. Britton, B.A. Exet.; C. E. Hoskin, B.A. Exet.; J. L. Harding, B.A. New Inn H.; W. T. A. Radford, B.A. Exet.; H. S. Templer, B.C.L. New Inn H.; G. Woollcombe, B.A. Ch. Ch.

Of Cambridge.—S. Brown, B.A. Jesus; J. V. Vivian, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF ELY, *in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Sunday, June* 18.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—D. Akenhead, B.A. Univ. (*l. d.* Bp. of Durham); Hon. C. F. Cranstoun, B.A. Jesus, F. Leigh, B.A. Magd. H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Lichfield).

Of Cambridge.—J. H. Bullivant, B.A. Queen's, H. Claydon, B.A. Caius, G. J. Garton, B.A. Cath. H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Lichfield); J. Gibson, M.A. Fellow of Jesus; C. Macgregor, B.A. Cath. H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Lichfield); J. Power, B.A. Fellow of Pem.; C. A. Swainson, B.A. Fellow of Christ's G. M. Sykes, M.A. Fellow of Downing; R. Watt, M.A. Fellow of Trin.; H. G. Williams, M.A. Emm.

Of Lampeter.—D. Evans, St. David's, (*l. d.* Bp. of Llandaff).

Literate.—W. W. Griffith, (*l. d.* Bp. of Llandaff).

PRIESTS.

Of Cambridge.—F. France, M.A. Fellow of St. John's; W. Keane, M.A. Emm.; W. Pattinson, B.A., A. Pyne, B.A. St. Peter's.

By the LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE, *at Raphoe, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACONS.

H. C. Minchin, B.A. diocese of Killaloe; — Welsh, B.A. diocese of Raphoe.

PRIESTS.

— Scriven, B.A., Hon. A. Stewart, B.A. diocese of Derry.

By the LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, *at Hillsborough, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACON.

G. C. Smith, B.A. diocese of Connor.

PRIESTS.

H. W. Dancer, B.A., J. Finlay, B.A. diocese of Down; F. Gordon, M.A. diocese of Dromore; J. N. Griffin, B.A., J. A. Kerr, B.A. diocese of Connor; P. Moore, diocese of Armagh (*l. d.* Abp. of Armagh); A. Sherwin, B.A. diocese of Dromore; J. Woodroffe, B.A. diocese of Connor.

By the LORD BISHOP OF KILDARE, *at Carragh, on Sunday, June* 11.

DEACON.

Of Dublin.—W. P. Walsh, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* Abp. of Dublin.)

PRIEST.

Of Dublin.—T. Olpherts, B.A. Trin.

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PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Baker, J. G. A. ...	Southill-cum-Old Warden, v.	Ely	W. H. Whitbread.....	£384	1267 / 660
Benson, S.....	St. Saviour's, P.C.....	Winchester.	Parishioners.....	400	18006
Bird, C. S.....	Gainsborough, v.....	Lincoln.....	Bp. of Lincoln	529	7535
Blenkiron, B.	Little Cotes, v.....	Lincoln	Trin. Coll., Cambridge.	120	49
Capel, G.	St. James, Dudley, P.C.	Worcester..	Lord Ward.....	...	...
Collinson, G. J....	Swanbourne, v.....	Lincoln.....	Lord Chancellor	158	668
Cooper, J.....	St. Andrew the Great, Cambridge, v.....	Ely	D. & C. of Ely.....	120	...
Dolphin, J.	Thorpe Market, v.	Norwich	Lord Suffield	69	254
Donne, J.....	Clapham, Bedfordsh. ...	Ely	Lord Carteret	237	298
Dunn, J.....	St. Evall, v.....	Exeter.....	Bp. of Exeter	162	354
Evans, B.....	Llanstephan, P.C. and Llangunnock, P.C..	St. David's.	Messrs. Morris, & W. Lloyd, Esq.	101	1274 / 859
East, J.....	St. Michael's, Bath, R..	B. & W.....	.....	...	...
Fawsett, J.....	Waddingworth, R.	Lincoln	Lord Chancellor	150	63
Fisher, C. J.....	Ovington, R. w. Allbright's Chapelry, & Tilbury, R.	London	John Fisher, Esq.....	467	179 / 236
Fletcher, W.....	Harwell, v.....	Oxford	Sir J. Chetwode	220	780
Foye, M. W.....	St. Bartholomew, Birmingham, P.C.....	Worcester..	Rev. T. Moseley	160	...
Gardner, Wm. ...	Coalville, P.C.	Peterboro'..	Rev. W. Minton	...	...
Graham, J. D.D....	Willingham, R.....	Ely	Bp. of Ely.....	672	1403
Green, —.....	Wooler, v.....	Durham.....	Bp. of Durham	478	1926
Hall, J.....	Coreley, R.....	Hereford....	R. B. More, Esq.....	227	553
Harding, J. L.....	Littleham	Exeter.....	G. Anthony, Esq.....	208	424
Harvey, G. L.....	Yate, R.....	G. & B.....	W. S. Goodenough	851	824
Heming, H.....	Northmoor, P.C.	Oxford.....	St. John's Coll., Oxford	140	360
Hensley, C.....	Holy Trinity, Gainsborough, P.C.	Lincoln.....	.....	...	...
Hunter, W.....	St. Giles, Oxford	Oxford	St. John's College	160	2855
Johnstone, R. A..	West Horndon and Ingrave, R.....	London	Lord Petre	344	63 / 402
Jones, W. P.	St. Thomas, Preston, P.C.	Chester.....	Miss Hyndman's Trus..	...	...
Langworthy, J. ...	Backwell, Somerset, v..	B. & W.....	Marquis of Bath	144	...
Marsden, T.	Llanfrothen, R.	.....	Bishop of Bangor.....	...	...
Marsh, Dr.....	Leamington, P.C.	Worcester..	Trustees.....	...	...
Meade, J.....	Newton Purcell, w. Shelsworth, R.	Oxford	J. Harrison	150	180
Nunns, T.....	St. Paul's, Leeds, P.C...	Ripon.....	Vicar of Leeds.....	133	...
Orton, F.....	Altrincham, P.C.....	Chester.....	Rev. W. H. G. Mann...	150	2708
Owen, O. F.....	Stratton Audley, P.C. ...	Oxford	Ch. Ch., Oxford	89	360
Peake, T. C.....	Hallaton, R. w. Blaston St. Michael	Pet.	Rev. C. J. Bewicke, and Rev. G. O. Fenwicke, *alt.*	646	653 / 73
Pedlar, G. H.....	Holy Trinity, Exeter, R.	Exeter.....	D. & C. Exeter.....	111	2847
Rawlings, W.	Thenford, R.....	Pet.	Lord Chancellor.....	120	231
Roberts, D.....	Llangedwin, P.C.	St. Asaph...	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart..	90	323
Smith, O.	Leadenham, R.	Lincoln.....	Mrs. J. Smith	700	565
Spencer, J. W.....	Wilton, P.C.....	B. & W.....	Rev. E. T. Halliday.....	104	795
Sproule, J. W.....	Portland Ch., Bath, P.C.	B. & W.....	.....	...	...
Tinkler, J.	Landbeach, R.	Ely	C. C. Coll., Cambridge..	633	422
Upwood, T. T.....	Terrington, v.....	Norwich	The Crown	502	2061
Victor, H.....	St. James' Emsworth, P.C.	Winchester	Rev. W. Norris.....	...	...
Westoby, W. A. S.	Farthingstone, R.....	Pet.	Bishop of Lincoln.....	285	293
Wharton, J. C. ...	Gilling, v.....	Ripon	J. Wharton, Esq.....	1029	1714
Wilkinson, W. A..	Elskar, P.C.	York.....	.....	...	...
Wood, R.....	St. Sepulchre, v. London.....	London	St. John's Coll., Camb.	666	12179

APPOINTMENTS.

Booth, Dr..... Vice-Principal and Professor of Mathematics in Liverpool Collegiate Institution.

Fenwick, J..... Head Master of Ipswich Grammar School.

Fletcher, W..... Head Master to Collegiate Gram. School, Southwell.

Goodchild, W. G. Head Master of Free Gram. School, Audlem.

Harrison, B. ..... Six-Preacher of Cant. Cath.

Harvey, T..... Resident Chap. at Antwerp.

Johns, C. A. ..... Head Master of Helston Grammar School.

Penny, E. ..... Six-Preacher of Cant. Cath.

Weideman, C. F. S. ..... Prin. of Huddersfield Commercial School.

Wilkinson, C. A. Dom. Chaplain to King of Hanover.

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CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Beresford, G., at Aylestone.
Brocklebank, J., Rector of Feversham.
Brown, J. R., Vicar of Prestbury.
Clarke, E. W.
Compton, W., A.M., Incumbent of Carham-on-Tweed, and late Rec. of St. Olave's, Exeter.
Davies, J., of Gloucester.
Dent, W., Incumbent of Sowerby.
Frampton, T., late of Charlton.
Hancock, W., B.D., at Kilburn.
Hartley, J., Chaplain at Nice.
Layng, W. W., Vicar of Harrowden.
Roberts, J. R., B.D., Rector of Rotherfield Grey's, Oxfordshire.
Salusbury, J. T., Rec. of St. Mary, Aldermanb.
Sanderson, S., M.A., of Pem. Coll., Oxford.
Smith, S., Rector of Ham.
Thomas, A., of Leominster.

ADDITIONAL COLONIAL BISHOPRICS.

Second Report.—"We, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops, forming the Committee appointed to act in concert with Her Majesty's Government, for the erection and endowment of Additional Bishoprics in the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain, adopt this means of making publicly known the success with which it has pleased Almighty God to bless our undertaking hitherto, and the further objects which, in reliance on the same Divine aid, we hope to accomplish.

"Two of the Bishops consecrated for Sees newly founded, have now been for some time in their respective spheres of labour.

"1. The Bishop of New Zealand has, in a journey of six months by sea and land, completed the first visitation of his extensive diocese; and reports favourably of the progress of religion in those settlements.

"2. The Bishop of Gibraltar, having resided some weeks at the Metropolis of his See, and for a considerably longer period at Malta, and having nominated an Archdeacon for the general superintendence of Ecclesiastical affairs in each of those places, is now engaged in visiting the several cities in which English congregations have been gathered together in the islands, and on the coasts, of the Mediterranean. Already he has exercised the functions of his office at Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople, where, though there are considerable congregations in communion with our Church, no Anglican Bishop had ever before been seen.

"3. The Bishop of Tasmania, who sailed for his diocese at the end of February last, undertook to remain for a few days at the Cape of Good Hope, in order to administer the rite of confirmation, so long intermitted, in a colony which urgently requires the care of a resident bishop.

"Thus, within comparatively a short period, and, it may be added, by the efforts and offerings of comparatively few, three new Bishoprics have been erected, and the ordinances of the Church in their full integrity communicated to many thousands of her widely-scattered children.

"But demands equal to any which have been met remain still unsatisfied.

"1. The important colony of New Brunswick, equal in extent to one half of England, and rapidly increasing in population, has been too long without a resident Chief Pastor. The time, however, seems at length to have arrived for the supply of a deficiency so generally felt and acknowledged; and as a proof of the interest excited in New Brunswick, by the proposal of forming that Province into a separate Bishopric, it may be stated that the Governor, Sir William Colebrooke, has officially expressed his opinion in favour of such a measure, while the Chief Justice, the Solicitor-General, and other leading persons in the colony, are exerting themselves to raise a fund towards the endowment.

"The Special Committee, to whom was entrusted the duty of soliciting subscriptions on the same behalf in this country, have estimated the necessary income at 1200*l.*; but though we are far from regarding such a provision as too great, we shall be prepared to recommend to Her Majesty's Government the appointment of a Bishop, as soon as a clear revenue of 1000*l.* a-year has been permanently secured.

"A capital sum, therefore, of 30,000*l.* will be required. The contributions, which had only commenced in New Brunswick, amounted, at the date of our last despatches, to 2,150*l.*, but a much larger sum was expected; and the Bishop of Nova Scotia had addressed a pastoral letter 'to the clergy and lay members of the Church,' recommending a collection in aid of the endowment fund, in every parish and mission of his Diocese.

"Having taken these matters into our

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serious consideration, and looking to the great urgency and importance of the case, we have determined to appropriate a large portion of the fund remaining at our disposal, namely, the sum of 20,000*l.* towards the endowment of a Bishopric in New Brunswick. Assuming that 5000*l.* will be collected within the Province, it will only remain for the Church at home to raise an equal sum, in order to complete this most desirable work. And we cannot refrain from expressing an ardent hope that the public at large, and especially those connected by trade or property with New Brunswick, will make a new effort to provide the required amount.

"2. Attention was directed, in our first report, to the want of a Bishop in the rapidly-growing settlement of South Australia; and the offer of land which has been made by a zealous proprietor of that colony renders it especially desirable that no unnecessary delay should occur in completing the organization of that infant Church.

"3. The Bishop of Australia, though lately relieved from the care of New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, is still charged with the administration of a diocese vastly too large for his effectual superintendence; and he, therefore, in a recent communication, pleads earnestly for the erection of a distinct Bishopric in the thriving settlement of Port Phillip.

"4. In like manner, and with obvious reason, the Bishop of Calcutta has recommended the subdivision of his own enormous diocese, by the erection of a Bishopric for the Northern Provinces of India.

"These claims are all strong and undeniable; and, in commending them to the Christian liberality, not yet, we trust, exhausted, of the mother Church, we must not omit to put again prominently forward the not less pressing, and certainly more ancient claims, of the Cape of Good Hope and of Ceylon.

"We propose, then, first of all, to recommend to Her Majesty's Government, as soon as the adequate endowment has been secured, the erection of a separate Bishopric for the Province of New Brunswick.

"We shall afterwards direct our attention to the important Colonial Settlements above mentioned, in the order suggested by the joint considerations of their intrinsic claims, the offers of assistance, and the probability of success.

"We must not conclude this statement of our proceedings and plans without expressing our thankfulness to Almighty God for the success which He has been graciously pleased thus far to vouchsafe to this first systematic endeavour to impart the full blessings of our Church to the colonies of this great empire, and beseeching Him to dispose the hearts of His people to carry on to its full completion a work undertaken for the furtherance of His glory, in the extension of the kingdom of His ever Blessed Son.

W. CANTUAR.	C. WINTON.
E. EBOR.	E. DUNELM.
JOHN G. ARMAGH.	J. LINCOLN.
RD. DUBLIN.	G. ROCHESTER.
C. J. LONDON.	

BISHOPRIC OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Committee appointed to promote the endowment of a Bishopric in the Province of New Brunswick, earnestly request attention to the following extracts from the Second Report of the Archbishops and Bishops, under whose authority they are acting:—

"The important colony of New Brunswick, equal in extent to one half of England, and rapidly increasing in population, has been too long without a resident Chief Pastor. The time, however, seems at length to have arrived for the supply of a deficiency so generally felt and acknowledged; and as a proof of the interest excited in New Brunswick, by the proposal of forming that Province into a separate Bishopric, it may be stated that the Governor, Sir William Colebrooke, has officially expressed his opinion in favour of such a measure, while the Chief Justice, the Solicitor-General, and other leading persons in the Colony, are exerting themselves to raise a fund towards the endowment.

"The Special Committee, to whom was entrusted the duty of soliciting subscriptions on the same behalf in this country, have estimated the necessary income at 1200*l.*; but though we are far from regarding such a provision as too great, we shall be prepared to recommend to Her Majesty's Government the appointment of a Bishop, as soon as a clear revenue of 1000*l.* a-year has been permanently secured.

"A capital sum, therefore, of 30,000*l.* will be required. The contributions, which had only commenced in New

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Brunswick, amounted, at the date of our last despatches, to 2150*l.*, but a much larger sum was expected; and the Bishop of Nova Scotia had addressed a pastoral letter 'to the Clergy and Lay Members of the Church,' recommending a collection in aid of the endowment fund, in every parish and mission of his diocese.

"Having taken these matters into our serious consideration, and looking to the great urgency and importance of the case, we have determined to appropriate a large portion of the fund remaining at our disposal, namely, the sum of 20,000*l.* towards the endowment of a Bishopric in New Brunswick. Assuming that 5000*l.* will be collected within the Province, it will only remain for the Church at home to raise an equal sum, in order to complete this most desirable work. And we cannot refrain from expressing an ardent hope that the public at large, and especially those connected by trade or property with New Brunswick, will make a new effort to provide the required amount."

After noticing the wants of other Colonies, the Report of the Archbishops and Bishops proceeds as follows:—

"We propose, first of all, to recommend to Her Majesty's Government, as soon as the adequate endowment has been secured, the erection of a separate Bishopric for the Province of New Brunswick."

The foregoing extracts abundantly testify the great importance which the Heads of the Church attach to the erection of a Bishopric in New Brunswick.

Nothing is now wanting for the accomplishment of this excellent design, but the comparatively small sum requisite to complete the moderate endowment which the Bishops consider necessary.

The object proposed, and now almost within reach, is the planting of another branch of the Church of England among a population of British origin, which is every year increasing by the influx of emigrants from the mother country.

That the colonists themselves anxiously desire to have a Chief Pastor of the Church resident among them, is evident from the contributions which they have supplied from their own very limited means for the due support of the Bishopric. It would be sad to think that these should prove unavailing for want of a brotherly cooperation at home.

The Committee, therefore, confidently appeal to all who feel an interest in the welfare of the Colonies, and especially to every true-hearted member of the Church, for such liberal assistance as may at once remove the only existing obstacle to the appointment of a Bishop of New Brunswick.

CHARLES LESLIE COURTENAY.
J. T. COLERIDGE.
JOHN LONSDALE.
W. P. WOOD.
JOHN ARTHUR MOORE.
HARRY CHESTER.
STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.
HENRY TRITTON.
ALEXANDER HALL HALL.
V. KNOX CHILD, *Hon. Sec.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have seen an interesting appeal in behalf of the Mohawk Indians, in a letter from a Clergyman, Mr. Saltern Givins, accompanied with testimonials, and a sketch of the history of the mission. Mr. Givins, and his clerical friends in England, belong to a theological party with which we have few sympathies; it is, therefore, with the greater satisfaction that we record our full concurrence with the object for which he and they are interested. The Mohawks are, it is well known, the noblest of the aboriginal races, and their sacrifices to the English interest have been of no ordinary character. By-the-bye, we are not a little surprised that this appeal should be needful, especially in the quarter from which it proceeds, for, if our memory serves us, the conversion of this very nation was the first-fruits of the labours of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, more than a century since; from which we always drew an argument in favour of the constitution of that Society as a missionary body, which is generally denied by the advocates of the Salisbury Square Society. It is impossible, we presume, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have deserted their eldest child! Of the excellent sense and feeling of the Mohawks, and also as a favourable indication of Mr. Givins' love which could appreciate it, the two following extracts are a sufficient guarantee:—

"On one occasion, expostulating with an aged Indian on the want of industry among his people, he shrewdly remarked, 'Why, Minister, you are very unreasonable. When God made the world, He made a great many kinds of animals, but

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he taught them all different ways of getting a living. He taught the fox to range through the woods and live upon what he could catch. The beaver He taught to live beside the water; He showed him how to dam the river and to build a house, and to lay by a stock of provisions for winter. So He also did with different kinds of men. Now you cannot teach the fox to live like the beaver, nor can you make the Indian work and live like the white man. I have a farm, and could live by it; but when the season comes for game or fish, *I must have some*, and I am tempted to go and look for it, even to the neglect of sowing and gathering my crops.'"

"The following anecdote, recorded in American history, is not less a correct than affecting statement of the case of the Indian population of this continent:—In the year 1789, the American General Knox gave an entertainment at New York to a number of Indian chiefs, sachems, and warriors. Before dinner, several of these walked from the apartment where they were assembled to the balcony in front of the house, from which there was a commanding view of the city and its harbour, of the East and North Rivers, and the island upon which New York now stands. On returning into the room, the Indians seemed dejected, their principal chief more so than the rest. This was observed by General Knox, who kindly asked if any thing had happened to distress him; 'Brother,' replied the chief, 'I will tell you. I have been looking at your beautiful city, the great water, and your fine country, and I see how happy you all are.—But then I could not help thinking that this fine country, this great water were once ours. Our ancestors lived here: they enjoyed it as their own in peace; it was the gift of the Great Spirit to them and to their children. At length the white people came in a great canoe. They asked only to let them tie it to a tree, that the waters might not carry it away. They then said that some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice afterwards came, and they could not get away. They then begged a piece of ground to build wigwams for the winter; this we granted. They then asked for some corn to keep them from starving; we furnished it to them, and they promised to depart when the ice was gone. We told them they must now depart; but they pointed to their big guns round their wigwams, and said they would stay, and we could not make them go away. Afterwards more came. They brought with them intoxicating and destructive liquors, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land, and finally they drove us back from time to time into the wilderness. They have destroyed the game, our people have wasted away, and now we live miserable and wretched, while the white people are enjoying our rich and beautiful country. It is this brother, that makes me sorry.'"

Great, indeed, is the debt which we owe to this noble race: here, as elsewhere, our fathers have sown the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind. Messrs. Herries are the Bankers who have undertaken to receive subscriptions.

"DRUMMONDISM, or ANYTHINGARIANISM.—The Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, who lately seceded from the Church of Christ in Scotland, is almost every day manifesting his utter want of principle and stability. The other day he gave £10 to promote the interests of the secession from the Presbyterian sect established by law in Scotland, and to-day we see it announced that he is to be present and take part in some proceedings connected with the Wesleyan religion in Edinburgh. What this unhappy man believes, or whether anything at all or not, it is as difficult for us as it is for himself to say."—*Church Intelligencer.*

"ROMSEY.—It is gratifying to observe that the liberality displayed by the Vicar, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard T. Noel, in the alterations recently made for general convenience and improved effect in the Abbey Church, is appreciated by his parishioners, and that, desirous to acknowledge their Vicar's interest in the noble pile which gives celebrity to the town, it is purposed to present to the church, as a thank-offering to the minister, two very handsome altar chairs and copes for the service. A nearly sufficient amount has already been obtained for the purpose."—*Hants Advertizer.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We find that we have slightly misrepresented the Rev. Mr. Napper, on the subject of the comparative superiority of English to Greek in regard to the terms Regeneration and New Birth. Though there is no such distinction of names in Greek, Mr. Napper had argued that there are traces in the New Testament of a distinction between the things.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

AUGUST, 1843.

On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures. *By* THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Nickisson. Pp. 393.

HAVING noticed this work when it first appeared, we are only drawn to it again by the early demand for a second edition, followed so closely by a new work of the same prolific author. If our readers are of opinion that we give an undue importance to the subject, in thus departing from our usage, we can but plead our settled conviction that, in this age of loose and shallow thinking, the works of Thomas Carlyle are eminently calculated to influence the veering opinions of young and old; and that, therefore, it is impossible to overrate their importance. They are rapidly circulated—they are widely read, and greedily—they are on the tables and shelves of Catholic and Sectarian—of scholar and smatterer. Churchmen cling fondly to the hope, that even yet the voice of this new warrior may swell the battle-cry of the Christian ranks; and Dissenters, ever ready to make common cause with the enemies of the Church, find in him a present powerful ally, without inquiring too curiously into the precise nature of his religious tenets. So that, with the forbearance of one, and the gaping admiration of another, Carlyle is fast gaining an influence which, be it good or evil, will be long felt in every joint and muscle of English society. And doubtless, if earnestness and eloquence, working with the stores of a miscellaneous and unusual erudition, can alone entitle to influence, we cannot dispute his claim to eminence. But it shall be the aim of this paper to show that, in matters of more weighty moment, the whole philosophy of this writer is defective and unsatisfactory; that it would unsettle old things without settling new; that it will not brook the test of cool examination; and that when the quiet rays of reason have evaporated the froth of trope and metaphor, there is left to the student a worthless *caput mortuum*, of no use to soul or body. With this hope we shall try to place our-

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selves in the position of firm, immovable critics, who are determined to try this book "on Heroes," on its scientific pretensions, not on its poetic; and to ask what practical gain or loss will accrue to our minds from adopting its views.

The first mistake we notice (not the worst) is that of believing Hero-worship to be unbroken ground. "How happy," quoth the author, "could I but in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism, the divine relation (for I may well call it such) which in all times unites a great man to other men; and thus, as it were, not exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground upon it." (P. 3.) Hero-worship is, in truth, no new subject on which a thinker can break ground in these days. From Plato's Apology of Socrates, or earlier, to Lockhart's Life of Scott, or later, admiration of heroes has been a recognised element of human character. What are Lives of eminent Statesmen, Lives of the Poets, Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, Books of Martyrs even, and Histories of the Church, or of Nations, but so many recognitions of, and appeals to, it? Nor can the honour of first exhibiting its developments in a scientific form be claimed so late as our times; for every ethical treatise is, or should be, an essay on the admirable or heroic in human character. Besides, the work before us, whatever its merits, does not number among them the systematic exactness which this claim would presuppose, as we hope to make appear in the sequel.

The principle of admiration of the great in others is, in truth, an inseparable part of every mind, and greatest in the greatest. Wherever there appears a young intellect apparently active, but wholly destitute of this one thing, we may safely say it will never be great. Where, on the other hand, strong admiration of what is good and worthy develops itself in attempts at imitation, no matter how lame and awkward at first, there is much hope yet: the chief element of greatness is there, and the rest may follow. May not imitation of the great be, indeed, the God-sent provision for perpetuating truths that should live and actions that should not be forgotten? May it not be as much a distinct affection as pride or sexual love, and fitted to its distinct function as much as these? For when men perish and leave their work to others, it might reasonably be expected that the conclusions and cognitions they have wrought out and come at with toilsome watchings and sore trouble, would perish too; because they only, the inventors, had that love for them, that intense overbearing sense of their truth, which led them to push them forward, and to protect them from contempt, as occasion might arise. The next generation, it would seem, will only know them with a calm, scholarly, speculative knowledge, and acquiesce in whatever views about them are least troublesome: they must needs perish. But here begins the function of admiring imitation. Some young disciple, or faithful friend, when all men else would play the stepfather to the bequeathed charge, prefers the strong claim of admiring affection to be its cham-

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pion and protector. Though the labour that produced the work was never felt by him, and he lacks, therefore, that endearment to it, still the labour-pains of the first, are not more infrangible chains of love than the adoptive admiration of the second, parent. And in this way the discoveries of the testator have often been to the faithful legatee the foundation of farther discoveries and as lasting reputation. Often the most faithful imitator at the outset has ended in being the least imitative and the boldest in original conception; because in him alone the seed sank deep enough to grow: he alone had the digestion for such food as should be equal to the nourishment of a hero. The Plato that has given the world food for thought and study through two thousand years and more, began the world as an admirer and imitator of Socrates; and the future poet of Childe Harold (if Plato will forgive us for naming him here) lay hid in the author of a little volume of imitations of favourite verses, the *Hours of Idleness*, scorned of reviewers and neglected by the world. Nor is this law limited to intellectual prowess; if there had been no brave men before Agamemnon, there had been no Agamemnon neither; and in the highest matter of all, the religion of mankind, good men have, in all ages, begotten a progeny of good men, through this emulative admiration; and the martyr tied to the stake has been a picture preserved and cherished in many hearts, until it brought more martyrs thither.

Moreover, as the principle is universal and indestructible, it must either be directed by competent hands, or it will misdirect itself. "Nature is not governed but by obeying her;" and contempt of one of her infallible laws will bring its own punishment. If religion, as taught, is barren of examples, is stripped to a scientific nudity, and left unrelieved by the clothing of historic legends—then she has lost her hold on the people in great measure—she is no more popular. The appetite by which the soul takes hold upon her, (if one may speak so,) which the Bible is so benignly provided to supply, is ungratified; and it is not hard to see the end. From that time there begins to grow up quite another system in the heart of the people,—with men for its saints and heroes—with the works of men for its imitable models,—with the falls of men for its warning beacons. But what kind of men the chosen may be, none can calculate. When the clerisy of a nation have desisted from their labour, or fallen into a wrong method of doing it, what usurping teachers shall rise instead none can prophecy. Superstitious belief or lawless scepticism, the creed of Mahomet or of Thomas Paine; ascetic severity or unbounded indulgence; Pythagoreanism or Hedonism, the code of St. Anthony or of Thomas Moore, may have the best of it, according as there may be in those times men able to advocate the one or the other invitingly, and to kindle that glow of life upon it, the want of which has caused the shrines of a better wisdom to be deserted. The minds of men between twenty and thirty, it has been wisely said, determine what the mind of the age shall be—what it shall look like

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to a long hereafter, in the page of history. But that period of life is also the season when the quest of models and good examples is most active; when the fancy is flying hither and thither through time and space, to find something on which she may fix herself, and by which she may live. Hence the real responsibility rests on those who are able to determine the fancy of the young to this or that model; who have power to say persuasively, "rest here and not elsewhere; here is strength, love, and hope, all that can be worth your admiration: turn hither and dwell for ever." Too often those to whom this influence is given, are unworthy to wield it. But the *power* is theirs, for good or bad: the young men are the hands of the age, doing its imperishable works; and those who move the hands—who teach the young what to prize and admire, are the head. *Nil admirari* may be good enough apathetic philosophy, but *quid admiratur?* is the key to political prophecy.

It is almost superfluous to say, that though there will be everywhere a life-guiding admiration, we are utterly without security for its direction towards things worthy. In proportion as the evil in unaided hearts of men predominates over the good, so are the chances that their heroes will be painted idols—things of putty and fucus—greater than those that they will only reverence what is worth the homage. A small number will value the valuable; the mass of mankind, told by myriads, and outnumbering the sands of the sea, will ever be deluded by the semblance of value. The few will look up only to the good among them; or, should the beggarly age furnish none such, to the good whose shadows are cast on them from other times: the many will buzz and flutter round some predominant foolish person, who has managed, in the churnings of this whirlpool of life, to rise out from surrounding scum, and float at top, himself the lightest. There is in man, in good and bad, the appetite for bowing down, and it will sate itself. Nothing is too mean for idolatry. Look at facts. A querulous Byron is followed by his hosts of imitators, with depressed collars, and foreheads high-shaven, declaring themselves (truly, if they knew all) miserable creatures. Mountebank sophists, in Greece and elsewhere, in senate and pulpit, lecture-room and platform, have had their little day of admiration. Unsexed singers have regaled their noses from jewelled boxes, the gifts of royalty; and dancing girls skilled to walk upon their toes, have gloried in autocratic diamonds. Admiration there must ever be where there is one spark of mere intellectual activity; and this fact of our nature it was not left for Mr. Carlyle to discover. We even question whether he has invented a new name for it.

The highest wisdom of all—the wisdom that made our nature first—has not left this universal appetite without its proper end and object. We turn to the Bible, with its priests and prophets, and apostles and martyrs, but, above all, with that great High Priest, like us in all things except sin; and there we see that if our constitution has made us worshippers and admirers, we are not left without

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objects worthy to claim, and fitted to attract, our best admiration and worship. "Follow His steps!" This is the duty laid on us: not without a clear discernment of what our whole being yearns after; namely, an example whereto we may fashion our life, with full confidence of a blessing on the effort. And it would be easy to point out how the errors into which the Church has fallen, from time to time, have their root in a neglect of that one precept; in beginning to imitate other models instead of Him whom it enjoins we should follow. We cannot go into this now; but are content to recommend our readers to examine closely whether all heresy, all division, all neglect of the doctrines, all deviations from the practices of our religion, are not readily traceable to that one cause—the substitution of Hero-worship for God-worship—the adoption of human models in the place of our great Example, human and divine.

Hero-worship (to adopt Mr. Carlyle's nomenclature) is not, however, forbidden to the Christian. He, as well as Mr. Carlyle, looks with fond admiration on his "hero as prophet;" "hero as priest;" "hero as poet;" "hero as man of letters," "hero as king." But with how mighty a difference! His love and honour for them is bounded by *their* love and honour for their common Head and Example, even the Son of God; and thus he does but honour Christ in their persons. He admires their fidelity to the true faith: that is his mark of a hero. How did they serve our heavenly King, and push the confines of his kingdom upon earth to places before shut out from it? This is what he wishes to know. And when he arrays his heroes by the side of Mr. Carlyle's, he will not blush for them. Elisha, Cyprian, George Herbert, Robert Nelson, Charles I. on one side: and Mahomet, Luther, Shakspere, Rousseau, Cromwell, on the other. Who will weigh the list of the Syncretist with the list of the Churchman? No reader of ours, even for a moment. We repeat, that the Christian too indulges the sentiment of hero-worship, when he commemorates a saint or martyr; when he blesses God's name "for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear;" and that to speak of "breaking ground" on the subject now, is mere idle talk.

We have said that scientific exactness is not the characteristic of the work under notice. Nor is it. Among the author's merits—and he has great ones—we cannot number logical power. A glowing imagination, exulting in the curious grouping of its thoughts, and too proud of its strength to borrow any former style as their vehicle, sympathising warmly with energy in thought and action, yet not impartially with all energy, and pouring forth its sympathy in every form of praise and apology, lights up every page with a hue to which this generation is quite a stranger. Perhaps in no author does the same childlike abandonment of heart to the admiration of the hour, move hand in hand with the same manly power of communicating the emotion to others. With such elements of poetry,

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the wonder is, that this book has taken the guise of prose lectures, instead of that of an Orphic song. Had we been to criticise the latter, we might have dispensed with a somewhat rude question, which now it is our duty to put; to wit, What does it mean? What does it tell us? What do we carry off from the perusal, besides a beating pulse and reddened cheek? From a poet, who claims the immunities of the divine *afflatus* at the hands of all well-mannered critics, we should not have sought an answer: but of a philosopher, clad in the sober russet garb of prose, we ask the question—and get no answer. In truth, there is much more of Pythian madness than of *Novum Organum* about the whole production; so, perhaps, it is unfair to push the matter.

Be it enough to say, then, that if this book be meant for a prose treatise, if it be not perhaps a translation of a German poem, done into prose after the manner of Macpherson's Ossian, we complain of the suspension of the author's logical faculty, and consequent defect of those scientific conclusions, which, resting on solid durable grounds, might survive the glow of passing emotion, and swell the sum total of our permanent knowledge. It is unfair to wind men up by eloquence to the action-point, without then telling them what to do. All this fine talk, and nothing to come of it! They are drawn on to admire characters they had before contemned, or at best not admired; and this on no ground of reason, but in faith of Mr. Carlyle's infallible insight: they find beauties where was barrenness—greatness, where all seemed small. But what next? They are not told what a hero is; nor how to know one if they meet him; nor how they are to become heroes; nor how to admire the heroic in others. In short, they have heard much eloquent eulogy of certain men, mostly of doubtful reputation, tending to no practical result, at variance with all they have been accustomed to hold, and settling nothing of what it has unsettled. Are they the better? Not much: when the illusion shall have faded from their eyes by time, and they reflect on it in the darkness and solitude of their inmost heart, this mode of treatment will be confessed unsatisfactory, and they will admit by degrees the conviction, that sober reason should have been there, to control the tricksy sprite that has pleased them with idols and things unreal, under the emphatic and often-repeated title of realities.

The list of heroes selected for especial celebration is, indeed, puzzling. What one common mark can be assigned to them all? Real and mythic persons, sane and crazy, moral and immoral, honoured and execrated, self-restraining and wildly self-indulgent, in what common term, which shall be the note of heroism, do they coincide? Such a menagerie! Can any naturalist reduce them into one common genus? First, there is Norse Odin, a Scandinavian god, demi-god, or hero, *if ever he was anything*, which is just the point on which some preliminary scepticism might be looked for! Before we admire him as hero, let us know whether he be not a poor

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shadow of a man, the Hercules of Norse fancies, the Jack Giant-Queller of some Scandinavian story-book maker. "Grimm," admits Mr. Carlyle, "Grimm, the German antiquary, goes so far as to deny that any man Odin ever existed." Not unreasonable of Grimm; but the author cannot lightly relinquish the fruitful theme. Grimm makes out that Odin is *Wuotan*, Movement; and conjectures that the title Odin was but an attribute of the highest God. Carlyle is ready.

"We must bow to Grimm in matters etymological. Let us consider it fixed that *Wuotan* means *Wading*, force of *Movement*. And now, still, what hinders it from being the name of a heroic man and *mover*, as well as of a god? As for the adjectives, and words formed from it,—did not the Spaniards, in their universal admiration for Lope, get into the habit of saying, 'a Lope flower,' 'a Lope *dama*,' if the flower or woman were of surpassing beauty? Had this lasted, *Lope* would have grown, in Spain, to be an adjective signifying *godlike* also. Indeed, Adam Smith, in his *Essay on Language*, surmises that all adjectives whatsoever were formed precisely in that way; some very green thing, chiefly notable for its greenness, got the appellative name *green*, and then the next thing remarkable for that quality, a tree for instance, was named the *green* tree,—as we still say, 'the *steam* coach,' 'four-horse coach,' or the like. All primary adjectives, according to Smith, were formed in this way; were at first substantives and things. We cannot annihilate a man for etymologies like that!"—Pp. 38, 39.

But if Grimm were to retort—we cannot *make* a man with etymologies like that! surely the burden of proof would rest on our author, where the disputed point is a piece of fabulous tradition. The retort, however, is not suggested; and Odin, among all his friends and enemies, thus proved "a reality," and no "hearsay," is passionately chanted of, through five-and-twenty pages of poetry shaken into prose. Yet, after all, Odin *is* a pitiful hearsay; perhaps there was no such man; perhaps, as is more probable, there were a dozen such. The case of Odin, *Movement*, is parallel to that of Zoroaster, *Son of stars*. Goropius Becanus, a Carlylean hero-worshipper, for aught we know, recognised but one of that name, but found no followers; the other *literati*, according to Clericus, varying from two to five Zoroasters. Similar difficulties attend the name of Hercules: and the discussion in both cases tends to the conclusion, that no one has anything better than conjecture to offer us. How privileged must be the intellect that can invest these obscure shadows of one or many with local habitation and corporal unity, and even go out from itself and dwell with them under their cloud! But then so few will care to follow.

The name of Mahomet follows that of Odin—overclouded, too, with no less obscurity of another kind. To the end of time this trisyllable is a riddle, a very symbol of the interrogative attitude of mind. An impostor or a fanatic, which, or how much of each? In the eyes of Mr. Carlyle, neither the one nor the other: by a subtle argument he is proved a true prophet, and no less. Mankind is brought to the poll for it,

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"The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual leger-demain, this which so many creatures have lived and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here."

Of this precious passage, we first challenge the statistics. Taking the given *computus* of the Mahometans as correct, we flatly deny that they outnumber the professors of other creeds. Those who call themselves Christians are far more. There are about two hundred millions of souls in Europe, of whom, it is mournful truth, many are not Christians: but, to supply the place of these, there are believers in North and South America, in the West Indian islands, in the East Indies, in Syria, in Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand. We think, therefore, that more Christians are in the world than the whole population of Europe, and therefore than the numbers of the Mahometans, as given by Mr. Carlyle. But as such speculations are not really to the purpose, we give them at no more than their worth. We would beg Mr. Carlyle, however, to prove that, of the four great creeds, Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mahometanism, the last is not the *least* extensive instead of the most. He will not find it so easy, unless he is content with his own insight and bare assertion, even for statistics.

But now look at the philosophy of the argument. Might not one moment of calm thought have shown him that quackery *does* grow here? that far more than his astounding Mahometan hosts have lived and died in a faith which, practically, takes a little yellow gold for its deity, and avarice for its sole worship? How many millions thought the earth flat, and the sun eternally careering round it? How many, that the globe of earth coursed round the sun? One of these is "quackery." How many have lived and died thinking slavery right, and consonant with Divine laws as with human? There is no outrage of nature, no horrible crime, no foolish vision, no pretended religion, but what has found advocates among men. Are we to think that, because these things were done, they were therefore right? But even suppose that: still, contradictory tenets cannot be true together,—there must be quackery somewhere, and we are driven on the old problem at last,—Where is objective truth to be found? "A false man found a religion!" exclaims Carlyle, "why, a false man cannot build a brick house." True enough: he must know the laws and properties of his bricks and mortar, and build his house obedient thereto. So did Mahomet: he knew the men for whom he wrote Alcoran, conversed with angels, went to heaven. He wrought with his materials like a cunning craftsman, no doubt; it was never denied. Yet our bricklayer may be a godless, drunken, ignorant, wife-beating bricklayer,

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for all his skill, and Mahomet an impostor for all his millions of dupes. Settle for us first, then, not by trumpery metaphors, but by some argument that may satisfy students of ordinary fancy and tolerable keenness in appraising evidence, the question—What was Mahomet? or we go no step farther with you. Were his preternatural communings real and credible, or were they dyspeptic visions, of the same race as the apparitions and devilries that beset Luther in his tower: or were they *mendacia salubria,* wholesome lies, used, as Plato says lies may lawfully be, by way of medicine, to make firm the feeble tottering faith of invalid adherents? It will be time enough after that to bespatter his suspended coffin with golden stars of rhetoric,—to call him "a messenger from the Infinite Unknown—sent to kindle the world—man of truth and fidelity—pertinent, wise, sincere, altogether solid, brotherly, genuine, full of wild worth, all uncultured—deep-hearted son of the wilderness—open, social, deep soul—alone with his own soul and the reality of things—earnest as death and life," &c. &c. At present, these eulogies are simply ridiculous. Reality of things, indeed! There never was a phrase more shamelessly abused.

As for Rousseau, we will not seriously discuss his claim to walk in Mr. Carlyle's triumphal procession of heroes. Coleridge calls him "crazy Rousseau," and our author admits that "there had come at last to be a kind of madness in him." He describes the hero thus:—

"He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong." "Rousseau has not depth or width,—not calm force for difficulty." "He had not perfected himself into victory over mere desire: a mean hunger in many sorts was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men." . . . . "Nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce, moody ways! He could not live with anybody."

Considerable discounts from the heroism of any mortal! But he has become a star of the heroic galaxy, "because, with all his drawbacks—and they are many—he has the first and chief characteristic of a hero: he is heartily *in earnest.*" (P. 299.) When people grow crazed, their being heartily in earnest in their delusions is reckoned decisive proof of lunacy, whereupon, in this country, they are conveyed to Bethlehem or Hanwell, not lectured on for heroes by men of genius. And for the logic of this classification, it has elsewhere been laid down by Mr. Carlyle, that sincerity is *not* constitutive of a hero without other marks.

"I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. . . . . *A little man may have this:* it is competent to all men that God has made; but a great man cannot be without it."—Pp. 72, 73.

What else, then, made Rousseau heroic? for sincerity seems his sole alleged merit.

The name of Burns may likewise reasonably arrest us for awhile. It is not ours to *condemn* any of Adam's children; nor even to blame what, unknown their strugglings and temptations, are,

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in the abstract, deep sins. There must be much in a mind so dangerously gifted to us inexplicable; and we cannot say but that wild, unhappy, fiery-hearted man had more given him to combat with than his strength was able for. Perhaps he struggled hard and christianly, in later days and unseen occasions, with temptations of the strength of devils, and could not cast them out. Poverty, fervent passions, intense faculties, ill-chosen employment, all these things at war one with another, and the unhappy heart of one poor man their battle-field! Presumptuous it were in any, even in one who had known the same trials, to attempt to strike the balance for or against this singular being. Let him rest in peace! lie the earth light upon him, and judgment lighter! Be his own lines never forgotten:—

"To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But never what's resisted."

At the same time, to keep open our eyes to recorded facts, of which we offer no interpretation, no way compromises this sacred principle; and, in the present instance, is a positive duty. Without condemning Burns as a man, we oppose his exaltation into a hero. And if it be urged that true charity would not only refrain from judging, but also from mentioning matters whereon others will judge, we reply, that immunity of censure can only be justly *claimed* where the friends of the claimant maintain his immunity of praise; and that, though charity may enjoin silence as to the errors of another, a higher charity, even love for all men and for truth, has its claims too, which in this case cannot be satisfied by silence. Admitting, then, that Burns *may* have struggled heroically against temptations, we ask for proof positive that he did so. For blasphemous and impure verses,—for acts of slavish obedience to the lowest animal appetites, where is the atonement, what the apology? Here stand we in the place of the Romish *avvocato del diavolo*, showing cause against Burns's enrolment in the heroic canon. We ask for *some* proof that he was more than a mere blind servant of bad impulses. Mr. Carlyle cannot think that overt acts of defiance to moral law are heroic, else why exclude Jonathan Wild the Great, and the energetic Richard Turpin? "Jewelled duchesses" and "waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns" shall not judge for us: too much is involved for that. Be the former "carried off their feet," and the latter "brought out of bed" with the poet's conversation—the

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matter is not yet settled. The same effect would have followed the exertions of a fiddler. "Once more a giant original man!" but in what respect a giant? "A wise, faithful, unconquerable man!" nay, rather, if facts are to speak, and they only, a man foolish in the best wisdom, unfaithful to any aim, and, in the struggle with life, bowed down, prostrated, ground into dust, and utterly conquered even to the very grave. More is the pity! but we cannot, like Mr. Carlyle, read facts backward, nor, like him, apply epithets at random, just as if written on cards, and pulled blindfold out of a bag. Does he forget the poet's addiction to whiskey, and his quarter-dozen illegitimate children? Does he know that Burns was only rescued from a disgraceful difficulty by the death of one of two women to whom he had been paying cotemporaneous addresses? "Burns, too," quoth our author, "could have governed, debated in national assemblies, politicised as few could."—(P. 310.) But how know we that? Might not the intoxications of power have changed the rustic rake and thirsty exciseman into a Nero or Caligula? Mr. Carlyle is not inspired, and his intuitions, without some arguments that may stand as their grounds to our less promptly judging minds, are unsatisfactory. Let him tell us, then, why Burns, mismanaging a few things, is to be made ruler over many things; and what *hero* means, if the Ayrshire bard be one.

Let us now examine the portrait of the "Hero as Priest." If words are to retain old meanings, the heroic man is he who exhibits all manly qualities in a larger degree than the multitude. And again, the heroic priest—"the Hero as Priest" is he whose qualifications for the priest's office are higher and better employed than those of others. "Do your thing, and we shall know you," is, we fancy, an exclamation of Mr. Carlyle's, somewhere or other: do your priest's work in the best way, and you are a hero-priest; in a worse way, and you are something else. But the priest must do his own work, if he would avoid sad jumble and confusion, inevitable consequences of intruding into another's province. An example may make our meaning plainer. When a gang of rascals attacked Lambeth Palace to destroy Archbishop Laud, he might have justifiably resisted them, by arming his retainers, sallying forth, and driving the rabble home. This supposed act might have been heroic in another man, but not *for him;* because it would have been an oblivion of the episcopal character for that time—a forgetfulness of its humility, charity, and submissiveness to personal wrong. In estimating any action, we must consider the person and position of the agent, among the other influencing circumstances. Now, in the case of Luther, as treated by Mr. Carlyle, we complain of this very sophism: we are invited to regard him as a "hero-priest," (of course we do not approve this title, though we use it for this turn) for actions in themselves, perhaps, heroic, but not for a priest to perform. It might be, he had no choice, no alternative, but (as far as man could see) the utter perdition of the Church on earth, swallowed up by tyranny and unbelief.

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It was Luther's misfortune (may be pleaded) to light on times when stout resistance to ecclesiastical superiors was the one course pointed to by the finger of conscience, enjoined by the word of God, enforced by circumstance. But this is not pleading to the purpose: a plain *ignoratio elenchi*. We do not make a man a hero for his misfortunes. What we want proved is, that this resistance, in the principle of it, and the way he carried it through, make him a hero-priest, *i. e.* demonstrate him a better priest than others. And if not, what does he here, in defiance of common sense and *Novum Organum*?

Not the least notable of Luther's adventures was his marriage. We are afraid that, being a Romish priest and friar, he must have broken some solemn vows by it; and that his wife, being a nun, showed her first obedience to marital authority by following his example. It would have been more worthy a priest to have performed his vows, "though it were to his own hindrance." But, then, it may be urged, St. Paul commends matrimony to all who are tempted by that appetite which it remedies; and Luther, weighing the matter, chose the less offence. But no: he himself says, "I was not very sorely tempted therewith;" and it is pretty clear, from his own statements,* that the Frau Luther owed her matronly dignity chiefly to the good Martin's hatred for popedom. It might, or might not, be an expedient step: but it was surely a misfortune for a priest, that neither he nor his bride could come at the marriage-bed, except by breaking the chain of an oath.

The pope and Luther were not the best friends; the latter felt himself imperatively commissioned to make war upon the former—sent on earth for no other purpose. His was not the temper to err on the side of charitable silence, in pursuit of such an object. Dr. Johnson would have hugged him for an incomparable hater. "Popedom," saith our hero-priest, "hath been ruled always by the wicked wretches correspondent to their doctrine. . . . None should be made pope but an offscummed incomparable knave and villain." In another place—"Next after Satan, the pope is a right devil, as well on this Pope Clement may be proved; for he is evil, in that he is an Italian; worse being a Florentine; worst of all in being the son of a ——;† is there anything worse? so add the same thereto." Page after page of the *Colloquia Mensalia*,‡ (the only work of his we can lay our hand on just now) reeks with these fenny blossoms of rhetoric, to the prejudice of Popes Paul, Alexander, Leo, &c. with their kinswomen; so that, perhaps, for straightforward abuse, this volume would afford the best extant models. Yet, in one place he

* Luther's Table Talk, ch. 50.

† This modest omission is *not* the mild Martin's.

‡ There are circumstances in the literary history of this volume that cast a doubt on the genuineness of portions of it. We quote it without scruple after this caution, because Mr. C. admits the value of its evidence in the following words: "In Luther's Table Talk, a posthumous book of anecdotes and sayings, collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the books proceeding from him, *we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of nature he had.*"

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observes, with wonderful simplicity,—"There are many that complain and think I am too fierce and swift against popedom; on the contrarie, I complain in that I am, alas! too, too mild: I would wish that I could breathe out thunder-claps against pope and popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt." That wish accomplished might have shortened the Reformation: yet is it a sinful wish, nevertheless. If this be Lutheran mildness, Lutheran rancour must be something sublime. But (for the present question) it does seem that horrible slander and detraction are unbefitting the mouth of a priest, a bearer of a commission from Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again," who set an example of combating wickedness in high places by mildness and abstinence from insult, and left no warrant for the contrary course, under any trials, however hard to bear. No doubt much may be said in extenuation of Luther's foulness of language; but, once more, this is not the point. Do such parts of his career permit us to rank him with those who have filled the priest's office most worthily? We must think not. The heroism of his character is unquestionable; but it is of a brawling, unloving kind. Call him a hero, but not a hero-priest. How coarse and vulgar—and, therefore, unchristian—his demeanour shows, with that of St. Cyprian, under circumstances not wholly unlike, though far less trying, we grant. Pope Stephen, a rude, violent man, differed from many brother bishops, with whom stood St. Cyprian, on the matter of re-baptizing heretics, and went so far as to excommunicate them. Cyprian and Firmilian argued this doubtful question, made out a strong case on their side, and spoke in terms of censure of Stephen's presumptuous conduct; but they never got the length, we think, of raking up stories against his christian conversation, nor of impugning the chastity of his female relations, nor of calling him naughty names. By this self-restraint, they were saved, perhaps, from swallowing and reproducing divers enormous, improbable untruths, such as those in which the monk of Erfurdt unwittingly luxuriates, to the great detriment of what is true among his charges.

But, independent of the *manner* of the opposition, Luther thought it his duty to make, to one whom he considered his primate, (for he offered to acknowledge the pope's claim to that title,) the *fact* of the opposition is a misfortune. Theologians of this day have to defend Luther by long arguments from the charge of being a schismatic, and cut off wholly from the Church; not merely to make good his title as a christian priest, but even as a member of Christ in any capacity. It is true the majority of our divines think it provable that Luther was a churchman; still we submit that the very need of arguing such a point makes it a suspicious step to hold up Luther as a model-priest. The arguments themselves, however, are not without difficulty. The facts are well known: in 1520, Leo X. threatened Luther with excommunication, unless within sixty days he should retract his errors; during these days of respite Luther

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revolted from the pope, by an overt act of contempt for his authority, the burning of his bull, and of the decretals and canons declaratory of the pope's supremacy. Now, Mosheim argues, that, after this act, Luther was not under the pope's jurisdiction; that this open contempt for his authority emancipated him from it; and that the excommunication which followed, in 1521, was a mere "blow in the air." This is trifling enough: for, in the first place, the doctrine that a subject can throw off obedience to a king (the very illustration Mosheim uses) is nowhere recognised, and would evacuate all laws of the power of punishment: in the second place, an excommunication can never be a "blow in the air," for even if the object of it have withdrawn for a time, it is in force to prevent his return: and, in the third place, Mosheim only rescues Luther from the stigma of a decreed excommunication, by pleading that he excommunicated himself. That a learned man should be driven to such arguments shows the difficulty of the subject. Others* defend the heroic reformer on the more tenable ground that he displayed on all occasions a reluctance to separate from the Church, and that this papal excommunication, unsought by him, only separated him and his adherents from the outward communion of the German Church, but not from the Church Catholic. To make this good, and to prove his separation involuntary, they do not regard the foolish freak of burning the bull in the same light as Mosheim. It is looked on as a blameable extravagance, without any direct consequences to the ecclesiastical position of the chief actor. But they cannot help feeling that this incremation of an edict of one whose primacy he had volunteered to recognise, wears an unhandsome appearance of insubordination. To Mr. Carlyle it does not indeed seem to present any difficulties:—"I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the pope." We do not doubt it; you, for one, would pardon far wilder acts of rebellion than that, as we hope to show. What the opinion of "I, for one," may be worth, in matters canonical, will probably appear at the same time.

Luther, then, a brave, wise, naturally peaceful man, had a mighty work cast upon his shoulders, and carried it through to the end; and perhaps it was the fault of the work, not his own, that he could not do it with clean hands—that he somewhat forgot the priestly duties of faith in promises, government of the tongue, submission to superiors. But having forgotten them, by misfortune or fault, we contend that he can be an example of heroic priest no more. It is hard to come to such a decision with respect to one whose character presents so much that is admirable. When we think how Luther, after setting the elements of revolution at work, achieved the far more difficult task of coercing them within bounds of his own defining; so that, as Carlyle well notices, "the controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there;" when we discover how much that was catholic in doctrine he retained, in spite of his pre-

* See Palmer on the Church, vol. ii. p. 277.

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judices, because it was *true*,—to the immortal shame of those who, in our days, pretend to be the chief champions of what he did; when we observe his anxiety to preserve that Church discipline and government, which some "friends of the Reformation" are so willing to be quit of, we willingly own that here was a heroic soul, which only a false position, and its consequences, prevent from being held up for an example. A heroic man, if Mr. Carlyle will, but, for the reasons already assigned, not a hero-priest,—not the best specimen of what the priesthood could produce. Where is Polycarp, the lover of peace; where Cyprian, the friend of the wretched; where Ridley, the brave and faithful; where are these and other soldiers from the ranks of the noble army of martyrs? Could not the Church, from the affluence of her glorious archives, have furnished priests on whom human discernment has failed to affix a stain,—whom admiring love, forgetting for an instant the unseen in the lustre of the spotless seen, might almost suppose immaculate? Yes, yes; and of such, if calm judgment had been allowed to seek aright, the hero-priest would have been chosen; from the men who, sent of Christ, as Christ was of the Father—imitated Christ, as Christ obeyed that Father's will; only indeed in a human measure, yet still having fair shadows of all the virtues whereof the Son of Man possessed the substance—meekness, humility, charity never-failing, submission to wicked outrage from lawful rulers. But there is a rainbow film before Mr. Carlyle's eyes, investing whatever he looks on with false colours; vain then it is to bid him paint truly.

The concluding Lecture, on the "Hero as King," though less distasteful, is open to many objections. One only remark we have space to make. In defending Cromwell, great stress is laid on the mature age at which he first launched on the turbulent sea of politics; an argument used before, in pleading the cause of Mahomet. It seems an axiom with our author, that to be orderly until forty is security for man's future soberness and honesty. Is it not, however, more near the truth, that ambition and fanaticism are not the vices of the young, but of the mature? Bravery and the pride of hot blood may carry a young man along the path of ambition; but real ambition, that calm fixedness of eye which singles out from the shadows of the future the object whereto it shall press, and from that time shapes its course thither through good and evil, prosperity and adversity, belongs, we think, to the season of life when "the hey-day of the blood grows cool and waits upon the judgment." Assuredly no plea for Mahomet and Cromwell will stand on that ground alone. They say the tiger may be reared a sort of quiet, prodigious, tom-cat, till he tastes blood; but after that, he becomes a changed nature.* Something of the same kind may be true of Cromwell: when he first tasted what he might do, he bethought him how to do it. And for Napoleon, it is perhaps possible to under-

* χρονισθεὶς δ' ἀπέδειξεν
ἦθος τὸ πρὸς τοκέων.—κ. τ. λ.

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stand him without the hypothesis of his being a hero at all. Plato has laid down the formula of creating such heroes—given an atmosphere of general lawlessness, a tyrant will not fail to spring up there. Born under another aspect, in a well-governed country, the "little corporal" might have risen to be a respectable colonel and member of the clubs.

But let us now attempt to pierce deeper into the philosophy of the work under notice—to ascertain Mr. Carlyle's esoteric conception of a hero. From what has been brought forward, it appears that of each class he has produced, for the most part, either irrelevant instances, or not the best. What, then, is the inner principle on which the selection has been made? We have been able to discover one mark only, common to all the examples adduced, which we beg permission to name, but not disrespectfully, *radical pugnacity*. True heroism, it seems, is a nearer relation to chartism, and corn-law-leaguerism, than most persons suspect. It is not enough to be fearless of men, as was Laud; nor to work out with the vigorous hand the plannings of the sagacious head, as did Strafford; nor to "stand by the dangerous-true at every turn," as many have done. Mr. Carlyle insists farther, that these qualities shall be exercised on a certain subject matter. What is courage in Luther is flat "pedantry" in Laud, because the former resisted his lawful rulers, the latter only resisted the resisters. Cromwell claims a blazoned banner in this cemetery of the great; and Strafford goes without memorial into the arms of austere oblivion; and reason good! the former was essentially a radical, the latter the faithful representative of a lawful king. It is so through the whole work, which is no more, after all, than the poetry of radicalism. Radicalism, made conceivable to most minds, either in the shape of the figures of Hume, the poetry of Wakley, the sordid vulgarities of Corn-law Leaguers, or the torch-light meetings and broad pikeheads of Frost and O'Connor, needed embellishment sorely; even Elliott, the inspired smith, a true bard on some ground, droops to a mere rhymester here, nor can coax a single well-tuned chord from his harp when this is the theme. It remained for Thomas Carlyle to fit radicalism with the cestus of beauty, and cleverly he has achieved it. The name Odin, he tells us, is *Wuotan*, Movement, i. e. *agitation*, the very watchword of a true radical; and it seems to stir the ground of our author's heart to find that in the Norse mythology the very gods have a fighting time of it. We are told how Thor belaboured Skrymir with a hammer; and wrestled with an old woman. Mahomet led a life of warfare; and, probably, had he borne the olive-branch instead of the sword, would have found no hymn from this bard. Of Dante* we learn—

* We need hardly say, that among the heroes of this volume there are many we value as highly as Mr. Carlyle can. He does not so invariably take us to contemplate false heroes, as he puts them in a false light; he is like an artist, who, being to paint noble mansions, invariably draws them from behind, so as to bring into his foreground, stables, kennels, a dung-heap, a wall with scarecrows nailed cruciform. He calls our notice to the very points of character which detract from real heroism.

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"His property was all confiscated, and more; he had the fiercest feeling that it was entirely unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and man. He tried what was in him to get reinstated; tried even by warlike surprisal, with arms in his hand: but it would not do; bad only had become worse. There is a record, I believe, still extant in the Florence archives, dooming this Dante, wheresoever caught, to be burnt alive. Burnt alive; so it stands, they say: a very curious civic document. Another curious document, some considerable number of years later, is a letter of Dante's to the Florentine magistrates, written in answer to a milder proposal of theirs, that he should return on condition of apologizing and paying a fine. He answers with fixed, stern pride, 'If I cannot return without calling myself guilty, I will never return, *nunquam revertar.*'"—P. 142.

The greatness of Shakspere, it seems, may all be traced to a piece of law-breaking. "Had the Warwickshire squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had, perhaps, never heard of him as a poet!" Luther's claims to notice as a radical have been discussed. How Carlyle must love him for saying, "if I had business at Leipzig, I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running!" Knox finds a glowing vindication for speaking strongly to Queen Mary. Johnson forgot the respect due to Bishop Percy, and set the law of assault at defiance by thumping a bookseller: claims that cannot be denied. For Rousseau—"the French revolution found its evangelist (!) in Rousseau:" sufficient credential of heroism. The "rugged downrightness" of Burns is doubtless not prized the less, that it took, to use his own words, a "priest-skelping turn." Cromwell killed a king; and Napoleon was but a huge wave on the wild sea of French radicalism. So ends Mr. Carlyle's catalogue, down which we have passed without one single omission. It is at least a curious coincidence, that his heroes all offend against magistrate, priest, or law; and agree in no other respect. Is not, as we said, a degree of radical pugnacity the leading feature in his conception of heroism? He seems never sure of his man till he sees him fighting, and the kind of battle he prefers is that waged against things having an *à priori* claim to be held sacred.

Against this little theory of ours may be brought our author's own words:—

"May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that, nevertheless, every great man, every genuine man, is, by the nature of him, a son of order, and not of disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step,—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of order?* The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the great man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical."—P. 328.

Having cited this fine passage, it contents us to refer it, with the evidences of a contrary way of thinking, just cited, to those who can reconcile the inconsistencies of genius.

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But it is idle to insist on minor errors, when one predominant error poisons the whole book. *It is not a Christian book.*

Mr. Carlyle will probably not object to this statement as explained by his own words; but some of "the accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise," who, he says, made up the audience in his lecture-room, will be surprised that the eloquence to which they listened with rapt attention through six days, can by no tolerable stretch of courtesy, be styled other than unchrstian. They will, perhaps, wonder, as we do, that he who so highly valued the outspoken earnestness of a Dante or a Johnson, should be so far from imitating what he admires as to manage to leave an auditory in some doubt of the prime fact about him, his religion, from first to last. Reserve on this head seems quite at variance with the whole philosophy (?) of the volume; and it is in truth one great cause of the difficulty of getting at the author's real meaning. Here and there drops out a reverential mention of Christianity; and the expressions of a contrary kind, though there is no mistaking them when considered, are so quietly edged in as to escape consideration, amid the wealth of eloquence that goes before and after. Thus he writes—

"Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion *they* (*sic*) had? Was it heathenism, plurality of gods, more sensuous representation of this mystery of life, and for chief recognised element therein physical force? Was it Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty, and inquiry whether there was an unseen world, any mystery of life except a mad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial?"—P. 4.

Here we do not stop to quarrel with the unaccustomed name* for Christianity, nor with its position between Heathenism and Scepticism, like an honest man tyrannically chained between two hardened gaol-birds; but we do protest against such a definition of the faith by which we strive to live, in which we hope to die. Christianity is not merely "faith in an Invisible," it is not mere Platonism or Mahometanism; but faith in *the* Invisible, whose attributes and dealings with men are recorded in the Bible. We protest against the despicable reservation which, by the equivocal syllable *an*, seeks to confound Christians with Turks and Heathens, yet at the same time to deprive them of cause of complaint. We should not know that by *an* Invisible he means *any*, not *one*, Invisible, except by comparing other passages; as this—

"Mahomet's creed we called a kind of Christianity; and really, if we look at the wild, rapt earnestness with which it was believed and laid to heart, I should say a better kind than that of those miserable Syrian sects, with their

* *Christianismus* is as old a word as Tertullian's time; and, did we not suspect that *Christianism* only stands in the text for the sake of matching better with *Heathenism* and *Scepticism*, we might, perhaps, allow it to be as good a designation of our faith as *Christianity*.

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vain janglings about *Homoiousion* and *Homoousion;* the head full of worthless noise, the heart empty and dead."—P. 101.

Vain janglings, indeed! How can this man appraise the worth of the efforts made to exclude heresy from the fold of Christ? How, whilst with eyes fast closed against the true peculiarities of our religion, the once-offered Sacrifice, the one Baptism, the communion with Christ, and through Him with all Saints, he persists in assigning to the true faith a definition which may as well stand for Platonism, Gnosticism, Mahometanism, or Mormonism, how can he be taught to feel with those who struggled for the word and letter of the faith committed to them, resolved to part with neither jot nor tittle? In his detestable system of compromise, that pretends to see truth in all creeds, he evacuates every creed of its truth: and the habit of viewing all the race of men as deluded by shadows, awed by spectres, has ended very congruously in a contempt for the efforts made by the Church in defence of what he thinks her one form of delusion.

It is the natural weapon of an infidelity that dares not speak out, to endeavour to pervert words from old uses, and thus, by confounding the boundaries of right and wrong thinking, to prepare an easy way for the latter. No wonder that we are asked, "May we not call Shakspere the still more melodious priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times?" (P. 180.) And again; "Is not every true reformer, by the nature of him, a *priest* first of all?" (P. 188.) No wonder we are told, "Johnson was a prophet to his people; preached a gospel to them, as all like him always do;" and "the French Revolution found its evangelist in Rousseau." "I many a time say," we read, "the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country." (P. 263.) The editors of the *Satirist* and *Weekly Dispatch* have been called many names, but surely they are now first called Churchmen! With like contempt of dictionary, Mr. Carlyle speaks elsewhere of finding in Byron, Rousseau, Shakspere, Goethe, Milton, Burns, "fragments of a real Church liturgy and body of Homilies." (P. 264.) Those who are *less* charitable, may give this writer credit for enough Latin and Greek to know the meaning of the words he so sedulously mistakes: for our own part, having seen him assigning to *Aristotle* Plato's well-known "Myth of the Cave," and to Phalaris the "Brazen Bull" of poor Perillus, we will give him what credit we can for ignorance. But such ignorance! Ye who fancied that "Catholic Church" denoted the assemblage of faithful men, wherever on earth the pure word was preached, and the sacraments duly administered, know now that it stands for the holders of a poetical pantheism, painted in play-books and approved by Carlyle! Ye who understand from the word *Priest*, an ordained Presbyter of the Catholic Church, learn that it means "a worshipper, *in one way or the other*, of the divine truth of things," (p. 188,) whatever that may be! Ye who would confine the sense

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of the word "Gospel," to certain specified revelations of God's will, preserved in your Bibles, know now, that any Samuel Johnson—teacher of "Moral Prudence," thumper of booksellers, talker for victory—may preach a gospel too! Learn, moreover, that the miserable, cracked, and worthless harbinger of anarchy and bloodshed may claim the name Evangelist, as well as the sainted Four! Or at least, if not, say with us that the author of Hero-Worship is an enemy, not over courageous, to the true religion of the Cross. Give us an avowed opponent, and we know how to meet him: but what shall we say to one who uses our watchwords to enter and fire our temples; who comes among us to preach the word of devils, arrayed in the cope and stole?

After this grave accusation, to descend to minor faults will be scarcely tolerated. Yet we cannot finally dismiss our subject without a remark or two that may help to throw light on the author's habits of thought. The trouble might have been spared, if only he had spoken out, told us what his creed was, and what he meant by what he said. As he has left us the riddle, we must be at the pains to solve it. Here is a passage that has been more than once quoted for admiration: let us see how much meaning the words cover. It speaks of Johnson.

"Yet a giant, invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned, college servitor, stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable gentleman commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the raw-boned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude, stubborn, self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal."—P. 289.

A giant, invincible soul! a true man's! so we think Johnson's was. But why, pray? Because he would not ease his feet in unsought charitable leather! We grant that the great man sitting down to try on these impostor-shoes were a hateful picture; or rather an inconceivable one. But on this very ground we cannot wonder that he *did* not; nor find heroism in a sort of honourable pride, the commonest form of independence in man, which often survives station and wealth, and illuminates wrecked and ruined morals. The quivering drunkard, the pale gamester, would throw such intruding shoes out of window too; but we will not call them "giant, invincible souls," who are mere wrecks of honest men. Besides, even to prove this very common virtue or weakness predicable of Johnson, the experiment was not fairly tried. The shoes were worse than an alms, they were a hoax; and no man relishes a hoax, least of all one reminding him of his poverty. Then *such* a hoax! It never succeeded, that we know, except in the fabulous case of Dominie Sampson. New shoes are not so like old: and Johnson probably, thought as much of the insult to his wits as to his poverty. The fact was, he had holes in his shoes, and could not well pay a St. Aldate's shoe-

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maker to cobble them. Fondly imagining, as people do in like cases, that the rents so conspicuous to him, were unseen by others, he continued to make them serve; until, by rude surprise, he found his poverty known, and mocked with gifts. The shoes met their fate: and so ended a piece of clumsy kindness, if kindness it were at all. But the thing needed no notes of admiration, no "giant, invincible souls." And with what hidden meaning an *old* pair of shoes is called, just after, a *reality and substance*, and the new ones a *semblance* (p. 290), we cannot pretend to say. *Bad* shoes should be the semblance, if words have a meaning.

This is one among many evidences of Mr. Carlyle's enormous "organ of wonder." Mahomet in tears, and Cromwell asking an old comrade to shake hands, are equally miraculous. Nothing about his heroes is unheroic, their tears are crystallized into diamonds, their smallest motions noted in a book. Their lightest act is precious as the nail-paring of the Grand Llama.

Contrast with this exaggeration of trifles his magnanimous indifference to what other men feel in their hearts to be incalculably great and precious; and you have an outline of his philosophy, dim and shadowy enough, but all that he will vouchsafe to show you, or we can gather from him. The most trifling vagaries of his heroes have a worth in his eyes, which belongs not to the religious hopes and feelings of other men. A great intellectual system, of which Christianity and Mahometanism are alike but component portions: a world hastening on to unblemished perfection, to a halcyon time, when she shall be peopled with heroes, believers in one great creed, of which we can discover no more than that it will widely differ from all now held: a consequent belief, that the insight of no man is final; that is, that what a man believes is only true for him, and others may without shame or wrong reject it; these are the chief points of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, as we read it. If wrongly, the fault is partly his, in not having shown his colours more bravely to all comers. The following passage, with our comment, will point out whither this wretched syncretism tends; and shall conclude our notice.

"And, on the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz fort, only to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis."—P. 193.

If Mr. Carlyle aims this at Christianity, we must tell him that its misrepresentation of the fact is of a piece with the philosophic courage which prescribed its guarded reserve of names. The Christian does *not* hold a truth confined to one country or time, to one "section of a generation." There has been a witness, more or less outspoken, to

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his religion, ever since the days of Eve; and for eighteen centuries, fifty-four generations, it has been received truth, not in one country, as is insinuated, but in great nations differing in language, in habits, in previous belief. For much of that time the wide-seeing sun itself could not take in all Christendom at one glance; and the believer in our day is bound in the girdle of a common brotherhood with men whose way of life history will not describe for him,—of whom scarce a mouldering bone or funeral urn, withstanding the wreck of ages, gives token.

And now for the metaphor of Schweidnitz fort. It will be found, like the rest of its tribe, but sorry logic. If it have an application at all, it applies to Mr. Carlyle only. Men enough have fallen into the ditch of error, and there hopelessly perished; but as for their filling up the chasm and making it passable, who expects it? In science, the greatest labourers have been readiest to confess that *their* labour was not final, that they had only been picking up, as it were, stones and shells on the confines of an ocean of truth, that the only lesson of wisdom they had learnt certainly, was "graciously to know they were no better." They never fancied they were marching over dead bodies to assured success: the inferior souls who did, we give up to the hero-worshipper's mercy. But in religion the simile fails more signally. What marching over dead bodies there? The Christian moves on over a secure bridge of his own, even over the bow of God's promises, whose top is in the clouds; the only passage for him, unsafe as it may seem to others: whilst the latter are leaping blindly into the ditch, led by lusts and fancies, neither help nor hindrance to the former. In plainer English, there is no progression, no advance of science, no march of intellect, in Christian truth. That revelation came forth complete; and the humble inquirer might be as clearly informed upon it in the days of Nero or Constantine, as of Victoria. So this "incredible hypothesis," aimed at the Christian, glances harmlessly from his shield.

If it can touch any, it is the thinker who, receiving the milk of the wisdom of ages on a sour, arrogant stomach, has found in the history of mankind—that tells how they sorely struggled after truth, —how they failed to find it from lack of eyes—how, when it was propounded to them, they had not ears to hear it;—only a ground for the sceptical conclusion that truth *is not*, that the belief in an objective, unalterable standard of truth, which men have battled for as for a necessary of their spiritual life, is a mere delusion, for that the sincere belief of a man is true as far as human things can be, but, *because* all men's contradictory tenets are equally well-grounded, there can be no truth external to men, and at the same time possible for them. Such a thinker, under the pretext of universal tolerance, is universally intolerant: any other mind sides with somebody—he with nobody; the race are all on one common footing;—good, honest, earnest men, but, forsooth, "thinking their own insight final," and therefore sadly mistaken. Does Mr. Carlyle

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suppose that any sect of men, blindest idolaters, or Cyprian of Carthage, would have accepted his comprehensive system, and borne with his tolerance? Absurd! they would have said—"Do not tell us that we are in earnest; we know *that:* even maniacs are in earnest. Either confess that we have fast hold on an *outward* truth—that we are doing and speaking in conformity to it, or we have no part nor lot with you." To tell a Christian that what he maintains is a "devout imagination," but "not final," will hardly be made palatable to him by the assurance that his earnestness is a sort of truth. It is not which truth that he contends for. The man whose supercilious scepticism thus makes the differences of his fellows the *ground* of his theory, is the true despiser of his race. He is walking over their dead bodies, if any ever so stepped; and it is our sole comfort that he has but a soft, slippery gangway, and will not reach the fort of truth by that road.

A Visit to the East, comprising Germany and the Danube, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Idumea. By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. London: Burns. 1843.

STEAMBOATS and railroads have so accelerated animal progression, that we are here, there, and everywhere in less time than our grandfathers would have passed from the family mansion in the west, to the town-house in the once fashionable Lincoln's-inn-fields. We now journey to India with less preparation than the subjects of the first of the Georges passed from Scotland to the metropolis of England. We are become "a floating capital" on the earth, and we condemn as slow and behind the age a steam-engine that fails of making less than twenty miles in the hour. Well, well, doubtless we have gained something; but was not the world quite as good, quite as happy, when it was not in such a hurry? "Vagabond and rogue," said the late laureate, in his "Doctor," "are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows the habits of the wandering classes." Still, wander as we will, change clime for clime, and nation for nation, the better part of our nature will hardly be stifled, and still, despite of all disadvantages, the most sacred spot on earth will be our father's hearth. The Rhine, the Danube, the Indus, or the gigantic Maranon of South America, will affect the traveller less permanently than the muddy stream of his native village, or the brawling brook in which he captured his first trout, or whose gentle murmurings were the first which he heard in the morning and the last at night, in his boyhood. And if he do but call one field, one acre, his own, not by purchase, but by descent from sire to son; if

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he can but say, Here have we lived and died, age after age; his love for this small spot comes to the traveller as his birthright.

"It is one of the peculiar features of the American and English character," says Mr. Formby, "that, with or without reason, "they are invariably in a hurry to advance. It would seem as if the chief pleasure of reaching any distant point consisted in the power thereby gained to leave it immediately for some other. As a people, we are confessedly the most erratic of all the nations upon the earth; for, though a portion of the same inquiring spirit exists in some measure among the Germans, and leads them a good deal from home, it is certain to exhibit itself with them in a far simpler and more patient form. But there is no other country which sends forth its private individuals upon their own resources into all corners and nooks of the earth, to the same extent as we do. We are the only people who seem to consider it a point of national ambition to hoist our flag on the north pole. We are the only people that ever conceived the idea of climbing to the top of Pompey's pillar; and, what is more, have *bonâ fide* climbed up. We are the only people who ever think of attempting to cross the passes of the Himalaya mountains, simply because it is dangerous, and the natives abstain at such times; and none but an Englishman would climb up the smooth surface of the lower of the two pyramids of Gizeh, for the sake of the risk of slipping, and because of the possibility of breaking his neck."—Pp. 54.

And yet, starting on our travels in a blind adventurous spirit and search after difficulties, we gather more useful information, we open more channels of commerce, to our own and others' benefit, than many a *savan* sent out with a special object of discovering something—the main reason why these latter travellers always do or say that they *have* discovered something. The mighty *savans* who followed the army into Egypt were ordered to discover something—so they did: *ex. gratia*, that the temple of Denderah dated back some thousands of years before the Mosaic creation. All France rang with this wonderful and useful discovery, until one day, the discovery of the hieroglyphical cypher, to the great annoyance of the infidels, placed the said foundation some time about the later Ptolemys, about as much after, as it had previously been before the creation. To take one contrast: Mungo Park went to seek the fountains of the Nile to solve a problem; he reached Timbuctoo, and from that visit date our commercial relations with the interior of Africa.

With the last few years the stream of travel has set towards the East, and the Holy Land has been traversed by many an exploring party. Without going out of our way to defend the ancient pilgrimages to the Holy Land, can we fail of remarking the difference of feeling with which those shores were sought of old, and with which they are traversed by the men of these days? Doubtless there was much of exaggeration in the feeling, but yet much of religion, that sent the armed and the unarmed as pilgrims to the sacred sepulchre. Why go we now, partly out of curiosity, partly to investigate geographical questions, in a frame of mind little suited for such holy precincts?

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"By the way, I would remark," says our traveller, "that, before one undertakes this journey, he would do well to examine himself upon the soundness of his belief. It made Volney, the shrewdest traveller France ever had, an infidel; Prince Pückler Muskau, a well-known wit of Germany, returned an infidel; and even the Jews themselves turned to idolatry immediately after they had seen the very miracles of which we only read. And, generally, a visit to all sacred places is a severe trial of faith, under which many fail. The human mind is naturally but too well disposed to recoil from the visible evidences of Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and too ready to veil from itself the fearful unseen Majesty, in whose presence Moses trembled exceedingly. The sight, therefore, of Mount Sinai, and other holy places, is, in the matter of faith, one of those trying tests which, to use a familiar expression, must be either a kill or a cure; and we cannot think too often upon that maxim of the gospel, which says, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believed.' These begin from the point where they who have seen do but end, and in the attainment of which they risk the concerns of eternity. The late influx of scientific travellers to the hallowed portions of our earth may be a sign of the centuries upon which we are entering. They have been, as it were, sealed for many generations; and it is now, for the first time, that the finger of science seeks to lay its puny and unholy grasp on them. Maps and surveys are made of them, miracles are confounded in hypotheses, and levelled at will to suit their exigencies. The learned world, tired of Greece, is extending the range of its antiquarian dominion to holy ground; and when Scripture has received all the confirmation that thence can bestow, and for the most part it is but a questionable confirmation, when we look at the insidious defences put forth in favour of the Scripture by many recent authors, we shall at last have to search in vain for any sense of that most high, mysterious, and awful majesty of the Almighty, that suffereth not the prying, sceptical, curious gaze of his creatures."—Pp. 210, 211.

The majority of travellers think it their duty to write Guide books; to gather together at any one locality every atom of minute information: who built the round tower, and who battered the west gate? how many fell in the action on the Lion's Mount, and what countesses were imprisoned or poisoned by some high German baron? Some set down every day's march, and relate the number of their attendants, and write down every most trifling incident; and then, if the book is not quite large enough, recompose the descriptions of some older guide, and call their work "Travels." Mr. Formby has, perhaps, erred on the other side. Through an anxiety of not reproducing scenes and landscapes told and described oft before, and by persons far more qualified than he confesses himself to be, he has rendered his progress in his journey far from clear, and here and there overlaid his travels with disquisitions and reflections.

Entering on his travels by the way of Germany, on his course to the Danube, our traveller opens his book with some clever remarks on the Germans. Truly it may be said that knowledge is the god of that people. With unceasing toil they labour and study, and when they know much, they do but yearn to know everything. Universal knowledge is the grand social maxim of their national life. Mark the effects of this system. Men's minds are led away from the hereditary ways and simple habits

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of their fathers, and the ancestral character is dying away, and scepticism is all but universal.

"Four faculties—theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy—maintain their respective professors and proselytes; and within each there is a system of rivalry perpetually at work that is scarcely credible. The professor maintains a crowded audience by his popularity alone; and when this fails, his assembly leaves: he has no moral power of control or rebuke whatever, and, for the most part, knows scarcely so much of his pupils as to be certain that their names are on his list. Now students in philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, having a tolerably practical course before them when they enter life, do either really learn their vocations or else sink into obscurity. *But theology is the refuge city of the very refuse of the whole body.* If there is a student whose reckless braggadocio air, stunted cap, and uncommon dress distinguishes him from others, he is 'a student of theology.' None so fond of low haunts, immoral songs, beer drinking, smoking, and brawling, as the student in theology; and from these elements in due time rises the future professor, whose usual course is to recommend himself by some talent or aptitude of speech to the notice of the government minister. A cautious statesman will be studious to provide proper variety upon so exciting and dangerous a topic as religion. The new professor, therefore, is chosen expressly for some eminent points of difference in his system of teaching from that of his colleagues; in short, the object especially sought for is variety, with a view to practise the student's mind in judging for himself. The professor is selected and appointed that he may differ from his colleagues, and unless he does differ, he fails to fulfil the design of his appointment." Pp. 9, 10.

Of course the old excuse is set up, that difference of opinion elicits truth. It may be that, amid all this discussion, truth has risen to the surface; but it is very doubtful if any one of the disputants saw her, and very certain that not one of them laid his hands upon her. All this reacts on the people, even to the poorest among them, through parochial ministers, and schoolmasters, the progeny of these divinity-schools. What a constitution to cry up, and imitate! A royal licence confers ordination, a patron gives the cure, and the military power of the government continues that scanty service-book which the former monarch imposed, if indeed the name of a ritual can be given to a meagre hymn, preceding and following a lengthy philosophical discourse, varying, of course, in its doctrines, according to the professor under whom the pastor learnt.

It is not until the Bosphorus comes in sight that true Turkish life is to be seen by the traveller, though glimpses of it have been caught by him on his downward passage, at Widdin, Routschouk, and Varna. There is far more truth in the following few observations than in all the imagery of Lamartine or the laboured praise of Miss Pardoe:—

"I am not in any degree exaggerating the charms of the scene, in saying that it would be difficult for the human imagination to conceive a view of more pleasing and varied beauty. And yet, with all its gay and lively appearance, there arises in the midst of its beauties an odd sense of a mixture of ruin and decay blending with the fresh-looking ornaments and busy, stirring movements of the whole scene. It seems as if Neglect and

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Taste were at declared war with each other; or rather, being at war, had agreed to divide and parcel out their possessions. A light, airy, handsome house, with its knot of towering cypresses, its neat garden on the hill side, above and below, foliage and verdure of the most luxuriant growth, will often have close beside it a ruined hovel, its fences overgrown with brambles, trodden under foot, its windows falling out, to all appearance deserted and valueless. Again, which is the peculiar charm of the Bosphorus, its clusters of taper minarets, pointing to heaven from the midst of dense groves of dark foliage, that hardly allow the chief dome of the mosque, and its gilt crescent, to appear, the whole intimating a deep reverence and solemnity in the Turkish worship of God; yet, in the very next spot may be often seen the broken wall of some deserted enclosure, an idle assemblage of dirty people, as if enjoying the prospect of a time soon to come, when the mosque and its precincts would be in the same condition. But, taking the whole scene together, it is justly to be praised; the number of light caïques, the various rigs of the little craft, their white sails glistening against the deep blue water, which a fresh breeze deepens to something approaching an Euxine blackness; the beautiful little clusters of houses, gardens, mosques, minarets, cypress trees, combined with varieties of rock and woodland, hill and dale, craggy banks on each side, and deep blue-peaked distant mountains: these are some of the first objects which gratify the stranger upon his entrance into the gate of the eastern and western worlds. When the noble city herself bursts on the view, occupying the heights of the hill, crowned with her tall minarets, and shining white in the sun, her buildings interspersed with dark foliage, one is almost prepared for an eastern paradise." Pp. 39, 40.

The first step on shore dispels the illusion; in a few steps you are in the midst of dirt and squalid misery, intermingled with splendour and dignity scarcely less miserable. Narrow, crowded, dirty, un-paved or ill-paved streets, snarling, snapping dogs, to be insulted at the risk of your life, and the certainty of the resentment and bad wishes of the people, barns or pigsties instead of houses, compose the leading characteristics of the city of the sultaun. We fear we shall find ourselves in a minority in agreeing with our author in his condemnation of the European improvements, so called, of Turkish habits and feelings. Few things have had a greater tendency towards the decline of the Mahometan power than the aping of European manners by its rulers. They have lost by these changes the respect of the world, which ever admires the nation that adheres to its ancestral habits and manners; they have incurred the hatred of their own people, who cannot but feel that the intercourse with the Giaour is inconsistent with the pure profession of Mahometanism. The old Turkish feeling is gone from the government, and though it still lingers among the lower classes, infidelity is every day poisoning it, through the fountain of power, the government of the young sultaun.

"Now it is impossible," says Mr. Formby, "not to be struck with the exceeding devotion and faithful service of God, which the true Turk of the old school everywhere exhibits. His word may be implicitly trusted, his life is simple, he never neglects his prayers; he is polite, dignified, hospitable, and ever kind to strangers. For the Christian, who is sincere in his faith, he has the greatest respect; and Giaour and Nazarene are rather

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terms of contempt for those who disgrace, as we do, our Christian profession, than for those who live in the practical fear of God, though they avow the Christian covenant. Such a man is brave, courteous, not impatient, dignified, sober, and is a character that would do honour to any people.

"Judging from the history of the Turkish and Christian wars, the same materials of character may be traced in them, urged on by the enthusiastic Moslem spirit, which met with a corresponding antagonist in the devotion of the Christian knighthood. Such was certainly the character of the first century of their European career; for the government of the sultaun allied itself to the faith of the people, and Christendom felt the scourge sent upon it for want of faith. The first sultauns were warriors and subsisted by conquest, and the religious enthusiasm of the people was fed and kept alive by religious war; they fought for their faith, and maintained and extended it." Pp. 73, 74.

Whence, then, do we draw the corresponding decline in the Mohametan empire, which the last two centuries has so plainly exhibited? Is it not partly due to the nature and constitution of the book to which they look for their religion and their daily life? In the Koran is the creed of a conquering nation, but no element of permanence or duration. It has nothing to prevent the gradual inroad of infidelity, nay, the unitarianism of its system leads towards infidelity, and it is this that has sapped the vitals of the Ottoman empire. It is the spirit of ridiculing the ways and thoughts of those ancestors by whom the empire was erected, the endeavouring to pare down the faith of Mahomet to the standard of European infidelity. On Mahometanism alone does the empire of the Ottoman rest; every European application, every attempt to humanize and Europeanize the Turkish government is to break the national respect and devotion to that faith, and to drive out the exaggeration of a good feeling, without providing any other in its room.

Among the islands by which our traveller sailed in his passage from Constantinople to his quarantine at Jaffa, none is more interesting than Patmos, the scene of St. John's banishment, one of the few spots, according to professor Schubert, which the Christian religion does yet possess, unknown to the world, and not as yet blown upon by its treacherous commendation. The following account of this isle, to which we add a sketch from Mr. Formby's work, of the grotto assigned by old tradition to St. John, cannot fail of interesting every Christian reader:—

"The island is full of little chapels scattered all over the island, and possesses a population little exceeding four thousand, of whom more than three parts are females. As the island is a complete rock, this industrious people live principally by petty trade at sea; and it is no uncommon thing for the mother and daughters to occupy the paternal cottage, while the father and sons are seeking, elsewhere, on the Asiatic coast, a subsistence for their family by trade and labour. Domestic peace, virtue, happiness, and simple arts of life, all centre round a deep attachment to their church, founded by the apostle who was banished there; and most justly do these men boast that not one of their number, during the convulsions that ensued among the islanders, during the great Greek rebellion against the Turks, became

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a pirate, or was known to commit a single act of violence. Their chief characteristic is the simple retirement of their lives, without ostentation,

living up to the faith they profess in word and deed, and bringing up their children to better things than the knowledge of the nineteenth century—as the apostle directs, in the fear and admonition of the Lord."

This grotto, where tradition reports that the Revelation was vouchsafed to St. John in his exile, is carefully preserved by the inhabitants of the isle; and the school of the Apostle, which adjoins it, has been well known in modern Greece as educating more useful clergymen and good scholars than almost any other place of education in that kingdom.

In the next chapter we find our traveller, how or why he is not pleased to tell us, making for the mouth of the Nile in a rather perilous open boat. He entered by the Damietta branch, and proceeded, with his companions, to engage a country boat to take the whole party to Cairo. The scenery on the banks of the Nile is far from interesting, and, to use Mr. Formby's words, often subjects the visiter to ocular impalement, from the tall, meagre forms of the bordering palms. The captain of their boat was a surly fellow, evidently in his own mind disgraced by the society of Giaours, and only quieted by the prospect of his two hundred piastres. After various preparatory grumblings, he broke out into open rebellion, and actually cut off their morning's supply of fresh milk. To what extent the captain might have pushed his obstinacy, our travellers were not forced to experience, after a chance reception of them by the Bey of Messourah Abdul Hamet, who was too glad to show his respect for Europeans to care for either the dirt or the holes and tatters of their travelling costume. The protection of the second in rank to the pasha himself worked wonders in their favour. How this was obtained is worth reading—

"At last we came into a large ante-room, where was assembled a large miscellaneous crowd of dependents and different persons, waiting for audience, or possibly for justice. After remaining here for a short time, that the announcement of our being come might take effect, we were ushered into the hall of audience, and found the bey in full divan. We were

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made to sit down by the side of his excellency, close to him, and he commenced a discourse concerning the latest news from the head-quarters of Ibrahim's army, the countries we had passed through, and many other such matters; and, amongst others, the project of navigating the Nile by steam, and the success of the pasha's attempt. Pipes were now served round with most splendid amber mouth-pieces, set with diamonds, together with coffee; and B——, observing the bey's eye to be inflamed, asked him about it. I ventured to recommend a lotion, with a little warm milk and water—a simple remedy which they seemed to despise from its very simplicity. B——, however, going much more nobly to work, rose from his seat, and, to my great astonishment, took hold of the bey's hand, felt his pulse, looked grave, asked his patient several questions, with the most perfect medical propriety, and concluded by saying how much he regretted not having more medicines with him than he had brought on this journey; but that if the bey would trust to him, he would send him some pills that he had no doubt would do him a great deal of service. The bey gratefully and with perfect submission accepted the offer, and, accordingly, the dragoman was directed to accompany us to the boat, in order to bring away the medicinal treasure. As we pursued our way to the boat, we took occasion to inform the dragoman quietly respecting the conduct of the captain, and requested him to give him a few intimations from head-quarters, as to the ultimate issue of such incivility towards the intimate friends of his highness the bey, if they should have any further reason to complain; and forthwith I was commissioned to pack up a dozen common pills in a packet of writing paper, tied up with a little brownish thread, and labelled in English, for the sake of a more mysterious appearance, and when this was done, we parted with our friend the dragoman with mutual obeisances, but from that time we had not one word of complaint against the captain."—Pp. 92, 93.

We heard once of an English traveller in Egypt who had to complain of a native for the dilatoriness with which he performed his stated carrying of the party across the desert. The village sheikh said he could not interfere, but that the Frank might thrash the fellow if he offended again. Next day the offence was repeated, and, finding remonstrance useless, the traveller leaped from his horse, horsewhip in hand, and pursued the fellow through the sand, gave him a sound thrashing, according to the sheikh's advice, and never had occasion afterwards to do more than hold up his weapon to enforce obedience.

As far as we have been permitted to judge, partly from the specimens preserved in the museums of this country, and partly from the elaborate drawings with which so many of the English and French travels in Egypt have been illustrated, we cannot feel that contempt for the massive architecture and colossal sculpture of that country, which is too evident in the disparaging remarks of Mr. Formby. We cannot realize the author's mixed feelings of respect and levity when regarding the two wondrous statues of Memnon, the only remains of the great city, on whose site they look down in solemn majesty. The ruined halls of Karnac and Philoe, seem to us,—the latter we may judge from Mr. Roberts's picture in this year's exhibition,—to impress too powerful respect to render the "harlequin adjustment" of the hieroglyphics, or "the queer attributes and dresses of the

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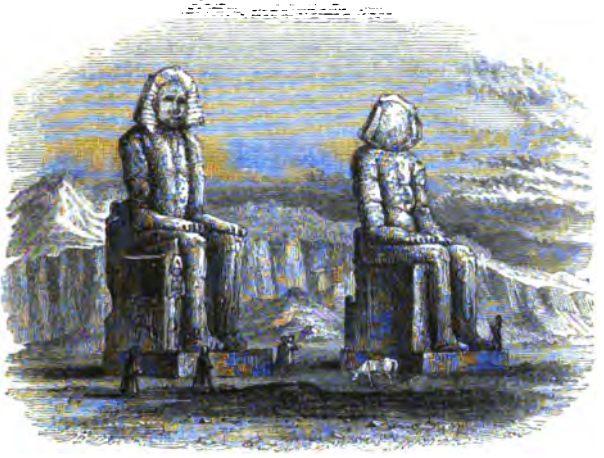
figures," a source of unseemly mirth. The Temple of Denderah,



the work of the later Ptolemys, before the images of which the Hindoo troops of our Indian army bowed down, as recognising the pictures of gods similar to those of their own mythology, surely deserves some little more praise than as giving "the best impression of the capabilities of the Egyptian style."

The pasha is too well known to us, from late events, not to make any remarks on the success or failure of his schemes other than interesting to the general reader. He, too, would be the regenerator of his country, by engrafting European innovations upon a stock where they will never grow, save at the expense of

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old habits and it may be better feelings: he regards the arts and sciences as the end, not as the means—as civilization itself, not as mere indexes of it; and it is under this idea that he is surrounding himself with symptoms of the art and science of the Frank, to the daily oppression of his people, and the exaltation of his and his satellites' dominion. The hollowness of this state will be shown on the death of its originator. "But see what he has done!" is the universal cry. "Has he not put down all robbers?" Certainly, except himself. "Has he not a camel-post from one end of his kingdom to the other? has he not imported workmen, physicians, philosophers, and mechanics, raised a great fleet, and a greater army, built palaces and mosques, made a board of agriculture, put down all civil commotions, and made his name a passport over what was once a lawless country?" Doubtless; and for whose glory and benefit? That of the pasha, and the pasha alone: he has raised Mehemet Ali, not Egypt, in the eyes of the world. His manufactures entail a loss; his schools educate hundreds, to send out a dozen fit for the pasha's service, and to return the rest as useless to their friends; his hospitals are for his soldiers, so are his physicians and surgeons. The poor Arab fellah may still seek the Arab doctor, though in the next village lives a refined garrison surgeon. Agriculture is improved at the expense of the peasant and the farmer; his imported artizans come, do the work, go away, and the people learn not. The revenue is raised by violence; the revenues of the mosques, the sources of constant charity, absorbed into the state, and the oolemas made state pensioners.

"Not a peasant in the land can call his rough wool-shirt his own for two days. As an instance of what daily happens, a boatman, in the crew of a friend's boat, had earned 70 piastres, 14*s.* while in service at Cairo. He asked leave, on passing the village where his parents lived, to land and see them, as they had not seen each other for years, and the son wished to give his earnings to his parents. The captain warned him of his danger, but he was determined to go; he knew his parents were poor, and they had not met for some time. He was accordingly allowed to go, under a promise to rejoin his boat, higher up, at a certain village fixed on; but, when the boat came to the village, the man was missing; nor was he there on the return of the boat, some weeks afterwards. At last, at a village lower down, they found him, and took him on board. He had hardly gone to sleep at all, from keeping watch, lest the boat should pass him in the night; and the story he told was, that, on entering the village, he was seized by the sheikh, put in prison, bastinadoed, his money taken from him, and compelled to leave the village, without seeing either his father or mother. There was no redress: the money was wanted for the Pasha's service."—P. 119.

So much is levied on the district, for which the sheikh is answerable, *ergo* he must bastinadoe, to save his own heels and his own coffers. Again, the pasha is lord of the soil, and his Committee of Agriculture are his farming stewards. They put their heads together, and order how much cotton, sugar, and

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corn each district shall raise in the year. Perhaps the fellah has sown corn,—the Board orders cotton; consequently, the farmer's corn crop is rooted up, and the cotton sown. Again, the farmer wants some of his crop for himself. To obtain this, he must take his entire crop to the pasha's warehouse, sell it all at the pasha's buying price, and redeem what he wants for his own use, at his highness's selling price. With such a system can we wonder at the poverty of the land?—and when we read of the expeditions of the pasha's captains to sack villages, in order to gather recruits for the army, can we wonder that the children are made cyclopes from their youth, in order to escape from the pasha's military service? The pasha prides himself on his Europeanized young men;—let us see what they are like:—

"Again, the pasha is very much commended for sending youths to Europe to learn European sciences. But what kind of characters do they come back? They have a smattering of French, of sciences, and other matters, of all which they have a magpie knowledge. They return, not Christians, but despisers of the Prophet, with their faculties only the more sharpened to avail themselves of every iniquitous mode of rising in the world. They learn a curious sort of apish politeness, very different from either European gentility, or Turkish reserve. In a word, whatever they may be besides, they are generally finished scoundrels, with scarce one single principle of right. I consider a strict Mahometan, setting aside his contempt for others, to be a moral, estimable character; but the new race of Arab-Europeans are real infidels, not even understanding the sciences and arts, by means of which the ancient glory of Egypt is expected to revive. I have seen the style of these semi-Frenchmen in our visit to the different schools; and I confess I think the few that have come back from England, though destitute of the mannerism of the others, are both all the better for it, and have acquired some tolerably solid and useful accomplishments."—Pp. 120—122.

And yet, with all his defects, he is a master-mind, affable, yet keen; resolute, but mild; dignified, yet bold and fearless in his cunning, especially in the opening years of his eventful career. Doubtless he is a great man, but not because he has taught his ministers to sit on chairs, drink wine, speak French, and despise the mosques.

One of the most curious chapters in the "Visit to the East," is that entitled "Buonaparte in Egypt;" in which the author gives some extracts from a French translation of the private journals of two natives, during the invasion of Napoleon. Abdarshahman Gabarti, the chief of these journalists, was a man of some weight and reputation among his people, and a member of Napoleon's divan, before the revolt of Cairo; the other writer, Mou Allem Nicholas el Turki, was a Maronite Christian, and a poet of some fame, at the court of the Emir Beschir. The extracts show how consistent Napoleon was, in "doing at Rome as they do at Rome," and in building up his own power on the ruins of true religion. The birth-day of the prophet gave Napoleon an opportunity of showing his

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reverence for Mahomet and his faith. He paraded his troops through the streets of Cairo, with bands playing, and kept high festival in honour of the prophet. Soon after, the sheikhs wrote thus of their new conquerors:—

"The French are the friends of the Sultaun of the Osmanlies, and the enemies of his enemies. Prayer is said in the name of the sultaun. The coin bears the letters of his name. Religion is duly honoured. The French are true believers; they revere the prophet and the Koran; they have treated the pilgrims to Mecca with distinction; they have celebrated the rising of the Nile; and have contributed to the splendour of the birth-day of the prophet. The French command us to inform you, that they are taking measures to secure all that is needed for the two sacred towns."

Not long after, the people of Cairo revolted against the house-tax, and other grievances, and caused some loss to the invaders before the revolt was quelled. The sheikhs were again ordered to write a letter to the people; in which they spoke of the charity of the great man to the poor, his respect for the religion, and concluded with the advice, "Attend to your business, and do your religious duties, and pay the taxes." Napoleon himself addressed a proclamation to the people, which we extract entire:—

"In the name of God, the Giver of mercy. Buonaparte, General-in chief of the French army, to the inhabitants of Cairo, great and small.

"Stupid and foolish men, who have no foresight of the end of things, have excited the inhabitants of Cairo to revolt. God has punished their wicked intentions and actions. The Holy One and the Almighty has commanded me to have mercy upon His creatures; submissive to His will, I have pardoned, although in an excess of anger, and much pained at this revolt. As a punishment, I have abolished the divan I had formed, and which would, in two months, have established order in the city. Your tranquillity since then has made me think no more of the crime of the guilty instigators of the revolt, and I meditate the creation of a new divan.

"Ulemas and sheriffs, inform the people, that no one betrays me with impunity: he that conspires against me, rushes to his own destruction; no one upon earth being able to save him, he will not escape the wrath of God, whose decree he will not observe. The man that is wise understands that all I have done has been put in execution by the order and will of God alone. A man must be blind, and a fool, to doubt it.

"*Inform your people, also, that the Almighty has long ago destined me to annihilate the enemies of Islam,* AND TO DESTROY THE CROSS. *The Holy God has announced that I should come from the west, to Egypt, to exterminate those that commit injustice: the wise man sees in all the fulfilment of His designs. Inform your people that the Koran has predicted to many what has just happened, and that it contains predictions of what is to happen. The word of God, in His book, is true and just; the proof of this truth is, that the Mussulmen return to me with pure intentions and sincere friendship. Should any among them, through fear of my arms and power, dare to curse and to hate me, they are fools, that know not that God reads the heart, and discerns there what the eye cannot perceive. God will curse and punish the hypocrite, who shall betray me in secret, as well as openly.*

"*Inform them that I penetrate into the most hidden folds of the human heart. I know, at a glance, what men think, though they keep silence; a day will come, when all secrets shall be revealed. All that I have done, you know, has been*

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done by the will of God, which none can resist; a man may in vain seek to oppose what God has done by my hands. Happy such as are united in heart with me! Farewell.—Pp. 133, 134.

Such was the beautiful compound of pomposity and blasphemy with which Napoleon prepared his new subjects for his departure to the Syrian campaign. When he returned from before the walls of Acre, he told the oolemas that, much as they then hated the government of the French, "the time would come when they would unbury the bones of the French, to water them with their tears." All Napoleon's declarations in favour of Mahomet and his religion, failed in making the oolemas dupes of his words. "They are lies," said they, "which he propounds to establish himself in Egypt. Is he not a Nazarene, and the son of a Nazarene?"

The illustrated books of the *savans*, their pictures of seas, of plains, of mountains, and all living things, filled with astonishment the mind of the journalist Gabarti; nor could he understand why the French, "if they find an animal which is not in their country, put it in a water which they know, which keeps it a long time from decay." The chemists, with their detonating-powder, Leyden-jar, and gases, were high magicians in Gabarti's eyes.

"The chemist lives in the house of Hassan Kiachef, the Georgian. I have seen there surprising things. They poured into a cup a water prepared, and then a few drops of another water; a smoke of different colours came out of the cup, and afterwards there remained no more water, but a yellowish stone, which they allowed us to touch. They took a quantity of white powder, and, striking it lightly on an anvil with a hammer, it produced a noise like the report of a gun; the chemist laughed at the fear which this caused us. He took a bottle, and, putting it empty into the water, he caused some air to enter it, and afterwards applying a lighted match, it caused an explosion. In short, we saw many curious results of the combination of elements. The physician turned round a wheel, which made sparks; on touching the bottle, there resulted an explosion; when the tip of the bottle is touched, a shock is felt; and if another person touches it, he feels it also. We have witnessed things quite incomprehensible to us."—P. 133.

There is so much truth in the following extract from the chapter on missionary schools in Cairo, that we must make room for it, previous to accompanying the writer across the desert to Petra:—

"Pagan religions, as now existing, are transmissive sacerdotal systems which, in some inadequate measure, do interest the affections of the people, and, by force of hereditary associations, absorb successive generations of people into them. Now, the existing pagan systems are evidently in the way of the Gospel, and they must be combated. There is an evident power of fascination in them which firmly retains the mass of the people; and this must be broken. In order to do this, the modern missionary principle is, to educate children in schools in the usual scholastic attainments; let them once become proficients in school knowledge, and they will learn to despise the priestly yoke of their country and kindred. Hence a writer

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upon modern missions, on being compelled to confess, with respect to the whole progeny that has passed through the mission schools, 'that they have not, it is true, become Christians,' comforts himself with saying 'but these their prejudices have been shaken, and the ground has been prepared.' That is, they have come out of the mission schools neither Hindoos, Mahometans, Parsees, or Christians, but a young fry without any religion at all. Now if this is to turn out, hereafter, to the glory of the Christian faith, one thing at least is clear, that the Apostles and their successors did not thus prepare the way for Christ's religion, by leading one generation through an introductory course of atheism, in order to the breaking up of the prejudices which might stand in the way of the Gospel's being received in the next. As if the fool who said in his heart, There is no God, were nearer to the Christian religion than the ignorant worshipper who, according to his light, feels after God, if haply he may find him."—Pp. 163, 164.

In March, 1840, Mr. Formby and his party placed themselves under the guidance of a fine weather-beaten and tolerably-honest Arab sheikh, one Suluman Meughyn, who was to convey them across the desert to the convent of Mount Sinai, the rendezvous of the intended party to the tombs of Petra. The desert through which the caravan route to Suez lies, the now so well-beaten road to the East, presents many features of that peculiar beauty with which the scenery of the desert is characterized. The desert is not the monotonous place we are apt to believe it to be. The confusion of rocks and ravines, of all hues and outlines, here and there the open cavities, dotted with palms, and ending in undulating slopes, tinged with green,—nay, even the very desolateness of the scene is far from monotonous, and, like a Skye terrier, is beautiful in its ugliness. The travellers passed the famous Hadji's Tree, on the borders of the sand, where the portions of the pilgrim's garments, hung up to celebrate their safe return from the holy city, recall the custom of the shipwrecked pagan of hanging up his reeking garments in the temple of the Ocean God.

"Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat, uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo."

It is a curious tree, in every respect,—a tree of innumerable small dry branches, on which not a green leaf has been seen for years, and annually blossoming with the parti-coloured tatters of the returning pilgrims. On arriving on the banks of the Red Sea, whilst the caravan went round the head of the water, the party, with the old sheikh, and some of his men, sailed across, and landed on the beach opposite Ain Mousa. The poor Bedouins were quite sea-sick, and, as a wave crested a little whiter than usual, looked grave, and muttered "Howadji el djemet taieeb,"—the camel is better.

The convent of St. Catherine, where the travellers united their party, is imbedded, as it were, in the valley of Sinai, amid almost countless relics of the eventful wanderings of the

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children of Israel. At the very entrance of the valley, tradition points out the rock on which Aaron stood when Israel would not wait for Moses, and murmured—"As for this fellow, we know not what has become of him." Near this is the traditional burying-ground of those whom the pestilence slew for this their rebellion; whilst a little further, a stone, naturally hollowed out, is regarded as the crucible in which Aaron melted down the gold of the Israelites to form the molten calf. Within this valley, too, is the traditional stone on which Moses cast down the tablets of the law, in his anger.

"We then advanced," says the writer, "and, leaning still to the left, entered an entirely different valley, in which there seemed to be an abundance of water, from the unusual luxuriant growth of both the olive and palm-trees. In a little time we came to a large mass of stone, about

which a number of small fragments were lying, which, we were told, was the stone from whence Moses obtained the water. If this, therefore, be true, we were in the Valley of Rephidim, where was gained the first victory over the Amalekites, the first battle fought by the people after they had left Egypt. I am always sorry to doubt an old tradition, which, in this instance, is supported by the concurrent testimony of the Arabs, who greatly venerate this spot, and does not, therefore, rest entirely on the sole credit of an old monastic legend. But, as you will see hereafter, there is too much reason to question it. It is quite true that the orifices pointed to as those from which the water flowed, are remarkable enough: and, whatever becomes of the tradition respecting it, as the rock in the Valley of Rephidim, I question whether another stone, so remarkably consonant to the history assigned to it, could be found in the whole world. I certainly never saw one."—Pp. 231, 232.

Doubtless there is much credulity, and more error, in the monkish legends, especially in the East; still there is seldom any harm, and, generally, much piety in this belief. Now-a-days

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we can believe nothing. Not content with this as applied to modern facts, we are never satisfied until we have rooted up all old traditions, and proved their error, by τε and γε criticism, or by proving the spot in question to be actually a hundred yards or so out of its place. Every book of travels slaughters some old tradition or theory, and where is the benefit? Does it benefit us to prove that a black stone in the valley of Sinai was not the judgment-seat of Moses? Are we one whit the better Christians for all our accurate biblical geography, than our ancestors, who almost believed in Sir John Mandeville? These traditions, it is replied, have been perverted to a bad end; pilgrimages sprang from them, and the devotee risked life and happiness to reach a spot where the traditional event never could have occurred. Be it so. The pilgrim's devotion was not lessened by the traditional error. His object may be a mistaken one—at least it deserves, it commands respect. The modern traveller seeks the same places to while away his time, or to cavil at the traditions of the place. His is a different mode of seeking happiness to that of the pilgrim; both are equally successful,—the one dispels his *ennui*, the other satisfied his devotional feelings. The scientific traveller is also but a pilgrim, his god is knowledge, and the shrines of his god are everywhere, and in all places, so are his wanderings and pilgrimages. To the monks, who generally reside near these traditional localities, our curiosity-prompted wanderings are inexplicable; and there was much truth in the monk's objecting to the travellers entering the convent church, because the service was performing, as if it was something utterly uninteresting to the curiosity-seeking Frank.

On their arrival at Akaba, the travellers had a specimen of Arab cunning, owing, perhaps, to the attempt, on the part of their messenger, to deceive the sheikh, who was to be their guide and protector to Petra. The messenger represented the party as that of an European consul; but, as no one was prepared to accept the sheep which the sheikh humbly led into the encampment, the old Arab discovered the trick, and recompensed them for their folly. The consequence was, most exorbitant charges, and less respect than they otherwise would have experienced. We have already occupied so much space, that we cannot follow Mr. Formby on his route to Petra, or ramble with him in that Œnigma of Œnigmas, the city of the tombs. To give, however, some idea, not of the tombs themselves, for they have been so often sketched and described since Burckhardt first visited them, but of the scenery of this locality we will extract two engravings, and a short description of the new track struck upon by one of the travellers, in his wanderings about the valley of Wadi Mousa:—

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"In a short time, away we started to the eastward, passing the great tomb on our right. At first the ground was tolerably open, but as we advanced, the valley appeared to narrow itself, and we followed, for some time, the dry bed of a water-course. Had we continued this course, it would have led to the foot of the hills that form the eastern barrier between Petra and the desert; but at less than half a mile to the east of the great

tomb, the guides pointed out a path, by which we scrambled up to a small table-land of rock, commanding a fine view of the western rocks; and, crossing this, we came in view of a solitary archway, thrown over a chasm in the rock, in a position more singularly wild and majestic than any we had yet seen, in the midst even of Petra. We were here entirely out of the region of tombs. Indeed, this solitary arch was the only visible trace of human labour having approached the spot. Underneath it, at a great

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depth below, trickled a stream, so weak, that a little further on it expired in the porous sandy bed of its own course. We were for some time under

the mistake that this was the archway described by M. Laborde, as crossing the main entrance; but on descending into the ravine, and scrambling under it, it was clear that no beast of burden,—much less a camel—could ever come here, or, if brought here, could ever move away."—Pp. 276, 277.

Every traveller who has inspected the excavations in the rocks of Petra, has given in to the opinion that it is, as it now appears, a city of sepulchres; whilst, in order to provide for the immense population that would have required these tombs, not a few have given in to the theory, that in the open spaces of the valley, there were once the buildings of the city of the Edomites, and that Time, who has spared the sepulchres of the nation, has long since destroyed their dwelling-houses. Doubtless, as but one generation can be alive at one time, and yet each generation might choose to erect its own tombs, the sepulchres of a city might very much exceed the dwellings of its inhabitants; and that the excavations of Petra are the work of successive generations, the detail of the remains is no mean evidence. Still this is a cumbrous theory—and we much prefer that of Mr. Formby—which would people the excavations themselves with the inhabitants of the city, and unite in close neighbourhood the living and the dead. To our western notions it seems impossible that a nation should live in the rocks, in an immense track of perforated precipices, rather than on the level plain, or the rich valley; but is it so inconceivable to an Eastern mind? Is not the rock-dwelling a familiar part of the domestic economy of the people of the East?—

"In the village of Siloam, near Jerusalem, the greater part of the inhabitants live in rooms cut out of the rock. In the wilderness of Engaddi are numerous caves, which local tradition relates to have been the

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abodes of hermits. Indeed, St. Jerome himself spent some part of his life in that kind of solitude. The early monks, who chose these retreats, did not make them themselves; a race, of whom we know nothing, made and, doubtless, dwelt in them. The so-called Cave of Jeremiah, near the Damascus-gate of Jerusalem, is now partly a dwelling-place. Again, the caves in the rock of Upper Egypt and Nubia were, in St. Anthony's time, favourite retreats of the Egyptian monks; and yet they did not make them. Mr. Hope, a well-known traveller and architect, is of opinion that the excavated temple, as found in Egypt and parts of Asia, was the first original form of temple that the human race has possessed, and anterior to any edifice, the first attempts of which, when they began to be made, were in imitation of the excavated form. If so, why may not a rock-dwelling have preceded any attempt, on the part of man, to build himself a house, notwithstanding that the Roman poet forgot to enumerate this, as one of the stages of civilization through which he considers mankind to have passed." —Pp. 211, 212.

That the people of the East were familiar with the notion of a rock-habitation, is seen in the language of Scripture, where our own life is represented as dwelling in a tent, God's mercies, "as a dwelling in a rock." "Be Thou to me as a rock of habitation," says the Psalmist, to whom the rocks of Maon and Engaddi were more than once a refuge-house. "What hast thou here," says Isaiah, "and whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and graveth a habitation for himself in a rock?" (xxii. 16.) Again, Jeremiah says, "Oh ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock." (xlviii. 28.) But these passages might be increased, even beyond what appear in Mr. Formby's chapter.

"From these and similar passages," says that writer, "it would appear that the idea of rock-dwellings was once familiar to those times. It prevails, as we have seen, in the Scripture, and is so interwoven into the genius of its imagery, as almost to become a special feature in its language. With this view of the case, then, it is difficult to refuse assent to the literal meaning of the words of the prophet? but if a strong proof be still needed, a very remarkable one is afforded in another passage of Scripture. The wilderness of Engaddi, and the whole range of rocks bordering upon the western bank of the Dead Sea, are remarkably like the rocks of Petra, and abound in excavations of a similar, but a much ruder form. This tract of country was known to have been, in former days, the settlement of the people of the Kenites, respecting whom the prophecy of Balaam speaks as follows:—'He looked upon the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, 'Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock. Nevertheless, the Kenite shall be wasted, and Ashur shall carry thee away captive.' Now the two people, whose countries, to this day, exhibit the strongest vestiges of these supposed rock-dwellings, are precisely those people who are addressed by the inspired prophets, the one as putting his nest in the rock, the other as dwelling within its clefts. It may be almost superfluous to add, that St. Jerome, the catholic father of Bethlehem, who had himself travelled in this country, in a work which treats geographically of the cities of Palestine, after stating the boundaries of the territory of Edom, goes on to say, "This is the land that was in the possession of Esau: they had their simple dwellings *(habitatiunculas)* in the caves of the rock."—Pp. 215, 216.

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The objection of uniting, as it were, under one roof, the dead and the living, as this supposition would, to a certain extent, necessarily involve, however repugnant the custom may be to our notions, is refuted by the custom of Eastern nations, and particularly of the Egyptians of old. In the minds of the Eastern people, death and the tomb have nothing repulsive in them; they regard the one as a release from the miseries of this world, the other as an earnest of a happier life. As the children of Esau became gradually mixed up and leavened by the encroachments of their neighbours, new manners and new buildings would necessarily arise, and the Roman tombs and theatres are, equally with the remains of the very few dwellings that exist in the valley, the memorials of an age centuries later than the rock-excavations among which they stand.

There are many more most interesting and valuable chapters in the work which we have been endeavouring to review, especially those on Primeval Theology, and the Parallel Testimonies of the Egyptian Monuments, and Books of Holy Scripture considered as Sacerdotal Records; on Egypt and the Jewish Prophecy; on the Prophecies relating to Edom, and the Wanderings of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai; but we cannot now do more than mention them, and close this our notice with earnest commendations of the book, from which we have drawn so much sound sense and information, as well in the way of text as in the form of extract. The engravings speak for themselves.

Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Delivered in Rome by NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D. Second Edition. 8vo. London: Dolman, Bond Street. 1842.

THE motto prefixed to these lectures shows their nature and design:—"Science should be dedicated to the service of religion." Religion supplies those "poles of truth," as Lord Bacon finely calls them, around which the human mind revolves; sustains and guides it in its planetary course, and subordinates its varied movements to the great "FATHER OF LIGHTS, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Religion is the living root from which all lawful intellectual enterprises spring, and through which they draw the vital sap that nurtures even their minutest branches, adorning them with foliage and crowning them with fruit. Theology is the queen of literature and science, whose highest glory is to bear her train and cast their richest offerings at her feet. This is the theme here chosen by Dr. Wiseman.

"My purpose in the course of lectures to which I have invited you, is to show the correspondence between the progress of science and the development of the Christian evidences. . . . And when I use the word 'evidences,' I must

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be understood in a very wide and general signification. I consider that whatever tends to prove the truth of any narrative in the sacred volume,—especially if that narrative, to merely human eyes, appears improbable, or irreconcileable with other facts,—tends also essentially to increase the sum of evidence which Christianity possesses; resting, as it essentially does, upon the authenticity of that book. Any discovery, for instance, that a trifling date, till lately inexplicable, is quite correct, besides the satisfaction it gives upon an individual point, has a far greater moral weight in the assurance it affords of security in other matters. And hence a long research, which will lead to a discovery of apparently mean importance, must be measured according to this general influence, rather than by its immediate results."—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.*

It is not pretended that every individual Christian is required to make himself master of the whole mass of evidences. One of our privileges, as members of a body corporate, is, that while we ourselves simply discharge our own individual and limited functions, and are, it may be, the least honourable parts of the body, we derive knowledge and wisdom and strength, from the exercise by other members of their peculiar and loftier functions. "If they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body." The great majority of good men must always be men of imperfect intellectual attainments, and inferior argumentative skill. But while these may safely repose upon those broad grounds which have sustained, for eighteen centuries, the faith of holy men innumerable, it is the duty of those who have received the ability boldly and patiently to examine the objections advanced against religion, and to convert, as they may, the alleged hostile facts into additional defences of the faith.

"Causa jubet melior superos sperare secundos."

"If we are firmly convinced that God is as much the author of our religion as He is of nature, we must be also thoroughly assured, that the comparison of His works, in both these orders, must necessarily give a uniform result. *An essential part of my task will therefore be, to show how the very sciences, whence objections have been drawn against religion, have themselves, in their progress, entirely removed them.*"—Vol. i. p. 8.

This being Dr. Wiseman's design, his method of treating each science is necessarily historical. He first traces its history through successive periods, and then draws out his results.

"We shall see how the early stage of each science furnished objections to religion, to the joy of the infidel, and the dismay of the believer; how many discouraged these pursuits as dangerous; and then, how, in their advance, they first removed the difficulties drawn from their imperfect state, and then even replaced them by solid arguments in favour of religion. And hence we shall

* Our extracts from Dr. Wiseman's Lectures, with their paging, are taken from the 1st edition, in 2 vols., 1836, which we happened to have by us. The second edition, which we have named at the head of our article, is merely a reprint of the former. In the "advertisement" to this edition, Dr. Wiseman says, "In presenting this second edition of my Lectures to the public, it may naturally be expected, that considerable alterations and emendations will have been made. They have, however, been merely reprinted; and I propose rather, in a Supplement, which may be joined to either edition, to add such new matter, or make such corrections, as recent researches may suggest."

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feel warranted in concluding, that *it is essentially the interest of religion to encourage the pursuit of science and literature in their various departments.*"—Vol. i. p. 9.

The Christian Faith has no interest in repressing their cultivation, as though they were covert enemies, or, at best, but doubtful friends. Yet there have not been wanting, in every age, well-meaning, but ill-informed and timid disciples, who have looked upon these sister-studies as incompatible with more sacred pursuits. In our own day, a few there are,—whose learning kindles our admiration, whose judgment commands our respect, whose piety subdues even the most reluctant heart, and wins our humblest love,—who seek for refuge in the still and silent haunts of christian antiquity from the restless activities of modern science; and even do violence to their gentle natures, for conscience sake, by denouncing, often in no measured terms, philosophical, or, at least, all physical, inquiries, as uncatholic in their tone and unchristian in their tendency; hoping thereby to arrest their progress and destroy their influence. We fairly meet these good but mistaken men on their own grounds, when we oppose to them the venerable authority of many of the Fathers of the early Church.

St. Clement of Alexandria has devoted several chapters of his *Stromata* to the vindication of secular learning. "Varied and abundant learning recommends him who proposes the great dogmas of faith to the credit of his hearers, inspiring his disciples with admiration, and drawing them towards the truth." And again he says:—"Some persons, having a high opinion of their good dispositions, will not apply to philosophy or dialectics, nor even to natural philosophy, but wish to possess faith alone and unadorned; as reasonably as though they expected to gather grapes from a vine which they have left uncultivated. Our Lord is called, allegorically, a vine, from which we gather fruit, by a careful cultivation, according to the eternal word. We must prune, and dig, and bind, and perform all other necessary labour. And, as in agriculture and in medicine, he is considered the best educated who has applied to the greatest variety of sciences, useful for tilling or for curing, so we must consider him most properly educated, who makes all things bear upon the truth; who, from geometry, and music, and grammar, [from geology and chemistry, we may add, and from every branch of physical science,] and from philosophy itself, gathers whatever is useful for the defence of the faith. But the champion who has not trained himself well, will surely be despised."

St. Basil earnestly recommended the study of literature, as an elementary discipline of the mind in graceful and generous virtue. And for this he has gained the warm and earnest commendations of St. Gregory of Nyssa. "Many," writes this Father, "present profane learning as a gift to the Church; among whom was the great Basil; who, having in his youth seized on the spoil of Egypt and consecrated it to God, adorned with its wealth the tabernacle of the Church."

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St. Basil's schoolfellow at Athens, St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his funeral oration over his friend, expresses the same sentiments. "I think," he says, "that all men of sound mind must agree that learning is to be reckoned the highest of earthly good. I speak not merely of that noble learning which is ours, and which, despising all outward grace, applies exclusively to the work of salvation and the beauty of intellectual ideas; but also of that learning which is from without, which some ill-judging Christians reject as wily and dangerous, and as turning the mind from God."

To argue from the abuse against the use, is the common fault of men of timid and of hasty minds; and St. Basil had to defend the cause of universal truth against this perverse objection. After observing that the abuse by the heathens of "that learning which is from without" is no reason for its rejection, any more than their substitution of matter for God as the object of worship, debars us from its legitimate use, he does not hesitate to say, "Therefore must not erudition be reproved, because some men choose to think so; on the contrary, they are to be considered foolish and ignorant who so reason, who would wish all men to be like themselves, that they may be concealed in the crowd, and no one be able to detect their want of education."

This theme kindles St. Jerome: "Responsum habeant non adeo me hebetis fuisse cordis, et tam crassæ rusticitatis, quam illi solam pro sanctitate habent, piscatorum se discipulos asserentes, quasi idcirco sancti sint, si nihil scirent."

St. Augustine claims truth, "wherever found, as the property of Christ's Church." And among the qualities requisite for a well-furnished theologian, he enumerates secular learning. "If they who are called philosophers have said any true things which are conformable to our faith, so far from dreading them, we must take them for our use, as a possession which they unjustly hold." The stream of human learning often flows over golden sands, carrying the precious ore in its rolling waters. These scattered grains the Christian should take "for the rightful purpose," says this distinguished ornament of the Western Church, "of preaching the Gospel." "Have so many of the best faithful among us," he continues, "acted otherwise? With what a weight of gold and silver, and precious garments, have we not beheld Cyprian, that sweetest doctor and most blessed martyr, laden as he went forth from Egypt? How much did Lactantius, Victorinus, Optatus, Hilary, bear away? How much, innumerable Greeks?"

It is true that passages of apparently a different tendency may be found in the lettered stores of christian antiquity; but let us hear what Dr. Wiseman says on this point:—

"It is not difficult to reconcile with such passages as these [those above-cited, and others,] those many places where the Fathers seem to reprobate human learning; as where St. Augustine himself, in one of his letters, speaking of the education he was giving to Posidius, says, that the studies usually called

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liberal, deserve not that name, at that time honourable, which properly belongs to pursuits grounded on the true liberty which Christ purchased for us: or where St. Ambrose, to quote one passage out of many, tells Demetrias, that 'they who know by what labour they were saved and at what cost redeemed, wish not to be of the wise of this world.' For it is plain that they speak, on these occasions, of the foolish, vain, and self-sufficient learning of arrogant sophists and wily rhetoricians; and of that science, which, void of the salt of grace, and of a religious spirit, is insipid, vapid, and nothing worth. And how can we, for a moment, think otherwise, when we peruse their glorious works, and contemplate the treasure of ancient learning therein hoarded; and trace in every paragraph their deep acquaintance with heathen philosophy, and in every sentence their familiarity with the purest models of style? Who can doubt, or who will dare to regret, that Tertullian and Justin, Arnobius and Origen, were furnished with all the weapons which pagan learning could supply, towards combating on behalf of truth? Who can wish that St. Basil and St. Jerome, St. Gregory and St. Augustine, had been less versed than they were, in all the elegant literature of the ancients? Nay, even in the very letter to which I have alluded, St. Augustine, if I remember right, speaks without regret, and even with satisfaction, of the books on music which his friend had expressed a wish to possess."

"There are two principal services," says Lord Bacon, "besides ornament and illustration, which philosophy and human learning perform to religion; the one consists in effectually exciting to the exaltation of God's glory; the other, affording a singular preservation against unbelief and error." It is the duty of the Church to contend earnestly for truth in every field where there are enemies to be subdued, or conquests to be won; to fight the good fight of faith in defence of every particle of universal truth; to employ in the service of the sanctuary every legitimate weapon, whether drawn from her own peculiar armoury, or borrowed from the rich and varied stores of literature and science. "We must take all pains," says St. Chrysostom, "that the doctrine of Christ dwell abundantly within us. For the preparations of the enemy's battle are not of one form; for the war is in itself various, and waged by divers foes. All use not the same arms, nor conduct their assault on the same plan. He, therefore, who undertakes to fight them all, must understand the arts of each. He must be at once an archer and a slinger, subaltern and commander, soldier on horseback or on foot, equally able to fight in the ship and on the bulwark. For, in ordinary warfare, each one opposes his adversary after that manner whereunto he hath been trained; but in this conflict it is far otherwise; since, should he who must gain the victory, be not intimately acquainted with every separate art, the devil well knows how to take advantage of some unguarded point, and introduce his despoilers to seize and tear the flock. This is not the case where he knows the shepherd to be provided with every acquirement, and aware of his deceits. It behoveth us, therefore, to be prepared on every side."

St. Jerome writes to the same effect. Commenting on Eccles. ii. 8, "I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces," he says; "By the wealth of kings we may understand the doctrines of the philosophers and profane

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sciences, which the ecclesiastic, understanding by his diligence, is able to catch the wise in their own toils." And, although we should hardly agree with St. Jerome in this interpretation of the text, yet his sentiment stands as an evidence that he, in common with many other great lights of the Church, believed that there is a real harmony between revealed and natural truth, and that the sciences are never more nobly employed than when engaged in ministering as handmaids to religion.

The great end of knowledge is, as Lord Bacon teaches, "the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate." St. Bernard has expressed this sentiment with singular beauty and force. "Sunt namque qui scire volunt eo tantum fine ut sciant, et turpis curiositas est. Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantur ipsi, et turpis vanitas est. Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam suam vendant, verbi causa pro pecunia, pro honoribus, et turpis quæstus est. Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt ut ædificent, et charitas est. Et item qui scire volunt ut ædificentur, et prudentia est." This passage has been paraphrased by Lord Brooke, in his "Treatise of Humane Learning:"—

> "The chief use then in man of that he knowes,
> Is his paines-taking for the good of all;
> Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
> Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
> Not hating from a soul that overflowes
> With bitterness breathed out from inward thrall;
> But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
> As need requires, this fraile fallen human kinde.
>
> "Yet some seeke knowledge, meerely to be knowne,
> And idle curiosity that is;
> Some but to sell, not freely to bestow:
> These gaine and spend both time and wealth amisse,
> Embasing arts, by basely deeming so;
> Some to build others, which is charitie;
> But these to build themselves who wise men be."

In making his selection from the numerous sciences, for the purpose of showing how their progress has ever been accompanied by the accession of new light and splendour to the evidences of Christianity, Dr. Wiseman has proposed to himself to avoid such exemplifications as have already found their way into elementary books upon the subject; and has drawn his materials, as much as possible, from works not directed by their authors to the defence of Christianity. The first science of which he treats is the science of ethnography, or the classification of nations from the comparative study of languages; a science of very recent origin.

From the eleventh chapter of the book of Genesis, we learn that, immediately after the Deluge, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech;" that upon the occasion of the building of the tower of Babel, God confounded their language "that they might not understand one another's speech;" and that this confusion of

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tongues led to a general dispersion: "from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

"Commentators upon this passage have generally considered that this confusion consisted, not so much in the abolition of the common tongue, as in the introduction of such a variety of modifications in it, as would suffice to effect the dispersion of the human race. In fact, it was only on this hypothesis, that the long and useless search after the original language could have been conducted."—Vol. i. p. 11.

Every variety of conjecture has been hazarded on this subject. Speculation has run riot. Almost every existing language has found an advocate in its turn.

"The Celtic language found a zealous patron in the learned Pezron; the claims of the Chinese were warmly advocated by Webb and several other writers. Even in our own times—for the race of such visionaries is not yet extinct—Don Pedro de Astarloa, Don Thomas de Sorreguieta, and the Abbé d'Iharce-Bidassouet-d'Aroztegui, have taken the field as champions of the Biscayan, with as much success as the very erudite and unwieldy Goropius Becanus brought up his native Low Dutch as the language of the terrestrial paradise."—Vol. i. p. 16.

The Semitic languages—the languages of Western Asia—have gained the greatest number of suffrages in their favour; and among these, Hebrew has asserted claims which have been generally acknowledged as superior to all others that have contested the field.

"From the Antiquities of Josephus, and the Targums, or Chaldee paraphrases of Onkelos and of Jerusalem, down to Anton, in 1800, Christians and Jews have considered the pretensions of Hebrew as almost definitely decided; and names of the highest rank in literature—Lipsius, Scaliger, Bochart, Vossius—have trusted the truth of many of their theories to the certainty of this opinion."—Vol. i. p. 17.

But subsequent investigations have shaken this certainty; and the opinion, that Hebrew was the antediluvian language, can no longer be maintained.

"The learned and judicious Molitor acknowledges that 'the Jewish tradition which makes Hebrew the language of the first patriarchs, and even of Adam, is, in its literal sense, inadmissible; though, he adds very judiciously, that it is sufficient to acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible, for us to be obliged to confess that the language in which it is written is a faithful though earthly image of the speech of paradise; even as fallen man preserves some traces of his original greatness."—Vol. i. p. 17.

All these conclusions, whatever their relative merits, are vitiated by two grand errors in the method of investigation by means of which they have been worked out. The first is, that hardly any relation between languages seems to have been admitted but that of filiation.

"Parallel descent from a common parent was hardly ever imagined. The moment two languages bore a resemblance, it was concluded that one must be the offspring of the other."—Vol. i. p. 18.

The second error followed from the first. Instead of comparing words, so as to ascertain whether any, and what affinities existed between the several languages containing them, the labourers in the

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field of ethnography have endeavoured to establish among words an etymological connexion.

"Similarity of words or forms could only have established an affinity between the languages in which it occurred; and therefore it was preferable to find in the favourite language a supposed original word which contained in itself the germ, as it were, or meaning of the term examined, rather than trace the affinities through sister languages, or even condescend to derive it from obvious elements in its own native language."—Vol. i. p. 20.

We have all heard of the derivation of "King Pepin" from "diaper napkin;" and Dr. Wiseman has given more than one amusing example of the absurdities into which zealous etymologists have actually been led. We have room for one only.

"Goropius Becanus, whom I must once more quote as representative of the older school, accounts for the occurrence of the word *sack* in so many languages, upon the ingenious ground, that no one at Babel would have forgot his wallet, whatever else he might leave behind. This valuable psychological surmise he confirms from his own observation. Our learned doctor was once on a time called in to attend a German in a brain fever, who had stabbed himself during a paroxysm of his complaint; but, though suffering dreadful pain, the patient would not allow him or any of his brethren to approach him. 'The wretched man,' says he, 'did not remember that we were physicians, ready to put his disorder to flight.' Yet, in spite of this manifest exhibition of madness and delirium, there was one object which he never forgot, and about which his reason seemed to be perfectly unclouded—a bag of dollars, which he kept under his pillow. 'No wonder, therefore,' exclaims our philosopher, cunningly transferring his argument from the contents to the container, and from the object to its name'—'no wonder, that at Babel none should forget the term for so interesting an article.'"—Vol. i. p. 30.

These two errors having been at last exploded, and the premature adoption of unverified theories abandoned, a new race of philologers struck into a new path and entered diligently upon the collection of materials. In addition to existing stores, travellers and others drew up vocabularies of the languages of the countries they visited, many of which they deposited, on their return, in public libraries.

"The judicious Reland, whose labours in this department of literature have been very much overlooked, published, from manuscripts of this sort, preserved in the Leyden library, vocabularies of the Malayalim, Cingalese, Malabaric, Japanese, and Javanese. He also took particular pains to collect from travellers specimens of American languages. In like manner, the collections of Messerschmidt, made during a seven years' residence in Siberia, and deposited in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, were of signal service to Klaproth, in compiling his Asia Polyglotta."—Vol. i. p. 23.

Collections of the Lord's Prayer, in a variety of languages, were made by Schildberger, Postel, and Bibliander; which prepared the way for the *Mithridates* of Gesner, published in 1555, and the germ, we may fairly say, of its magnificent namesake, the *Mithridates* of Adelung and Vater. Subsequent collections were made by Müller, Ludeke, Stark, and others; all of which were superseded by the more extensive series of Wilkins and Chamberlayne, published at Amsterdam, in 1715.

Such was the nascent state of ethnography when Leibnitz directed

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his brilliant and searching mind to this, among many other,—we might almost say, among all other, — departments of human learning and inquiry. It was Leibnitz who moulded these irregular and disconnected materials into a science, by enlarging the object of ethnographical inquiry, and laying down the fundamental principles upon which that inquiry was to proceed. He pointed out its usefulness in tracing the migrations of early nations, penetrating even beyond their earliest records, and bringing historical truth to light from behind the mists of unauthentic tradition. "Je trouve," he says, "que rien ne sert davantage à juger des connexions des peuples que les langues. Par exemple, la langue des Abyssins nous fait connaître qu' ils sont une colonie d'Arabes." And again: "Nihil majorem ad antiquas populorum origines indagandas lucem præbet quam collatio linguarum." Notwithstanding the previous collections, he complains of the want of materials: "C'est un grand défaut que ceux qui font des descriptions des pays, et qui donnent des relations des voyages, oublient d'ajouter des essais des langues des peuples, car cela servirait pour en faire connaître les origines." He therefore exhorted his friends to collect words into comparative tables, to investigate the Georgian, to confront the Armenian with the Coptic, to compare the Albanese with German and Latin.

"This was the critical moment of the study, in regard to religion as well as ethnography; and the reason is plain. The old tie which had hitherto held all languages in a supposed affinity—their assumed derivation from Hebrew—was now broken or loosened, and no other substituted for it. The materials of the study, whence the modern science had to issue in fair proportions, were now in a state of fusion, without form or connexion. In the search for new materials, each day seemed to discover a new language, independent of all previously known, and consequently to increase the difficulty of reconciling appearances with the narrative of Moses."—Vol. i. p. 28.

Meanwhile the collection of further materials went on. Vast additions were made by Don Lorenzo Hervas y Pandura, 1784—1787, who published, year after year, at Cesena, his numerous quartos upon language, which were translated and republished by his friends in Spain. This industrious Jesuit, however, dreaded the tendency of his favourite pursuit.

"At every step he seems to fear that the study he is pursuing may be turned to the prejudices of revelation. He evidently labours under a great anxiety to prove the contrary; he opens some of his works, and concludes others, with long and elaborate dissertations on this subject."—Vol. i. p. 32.

While this learned and indefatigable Jesuit was thus labouring in the south of Europe, no less a person, in the north, than Catherine II. encouraged this study by her patronage, and even prosecuted it in her own person. The east also contributed its aid. In 1784 the Asiatic Society was established at Calcutta, and greatly promoted the study of the languages of eastern and southern Asia. Sanscrit was cultivated by our countrymen with ardour and success; while Chinese yielded to the sagacity and diligence of the French orientalists. The *Mithridates*, begun by John Christopher Adelung in 1806, and

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completed by Vater and the younger Adelung in 1817, brings down ethnography to our own day; and at this point Dr. Wiseman passes from the historical part of his subject to draw out his results, and to show the confirmation which the latest developments of ethnography have afforded to the scriptural history of man's dispersion.

"You have seen how, at the close of the last century, the numerous languages gradually discovered, seemed to render the probabilities that mankind had originally possessed a common tongue, much smaller than before; while the dissolution of certain admitted connexions and analogies among those previously known, seemed to defy all proof, from comparative philology, of their having separated from a common stock. Every new discovery only served to increase this perplexity; and our science must at that time have presented, to a religious observer, the appearance of a study daily receding from sound doctrine, and giving encouragement to rash speculations and dangerous conjecture."—Vol. i. p. 39.

And yet amid all this chaos, a principle of order was secretly at work, and lasting harmony was about to evolve out of temporary discord.

"The affinities which formerly had been but vaguely seen between languages separated in their origin by history and geography, began now to appear definite and certain. It was now found that new and most important connexions existed among languages, so as to combine in large provinces or groups the idioms of nations whom no other research could have shown to be mutually related. It was found that the Teutonic dialects received considerable light from the language of Persia; that Latin had remarkable points of contact with Russian and the other Sclavonian idioms; that the theory of the Greek verbs in use could not well be understood without recourse to their parallels in Sanscrit or Indian grammar.

"In short, it was clearly demonstrated that one speech, essentially so called, pervaded a considerable portion of Europe and Asia; and stretching across, in a broad sweep, from Ceylon to Iceland, united, in a bond of union, nations professing the most irreconcileable religions, possessing the most dissimilar institutions, and bearing but a slight resemblance in physiognomy and colour."—Vol. i. p. 40.

This family of languages is called the Indo-Germanic, or Indo-European. Its great members are the Sanscrit or ancient and sacred language of India; the Persian, ancient or modern, formerly considered a Tartar dialect by Pauw and Hervas; Teutonic, with its various dialects, Slavonian, Greek, and Latin, accompanied by its numerous derivatives; and to these must be added the Celtic dialects. The territory occupied by this family of languages embraces the whole of Europe, excepting only the small tracts held by the Biscayan and by the Finnish family, including the Hungarian; and from Europe it extends and sweeps over a great part of southern Asia, with the occasional interruption of insulated groups.

We see at once how the formation of this vast family greatly diminishes the number of independent original languages; and other great genera have been equally well defined. The intimate relationship between the different dialects of the Semitic family—the Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, Arabic, and Gheez or Abyssinian—has been long acknowledged. The Malay is another interesting family,

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less known, and tending, in its history, to establish the conclusion at which Dr. Wiseman proposes to arrive.

"In all the languages composing this group, there is a great tendency to the monosyllabic form, and to the rejection of all inflexion; thus approximating to the neighbouring group of Transgangetic languages, with which, indeed, Dr. Leyden seems to unite them. 'The vernacular Indo-Chinese languages on the continent,' he writes, 'seem to be, in their original structure, either purely monosyllabic, like the spoken languages of China, or they incline so much to this class, that it may be strongly suspected that the few original polysyllables they contain, have either been immediately derived from the Pali, or formed of coalescing monosyllables. These languages are all prodigiously varied by accentuation, like the spoken language of China.' Now among these languages he reckons the Bugis, Javanese, Malayu, Tagala, Batta, and others, which are allied, not only in words, but in grammatical construction.

"Crawfurd, confining his observation within rather narrower limits, comes to the same conclusion. Javanese he considers as presenting most elements of the language which forms the basis of all in this class; and it is peculiarly deficient in grammatical forms; which may be said no less of the Malayan dialect. Indeed, he, too, has recognised so strong a resemblance, not only of words, but of structure, in the languages spoken all through the Indian Archipelago, as to warrant their being classed in one family.

"Marsden is still more explicit, and extends the limits of the group a good deal further. 'Besides the Malayan,' says he, 'there are a variety of languages spoken in Sumatra; which, however, have not only a manifest affinity among themselves, but also to that general language which is found to prevail in, and to be indigenous to, all the islands of the eastern sea, from Madagascar to the remotest of Captain Cook's discoveries; comprehending a wider extent than the Roman or any other tongue has yet boasted. . . . In different places it has been more or less mixed and corrupted; but between the most dissimilar branches an evident sameness of many radical words is apparent; and in some, very distant from each other in point of situation, as, for instance, the Philippines and Madagascar, the derivation of the words is scarcely more than is observed in the dialects of neighbouring provinces in the same kingdom.'

"Thus, again, we have an immense family stretching over a vast portion of the globe, and comprising many languages which, a few years ago, were considered independent. . . . And it would almost appear as if some affinity might be allowed between the Transgangetic and Malayan groups."—Pp. 47—49.

By this great step in modern ethnographic science, instead of being perplexed with a multiplicity of languages, we reduce them to certain very large groups, each comprising many languages, formerly regarded as independent, but now proved to belong to a single family. Further researches disclose both wider and more intimate relationships.

"For example, the march of the Indo-European family was supposed by Malte-Brun, in 1812, to be completely arrested in the region of the Caucasus by the languages there spoken, as the Georgian and Armenian; which, to use his own words, 'formed there a family or group apart.' But Klaproth, by his journey to the Caucasus, has made it necessary to modify this assertion to a great extent. For he has proved, or at least rendered it highly probable, that the language of one great tribe, the Ossetes, or Alans, belongs to the great family I have mentioned. Again, Armenian, which Frederic Schlegel had formerly considered a species of intermediate language, rather hanging on the skirts of the same group than incorporated therewith, has been by Klaproth, upon grammatical, as well as lexical examination, proved fairly to belong to it. The Affghan, or Pushtoo, has shared the same fate."—P. 50.

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While the Indo-European family has thus been extending its homes and increasing its relations, other languages, scarcely yet redeemed from barbarism, are found to be governed by the same law, and to exhibit among themselves an unquestionable family likeness.

"In Africa, the dialects whereof have been comparatively but little studied, every new research displays connexions between tribes extended over vast tracts and often separated by intermediate nations. In the North, between the languages spoken by the Berbers and Tuariks, from the Canaries to the Oasis of Sieva; in Central Africa, between the dialects of the Felatahs and Foulas, who occupy nearly the whole interior; in the South, among the tribes across the whole continent, from Caffraria and Mozambique to the Atlantic Ocean."—Vol. i. p. 62.

Such are the great facts,—so numerous, so minute, so diversified, ranging through the whole of time since the Deluge, spread over all lands, yet all so explicit and accordant in their testimony,—which prove that many nations and tribes, covering vast tracts of country, and not unfrequently widely separated, are as only one people; and that as many languages thus compose, after all, but one group, so these groups are included in some wider generalization.

Having thus seen that languages, in their present state, though at first view independent, are in reality related, it becomes a further most interesting subject of inquiry, whether they have ever been in closer connexion than at present.

Two methods of investigation have been pursued by modern ethnographers, dividing them into two schools, which are designated by Dr. Wiseman, the lexical and the grammatical. Those who pursue the lexical method of comparison, seek the affinity of languages in their words; while those who belong to the grammatical school compare languages by means of their grammar. The former, to borrow an expression from Klaproth, consider words to be the stuff or matter of language, and grammar only its fashioning or form. In Germany, Von Hammer, and perhaps Frederic Schlegel, may be enrolled among the members of this school; but its chief members are to be found in France, England, and Russia; of these it is sufficient to name Klaproth, Balbi, Abel-Rémusat, and the younger Adelung. The second opinion has its principal supporters in Germany; W. A. von Schlegel, and the late Baron W. von Humboldt, being among its most distinguished chiefs. W. A. von Schlegel has strongly denounced the principles of the lexical school. "Viri docti," he says, "in eo præcipuè peccare mihi videntur, quod ad similitudinem nonnullarum dictionum qualemcumque animum advertant, diversitatem rationis grammaticæ et universæ indolis plane non curant. In origine ignota linguarum exploranda, ante omnia respici debet ratio grammatica. Hæc enim à majoribus ad posteros propagatur; separari autem à lingua cui ingenita est nequit, aut seorsum populis ita tradi ut verba linguæ vernaculæ retineant, formulas loquendi peregrinas recipiant."

Dr. Wiseman, having stated the principles of these two schools,

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proceeds to advance certain considerations calculated to narrow the difference between them.

"Nothing," he in the first place observes, "is more common than to find in very judicious writers, the idea that there is in language a tendency to develope and improve themselves."—P. 73.

Thus Horne Tooke would lead us back to a time when every auxiliary verb had its real meaning, and when every conjunction was an imperative. In like manner, by analyzing the conjugational system of the Semitic languages, especially the Hebrew, we can resolve it into the mere addition of pronouns to the simple elementary form of the verb. We can discover in their words the traces of monosyllabic roots, instead of the dissyllabic roots they now present. From these and similar phenomena in other languages, many learned men,—among whom may be mentioned Adelung, Klaproth, Michaelis, Genesius,—have concluded that languages have acquired their present state by a gradual development from some more simple state during an extended course of years. Dr. Wiseman strongly dissents from this conclusion:—

"From this opinion, which I confess I once held, I must totally dissent; for hitherto the experience of several thousand years does not afford us a single example of spontaneous development in any speech. At whatever period we meet a language, we find it complete as to its essential and characteristic qualities. It may receive a finer polish, a greater copiousness, a more varied construction; but its specific distinctives, its vital principle, its soul, if I may so call it, appears fully formed, and can change no more.

"If an alteration does take place, it is only by the springing up of a new language, phœnix-like, from the ashes of another; and even where this succession has happened,—as in that of Italian to Latin, and of English to Anglo-Saxon,—there is a veil of secresy thrown over the change; the language seems to spin a web of mystery round itself, and to enter into the chrysalis state; and we see it no more, till it emerges, sometimes more, sometimes less beautiful, but always fully fashioned, and no farther mutable. And even there, we shall see that the former condition held already within itself the parts and organs ready moulded, which were one day to give shape and life to the succeeding state.

"The two languages which I have just mentioned, are as perfect, as to their essential features, or rather their personality and principle of identity, in the oldest as in the latest writers. Of Dante, or the Guidos, I need not speak; but our Chaucer, too, assuredly found in his native tongue, as fully-stringed, and as sweetly-attuned an instrument whereon to sing his lay, as Wordsworth himself could desire. So it is with the Hebrew. In the writings of Moses, and in the earlier fragments incorporated into Genesis, the essential structure of the language is complete, and apparently incapable, in spite of its manifest imperfection, of any farther improvement. The ancient Egyptian, as written in hieroglyphics upon the oldest monuments, and in the Coptic of the Liturgy, after an interval of three thousand years, has been established by Lepsius to be identical. The same will be observed upon comparing the oldest with the latest Greek or Latin writers. The case of the last is particularly striking, if we consider the opportunity of improvement afforded it by coming in contact with the former. But though the conquest of Greece brought into rude Latium sculpture and painting, poesy and history, art and science; though it rounded the forms of its periods, and gave new suppleness and energy to its language, yet it did not add a tense or declension to its grammar, a particle to its lexicon, or a letter to its alphabet."—Pp. 74—76.

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This opinion of Dr. Wiseman is confirmed by the judgment of William von Humboldt, who, in a letter to M. Abel-Rémusat, says: "Je ne regarde pas les formes grammaticales comme les fruits des progrès qu'une nation fait dans l'analyse de la pensée, mais plutôt comme un résultat de la manière dont une nation considère et traite sa langue." And again: "Je suis pénétré de la conviction qu'il ne faut pas méconnaître cette force vraiment divine que recèlent les facultés humaines, ce génie créateur des nations, surtout dans l'état primitif, où toutes les idées, et même les facultés de l'âme, empruntent une force plus vive de la nouveauté des impressions, où l'homme peut pressentier des combinaisons aux quelles il ne serait jamais arrivé par la marche lente et progressive de l'expérience. Ce génie créateur peut franchir les limites qui semblent prescrites au reste des mortels, et s'il est impossible de retracer sa marche, sa présence vivifiante n'en est pas moins manifeste. Plutôt que de renoncer dans l'explication de l'origine des langues, à l'influence de cette cause puissante et prémière, et de leur assigner à toutes une marche uniforme et mécanique, qui les traînerait pas à pas depuis le commencement le plus grossier jusqu'à leur perfectionnement, j'embrasserais l'opinion de ceux qui rapportent l'origine des langues à une révélation immédiate de la divinité. Ils reconnaissent aux moins l'étincelle divine qui luit à travers tous les idiomes, même les plus imparfaits, et les moins cultivés."

Regarding the grammatical structure of a language not merely as its outward form, but as its most essential element, Dr. Wiseman controverts Schlegel's opinion, that under no circumstances can a language undergo change; and maintains, that under the pressure of peculiar influences, a language may be so changed, as that its words shall belong to one class, and its grammar to another. Thus, as Schlegel himself allows, Anglo-Saxon lost its grammar by the Norman Conquest. Thus, Italian has sprung out of Latin, more by the adoption of a new grammatical system, than by any change of words. Sir William Jones has observed with regard to the ancient Pehlevi or Pahlavi, that the words are Semitic, but the grammar Indo-European. "Were I to offer an opinion," says Mr. Crawfurd, "respecting the history of the Karvi, (a language of the Indian Archipelago,) I should say that it is Sanscrit, deprived of its inflexions, and having, in their room, the prepositions and auxiliary verbs of the vernacular dialects of Java." Abel-Rémusat has found that the Tartar languages have departed from the original type of their grammatical construction. And, once more: the Amharic language, which at first was supposed to be a dialect of the Gheez, (Abyssinian,) and then to be Semitic, is now alleged, by the most recent inquirers, to be of African pedigree, and only to have imitated Semitic inflexions.

Guided by these and other facts of a similar nature, Dr. Wiseman is led to lay down the following rule for examining verbal affinities;

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so as not to lose the good of the lexical method, while coming nearer to the severer requisitions of the grammatical school:—

"This rule is, not to take words belonging to one or two languages in different families, and, from their resemblance, which may be accidental or communicated, draw inferences referable to the entire families to which they respectively belong; but to compare together words of simple import and primary necessity, *which run through the entire families*, and, consequently, are (if I may so express myself,) aboriginal therein."—P. 88.

By means of this rule, Dr. Wiseman succeeds in tracing a closer grammatical connexion between the Indo-European and Semitic languages than has as yet been detected. We must refer our readers to his own pages for some copious passages from certain letters, 1835 and 1836, of Dr. Lepsius; who has closely applied himself to the study of Coptic, with a view to discover its relations with other languages, seeing that it has hitherto been considered an isolated and independent tongue. The conclusion to which these investigations have led is,—

"That the ancient Egyptian, now fully identified with the Coptic, is no longer to be considered an insulated language, void of connexion with those around it; but presents very extraordinary points of contact with the Indo-European and Semitic families; not, indeed, sufficiently distinct to make it enter into either class, but yet sufficiently definite and rooted in the essential constitution of the language, to prevent their being considered accidental, or a later engrafting thereupon.

"The effects of this intermediary character, according to Lepsius' expression, is to group together, in a very remarkable harmony, this cycle of languages; so that instead of any longer considering the Indo-European and Semitic as completely insulated families, or being compelled to find a few verbal coincidences between them, we may now consider them as linked together, both by points of actual contact, and by the interposition of the Coptic, in an affinity grounded on the essential structure and most necessary forms of the three."—P. 101.

Thus far we have pursued our course among the languages of the Old World. But here a long train of civilization,—which, even if migratory, has left visible traces of its influence in every country it has visited,—must have done much towards the assimilation of forms and the amalgamation of dialects. Let us, then, cross the Atlantic, and extend our inquiries to the native languages of the Western Hemisphere.

The number of dialects spoken by the natives of America is so great as almost to exceed belief. Indeed many persons did refuse to give credit to Humboldt's reports on this subject when they were first published. It appeared to them to be utterly inconsistent with the scriptural narrative of the lineal descent of the whole human race from a single pair, that such numerous insignificant tribes should have migrated so far, and should each speak a language of its own, wholly unintelligible to its neighbours. And while believers in revelation on the one hand, rejected Humboldt's account, unbelievers, on the other hand, did not hesitate to assert that America had an aboriginal

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population of its own, independent of that of the eastern world. To meet this objection, the defenders of religion had recourse to various hypotheses with regard to the source from which America had received her population, and the means by which the inhabitants of more eastern regions had been transported thither.

"Campomanes patronized the Carthaginians, Kircher and Huet the Egyptians, De Guignes the Huns, Sir William Jones the Indians, and many American antiquaries the ten tribes of Israel."—P. 121.

Ethnography has grappled with this problem. Smith-Barton was the first who made any progress in the attempt to trace an analogy between the American dialects and the languages of northern and eastern Asia. The subject was carried on by Vater in his *Mithridates*. Malte-Brun attempted a further step in advance, and endeavoured to establish what he calls a geographical connexion between the American and Asiatic languages.

"After a minute investigation, his conclusions are these:—that tribes connected with the Finnish, Ostiack, Permian, and Caucasian families, passing along the borders of the Frozen Ocean, and crossing over Behring's Straits, spread themselves in very different directions towards Greenland and Chili; that others, allied to the Japanese, Chinese, and Kowrilians, proceeding along the coast, penetrated to Mexico; and that another colony, related to the Tungooses, Mantcheous, and Mongols, passed along the mountain-tracts of both continents, and reached the same destination. Besides these, he supposes several smaller emigrations to have borne over a certain number of Malay, Javanese, and African words."—P. 123.

We must not lay much stress on these conclusions. The resemblances between American and Asiatic languages, from which they are drawn, are too slight for this purpose; and the above-mentioned migrations are not supposed, even by the authors themselves, to do more than add to a population already existing.

"But there are conclusions drawn by ethnographical science from the observation both of general and local phenomena, which bear most materially upon this point, and have completely removed all the difficulties arising from the multiplicity of American languages.

"And, first, the examination of the structure pervading all the American languages has left no room to doubt that they all form one individual family, closely knitted together in all its parts by the most essential of all ties—grammatical analogy. This analogy is not of a vague, indefinite kind, but complex in the extreme, and affecting the most necessary and essential parts of grammar; for it consists chiefly in the peculiar methods of modifying conjugationally the meanings and relations of verbs by the insertion of syllables; and this form led the late W. von Humboldt to give the American languages a family name, as forming their conjugation by what he called *agglutination*."—P. 125.

Nor is this analogy partial. It extends over both North and South America, binding together the languages of the most civilized nations and of the most barbarous tribes, impressing a family character on the tongues spoken under the Torrid and the Arctic zones.

"Secondly, the more attention is paid to the study of the American languages, the more they are found subject to the laws of other families, inasmuch as this one great family tends every day to subdivide itself into large groups,

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having closer affinities with themselves than with the great division of which, in their turn, they form a part."—P. 126.

Thus missionaries have found that certain languages are keys to many dialects; so that whoever possessed an acquaintance with those comparatively few languages, could easily master the rest.

Although it may partake of the nature of a digression, we cannot avoid noticing the effect of barbarism upon language. The first public and signal act of Him through whom the one vast Universal Society is being mystically built, until all nations shall flow into it, and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, was to confer upon the Apostles the gift of tongues: and St. Paul, whenever he adverts to the subject of language, speaks of diversity of tongues as an evil which is eventually to be done away in Christ. As christian and catholic influences possess a uniting quality, so barbarism,—which is one of the prime fruits of sin, and, of all the states in which our race is found, the most *unnatural*,—dissolves the bonds of language, disintegrates society, and resolves the great human brotherhood into elements mutually repulsive and warring.

"In instances where no doubt can exist of savage hordes having been originally united, there has sprung up among them so endless and so complete a variety of dialect, that little or no affinity can be therein discovered. And hence we have, as it were, a rule, that the savage state, by insulating families and tribes, raising the arm of each one ever against his neighbours, has essentially the contrary influence to the aggregating, unifying tendencies of social civilisation; and necessarily introduces a jealous diversity, and unintelligible idioms, into the jargons which hedge round the independence of different hordes."—P. 128.

Turn, for example, to the Polynesian tribes. "The Papuans, or Oriental Negroes," says Dr. Leyden, "seem to be all divided into very small states, or rather societies, very little connected with each other. Hence their language is broken into a multitude of dialects, which, in process of time, by separation, accident, or oral corruption, have nearly lost all resemblance." Crawfurd, in his History of the Indian Archipelago, notices the same fact. "Languages," he says, "follow the same progress. In the savage state they are great in number, in improved society few. The state of languages on the American continent affords a convincing illustration of this fact; and it is not less satisfactorily explained in that of the Indian islands. The negro races who inhabit the mountains of the Malaya peninsula, in the lowest and most abject state of social existence, though numerically few, are divided into a great many distinct tribes, speaking as many distinct languages. Among the rude and scattered population of the island of Timor, it is believed that not less than forty languages are spoken. On Ende and Flores we have also a multiplicity of languages; and among the cannibal population of Borneo, it is not improbable that many hundreds are spoken."

We are now in a condition to draw a conclusion from all the pre-

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ceding facts,—which, it will be remembered, do not even approach to exhausting the subject, but are merely a few of the more striking examples,—as to the bearing of the science of ethnography upon the Sacred Records. From the foregoing review of its history, it appears that in its first rise it threatened to become a destructive torrent, bearing away, in its turbulent waters, much which the pious mind holds dear. It broke down the connexion that had hitherto bound languages together, and hurried them in wild confusion down its headlong stream. But, as it advanced, the real affinities of languages, favoured by this state of solution, began to operate; and instead of the amorphous conglomerate which "illicit anticipation" had formed, an orderly crystallization commenced, moulding the facts into shapes of beauty, regular in form, and vivid with the reflected light of heaven.

"Let us look back for a moment," says Dr. Wiseman, "at the connexion between our study and the sacred records. From the simple historical outline which I have laid before you, it appears that its first rise seemed fitter to inspire alarm than confidence, insomuch as it broke in sunder the great bond anciently supposed to hold them all together; then for a time it went on still farther severing and dismembering; consequently, to all appearance, ever widening the breach between itself and sacred history. In its farther progress, it began to discover new affinities where least expected; till, by degrees, many languages began to be grouped and classified in large families, acknowledged to have a common origin. Then, new inquiries gradually diminished the number of independent languages, and extended, in consequence, the dominion of the larger masses. At length, when this field seemed almost exhausted, a new class of researches has succeeded, so far as it has been tried, in proving the extraordinary affinity between these families; affinities existing in the very character and essence of each language, so that none of them could ever have existed, without those elements wherein the resemblances consist. Now, as this excludes all idea of one having borrowed them from the other, as they could not have arisen in each by independent processes, and as the radical difference among the languages forbids their being considered dialects or offshoots from one another, we are driven to the conclusion, that, on the one hand, these languages must have been originally united in one, whence they drew these common elements essential to them all; and, on the other, that the separation between them, which destroyed other no less important elements of resemblance, could not have been caused by any gradual departure, or individual development,—for these we have long since excluded,—but by some violent, unusual, and active force, sufficient alone to reconcile these conflicting appearances, and to account at once for the resemblances and the differences. It would be difficult, methinks, to say what farther step the most insatiable or unreasonable sceptic could require, to bring the results of this science into close accordance with the scriptural account."—Pp. 102—104.

And in this conclusion all the most distinguished ethnographers agree. "However insulated," says Alexander von Humboldt, "certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them, and their numerous relations will be more perceived, in proportion as the philosophical history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection." Goulianoff enthusiastically maintained the original unity of languages. Merian, in his *Tripartitum*, gives in

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his adhesion to the same conclusion. Even Klaproth, although an unhappy disbeliever in the Mosaic history of the Dispersion, flatters himself in his *Asia Polyglotta*, and other works, that "the universal affinity of languages is placed in so strong a light, that it must be considered by all as completely demonstrated." In support of his position, Dr. Wiseman records the sentiments of Frederic Schlegel, whom he characterises as—

"A man to whom our age owes more than our children's children can repay—new and purer feelings upon art and its holiest applications; the attempt, at least, to turn philosophy's eye inward upon the soul, and to compound the most sacred elements of its spiritual powers with the ingredients of human knowledge; above all, the successful discovery of a richer India than Vasco de Gama opened unto Europe, whose value is not in its spices, and its pearls, and its barbaric gold, but in tracts of science unexplored, in mines long unwrought of native wisdom, in treasures, deeply buried, of symbolic learning, and in monuments, long hidden, of primeval and venerable traditions."—P. 109.

Schlegel considered language to be an individual gift to man, and, consequently, in its origin only one. In his *Philosophy of Speech*, he says:—"With our present senses and organs it is as impossible for us to form the remotest idea of that speech which the first man possessed before he lost his original power, perfection, and worth, as it would be to reason of that mysterious discourse whereby immortal spirits send their thoughts across the wide space of heaven upon wings of light; or of those words, by created beings unutterable, which in the unsearchable interior of the Deity are spoken, where, as it is in holy song expressed, depth calleth upon depth,—that is, the fulness of endless love upon eternal majesty. When, from this unattainable height, we descend again unto ourselves, and to the first man such as he really was, the simple, unaffected narrative of that book which contains our earliest records, that GOD taught man to speak, even if we go no farther than this simple, unaffected sense, will be in accordance with our natural feelings. For how could it be otherwise, or how could any other impression be made, when we consider the relation which God therein holds—of a parent, as it were, teaching her child the first rudiments of speech."

"But under this simple sense there lieth, as doth through all that book of two-fold import, another, and a far deeper signification. The name of any thing, or living being, even as it is called in God, and designated from eternity, holds in itself the essential idea of its innermost being, the key of its existence, the deciding power of its being or not being; and so it is used in sacred speech, where it is, moreover, in a holier and higher sense, united to the idea of the Word. According to this deeper sense and understanding, it is in that narration shown and signified, according as I have before briefly remarked, that together with speech, entrusted, communicated, and delivered, immediately by God to man, and through it, he was installed as the ruler and king of nature; yea, more rightly, as the deputed of God over this earthly creation, unto which office was his original destination."

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Our readers will remember that we drew out two propositions touching language, from the Mosaic narrative; first, that language was originally one; and, secondly, that the present multiplicity and variety of languages is due to a sudden and violent cause. The first proposition has been confirmed by those ethnographical researches and reasonings which we have in this paper presented to our readers; and the second almost necessarily follows from the first. This is acknowledged by the best ethnographers. Abel-Rémusat, after expatiating on the manner in which such pursuits as those of his *Recherches sur les Langues Tartares*, may be brought to bear upon history, thus concludes:—"It is then we should be able to pronounce with precision, what, according to the language of a people, was its origin, what the nations with which it has stood in relation, what the character of that relation was, to what stock it belongs; at least, until that epoch when profane histories cease, and where we should find among languages that confusion which gave rise to them all, and which such vain attempts have been made to explain." The fact recorded by Moses is the simple and ultimate key to these phenomena. Niebuhr, again, in one of the later editions of his History, admits that such a miracle as the confusion of tongues, at some given date, "offends not reason." To Abel-Rémusat and Niebuhr we may add Balbi. In the preparation of his *Atlas Ethnographique du Globe*, he was assisted by the ablest ethnographers of Paris; and hence to his own acquaintance with the science to which he has devoted himself, he adds a knowledge of the views entertained by those who have prosecuted this study with hardly less diligence than himself. In the first of his charts, classifying languages according to ethnographic "kingdoms," as he calls them, he thus expresses himself:—"The books of Moses, no monument, either historical or astronomical, has yet been able to prove false; but with them, on the contrary, agree, in the most remarkable manner, the results obtained by the most learned philologers and the profoundest geometricians."

We have now brought our readers to the conclusion of Dr. Wiseman's first and second lectures. In the third he enters upon a related but separate science,—the physical history of man; and by a course similar to that he has pursued in the preceding lectures, confirms, from this science, the declaration of holy Scripture, that all mankind, notwithstanding their wide and deep physical differences, are descended from a single pair, are the offspring of one common stock. We reserve this highly interesting subject to a future occasion.

Throughout the foregoing discussion, we have treated generally of the resemblances and differences of languages, without entering into any consideration of their special nature. This, indeed, is a distinct topic; full of interesting matter, but too extensive to be entered upon in our present paper. Dr. Wiseman has glanced at it in the conclusion of his second lecture, and has pointed to one of the

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ulterior purposes of wisdom and goodness which have been worked out by means of what appears, at first sight, to be an exclusively penal dispensation. Thought governs language; but it is no less true, though not, perhaps, so often felt and acknowledged, that language re-acts upon thought; so that the mind of a nation must, in a great measure, correspond to the language it possesses.

Now there is this remarkable difference between the two great languages that have been so often mentioned,—the Semitic, and the Indo-European; that while the former is "destitute of particles and of grammatical forms suited to express the relations of things, unyielding in its construction, and confined, by the dependence of its words on verbal roots, to ideas of outward action,"—the Indo-European enjoys "a wonderful suppleness in expressing the inward and outward relations of things, by flexions in its nouns, by conditional and indefinite tenses in its verbs, by the tendency to make or adapt innumerable particles, but principally by the powerful and almost unlimited faculty of compounding words; joined whereunto is the facility of varying, inverting, and involving the construction, and the power of immediately and completely transferring the force of words from a material to a purely mental representation."

And may we not see in this an adaptation of the peculiar qualities of these languages to the successive dispensations of revealed religion? So long as divine truth was to be preserved rather than propagated, it was embodied in a language admirably suited for simple historical narrative, for positive precept, for sententious proverb, for "sensuous" poetry; and it was entrusted to a people who, amid all the trying mutations of their national fortunes, clang, with stern tenacity, to the traditions of their fathers. But no sooner does that mighty epoch arrive, when the stationary oracles,—increased by new and peculiar elements of truth, replenished and invigorated with fresh light and life from heaven itself, and so thereby transformed from a local and temporary code into the catholic and everlasting Gospel,—are destined to spread from land to land, "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people;" no sooner is this transformation effected, than a corresponding transfer takes place as regards the family of languages whose myriad tongues are to carry the "glad tidings" from pole to pole: and that family is selected which possesses a peculiar ability to pierce the heart, to trace the finest lines of human thought, to depict the most delicate shades of human feeling; a mighty instrument, yet gentle as the breathed air, equal to all the demands made upon it by the philosopher, the historian, the orator, and the poet.

We must not suffer ourselves to enter, at present, upon any of the topics of Dr. Wiseman's succeeding lectures; but we will borrow the beautiful conclusion of his twelfth lecture, for our own.

"It is in every one's power so to order his literary occupation as to render i subservient to his religious improvement, to the strengthening of his own solemn convictions; even though he be not blessed with talents sufficient to add unt

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the sum of general evidence for the public benefit. For, if few are destined by Divine Providence to be as burning lights in His Church, yet hath each one a virginal lamp to trim; a small but precious light to keep burning within his soul, by feeding it ever with fresh oil, that it may guide him through his rugged path, and be not found dim and clogged when the bridegroom shall come. . . .

"When learning shall once have been thus consecrated, it will assume a calmer and more virtuous character than mere human knowledge can ever possess. An enthusiastic love of truth will be engendered in the soul, which will extinguish every meaner and more earthly feeling in its pursuit. We shall never look with a partizan's eye upon the cause, nor estimate it by personal motives; but, following the advice of the excellent Schlegel, we shall 'eschew all sorts of useless contention and uncharitable hate, and strive to keep alive a spirit of love and unity.' We shall consider the cause as too sacred to be conducted under the influence or with the aid of human passions. In the words of the poet it will seem to address us; inciting us indeed to seek victory, but only in the power of God:

Βούλου κρατεῖν μὲν, ξὺν Θεῷ δ' δεῖ κρατεῖν.*

"But these motives will have a still stronger power; they will ensure us success. For if once a pure love and unmixed admiration of religion animate our efforts, we shall find ourselves inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to her service, which will make us indefatigable and unconquerable, when armed in her service. Our quest may be long and perilous; there may come in our way enchantments and sorceries, giants and monsters, allurements and resistance; but onward we shall advance, in the confidence of our cause's strength; we shall dispel every phantasm, and fairly meet every substantial foe, and the crown will infallibly be ours. In other words, we shall submit with patience to all the irksomeness which such detailed examination may cause; when any objection is brought, instead of contenting ourselves with vague replies, we shall at once examine the very department of learning, sacred or profane, whence it hath been drawn; we shall sit down calmly, and address ourselves meekly to the toilsome work; we shall endeavour to unravel all its intricacies, and diligently to untie every knot; and I promise you, that, however hopeless your task may have appeared at first, the result of your exertions will surely be recorded in the short expressive legend, preserved on an ancient gem, which I trust I may consider as the summary and epilogue of these my lectures;

'RELIGIO VICISTI.'

RELIGION, THOU HAST CONQUERED!"

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1. *Sulla Morale Cattolica Osservazioni di Alessandro Manzoni.*
2. *Tragedie ed altre Poesie di Alessandro Manzoni, Milanese.*
3. *Storia della Colonna Infame, di Alessandro Manzoni.* Parigi: 1843.
4. *I Promessi Sposi, Storia Milanese del secolo* xvii.

To a religious mind, it affords a delightful satisfaction to see a person, who is able to command the admiration of the world, submitting himself, with child-like faith, to the teaching of the Church. We would not, for a moment, be supposed to sympathize with the wretched modern notion that religion is honoured

* Sophoc. Ajax, 764.

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by such a sacrifice; far from it. We believe (and are not ashamed of the belief,) that the gospel is preached to the poor, and received by the poor in spirit only. We believe that the rich, and the learned, and the powerful-minded, in ranging themselves with the humble men of heart, do honour to themselves, and therefore it is a matter of rejoicing. We do not think that religion is praised by their being religious; but we do think that they are benefited; and we think this a peculiar subject of joy.

Men of deep and vigorous intellect, possessed of the power of communicating their thoughts and feelings to the world, naturally command the admiration and respect of those less exalted than themselves; they are those to whom many talents are committed. They do (in one or other manner,) exhibit their endowments to their fellow-labourers, and it cannot but be that, regarding the present state of things alone, they should be looked up to with more than common interest. The pleasure, then, of seeing them using their talents towards the end for which they were given, is great, in proportion as the pain would be great of seeing them misuse them to their own condemnation, and the harm of others. One rejoices that they are laying up for themselves never-ending glory, equivalent to their faithfulness in a greater trust. It is pleasing to *man* to see human powers in their highest developments sanctified and consecrated, as it were, for a purer state, by being devoted to Him who gave them. The first step towards such a devotion of great powers, is the submission of reason to faith; the next is, their employment in furtherance, or defence, of the faith; and the latter will flow almost as a matter of consequence from the former. Submission, or passive obedience, will issue in obedience of action—the devotion of a man's whole powers to the cause of truth.

The works which stand at the head of this article, will illustrate, as they have suggested, these remarks.

Manzoni is a layman, long known, and very deservedly celebrated, in his own country, and in Germany and France, as the originator of a new era of dramatic composition. His deep feeling, his power of understanding and developing character, the manly vigour, at the same time, and sweet simplicity of his style, the clear and interesting disposition of his plots, and the noble manner in which he spurns the narrow boundaries of *worldly* poetical justice, have succeeded in gaining him the admiration and love of his countrymen, notwithstanding their prejudice (strengthened by long habit, and great authority,) against the peculiar characteristic of his tragedies, compared with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. He boldly broke through the two unities of time and place, demanded to be judged according to his own rules, and succeeded. His first tragedy, "Il Carmagnola," soon made its way over the Alps, and, in addition

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to an ordinary popularity, obtained an attentive perusal, a patient analysis, and a warm panegyric, from Goëthe, who wishes that "all the admirers of Italian literature may read this piece of M. Manzoni's with the same care as himself, appreciate it with the same candour, and rest as well satisfied with it." "Adelchi," the second of his tragedies, met with an equally brilliant and wide-spread popularity. The choruses which are interspersed in these two tragedies discover a like power of excellence in lyric pieces; but, perhaps, in none of his works does the author show himself more wonderfully endued with imagination, discrimination of character, power of description, purity of taste, and elegance of style, than in the story of "I Promessi Sposi," a work of which we shall say but little at present, because we hope, at some future time, to be able to give it a place by itself.

All these works are pervaded by a nobleness of sentiment, and an acuteness of moral judgment, which, while they inspire respect and love for the author, assure one that they spring from some deep fountain of good within. "La Morale Cattolica" discovers to us the hidden source of these refreshing waters. Here we see a deep reverence for holy things; a bold profession of unhesitating, unquestioning faith in the doctrines of a religion known once for all to be revealed;* a sincere love for truth, shown, not in a profane trust in his own powers, (great though they be,) but in a willingness to be taught by an authorized teacher. Nothing, it seems to us, is more absurd than to call that common-place compound of curiosity and self-trust, which goes under the name of philosophical inquiry, a love of truth. It would be much better named, love of one's own way. If a person really loves truth, he will seek it where it is most likely to be found; he will be diffident of his own limited range of inquiry, and still more limited experience; he will ask of those who are most likely to know; he will trust those who are best informed; *i. e.* he will be teachable—he will bow to authority. Manzoni is a noble example of this temper of faith; it shines out in every page of his book in defence of the "Moral Teaching of the Church," and is there beautifully allied with an energetic employment of his deep powers of reasoning, and happy clear-

* "Certainly faith includes the submission of reason: this submission is required by reason itself, which acknowledging certain principles, is reduced to the alternative of believing certain inevitable consequences not understood by reason, or of renouncing the principles. Reason having acknowledged that the christian religion is revealed by God, cannot afterwards throw doubt upon any portion of the revelation: doubt would be not only irreligious, but absurd."—*Morale Cattolica*, p. 2. It is astonishing how often this truth has to be repeated to people; and yet many never take it in. No one, indeed, could deny it theoretically, (except, perhaps, a latitudinarian—it is hard to say what he *could not* do,) but practically men forget it or put it aside every second or third day of their lives;—witness the fear many persons have of an *objection*.

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ness of argument, in behalf of the moral influence of "the truth once delivered to the saints."

It has been objected to Manzoni, that, for a long time, he has been so swallowed up in religious contemplation, that he has quite withdrawn from the literary world. This is only what we should expect from the author of the "Morale Cattolica." We look to see one so humble, so faithful, and withal so great, go on unto perfection. Every page of his book indicated a mind, not only not likely to be satisfied with literary occupations, of however high a cast, and however useful in their way, but one which would not stop short of an entire devotion to the highest subjects which can occupy an immortal intelligence. It was not, therefore, with surprise that we noticed (in the pages of a recent book of Travels,) the expression of his opinion, that "we must all come to theology at last."

This year, however, Manzoni has appeared again before the world, and *not* as a theologian. The little volume, containing the history of the "Column of Infamy at Milan," has come out, in fulfilment of a promise made many years ago, in "I Promessi Sposi," and in behalf of the cause of humanity and justice. The author has employed his vivid powers of description, and the calm dignity of irresistible argument against the system of torture employed in judicial trials; a system whose wretched effects were never shown with a more absurd mixture of folly and cruelty, than during the desolating plague which raged in Milan in the seventeenth century. When the plague was at its height, the populace suddenly became possessed with the notion that the disease was caused by a subtle poison with which the walls of the houses had been anointed by some malicious persons, banded together for the destruction of the city. In consequence of this suspicion, many innocent persons were taken up, and compelled, by cruel tortures, to inculpate themselves, and others equally innocent. The house in which the first of these unfortunate men who was seized, resided, was pulled down, and a column built on the spot in commemoration of his crime, which went ever after by the name of the "Column of Infamy." Of these trials this little book is a history and critical analysis. The aim of the author is to set forth the great moral guilt of such public iniquity. He would show that a people is responsible for its acts; that universal excitement, carried to such a pitch as to blind the judgment, is no excuse for injustice, but rather a part of the fault. He would warn the people of his own times against similar excitement on any subject. He had in view, too, we cannot doubt, to set before those in power the duty of maintaining careful considerate justice in their measures. This being his object, we cannot but admire the calm dignity which pervades his book, contrasted as it is with the very different character

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of political discussions, whose immediate object is the events of the day. The remoteness of the events which he comments upon, allows him to treat of general principles with a self-possession which commands respect, as surely as the uncontrolled excitement of party-feeling destroys it; and with an evident absence of prejudice and private interest which predisposes the mind of the reader to the reception of his reasonings in their full force.

We have spoken of the high opinion of Manzoni's tragedies entertained by so great a judge as Goëthe, and of their widespread popularity in his own country. We cannot hope to convey to the English reader any adequate idea of the beauty of "La Lingua che nell' anima si Sente" [the language that is felt in the soul,] in Manzoni's hands; however, we will give a specimen or two.

The following scene is from "Il Carmagnola:" The count Il Carmagnola had been employed by the Venetians as commander-general of their forces, in a war against the duke of Milan, to whom Il Carmagnola had formerly done great service, which had been requited with ingratitude, shown in so determined a manner, that the duke's successful general had become his bitterest enemy. This war against the duke of Milan, Il Carmagnola had conducted at first with success; reverses followed, and he became suspected of infidelity to Venice. In consequence he was recalled, on pretence of a consultation of peace, but, in reality, that he might come into the power of the senate, at a distance from his army, and be got rid of as quietly as circumstances would allow. This design was successfully executed, to the everlasting shame of the then Venetian government. While his mock-trial was proceeding, the following dialogue took place between Antoinetta, his wife, and his daughter Matilda, who supposed him to have passed the night in amicable consultation upon future measures with the government:—

MATILDA.

The morning breaks, and yet my father comes not.

ANTOINETTA.

Ah! thou must learn to know by proof, my child,
Joys long expected slowly come, nor come
At all sometimes; quick only is misfortune;
Scarce seen, she is upon us. But the night
Is past, the painful hours of watch are o'er:
Few moments sped, the hour of joy will strike:
He cannot now be long:—from this delay
I augur well: the consultation lasts
So long, they must consult of peace,—and then
He will be ours—ours for a long, long time.

MATILDA.

O mother, so I, too, would hope; enough
Of nights in tears and days in sad suspense

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We have endured. It now is time that we
No more each hour, at every passing news,
At every murmur of the crowd, should tremble:
No more our downcast soul should thrill with fear,
Perhaps he whom we mourn is dead.

ANTOINETTA.

O thought
Of fear! but now at least it is far off.
My child, all joy compares itself with grief.
Rememb'rest thou the day thy noble sire
In triumph rode, by noble men surrounded,
Bearing the ensigns of the enemy,
To grace the holy church?

MATILDA.

Oh day!

ANTOINETTA.

All days
Seem less than that; the air his name resounded,
And we, divided from the crowd, meanwhile,
Beheld this one on whom all eyes were fixt:—
The inebriate heart repeated tremblingly
We, we are his.

MATILDA.

Moments of bliss!

ANTOINETTA.

And we,
What have we done to merit this? To this
Peculiar joy, kind Heaven has chosen us
From thousands.—Thee it chose; and marked thy brow
With that great name, which whoso bears walks proudly.
Of how much envy is our lot the mark!
And we must pay the debt with grief like this.

MATILDA.

Ah! it is at an end . . . listen, I hear
The dash of oars . . . it grows on us . . . it ceases . . .
The doors roll back . . . Ah! surely he is here!
O mother! I beheld an armed man; 'tis he!

ANTOINETTA.

Who can it be if 'tis not he? . . . My spouse . . .
[*Enter Gonzaga.*
Gonzaga! . . . where, where is my spouse? . . . Have you
No answer for me? Heavens! your look betrays
Some dire misfortune.

GONZAGA.

Ah! too true it speaks!

MATILDA.

To whom misfortune?

GONZAGA.

Why, ladies, do you make
So cruel a request?

ANTOINETTA.

Alas! you try to spare,
With pity moved:—your pity is most cruel.

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Keep us not in suspense! in God's name speak!
Where is my spouse?

GONZAGA.

Heaven give you strength to hear.
The Count . . .

MATILDA.

Has to the field returned, perhaps

GONZAGA.

Ah! he no more returns: he has offended
The lords who rule, and he is seized.

ANTOINETTA.

Seized! why

GONZAGA.

Accused of treason.

ANTOINETTA.

He a traitor!

MATILDA.

Oh!
My father!

ANTOINETTA.

Now proceed; we are prepared
For all. What will they do to him?

GONZAGA.

From me
You shall not hear.

ANTOINETTA.

What! is he slain?

GONZAGA.

He lives;
But sentence is pronounced.

ANTOINETTA.

He lives! weep not,
My child, this is the time for work; weep not.
Gonzaga, for the sake of gentle pity,
Leave us not in misfortune; Heaven confides
Us to your care, helpless and desolate,—
He was thy friend. Quick, let us go; be thou
Our guide unto his judges. Come with me,
Poor innocent: oh! come—pity on earth
Still dwells:—they, too, are husbands, they are fathers—
Sure, when they wrote his sentence, they forgot
That he was husband; that he had a daughter—
But when they see what grief one word of theirs
Has caused: they, too, will tremble. Ah! they *must*
Recall their word—the sight of grief to man
Is terrible.—Perhaps he, brave and proud,
Deigned not to justify himself; perhaps
He deigned not to remind them of his deeds
For them. We can recall his services.
Ah! well I know he would not beg: but we
Will beg.

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GONZAGA. [*Going.*

Oh heavens!—why cannot I one hope
Leave to the desolate! There is no place
For prayer; the judges here are deaf, implacable—
Unknown: the lightning bolt is hurled;—on high
The wielding hand is hidden in the clouds.
One comfort yet remains, the sad relief
Of seeing him, and I will take you there.
But swift time hastes away; take heart; fearful
The trial: but the God of the unhappy
Will be with you.

MATILDA.

Is there no hope?

ANTOINETTA.

My child!

[*Exeunt.*

We cannot better describe the character of the count, than by giving part of the sad scene which follows:—

(ANTOINETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGA, AND THE COUNT.)

ANTOINETTA.

My husband! . . .

MATILDA.

Oh! my father!

ANTOINETTA.

And dost thou *thus* return? Is this the moment
Desired so long? . . .

THE COUNT.

O most unhappy women!
God knows, to me this hour is terrible
For you alone. Familiar sight long time
Is death to me,—expected long. For you
Alone I stand in need of courage. Would
You take it from me? surely not. When God
Upon the good rains down misfortune, then
He gives the heart to bear it. Be your hearts
Equal to your hard fate! Taste we this sweet
Embrace: it is the gift of Heaven—e'en this.
My child, thou weepest! and thou, too, mine own?
Ah! when I made thee mine, sweetly thy days
Ran on in peace: I called on thee to share
My hapless fate: this thought poisons the hour
Of death. Why could not I foresee what thou
For me wouldst suffer?

ANTOINETTA.

O mine own!—the light
Of my young heart on festive days! Behold
I die of grief: but yet I cannot wish
To be not thine.

THE COUNT.

Too well I know how much
I lose in losing thee. Oh! make me not
Feel it too keenly!

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MATILDA.
Oh! the murderers!

THE COUNT.
No, sweet Matilda, let not blighting cry
Of rancorous vengeance fall from thy pure lips:
Disturb not these last moments; they are sacred.
Great is the wrong, but pardon it, and thou
Shalt see one joy remains amid our griefs—
'Tis death! The cruellest enemy can but speed
The hour . . .

ACT V. *Scene 5th and last.*

We do not give any specimens from the "Adelchi," because we feel conscious that our attempts can convey but a feeble idea of the beauty of the original. Both the tragedies abound with fine passages, well suited to tempt the pen of an ambitious translator; but as the nature of the subjects was not of a kind to draw out the religious character of the author's mind, we will pass on to the "Morale Cattolica," a work which treats of topics that cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting in the present day.

The great contest between the Church and the world has been, we suppose, pretty much the same in all ages, and in all countries. Ever has it been the fate of the Church to be misunderstood, misinterpreted, and maligned, by worldly-hearted men; and ever has it pleased the Great Head of the Church to raise up bold and powerful defenders of His holy truth. We believe that this contest is now going on in this country, and becoming every day more openly a spectacle to men and angels. We are in the midst of the contest. It has thickened round us. It has spread far and wide, from city to town, from town to village, from village to the houses of those who dwell alone with nature. It has, at the same time, drawn its ranks more closely around each individual. Each is interested; each has chosen his part (each at least of the younger of us). We hope for the future, and we fear; nor do we know which emotion shall predominate. We hope, when we see so much earnestness, humility, and holiness, engaged on our side;—we hope, again, when we see so much bitterness and hatred against us;—we fear, when we remember what we deserve—when we think upon the awful guilt, individual and national, which lies at our door;—we fear, still more, if we think we can see evil passions, pride, anger, contempt, employed by those who would be defenders of the truth—if we see the children of the Church returning railing for railing. All that claims our reverence and our love, is involved in the issue of this contest. We cannot, then, look without interest on the same contest in another country. And in this little book of Manzoni's, there is much to encourage us in more ways than one. He is, in it, employed in the same task of

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defending the Church, at whose breast he was nourished, against infidels and heretics, which has fallen to the lot of the best and wisest spirits of our own days and country, in behalf of *our* holy Mother; and it is remarkable, that, with some few exceptions, his defence is of the same tone and aspect as characterise our present writers in defence of Catholic truth against similar attacks, as well as their predecessors, the great divines of the seventeenth century. Catholic truth is necessarily the same in all ages, and in all true branches of the Church; and serious Catholic minds will naturally defend the deposit on like grounds. We do not mean to say that we would recommend the "Morale Cattolica" to young persons unversed in those unhappy controversies which have broken up the external unity of the Church. We do not mean to say that Manzoni does not undertake to defend some dogmas which we hold to be the inventions of man, unsupported by the word of God, and untaught by THE Church; we should be rebellious children to our own Mother if we did not. But we believe, that it is by no false process of argument that he upholds these errors: his argument is *like* that by which all Catholic truth is defended; but his premises are untrue. *He claims the same deference to one branch of the Church divided, which we believe due to the Church united.* We cannot believe that she, in whom our blessed Lord dwells, can be permitted to give up wholly any portion of His truth, or to teach universally anything as His truth, which is false: Manzoni requires us to receive as undoubted truth all that the Churches in communion with Rome have taught, because they have taught it. When he says, *The Church*, he means the Churches under Rome. Their absolute authority, of course, we do not allow, when they speak beyond or against the Church universal; but where their teaching agrees with the teaching of the Church as it was undivided, we allow the validity of his argument, because his premise includes ours. Hence it is, that while the tone of his argument is like that of Anglicans, the result is, in the great majority of cases, the same.

With this caution, to prevent misconception of our meaning, we return to what we said before, that there is much about this little book cheering and encouraging to those who are fearing for the result of the contest for Catholic truth in this country.

In the accusations brought against the moral teaching of the Church by Sismondi, which Manzoni undertakes in this work to refute, one recognises that self-satisfied matter-of-course assumption of the point in question, which seems at all times to have characterised the language of the world towards the Church. It has always been the lot of the followers of a despised Master to be despised by the world; but as he deigned, on many occasions, to silence the objections of the proud, and to put them to

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shame, by the use of human arguments, which His enemies could neither gainsay nor resist, so it has pleased Him (carrying out the promise made to His immediate followers,) to enable the defenders of His truth so to speak that their enemies have been put to silence; finding neither how they may oppose the irresistible force of truth, nor how they may, without shame to themselves, cast back scorn and reproach upon those whose words have breathed of that spirit of gentleness and meekness which shows them to be faithful followers of One who would not strive nor cry.

Such a union of power and meekness in the common cause of our holy faith, is an encouragement to us, as far as we can recognise (and who can doubt that we may?) the same heavenly impress on the language of many of those who are now carrying on the contest for truth among us. It is at the same time a token of brotherhood, (not to be despised when visible tokens are few,) and a real bond of union between those who outwardly are divided. Where the evil passions and errors of men have separated congenial spirits, He on whom they both rely, imprints His mark upon each—a mark beheld and deciphered by the angels, though the earthly eyes of men cannot see it, or know not what it means.

The contempt and ill-treatment of the world are, as it were, pledges of success to the Church. Against the former, not sparingly expressed, Manzoni has had to contend. In the boldly-urged censures of one individual are contained a whole class of the modern world's objections against the entire system of the Gospel law. All that appeals to faith, all that requires obedience, is set aside with that business-like air which indicates perfect self-gratulation, which apparently would be quickly stirred up into bitter scorn if it met with the slightest opposition. With this he has had to contend, and has come off more than victorious. The defenders of truths dear to us must be prepared, it seems, for a more positive exhibition of the world's feelings towards truth than this. Already has persecution begun. One act of oppression has been responded to by a loud and wide-spread cry of triumph. This we take to be a pledge of success. Ever have the humbling doctrines of the gospel grown more vigorously and been rooted more deeply when trampled under foot in the person of their defenders. The infant Church, scattered abroad by persecution, went every where *preaching*. S. Athanasius defended the faith against an almost unanimous world, while he himself, an exile and a fugitive, was enduring his share of the trials described by the great Apostle as the lot of a wanderer. S. Anselm triumphed over the arbitrary will of earthly power by submissive bearing united with courageous firmness, and was then really strongest

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when he seemed to have lost all. S. Thomas of Canterbury sealed his victory by death. Archbishop Laud had a like reward, and preserved the English Church from destruction. In all these instances (and we might multiply them almost indefinitely) the cause prevailed while its upholders suffered: nor is it wonderful that it should be so, when the instrument of His victory, who is the Captain of our salvation, was death. So we doubt not it will be, and perhaps on no lesser scale, if the leading defenders of truth should be called upon to suffer more in the cause than they have already.

But it is time that we allowed Manzoni to speak for himself. We choose a passage in which he speaks *of himself*, and allows us to see with what feelings he undertook the task of fault-finding, even where the object of his censure is himself a fault-finder.

"A weak but sincere apologist of a moral doctrine whose end is love; persuaded that the sentiment of benevolence which arises in the heart of the ordinary-minded, is more noble and more valuable than the ample and sublime conception which originates in the mind of a great thinker; persuaded that the finding in the opinions of another a disparity with our own, ought to put us upon cultivating sentiments of esteem and affection towards him, just because our corrupt inclinations might draw us unjustly the other way; if I have not observed in this little book the most scrupulous feelings towards the author I undertake to refute, that certainly has so happened against my intention. I hope it has not happened, and I reject, by anticipation, every less considerate interpretation of my words."—*Preface* vi.

We suppose that no one, except the author himself, could for a moment have imagined such a protest to be necessary.

The following passage nobly defends, while it puts in a very striking view the disciplinary nature of the Church system:—

"Persons frequently separate and find fault with two kinds of religious precepts, which ought rather to be united and admired in their mutual relation. Of the first kind, are continual prayers, regulation of sensual appetites, perpetual resistance against setting the heart on things of this world, reference of every thing to God, watchfulness against the beginnings of immoderate desires, and such like. Of these it is said that they are despicable observances; chains, which bind down the mind without producing any good result; employments for the cloister.

"Of the second kind are precepts, difficult to fulfil, but yet so evidently right, that men cannot deny their obligation. To obey these precepts, requires sacrifices against which the senses rebel; sacrifices which our soft and servile heart regards as heroic, but which reason declares to be no other than duties of strict rectitude. With regard to these, it is said that we must take men as they are, and not require perfection from a feeble nature. But religion, for this very reason, just because she knows the weakness of that nature on which she would operate, for this very reason, surrounds it with aiding power. For this very reason, that the combat is terrible, she would prepare man for it all his life. Just because we have a mind that a strong impression suffices to disturb, that the importance and urgency of a choice confound, while they require of it calmness; just because habit exercises a sort of rule over us, religion fills up every moment of our life to accustom us to self-command, to submission of passion to reason, to serenity of mind.

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"Religion, from the time of the Apostles downwards, has been compared to a warfare. Following out this similitude, we may say, that, whoever cannot see and appreciate the unity of her maxims and discipline, acts like one who thinks it strange that soldiers should habituate themselves to the evolutions of warfare, and undergo fatigue and privation, when there are no enemies."—*Morale Catt.* cap. xiv. p. 158.

The objections here noticed are identical with that ordinary sort of declamation against the Church of Rome which one has been accustomed to hear from one's childhood; and very much like, also, to the objections lately brought up against the abstinence and stricter self-denial put forward by those who enter into the true spirit of our Church. But there is another and subtler form of objection to self-discipline which Manzoni does not mention, because the persons he has to deal with would, probably, be the last to make it. With us, however, it is a very common objection, and one which some persons think unanswerable. And minds of a different stamp there are, who, left to the wholesome instinct of a humble heart, would gladly submit themselves to such discipline; but (in great measure because of their humbleness,) they are frightened by the plausibility of the objection of which we speak. We mean the notion that the whole system of discipline, as a preparation for trial, is founded on some degree of self-dependence. Persons would say that Christians do not need such an artificial strength as is acquired by self-denial in matters indifferent, that, on the contrary, it is vain to expect strength in such a way, because we should thereby be looking to ourselves for strength. Such is the form the objection commonly takes among us; to which the answer is plain, that it has seldom pleased the Almighty to work anything in us without means; that we cannot expect to be strengthened by His might, except in the use of the means He has appointed; and that self-discipline, prayer, and the holy sacraments, are the means which we are taught by His Church to use thankfully and trustfully.

We cannot arrange our extracts in any very precise order; but, perhaps, the next will carry our thoughts a little further in the same direction as the preceding.

"It is a truth, as well known as it is humiliating, that the abuse of meats exercises a degrading influence on the mind. A series of thoughts, grave, well-regulated, magnanimous, benevolent, can be interrupted by a merry-making; and in the very seat of thought arises a sort of carnal enthusiasm, an exaltation of the senses, which renders persons indifferent to things of the greatest importance, which destroys or weakens their sense of the beautiful, and urges them towards sensuality and egotism. Sobriety preserves the faculties of the individual, as our illustrious author (Sismondi) justly observes; *but religion does not content herself with this effect*, nor with virtue such as this, known even to the Gentiles. Having revealed the profound evils of humanity, she has made it her duty to proportion the remedy to them. In the pleasures of the palate, which may be combined with sobriety, she sees a sensual tendency which turns man away from his true destiny; and,

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in cases where the evil has not yet begun, she points out the danger. She commands abstinence as an indispensable precaution to one who must sustain a combat against the law of his members; she commands it as an expiation for the faults into which human weakness causes even the best to fall; she commands it, again, as an act of justice, of charity, that the privations of the faithful may serve to supply the wants of others; to distribute necessary subsistence in such a manner among men, that those two sad contradictories may disappear from society, profusion where there should be fasting, hunger where there is want of bread."—P. 178.

The following testimony to an interesting fact, from one well informed, and worthy of credence, is pleasing:—

"Abstinence from flesh is a means prescribed by the Church to facilitate the acquirement of penitence . . . If there are those who elude it, yet there are not wanting rich persons who obey sincerely, and in the spirit of penitence, the law of penitence; there are not wanting those among the poor who, forced to a sobriety which they render noble and voluntary by loving it, find means of treating the body with greater severity on those days in which a special humiliation is prescribed by the Church; these she considers as her richest ornament, her best-loved sons."—P. 184.

We think few serious-minded readers can peruse the very striking chapter "Sulla dottrina della penitenza," without a degree of sadness. Certainly one must feel more and more daily (and the parochial clergy will, perhaps, have felt this most strongly,) that those who would become penitents, and live the life of penitents, do stand in need of some external help; some visible act of the Church by which they, as what they are, may be recognised as among those for whom she has especial care: for whose case she has provided. Two things they want—two things which they have lost by the loss of discipline; they want encouragement, in the shape of some assurance, that they may claim something; they want, *i. e.* to be withheld awhile from the full portion of the upright, that they may have some *proper* ground of trust that *some* portion may be theirs. And, on the other hand, they want not seldom to be reminded that they are penitents; they want an external help to keep them in a penitent's condition. In default of the Church's living voice, they are thrown back (alas! too often on themselves alone! or) on such discipline as their individual spiritual guide may give them: and so a burden of responsibility is often laid upon him which he is little able to bear. Is not such a want as this acknowledged, in a manner, by the preaching and publishing of the Hebrew professor's late sermon, "The Holy Eucharist a comfort to the Penitent"? True and great benefit, we trust, will many a penitent derive from it; and we hail this cheering thought as a bright spot amid the dark waters of unholy and angry controversy which are rolling around that memorable discourse. A blessed comfort we think that it suggests; but its teaching does not supply *both* the wants which we have noted. We cannot say more at present on this point, but must refer such as

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wish to see some deeply interesting thoughts on the subject, to the chapter itself, the 8th of the "Morale Cattolica."

We have one more quotation to make; it contains some acute distinctions on the moral sense. Speaking of Locke he says:—

"He has proved that men vary prodigiously in the application of the idea of justice, but he has not observed that they agree in having an universal persuasion that there are just and unjust things; actions becoming, or base. Those who, since his time, have established this truth, have, I do not say confuted a great error of his system, but certainly filled up a great void in it.

"But, comparing the truth discovered by Locke with this latter, there results a third consequence, and that is, the necessity of a Divine law as a holy and infallible rule of morality. The universal moral sense of mankind proves the aptitude of man to receive an universal rule, and to apply it. That Finger which wrote the law, had already formed the heart of man with a disposition to understand and recognise it."—P. 21, Note.

Certainly, the one little remark with which this begins, shows how utterly impotent, even an infinitely-extended induction on the system of Locke would be to disprove a moral *sense;* and the consequence drawn from the comparison of the result of Locke's induction with the true doctrine of the moral sense, suggests, as it were, a new link in the mysterious chain which unites nature with revelation.

Here we take leave of Manzoni. If, in remarking upon his character and writings we have been all but indefinitely excursive, we trust that the wide field over which we have had the liberty of expatiating—in which, too, bright flowers and rich fruits were ever tempting us in a new direction—will be our excuse, should such be demanded, for the character of our notice of this very remarkable writer.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Change for the American Notes; in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1843.

The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England. By the Author of the "Clockmaker," &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1843.

WHAT, more pleadings in the great case of Old England *versus* America! How can any decision be expected, when, to adopt the terms of the ecclesiastical courts, both parties are daily amending their libels, and putting in new matter of evidence? In the two books at the head of this notice we have England sketched from America and her own colonies; the opinions of a genuine Yankee New Yorker, and of a Nova Scotia Judge under false colours. The one all sneering and bitterness, the other sharp, honest, and true; reading our legislators a lesson on colonial government under the

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guise of a humorous story; converting the Yankee sport of goose-pulling into a hint for governor generals, and the Prince de Joinville's horse into a lesson on colonial protection. Some, peradventure, of our readers, when they see the comforting words, "Change for American Notes," duly advertised in long black letters on the first pages of the newspapers and reviews, may delude themselves into the idea that, at last, our transatlantic brethren have ceased not only "repudiating," but "non-paying," and returned to the prospects of honesty. Pleasing delusion!—delusive pleasure! It is but a savage growl on England, in return for Mr. Dickens's semi-savage snarl on America; an ill-natured "tu quoque" to his "American Notes."

The writer professes to be a lady of good station in society, and corresponds with her friend at New York. Of course we may not say her nay; but it must strike every one, that whilst sketches of ginshops, and specimens of the low slang of medical students, and such like tattle, intermixed with the witticisms of omnibus cads, are rather inconsistent with even her claims to respectability, there can be little doubt that the writer is much more at home in a sketch in St. Giles's, or in a Gravesend boat, than in the drawing-room, or the court. The one set of sketches seems from life, the other savours too much of the borrowed plumes.

Our American she-Mentor opens with sundry lines of pathos regarding widowhood in a large city, in which she philosophizes on the cause of first and second marriages, and the short duration of weeds, from a sensation of "one-sided (lop-sided?) loneliness," which, from experience in both states, she tells her friend, Miss Blank, pervades those classes of society. And then with the true spirit of a member of the Anti-marry-young-men-who-drink-gin-Sling-society, she lowers the beautiful saying of "the garden of herbs, where love is," to "better, the poor creature small beer, with the favour of a family about it, than imperial Tokay sipped from an unmated glass." Was there ever such a dangerous widow?

Our critic's sorrows, as she was on the look-out for them, did not fail to wait upon her at her very landing on the Custom-house wharf. The Custom-house officer would not leave others, to search her packages first, and so the lady was offended—O dear, no—*hurt* at the rudeness of all government officials. Then she could not believe that those who "poked glances under her bonnet," as she lounged up Regent-street, were not gentlemen; and she did believe that "the attentions ladies are taught to expect in society," are regarded by us "as a tax upon our time and speech, and like a tax, paid grudgingly, or not at all, if we can help it." Again, there are no reserved seats for ladies in railway carriages; and—horror of horrors—if you happen to run the time close, and have but a minute to get into the carriage, "you must climb and push your way to your place over gentlemen's knees as well as you can, and sit down feeling you are one crimson."

Is it possible "that a sedate looking sergeant, [?] in some horse regiment, stationed at Windsor, did not know where Runnymede was?" nor the young lady and gentleman whose courting was sorely broken in upon by our critic's renewed inquiries after the place of Magna Charta? Even so; and yet, says our lady, "I never had to inquire

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more than once in the United States for any spot hallowed by the memory of a glorious deed." It is some centuries since our own isle has been the spot on which her sons have written their glorious deeds; they have preferred the land of their enemies. The age of America is but that of an infant. No one could tell our lady where Herne's oak was. Probably not. It is said that the park-keeper, in George the Third's time, cut it down.

We pass over the authoress's ill-natured sneer at the charity-schools of our metropolis, willing to set it against her right-thinking, but ill-written critique on the exhibitions at St. Paul's on the day of the Sons of the Clergy, and her just denunciation of so-called charity dinners.

As in this country no man ever yet spoke in parliament for more than five hours, and as, in her land, members go on for more than two days at a stretch, we hope her countrymen will profit by what is intended to be very severe on poor England.

"The length of some speeches in Parliament seems to me very impolitic; he cannot be an accomplished debater who requires more than an hour to deliver his sentiments or arguments. To go into a long historical or statistical detail is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the members, who ought not to need such information. I am always tempted to believe that a very long speech contains very thin matter."

Sam Slick hit the right nail on the head when he attributed all our long speeches and debates to the love of talking for "Bunkum;" but let him speak for himself; prefacing that the Attaché and his friend have just returned from a heavy debate in the house of commons.

"Then that English radical fellow, that spoke with a great voice and little sense, aint he a beauty without paint, that critter? He knowed he had to vote agin the bill, 'cause it was a government bill, and he knowed he had to speak for Bunkum. '*Bunkum*,' I said, 'pray what is *Bunkum?*' 'Did you never hear of *Bunkum?*' 'No, never.' 'Well, if that don't pass. I thought every body knowed that word. I'll tell you then what *Bunkum* is. All over America every place like to hear of its members in Congress, and see their speeches; and if they don't, they send a piece to the paper, inquiring if their member died a natural death, or was skivered with a bowie knife, for they hante seen his speeches lately, and his friends are anxious to know his fate. Our free and enlightened citizens don't approbate silent members: it don't seem as if Squashville, or Pumkenville, or Lumbertown, was right represented, unless Squashville, or Pumkenville, or Lumbertown, makes itself heard and known; ay, and feared too. So every fellow in bounden duty talks, and talks big too; and the smaller the state, the bigger, louder, and fiercer its members talk.

"'Well, when a critter talks for talk sake, jist to have a speech in the paper to send home, and not for any airthly purpose but electioneering, our folks call it *Bunkum*. Now the state of Maine is a great place for *Bunkum*—its members for years threatened to run foul of England with all steam on, and sink her about the boundary line, voted a million of dollars, payable in pine logs and spruce boards, up to Bangor Mills—and called out an hundred thousand militia (only they never came) to capture a saw-mill at New Brunswick—that's *Bunkum*. All that flourish about right of sarch was *Bunkum*—all that brag about hanging your Canada sheriff was *Bunkum*.

"'Well, they talk *Bunkum* here too, as well as there. Slavery speeches are all *Bunkum;* so are reform speeches too. Do you think them fellers that keep up such an everlasting gab about representation care one cent. about the extension of the franchise? Why no, not they; it's only to secure their seats—to gull their constituents, to get a name:—its *Bunkum!*'"—Vol. II. pp. 137—139.

The American she-financier, who professes to give us hard cash for American Notes, ought to be indited for wholesale piracy, in selling out scraps from the pages of the *Sunday Times* and *Dispatch*, as her

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remarks on English politics. Ignorant, as we happily are, of the majority of the radical mud troughs, yclept Sunday newspapers, we cannot hesitate to ascribe to Mr. Publicola, (the O as long as you can make it in the common tongue,) or Lucius Brutus, our American's Sentences on Education, Puseyism, (as she calls it,) Bishops, and Royal Stables. Accustomed, as the New York American lady doubtless has been, to the *Herald* and other disgraceful papers of her city, she could hardly fail to hail with delight the newspaper Sunday literature of our less favoured isle, and to recognise in the broadsheets of ribald falsehood with which they teem, the humble imitators of the leading journal of America.

We are not aware of any remark already passed by us on this work, which, by topping and tailing, may be converted into a general approval of the volume. Let us not despair. American ingenuity can effect much. And when we have seen the *respectable* publishers of this work convert the praise of one short sentence of the letters, afforded by a reviewer, into a general commendation of the book, we do not despair of seeing "CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER" appended to a most eulogistic sentence in the next advertisement of the "Change for American Notes."

It is all very well for mammas and young ladies to run down clubs, and debate on the selfishness of these establishments. And perhaps the American widow was not far wrong in saying that "had these places existed in Thomson's day, their lazy luxury would have ensured honourable mention in the Castle of Indolence." But look at them, not as the lounge of those who would have lounged just as much without their club, but as the daily dining house of the members of every profession: the house where, instead of going to this or that dining house, and requesting the waiter to bring the meat and the dirt in separate plates, that he may mix according to his own, not their recipe, the member may have the comforts of home at the least expense, and may pass away a leisure evening in conversation and reading, instead of lounging at theatres, or frequenting the kind of clubs to which our ancestors were driven.

Oh, but, respond the ladies, the luxury of clubs renders young men unwilling to marry, and so has a bad effect on society; or, in other words, the comforts of clubs prevent many a young man from running headlong into an early marriage, without considering his resources or his prospects. Some persons would say, "So much the better."

"It is said of a reverend wit," says our authoress, "that when shown the magnificent drawing-room of the Reform Club, he expressed his admiration, but declared he would rather have their *room* than their company. The coffee-house life of Addison's and Steele's day, and the tavern life of a later period, seem unknown."

And thus, *ad libitum*, until the air of the Hall be redolent of sighs and tears. Mawkish sensibility always goes from home for its objects. The American is again right as to the modern cemeteries; "they are simply large flower-gardens, and many of the graves little flower-beds." We are not of those of whom the present laureate said—

"Who would crawl and botanize
Upon their mother's grave."

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We do not admire these death gardens; these would be lounges amid the tombs. But now for Sam Slick.

Through the mouth of Mr. Hopewell, whom the rebellion in America changed from parish minister of a small place in Connecticut to the pastor of a small congregation at Slickville, Sam Slick gives his opinion of the party that now holds the reins of government.

"'What in natur are you, minister?' says Sam. 'A Tory.' 'A Tory! well, I thought that a Tory and a Conservative were, as the Indgians say, "all same one brudder." Where is the difference?' 'You will soon find that out, Sam; go and talk to a Conservative as a Tory, and you will find he is a Whig: go and talk to him again as a Whig, and you will find he is a Tory; they are for all the world like sturgeon. There is very good beef-steaks in sturgeon, and very good fish, too; and yet it aint either fish or flesh. I don't like taking a new name, it looks amazing like taking new principles, or, at all events, like loosening old ones; and I hante seed the creed of this here sect yet—I don't know what its tenets are, or where to look for 'em. It strikes me they don't accord with the Tories, and yet aint in tune with the Whigs; but are half a note lower than the one, and half a note higher than the other. Now changes in the body politic are always necessary, more or less, in order to meet the changes of the time, and the changes in the condition of mankind. Where they are necessary, make 'em, and a-done with 'em. Make 'em like men; not when you are forced to do so, and nobody thanks you; but when you see they are wanted and are proper, and don't alter your name.' 'Well, then, I ask, What is Conservatism? I am told that it means what it imports,—a conservation of things as they are. Where, then, is the difference? *If there is no difference, it is a mere juggle to change the name. If there is a difference, the name is worse than a juggle, for it don't import any.*'"—Vol. i. pp. 141-2, 152.

There is one chapter in the first volume which deserves being set out at full length; it is that on Cottages: in which the English clergy and the good specimens of our old rural population are staunchly defended; nor indeed can that which immediately follows it, "On stealing the hearts of the people," be rightly omitted in our praise. We must take a few extracts from both.

The old clergyman is in the poor man's cottage, has discovered how well the cotter's children have profited from the vicar's lessons, and thus he speaks:—

"Now look at this poor family; here is a clergyman provided for them, whom they do not, and are not even expected to pay; their spiritual wants are ministered to, faithfully and zealously, as we see by the instruction of this little child. Here is a friend on whom they can rely in their hour of trouble, as the bereaved mother did on Elisha. And when a long train of agitation, misgovernment, and ill-digested changes, have deranged this happy country, as has recently been the case, here is an indulgent landlord, disposed to lower his rent, or give further time for payment; or, if sickness invades any of these cottages, to seek out the sufferer, to afford the remedies, and, by his countenance, his kindness, and advice, to alleviate their troubles. Here it is a positive duty, arising from their relative situations of landlord and tenant. The tenants support the owner, the landlord protects the tenants, the duties are reciprocal."—Vol. i. p. 178.

One more extract from this chapter, and we have done with Mr. Hopewell for this time.

"But, Sam, the serpent is here, the serpent is here, beyond a doubt. It changes its shape, and alters its name, and takes a new colour; but still it is the serpent, and it ought to be crushed. Sometimes it calls itself liberal, then radical, then chartist, then agitator, then repealer, then political dissenter, then anti-corn law leaguer, and so on. Sometimes it stings the clergy, and coils round them, and almost strangles them; for it knows the Church is its greatest enemy, and it is furious against it.

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Then it attacks the peers, and covers them with its froth and slaver, and then it bites the landlord. Then it changes form, and shoots at the queen or her ministers, and sets fire to buildings, and burns up corn, to increase distress; and when hunted away, it dives down into the collieries, or visits the manufactories, and maddens the people, and urges them to plunder and destruction. It is a melancholy thing to think of; but he is as of old, alive and active, seeking whom he can allure and deceive, and whoever listens is ruined for ever."—Vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

The following extract from the close of the ensuing chapter, winds up these reflections :—

"I do believe, on my soul, if religion was altogether left to the voluntary in this world, it would die a natural death; *not that men wouldn't support it, but because it would be supported under false pretences.* Truth can't be long upheld by falsehood. Hypocrisy would change its features, and intolerance its name; and religion would soon degenerate into a cold, intriguing, unprincipled, merciless superstition,—that's fact."—Vol. i. pp. 225, 226.

The Attaché seems unable to comprehend the very delicate compliment which we presume the leaders of the fashionable world intend to pay, when they ask a mob to their house, invite twice as many as can get into it, or into the columns of the monster *Times* on the following day, and call it *soirée musicale, dansante,* or some other Frenchified name. The learned Doctor Humbug's conversazione fares rather badly in the Attaché's hands.

"My first party to-night was a conversation one; that is, for them that could talk; as for me I couldn't talk a bit; and all I could think was how hot it is! I wish I could get out! It was a scientific party, a mob of men. Well, everybody expected somebody would be squashed to death, and so ladies went, for they always go to executions. 'Twas a conversation, warn't it? that's all. I couldn't understand a word I heard. Trap, Shale, Grey, Wacky; a petrified snail, the most important discovery of modern times. Bank governor's machine weighs sovereigns, light ones to the right, heavy ones to the left.

"'Stop,' says I, 'if you mean sovereign people here, there are none of them light. Right and left is both monstrous heavy; all over-weight, every one of 'em. I'm squeezed to death!' 'Very good, Mr. Slick, let me introduce you to——,' they are whipped off in the current, and I don't see 'em again no more. 'A beautiful show of flowers at the garden, Madam; they are all in full blow now. The rhododendron —— had a tooth pulled out when she was asleep.' 'Please to let me pass, sir.' 'With all my heart, Miss, if I could; but I can't move; if I could, I would down on the carpet, and you should walk over me. Take care of your feet, Miss, I'm off mine. Bless me! what's this? it's half a frock hitched to my coat button! Now I know what that scream meant.'

"'How do you do, Mr. Slick? When did you come?' 'Why I came——,' he's turned round and out of hearing. 'Xanthian marbles at the British Museum are quite wonderful; got into his throat; the doctor turned him upside down, stood him on his head, and out it came; his pinnet was too small.' 'Eddis's picture—capital painting,—fell out of a barge and was drowned.' 'Having been beat on the shilling duly, they will attack him on the fourpence, and thimble-rig him out of that.' 'They say Fugden's in town—hung in a bad light—at the Temple Church—who's that? Lady Fobus—paired off for the session—Brodie operated. Lady Francis—got the life-guards—there will be a division to-night. That's Sam Slick—made a capital speech in the House of Lords in answer to Brougham—Lobelia—voted for the bill—the Duchess is very fond of—Irish arms.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 186—188.

And thus amid such pleasant disjointed talk did the Attaché get gradually squeezed into the entry, too glad to make his escape from a fashionable mob.

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1. *A Letter to the Managers, Constituent Members, and Congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen. By the Rev.* Sir William Dunbar, S.C.L. *Presbyter of the Church of England.* Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
2. *Answer to "A Letter," &c. By one of the Congregation of St. Paul's, Aberdeen.* Aberdeen: L. Smith. 1843.
3. *A Reply to "A Letter from one of the Congregation," &c. By a Member of St. Paul's Congregation.* Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
4. *The Rev. Sir William Dunbar defended in a Reply to a recent Pamphlet, entitled "An Answer," &c.* Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
5. *The Scottish Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Sir William Dunbar and his "Defenders," in reference to the Letter, &c.* Edinburgh: Grant. 1843.
6. *The Drummond and Dunbar Schism; being a reprint of an Article in the "Christian Remembrancer" for July,* 1843. Aberdeen: Brown. 1843.

Although in our last number we alluded to this most grievous affair, the present may be a fit occasion for adverting to the second, and, in some respects, improved edition of Mr. Drummond's withdrawal from the Church of Christ. The reviser and imitator of the Edinburgh Independent Teacher, is Sir William Dunbar, Bart. (of the Nova Scotia creation,) S.C.L. and formerly minister of the Floating Chapel on the river Thames. We mention these things, not because any one of them (though the S.C.L. has a suspicious look) is discreditable, but just as historical notes, to enrich the future ecclesiastical annals of Scotland.

The Reverend Baronet is a Scotchman, but was, we believe, ordained deacon and priest in England; and the Floating Chapel, we suppose, not answering, on the 16th of April, 1842, Sir William (we use his own words) "accepted from the managers, constituent members, and congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, an invitation and call to become their minister," (Pamphlet No. 1, p. 5.) To be sure this has a strange smack and twang of "the Evangel," after the pattern of John Knox; but if the Scotch Church permits such phraseology, it is not our affair to set such things right.

Our readers have not now to learn of the existence, since the Hanoverian Persecution, of an anomalous body of Scotch laity, under pastors, English, Irish, or Scotch, who professed to be members of the Church of England, and who were not in communion with the Scotch bishops. This schism arose about the oaths to the house of Hanover, which were consistently refused by the Church of Scotland, although many "Episcopalians," *sit verbo venia*, did not partake in the political sentiments of the bishops. Unwilling to conform to the established religionism of the Kirk, and averse from the non-juring politics, they hit upon a third course, and obtained pastors, who, taking the government oaths, professed themselves Presbyters of the Church of England, though with the fatal inconsistency of being priests under no bishop. Gradually, by the prudence of the Scotch bishops, this awful schism

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was healed, the so-called English congregations submitted to their bishops, and, at the present moment, saving Mr. Drummond's body of Independents, there are only two flocks, at Perth and Montrose, which have not conformed to their ghostly Fathers in God. But among the very last to conform, (we were in error last month in stating it to be "*the* last,"*) was the congregation of this St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen; however, they did, in 1841, unite themselves to the Church, and this in a Mr. Harris's incumbency. In 1842, Sir William Dunbar found, and accepted the charge of, this flock, in full communion with Bishop Skinner, and of consequence under the canons of that Church of which the Bishop of Aberdeen is *Primus;* but still, under a private deed of constituency, which, it is said, reserved to this one congregation of St. Paul's for ever a certain "distinctive character." This document (it is reprinted in No. 4) is certainly a very curious one; but we say this distinctly, if, as Sir William Dunbar argues, it contains any provision directly opposed to the letter of the canons, it is only waste paper. The bishop puts this very well; he says, (see No. 1, p. 9,) "he cannot acknowledge St. Paul's to have at one and the same time a distinctive and a united character;" *i. e.* it cannot be *both* Independent and Catholic, now church and now meeting. "Under *which* king, Bezonian?" this is the real question: it is of little use for the Reverend Baronet to argue that his "accepting the call" upon the force of the existence of the separate deed was equivalent to subscription to the canons under a reserve of the primary stringency of the deed: surely if the less is blessed of the greater, so must the less authority in the Church, should they clash, submit to the greater. The deed of union reserves certain *rights*, as they are termed, to the congregation of St. Paul's; these Bishop Skinner is said to have impugned. Let us see: and we accept Sir William's statement of his own case.

The deed requires the use of the English communion office, (the liturgy, that is,) in St. Paul's: the canons of the Church declare the Scotch liturgy to be "of primary authority," and to be used compulsorily on certain occasions, *permitting*, at the same time, the English liturgy, but sanctioning the Scotch. In the diocese of Aberdeen, it appears that most congregations, (see No. 5, p. 23,) among them, that of St. Andrew's, one of the Aberdeen churches, use the authorized form: the English is reserved to St. Paul's by the deed already alluded to.

Now, what does Bishop Skinner do? Does he compel Sir William and his flock to use the Scotch office? because this would have been to break the union deed: no such thing; but, at St. Andrew's, where it was regularly and customarily used, the bishop uses this Scotch office at an ordination, and Sir William is present, he having been, as a matter of compliment, asked to preach: he declines to receive the Eucharist, walks out of church after the sermon, "objects on scriptural grounds to administer or unite in the service," (No. 1, p. 7,)

* We admit, of course, the correction made in our July number, by our Scotch editor at Aberdeen; but, in justice to ourselves, we may quote Mr. Lawson's recent volume, who states distinctly that "the congregations at Perth and Montrose have conformed to the Union," (p. 352,) though he does not specify the date. It matters little; but if we were inaccurate, Mr. Lawson has misled us.

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and it is not very clear how much of this was connived at by the bishop; for some part of his conduct, however, or for all, the minister of St. Paul's was reproved by his diocesan; and even the author of No. 2, (p. 8,) thinks that here Sir William had the best of it. We desire to say a few words on this.

We maintain that the provisions of the deed of union were untouched, and would have been, had Sir William, as he was *bound by the canon to do*, received the Eucharist at St. Andrew's; untouched also by the bishop's rebuke of his refractory Presbyter: the deed reserves the English office for St. Paul's: true; but does the deed say, that the minister of St. Paul's shall never communicate elsewhere? does it say one word about what is to be done at St. Andrew's? His "taking part in the Scotch service" at St. Paul's, would have been a breach of contract; how does this apply to his taking part in it elsewhere? It would be consistent in Sir William, as minister of St. Paul's, to say, "I prefer the English office, and I always intend to use it; first, because it is more scriptural, or what not, and next, because it is reserved for the use of my people by a special instrument;" and all this is quite consistent with Canon XXI., and this is all that the deed contemplated; but to say, as he does, that the Scotch office is popish and idolatrous, which he pretends was what he supposed the union deed to imply all along, is sheer nonsense. For it comes to this: the Church of Scotland accepts for one of her Presbyters a man who, at the same moment, subscribes two documents; one, the canons of the Church, which declare a certain liturgy of primary authority; and another, a private deed, which declares the very same liturgy unscriptural and Popish: which is absurd: therefore, this could *not be the sense of the deed*, which said not one word about the Scotch office; and, therefore, the Reverend Baronet incurred censure, and might have been suspended for violating both spirit and letter of Canon XXI. For, we ask, in what sense did Sir William sign this canon? Not only will he not admit the Scotch liturgy to be of "primary authority," but he says distinctly it is of none; it is therefore perfectly nugatory to talk about "reserve," and "limited conditions," and "equivalent to a protest;" when Sir William can show distinctly that, when he subscribed the canons, he drew his pen through No. XXI., he will have something to say on this head. Either the deed directly contradicts the canon, and if so, it is perfectly worthless; or it can be construed in harmony with the canon only by the course which we have pointed out, and which course Sir William did not pursue; and we make him a present of the dilemma.

We have been the rather particular on this head, (and for the other points upon which Sir William has disobeyed we must refer our readers to the pamphlets which we have named,) because it is that on which the authors of No. 2 and of No. 5, (Mr. Lawson we observe, by the initials,) and both defenders of the bishop against this strange schism, seem most doubtful, and, may we add? squeamish: they seem to think the Scotch Office and Canon XXI. rather a sore place; with this feeling, if it exists on their part, we have no sympathy whatever, but rather, with Bishop Horsley, we gladly admit the Scotch liturgy to be superior to our own—with the American Church, we would most thankfully accept a change in the English Office;—and, with good

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Bishop Horne, doubtless alluding to this very privilege, we would answer inquiries as to the existence of Scotch bishops, as he did: "Yes, better than our own." The members of the Scotch Church are almost like the Israelites, in possession of a glorious privilege in this liturgy, and perhaps in other things, of which they hardly show their sense: when God is their King they ask for a less heavenly rule: we only wish that we were permitted entrance into that pleasant land, of which, we almost dread, they think scorn; they take for a spot what strangers deem their brightest star.

Another thought strikes us in connexion with the existence of this deed of union, from which our own Church might draw a useful lesson. It seems, at least to us, reviewing the transaction as strangers, and at a distance, that there must have been too much haste in comprehending this St. Paul's congregation into the Scotch Church in 1841. The private deed of reservation may bear a plausible interpretation; could it not be understood in at least a tolerable sense, and one consistent somehow with the constitution of the whole Church, it never could have been acceded to at all, we should think, by the Bishop of Aberdeen: but then, again, though no principle was actually surrendered by him, there was a vast deal too much pseudo-liberality towards the, real or imaginary, prejudices of the "managers and constituent members" of that most anomalous body, the congregation of St. Paul's. They were incorporated into the Church too soon: too much of the leaven of their old independency was connived at: the Church made as though she yielded something: there should have been no compromise, or even apparent compromise: the St. Paul's Independents should have not been treated with as a separate sovereign power: they who ask the blessings of an Episcopate should do it on their knees; it is a gift, not a bargain: "all or none" should have been the bishop's alternative. Which, of course, it is much easier to say *now* than it would have been to act upon in 1841: this we feel; but we allude to it because it may serve as a forcible warning to ourselves, to anticipate into what inextricable difficulties as a Church we shall stumble, if we enter into sudden relations with foreign un-episcopal bodies on terms of equality and mutual surrender; what *has* happened in Scotland, may teach us what is sure to happen from the Anglican-Lutheran-Comprehension scheme: the Dunbar schism is an index of the success of Bishop Alexander's Jerusalem Mission. In either case there was too much hurry.

Next, Sir William Dunbar chooses to think that the fact of the bishop requiring him to make a collection at St. Paul's, in obedience to Canon XL., was inconsistent with the clause in the union deed, which gave to "the managers the sole management of the funds;" which obviously is a regulation only of private arrangement, alluding to the way in which the chapel income and funds should be appropriated; and, as before, what we ask is this,—and we think it more important, because in Scotland it has not been urged with sufficient force: in what possible sense did Sir William subscribe the canons at all, if not in their obvious one? either then he subscribed them in this sense or in none; and if in none, he is bound to show his exceptions against them, made at the time formally and openly.

Again, when in the deed of union, the minister and congregation

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of St. Paul's promised "to pay all spiritual obedience to the Right Reverend William Skinner and his successors," what did they mean by this? did this imply that their minister was to dictate to his bishop when, where, and how he was to confirm the young people of the flock? that their minister was to decide what canons of the Church he was to obey or what to disobey, or how long, or how often, he was to plead "his scriptural objections," and "his religious convictions" against his bishop's commands? that their minister might sign a paper one year, and twelvemonths after plead that he did it under a mental reservation which directly contradicted every word of it? and that by "electing their own minister," they denied to their own bishop the authority of placing over them their shepherd in the Lord? *

Of the folly, on Sir William's part, of supposing that he can still *act* "Presbyter of the Church of England," though he has renounced his Bishop, we have spoken so much at large in Mr. Drummond's parallel case, that we care not to repeat it. Mr. Lawson's (No. 5) pamphlet, though, perhaps, rather too pungent for our taste, contains some observations (pp. 9—11,) which it would puzzle Sir William to answer. We had marked them for extract, but we are compelled to pull up somewhat suddenly.

Of these pamphlets we can just afford space to remark, that Sir William's is beneath contempt in matter and style; and that No. 4, "Sir William Dunbar Defended," is the vulgarest rubbish we ever read; with No. 2 we concur heartily, excepting the point which we have criticised. Mr. Lawson's is the most able of the set, if he did not fall into railing; and No. 3 is remarkable only for its dulness.

We have only to add, that at the conclusion of the affair (we regret that it was not terminated by *excommunication*; perhaps, however, it is not yet over,) Sir William seemed much disposed to keep the temporalties of St. Paul's, which, in the "History of the Scottish Church since the Revolution," we find to be "perhaps the richest in Scotland," (p. 487,) although he had relinquished the spiritualties; but we are enabled to announce that "the managers, &c." have so far obeyed the Bishop's injunctions as to declare the charge vacant—whether they will present another clergyman yet remains to be seen.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above notice of the Dunbar schism was in type, and partly worked off, we were favoured with a letter from Sir William Dunbar, requesting us, when we redeemed our last month's promise of noticing this business, to keep in view the conditions of the voluntary union. As the nature and provisions of this document are the *very grounds* upon which we have argued the case, it is remarkable enough that we and our opponent should have chosen the same lists for the controversy; when he dictates the conditions upon which we are to meet, he can complain of no

* "The Bishop's letter to me shows the following opinions to be entertained by his reverence:—

"First, That *he* committed to me the charge of St. Paul's.

"Secondly, That until he had done so, I had no authority to read the public prayers of the Church, to administer God's sacraments, and to preach His word. Now, in these sentiments, entertained by his reverence, *I cannot concur*," &c.—*Dunbar*, p. 17.

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unfairness on our part; and to complete the case against him, we subjoin the terms quoted by the Rev. Baronet:—

"That all the present rights and privileges of the members of St. Paul's Chapel, (particularly as set forth in the constitution or decree arbitral, pronounced by the late George Moir, of Scotstown, Esq., and extension thereof,) shall remain entire and be secured in the union, more particularly the choice of the clergyman, the sole management of the funds, and the continued use and preservation to the chapel of the exclusive use of the Liturgy, including the Catechism of the Church of England; none of which rights and privileges shall be infringed upon without incurring the dissolution of the said voluntary union."

A Memorial, &c. The Doctrine of the Cross, exhibited in the Faith and Patience of a humble Follower of Christ. London: Burns. 1843.

This is a book which we should feel shame to take up as mere critics: it is far too holy and solemn. It is the biography of a female of very simple and childlike obedience, and of a most devout and saintly life, who was graciously led, and this, as far as we may learn, by God's especial grace to "know of the doctrine," by "doing His will." Educated a Quaker, she found that cold scantling of religionism too confined and narrow for even her antebaptismal depth of piety; the full system of the Church alone was sufficient for the perfect development of a rare and exalted holiness; and after passing through some very singular trials and difficulties, she settled down into the most careful and diligent walk in the Catholic faith and practice, at least as completely as her shortened life permitted; for she died before she arrived at "the perfect stature." If we are not mistaken in a conjecture supplied by a single passage, she was, on her incorporation into the Church, an attendant on the ministry of a clergyman of the extreme Calvinistic school: but the insufficiency of modern evangelicalism is forcibly and most practically evinced by her life; had we any confidence in one of the late Mr. Knox's distinctions, though in her case the "foundation" might be laid in the uncatholic modern doctrine of conversion, this biography proves that it was the Church alone which could build the "superstructure Christian." She ripened out of evangelicalism by a gradual and personal experience of its lack of depth and heavenliness: it realized to her neither the true idea of the Divine incorporation, nor the power of being conformed to His image. In her was set forth the true teaching of the Cross; being made perfect through much tribulation, she found her way to eternal joy by suffering here with Christ: her door to enter into eternal life was gladly to die with Christ; and if we required an evidence of the strength of the Catholic system to train saints for life or death, this touching "Memorial" would furnish it. It is rather for tears and humbled hearts than to be talked about; and we recommend it most heartily to those who think that our own Church has not sufficient life to produce a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a St. Theresa or a Magdalen of Pazzi, as well as to those who say that Catholicism and formalism are convertible.

It appears that the "Memorial" is composed by a near friend—are

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we wrong in conjecturing a medical attendant?—if so, such specimens of the "Religio medici" are as comforting to the Church, as, we fear, rare in the profession. It is scarcely credible how much of the Church's work might be done by the doctor; in the ages of faith, the functions of priest and physician were ordinarily united; and "Luke, the beloved physician," had those who followed him in either portion of his ministration. Adopting a very sober and reserved tone, we imagine that the author might, had he pleased, have said much more of the lovely character which he has drawn; but his object was, of course, not only to strengthen us, but to attract separatists to the Church from this exhibition of her divine and deeper gifts. We may add that the title-page is in the true ancient style: we have so long been annoyed with the various trumpery caricatures of illuminated pages, that it is consoling to find one severe and really correct like the present. It is by far the best which has appeared.

The Pageant: or Pleasure and its Price. A Tale for the Upper Ranks of Society. By FRANCIS E. PAGET, M.A. &c. &c. London: Burns. Rugeley; Walters. 1843.

ON receiving this volume, with at least two others of the same taking class, from Messrs. Neale and Bellairs, we resolved, as the phrase goes, to speak out, and to denounce emphatically, from whatever source, the continuance of this mode of inculcating high religious truths. It has long been a matter of suspicion to us, whether the spiritual fiction (really we do not know in what accredited division of literature to rank "Tales of the Town," and "Tales of the Village," "Tales of the Manufacturing," and "Tales of the Agricultural Interest") has not done its work, if it ever had a work to do. We do not intend the slightest disrespect towards Messrs. Gresley and Paget, who are exceedingly able men, and learned and high-minded men, but we deprecate a school formed of their followers; to think of their third-rate imitators is quite nauseating.

At the best, these little stories are rather one-sided; from the days of Plato, the conventional license of a dialogue gives an unfair advantage to our own side of the dispute; where an advocate is permitted not only to arrange his own but his opponent's arguments, to give himself all the logic, and the other interlocutor all the nonsense, it is but a small triumph to come off victorious. And again, as far as we have yet read, the stock subjects of these light militia recur at very short periods—apostolical succession, baptismal regeneration, self-denial; and then self-denial, baptismal regeneration, and apostolical succession. Our readers have not to be told that, in this review, such subjects are always estimated at their most awful value; but we are alarmed lest, in a mere literary idle drawing-room way, young ladies and young gentlemen should, as far as words go, allow all this, and there stop. It will be of little use to knock up the Minerva Press, and to substitute a "Catholic" Minerva Press for it. It may be that "Matilda de Rosanne," if there ever were such a novel, would be less hurtful than æsthetic, rose-coloured, vignetted, embossed, hot-pressed, rubricated

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tales. The fact is, that the whole class is much too *nice*, much too readable, much too satisfying for us. Somehow or other, the very novelty of such a mode of helping a most serious controversy, or even of inculcating duties, however urgent or forgotten, makes us disposed to suspect its lawfulness. Surely the Church has, for eighteen centuries, had the same work to do, the same souls to win, the same varying shades of character and education with which to deal; and yet, till within a few years, she never thought of converting heretics by love-tales, or of forcing herself into the boudoir in a white chip hat, and marabout feathers. No: if we must have controversy, let it be stern in guise, repulsive in form, systematical and technical in language, as of old. We are sorely alarmed at the question of Church authority discussed in the pauses of a quadrille; and, of the two, we would rather hear him of the white gloves ask her of the pink slip, about the common-places of the season, the Cartoons, and the last marriage, than whether she has read "Agnes de Tracy," or what is supposed to be the subject of "Mr. Paget's next." The very fact that they are so popular, coupled with another fact which is not so pleasant, that so very little way is made, is at least ominous; for five hundred who read tales and tracts, is there one who acts? There is a limit, though it requires a wise head and steady hand to draw it, where popularizing truth should cease. If shallow science owes its existence to the Pinnocks and Marcets—if trumpery politics to the Martineaus, and flimsy education to the Edgeworths of a by-gone day, it may be that some who would most deprecate it, will have to answer for the abeyance of a masculine, deep, and earnest theology in the Church of England. Ringleted Catholicism and kid-gloved churchmanship we have an especial dread of.

All which sour surly thoughts we have long brooded over; when lo, "The Pageant!" a most excellent and lively, and well-intentioned tale, which is not at all controversial; and therefore most of what we have said is inapplicable to it. It embraces a subject which has occupied some of our own pages; and much of those terrible details of the devilish factory and mining systems, upon which we have commented, has been reproduced by Mr. Paget, although his chief aim in the present tale is to expose the atrocious wickedness of fashionable London life, as applied to the poor milliner girls. We can only say that we earnestly wish *this* book circulation in the very quarters about which we are most doubtful; the more smart Lady Gertrudes and Honourable Fannies we can get to read it the better; and the more cold, and worldly, and selfish they are, the more they stand in need of "Uncle Wat's" rough tongue. If ever we ask for a pulpit, it will be to be allowed, some first Sunday in June, to preach a sermon in St. Peter's, Pimlico, on Isaiah iii. 16—26.

While we are on the subject, we must just request the influence of Mr. Paget's excellent taste to prevent his printer from luxuriating in such childish caricatures of illuminated titles and headpieces, and stamped bindings, as "The Pageant" rejoices in; they are simply ridiculous.

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The wished-for "Prize Essay towards the Conversion of learned and philosophical Hindus," (Rivingtons,) by Mr. J. B. Morris, Fellow of Exeter, has just appeared. It is far too important in subject, and learned and elaborate in execution, to admit of more than acknowledgment in this place. That must be no common book to which the wreath was awarded, which such a man as Mr. Sewell failed to win.

"Popular Tales and Legends," (Burns,) pleases us much; it goes upon the right principle to cultivate the habit of faith, by early exercising children "in the contemplation of the wild and the unearthly," and the religious teaching is suggested, rather than directly intruded. This is judicious: in our young days, a fable seemed hardly earned after swallowing the dry husk of moral at the end; children must be caught by guile: and it is about as wise to ask a wit to be funny, as to take a child to its "religious lesson." It is a healthy sign, too, that we are no longer ashamed of fairies and dwarfs: the "good people" left us out of spite for their bad usage.

"Notes on the Use of the Surplice, &c." (Rivington,) is an Appendix to an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "The Prayer for the Church Militant, and the Surplice: in reply to the Quarterly Review," and contains valuable documentary matter. The subject has obviously grown upon the author, and the more research is expended upon it, the more decisive is the evidence that the surplice is the *only* vestment authorized by the Anglican Church, in all parts of divine service. Remembering how deep a principle is at stake on this question, we cannot be too thankful for the care and labour bestowed upon what seems an unpromising inquiry.

"Squire Allworthy and Farmer Blunt," (Rivington,) is a dialogue on the Offertory, by Mr. Palin, of Stifford, of whose labours in this cause we have already spoken favourably. We doubt whether *much* good is done by this particular mode of inculcating duties; but probably the experience of a village clergyman is better than our own as to its usefulness. It is well intended certainly: but why was the tract so vilely printed, for it is not over cheap?

A most magnificent undertaking has just been commenced by Mr. Sumter, of York, "The Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire." The work is dedicated, by permission, to the Archbishop of York; nor could his grace have easily found one worthier of his patronage. It also boasts a most excellent Introduction, of which it is enough to say that it is by the Rev. E. Churton. No. I. which is all that we have yet seen, is very beautiful. We had no conception either that lithography could attain such consummate delicacy, or that a book so beautiful could have been got up in the provinces. The work, we believe, will be completed in about six numbers. We must also mention a Chart of Ecclesiastical Architecture, by the same publisher, as a well-executed and useful manual.

"Flee Fornication," (Burns,) is a tract which required a strong-minded man to write; it was of course much needed, for we have been, it is to be feared, faithless to our commission in suppressing from false delicacy all allusion to a certain class of sins. Fleshly lusts had not been so common, and so little thought of, had the Church spoken with scriptural boldness against them; however, it is a good sign that this sad matter is gaining attention in all quarters.

And while we are upon Tracts, it would be presumptuous to do more than announce from the same publisher a series of "Selections from the Works of Bishop Wilson." Two numbers, one on Confirmation, and one on the Lord's Supper, have appeared.

"A Word of Warning, connected with the alarming spread of Tractarianism, by the Rev. Hugh White, A.M.," (Dublin, Curry,) is not only unpleasant, but

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dangerous to read in the dog-days. It is composed of such very inflammable materials, that the marvel is that it has not exploded by spontaneous combustion. Think of the choicest and fieriest combustibles of D'Aubigné, M'Neile, and Beamish, Mr. Marks and "his useful admonition," "that excellent little work, the Catechism of Puseyism," "Charlotte Elizabeth's powerful Strictures," and Mr. Bickersteth's "Divine Warning," all mixed up with strange fires, imported from Bishop M'Ilvaine and the Bishop of Calcutta! This is a theological hand-grenade, alive with detonating and fulminating powders, which calls for the police rather than the reviewers.

And while we are on this inexhaustible subject, we can heartily recommend to tract distributors, (and who, in these days, is not a tract reader, writer, or scatterer?) "Puseyism confronted with the Church of England, and its true character shown," (Edwards,) which is not exactly that which its title promises; and "Puseyism in London," (reprinted from the Morning Post.) The last is admirable in matter and interesting in composition.

"Bishop's College and its Missions," (Burns,) by Mr. S. C. Malan, formerly a tutor in that noble establishment, is an earnest plea in its behalf, to which we wish all success.

"A few Reasons for deprecating the Attempt of the Bishop of London to alter the Service of the Church,"—lying and insolent to a degree which beggars description, and feeble withal.

"Ayton Priory," and "Hierurgia Anglicana," are mentioned elsewhere.

Two volumes of the Anglo-Catholic Library are just out; a volume of Cosins' Sermons, hitherto MS., which is a great addition to our old divinity, and the 2d vol. of Beveridge; we are glad to find this excellent undertaking proceeding so satisfactorily: but we must again ask, where are Andrewes' Controversial Works?

"A Letter to the Rev. Philip Gell of Derby," (Mozley,) is very valuable, and bears out the view maintained in these pages of the sad character of the visitation sermon to which it alludes.

The Bishop of Madras's "Charge" has been published: in almost every conceivable particular, it is the opposite of the Bishop of Calcutta's; in tone, if we are obliged to draw comparisons, we should say that it harmonizes most closely with the theology of the Bishop of Salisbury.

"Lilian Arundel," (Burns,) under the form of a child's book, is in fact, (like a similar story published some time since, "Little Mary,") a parent's book, that is, it will help mothers in the great work of education. We like it much, and thought as we read that we recognised the "fine Italian hand" of the authoress of The Fairy Bower, whose character-drawing in so small a compass is really surprising. If we are wrong in our guess, we are at least paying a compliment to the writer, which we feel to be, in some respects, deserved.

Among single sermons, "The Holy Portion of the Land," by Mr. Churton, of Crayke; "On the Ordination Services," by the Dean of Chichester; "Acceptable Sacrifices," preached in St. John's Church, Cheltenham, by Mr. Gresley: Mr. Coleridge's, at the opening of St. Mark's College; and one by Mr. Sewell, to "Young Men," will engage attention from the reputation of their respective authors. To which may be added a useful address, "National Education, &c." by Mr. Nicholson, of Winchester; and a "Funeral Sermon on Mr. Blencowe," by Mr. F. M. Knollis, which is long, and written, we think, in very bad taste.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Summer Day's Pilgrimage. No. I.—*St. Alban's Abbey.*

THERE are perhaps few, hitherto unnoticed, circumstances which have more contributed to the loss of Church feeling, or rather to its abeyance, than the paucity of old Catholic churches in London. So much are we necessarily influenced, even in the way of devotion, by ancient association, to say nothing at present of the actual difference, in kind perhaps rather in degree, of religious feeling excited by Christian art, and its opposite, the adaptation of Pagan proportions and details to the requirements of the worship of the saints, that we can scarcely realize how much loss the Church of England—it is hardly too much to say to the lowering of positive doctrine and obviously of practice—has suffered by the great fire of 1666 and the consequent destruction of the older sacred edifices of the metropolis. We are not now going into the question of Wren's skill and genius, which we are disposed to rate very high, indeed it is surprising that with the intractable materials and the stiff conventionalisms of design, which are the characteristics of the so-called classic style, this great man produced such wonderful diversity in details, and so often such solemnity of general effect in his churches; but considering his relationship with the foremost of the Laudian School, the great Wren, Bishop of Norwich, and his own intimate connexion with Oxford, it is not a little remarkable that he was led so entirely to discard the essentials, at least those distinctive features which had hitherto been deemed essentials, of a church, as well as that style which, under various degrees of development, had been coeval with the Gospel itself in these islands. To say that the old Christian architecture was worn out is nothing to the purpose: for Wren only assumed to be a reviver and not an inventor; to adapt and reconstruct was his aim; and had he chosen he might just as well have restored pointed as Roman buildings. And though there is something in the argument that the oldest churches were Basilicæ, yet we must remember that the peculiar charm in them was that they were the conquered strongholds of heathenism; the sacred Presence was introduced, and had cleansed them for ever; the very fact that they had been seats of pagan judicature, halls or what not of the idols, made them visible trophies of the actual victory of the Cross of Christ: rather than allow, with Middleton, "that, because by changing the name and consecrating the temple, the Pantheon serves as exactly for the purposes of the Papist as it did for the Pagan," therefore Christianity is paganized, we rather sympathize with Le Maistre, as quoted in Morus, "Tous les saints à la place de tous les Dieux! quel sujet intarissable de profondes méditations philosophiques et religieuses!" The Seed of the woman was openly in them displayed bruising the serpent's head; henceforth they were hallowed and consecrate to holiest uses; the lustration of faith had been

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sprinkled on them. And this reason might have its sublime influence until the gospel were thoroughly furnished from its own unearthly stores: to bear with pagan architecture up to a certain point, that is, until Christianity had something of its own, something which had never been defiled with gentile associations, something evolved from itself, were not only tolerable, but such as the circumstances of the case at least permitted if they did not require.

The writer, then, of the present paper (and it is as well to premise that it differs, in some respects, from views which have been taken by other writers in this Magazine) objects to the force of the argument alleged from the fact that the earliest churches were Roman, and those built by the successors of Constantine in various parts of Italy were Romanesque and Byzantine, and of kindred or resulting styles, to the propriety of continuing or reproducing such churches, especially in this country. We are far from saying that the old Italian churches are not Catholic churches; they are churches curious and valuable in every point of view, most interesting and most Catholic; this we own frankly and without hesitation, and to say that they are not the most primitive form would only display very great ignorance. We can bear then with Bingham's ichnographies, (which are extremely incorrect, be it remarked) or with Sir George Wheler's valuable though little-known account of the early churches, or with Mr. Gally Knight's beautiful volume, or with Mr. Coddington's fervid letters: we admit all the facts fully; but they are, one and all, nothing to the point: the question is not whether such things *were*, but whether they *are to* be again, or *ought to be again*.

And this must be argued upon a somewhat deeper principle than has yet been examined: it is a subject connected, and that in no slight degree, with a question which promises to swallow up all others, the true *idea of the Church's power of self-development*. We may admit the use of many externals, the rite of washing the feet of the brethren, for example, that of circumcising Jewish converts, to take an illustration which, being scriptural, we would apply reverently, and such others; but if it be held that the Church is the permanent presence of the Spirit, if it has intrinsic and innate powers and gifts to abolish and to supersede, and to displace such things, why may not a similar power be imagined as applied to christian art? To say that this or that is primitive, and *therefore* must be done now, would carry us further than, or make us stop very short of, what most of us would be prepared for at the present day. It proves too much or too little. Anyhow we shall soon be called upon—are we ready?—to choose in the dilemma, "Primitive, and *therefore* right;" "subsequent to the ——," (for the limits are not yet settled) "——th century, and *therefore* wrong; Romish, papistical, modern, scoutable," &c. &c.

The line, then, which we think most tenable is, that ecclesiastical buildings which had formerly belonged to heathen purposes had a peculiar propriety and dignity, which, from the nature of the case, was then, and must remain, inalienable—that the immediately subsequent stage of art purely christian being one of transition merely, whether it is to be traced in northern Italy, or in Normandy, or in our own Norman edifices, was at the best but a *tolerabilis ineptia*, but that it

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would be about as wise now to write books in Norman French while we

> "Speak the tongue
> That Shakspere spake,"

as to build Norman, if such be the name, churches while we have the churches of Lincolnshire of us and among us. Having once evolved her own peculiar and restricted architecture, the Church, it seems to us, by implication forbad her children to retrace their steps; we are not now speaking of what the Church ought to do under given circumstances, but we have first to produce a fact, and then, if we can, assign a reason for it. The *fact* then is, that christian architecture was always growing and uniform and complete in itself as far as it went. Because this is to us decisive: if it be a fact that the Church never did go back to a style which had been fused into something beyond it, we desire no stronger reason to conclude that it never ought to go back either, 1. to a transitional style, such as the Romanesque; or 2. to a style never her own, viz. the Pagan, either of Egypt, Greece, or Rome, or the Apostate,* such as Alhambra-Saracenic. There must be some deep reason for so remarkable a fact, that restorations, even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, did not restore the discarded style: the Church, we repeat, never went back: decorated and perpendicular insertions were added to the Norman and early English churches: Wykeham remodelled the Winchester cathedral of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when it was twice as easy, and much more graceful and uniform, as we view such things, to continue it in the original style, and to carry out the first design. How was this? why was this? but at least to show that Norman had had its day, and never was to be revived; and if not Norman, *à fortiori* not Roman.

Nor is it at all to the purpose to say that mediæval Christianity resulted in pointed churches, chancel nave and aisles, because its external development was processional rather than congregational; but that we want spacious halls, which are not pointed, because our worship is congregational, and because we have no processions: for facts are against such a theory both ways. Processions are compatible enough with churches of the Pagan class, witness St. Peter's; nay James II. then Duke of York, got the present plan of St. Paul's itself adopted and the aisles introduced with a view to use it just as it stands for the restored Roman ceremonial, when he could introduce Romanism: and on the other hand, a three hundred years' experience has shown that the churches of all others best suited to the due celebration of the reformed Anglican ritual are those spacious ancient fanes where "the chancels remain as they have done in times past:" besides, it is rather too much to assume that processions are incompatible with any "reformed" services.

The reformers, by their cautious and distinct avowal in this most noticeable rubric, one well-weighed and pondered after the first heady

* We mention this because there are rumours of churches to be built with minarets and domes and horse-shoe arches, for all the world like Grand Cairo, Bagdat and Damascus, and the Arabian Nights! Why not revive the Mexican temples? A pagoda would do well for a steeple—and a clever adaptation from the Burmese Taj-Mahal would make a modern church architect's fortune yet.

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rush and tumult of turbulence and spoil had calmed down, meant much. It was a distinct identification of themselves with the Church of fifteen centuries: it was to say, "We are the same, *because* our churches are the same; all that is essential in them and in the rites there celebrated we must have; we retain them all because we mean to use them all." And so, although, not in England alone but throughout Christendom, in as well as out of the Roman obedience, the Church was deprived of the technical skill, and her Bezaleel had departed, yet in the ancient spirit and after the ancient proportions, and with the ancient fittings, Andrewes * and Laud built and adorned churches, and shall we deny their title as the best exponents of Anglicanism? They did not go back to the basilica or to the semi-circular arch or apse, and why should we? Even the ablest advocate of the Romanesque in these pages is inclined to think that what he calls "the Gothic of James I." was a style of itself, perhaps a legitimate result of perpendicular; and of which *we* desire to notice that, be that as it may, it was neither Romanesque nor Pagan; it was neither the revival of what had past, nor the production of something new.

All this Wren did not see: he brought into our English Church something quite as new to it as the creed of Calvin was to the Catholic body, and in its way, to us in England quite as great a solecism; and we are prepared for the charge of exaggeration when we say that we do not know how to estimate the damage which Sir Christopher Wren and his school have inflicted on the Church. Surely it must have been something like malice † in this great man to blow up with gunpowder the ponderous piers and columns of old St. Paul's: he did not rebuild it, not because he could not, but because he would not; at all hazards, he was resolved to build, not to restore. London is of course considered the model in all things for the whole kingdom: what received the metropolitan imprimatur would be imitated more or less throughout the country. Not only then would the literature and higher thought of England, whose home is the metropolis, be soon led to think that the revived pagan style was the proper one for temples of the reformed faith: not only would the dwellers in London, the leaders not of fashion only, but of national feeling, soon acquire complete ignorance but also contempt of the ancient churches: and the result was, that from having before their eyes two classes of ecclesiastical structures, the elder class was identified by the people at large with a worn-out superstition as well enough for days of Romish darkness, but totally unsuitable for the Protestantism of reformed England, which found its symbolism in Wren's Roman churches. So complete was this feeling, that in one of the classical essayists of the Augustan age of Queen Anne we met the other day with a kind and handsome

* There is yet extant the exact description of the chapel and altar furniture of Andrewes' palace chapel, which Laud copied, and where, among other startling things, occur "a canister for the wafers—a censer for the incense lighted at the reading of the lessons—a tricanale for the water of mixture in the eucharist, &c." It is just published in the first number of a valuable Miscellany "Hierurgia Anglicana," (Cambridge, Stevenson,) edited by members of the Camden Society.

† See Wren's Parentalia: though his work at St. Paul's and St. Dunstan's in the East, makes even his capacity questionable.

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apology for York Minster! as well enough for the dark ages, but requiring a great effort of condescension to be tolerated by those who were privileged to read Vitruvius and Palladio! Something of the same sort occurs even in Berkeley.

Nor was this positive evil a mere defect of æsthetic taste. The line being thus firmly marked between the so-called Protestant and so-called Catholic material buildings in this country, what more natural than to draw the same distinction between the spiritual churches themselves? if the worship were so distinct as to require different edifices, surely the creeds themselves must be equally opposed: and, to our apprehension, nothing has so much and so fatally tended to the prevalence of the common error, that the church of Laud and Sancroft was other than the church of Augustine, Lanfranc and Wareham, as the rise and progress of the hateful blunder that we of the Reformation could not use and repeat, when need required, the churches of the fourteenth century. A very little thought should convince us that this dispute about the proper style of churches to be built now-a-days, is but a branch of a much deeper subject, or rather the application of a great principle. If we surrender pointed architecture to the Romanists, they will not be slow to apply this, though at first sight it seems illogical enough, to an implied foregoing of the faith of the universal Church. It is not, therefore, with any hankering after Rome that we demand the restoration of the ante-reformation churches; but a conviction, putting other grounds out of the question at present, such as intrinsic seemliness and beauty, that in this, as in other matters, if we wish to show ourselves true Anglicans, we must be Catholics, impels us to take this standing.

Now, it is past a controversy, that nobody knows or feels so little about church architecture as your thorough Londoner; how far this may account for the fact that he is heart and soul, in nine cases out of ten, a heretic at core, let the learned judge. Which is cause or which effect we are not going to inquire; whether he is anti-catholically disposed because he lounges in Wren's churches and "hears popular preachers," or whether, because he is of the modern Protestant movement, therefore he patronizes "spacious halls," is to us of little moment; the two things co-exist in the animal Cockney: and a pert, vulgar, self-sufficient animal, with disdainful nose and scornful eyes, full of lordly contempt of the mighty past, and ideas of the boundless enlightenment of its own Capnopolis Magna, it is. We hate the little wretch most heartily: and yet, considering the lamentable defects of its education in this matter of churches, it is rather to be pitied than abused London is but a barren wilderness to the Catholic Churchman: it has very little of old association about it: mark after mark which ancient time had written on the banks of its proud river have been planed out: it is at once raw and dirty: full of pretension and full of emptiness: makes a great show and has nothing to show. There is scarcely a market-town in England which is not to us fuller of interest. Half a church in Southwark—the round church of the Temple—the White Tower and its Chapel—two or three churches of the later Henries, such as those of St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Andrew Undershaft, all miserably spoilt—and the desecrated church of the Augustinians—a scrap, and a poor one, at St. Sepulchre's—these are all the ancient

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remains which London can boast, except the Abbey Church of St. Peter. No wonder that dissent flourishes, for this among other reasons, that there are no ties which bind the Londoner to the Everlasting: he cannot, without an effort, link himself to the great communion of the saints in a brick and stucco preaching-house: the gray reverence of time—the hoar beauty of what has been consecrated by the prayers of ancient saints—the roof and walls eloquent with the one unchanging creed, haunted by the holy memories of those who sleep in Christ, beautiful with the symbols of the one old faith—the tombs and cross-distinguished slabs of those whose names are unknown save to their Judge—how few of such things, and how healthy is their influence, exist for Londoners, meet and significant accompaniments all of faithful daily prayer!

It was with some such feelings, it was in some degree to recruit in us a right sense of religious feeling, that on a lovely day in June, we set off in good company for St. Alban's. Not without shame did we recall the history of England's first martyr St. Alban; not without shame that this noble church, almost his only memorial in the most populous and important diocese in England, should still remain other than a cathedral see. It were the least though late return that we could make the piety of some of our fathers; or it were only the long delayed atonement for the sacrilege of others, to restore in some sense the saintly line of God's servants who for eight hundred years served Him in this place with daily prayers and psalms. But we are anticipating.

St. Alban's is within a very accessible distance from London: try it, gentle reader, and our word for it you will return the morrow's morn a sadder as well as a wiser man: just twenty miles of that noble Holyhead road, now partly covered with grass, which was once the boast of our country. But the town itself is a more endurable spot now than it was: its prosperity, thanks to the railway, is fading away, it is clean, silent, dull, and unhappy-looking; not that we have much sympathy for its sorrows: if St. Alban's might be personated, we suspect that it has found the spirit of commerce a less gentle taskmaster than good Abbat Wheathamsted. In this the day of her humiliation may this town remember, that she had duties to God's Church, and not having discharged them, the day of her prosperity has departed! Gaining that chalky height aptly named the *Ridge*, the distant view of St. Alban's is very grand and striking;* the Abbey church queens it fairly over the subject country; fit emblem of our faith, it is as a city set upon a hill, though the same can scarcely be said of the town itself, which is new, and dotted with vulgarity and cheap pretence enough to delight a Methodist. The Verulamium, the chief city of the Romans, is only distinguishable by earth works, and fragments of walls, very plain along the left hand side of the Barnet road, and elsewhere worked into the hedges.

* The tower seems to be deficient in height, especially bearing in mind the enormous length of the nave, though this latter feature is ludicrously caricatured in Dugdale. But the embattled parapet of the tower is recent; and the angles were doubtless finished, or were intended to be finished with low pinnacles, like those of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford, of which the circular turrets remain.

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We are not about to affront our readers by supposing them ignorant of the details of St. Alban's good confession; it is a beautiful history that of

> " England's first martyr, whom no threats could shake,
> Self-offered victim for his friend who died,
> And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
> That hill whose flowery platform seems to rise,
> By nature decked for holiest sacrifice :"

and rich has been the harvest of salvation from the soil watered by our protomartyr's blood, and most noble the monumental Abbey raised over his relics, and yet its whole aspect is forlorn and sad, even to bitter tears. If we have outgrown, as is most true, the use of this splendid church, we ask no more mournful evidence that the age of faith has melted away. More than a thousand years have passed since Mercian Offa, who endowed a monastery on this spot with many a rich manor, began this church; and there it stands still, a stern and startling memorial, in its present nakedness and desolation, that England is no longer the land of saints: it is alone a significant type of the history of the British Church.

Much of the rough material of the walls is the Roman tile-brick of the ancient city; and there still remain in its various parts, traces of every period of ecclesiastical art in England.—A christian church of the Roman material, like the cross crowning the Pantheon, or hallowing the Coliseum, speaks of the demon-gods—

> " With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving—"

here, perhaps in a low passage below what was once the cloister, and more distinctly in the " long-and-short work," in the neighbouring church of St. Michael in the town, may be traced the Anglo-Saxon rude clumsy work, scarcely less graceful than the rough plastered piers and arches which remain of the " new church" of the fourteenth Abbat Paul, cotemporary with and, as it seems, a countryman of Norman Lanfranc, who as Matthew Paris tells us, began to rebuild the Abbey, about A.D. 1078. Whether the transepts and the upper half of the north aisle are exactly as he left it appears uncertain, since it is known that much of what is now the most ancient part of the church, probably the upper part of the tower, is of the date of Henry I.—the choir is of the time of the third Henry. The magnificent western arches of the nave, with the clerestory and triforia, were the pious work of Abbat Roger, in the reign of Edward I., though, as we may conjecture, the works never stood still throughout the whole period of Decorated art. William Wallingford, the thirty-sixth Abbat, the cotemporary of Caxton, (whose first press was set up in this place,) and the patron of the priceless " Boke of St. Alban's," dear to the Roxburghe Club, in 1480 built the high altar and its gorgeous reredos, though this is also attributed to the princely Wheathamsted; the great western window and doorway, are of late though noble Perpendicular; in short, St. Alban's is a perfect epitome of every period of christian art in England. From the time of Offa, till the fatal sixteenth century, the building scaffolds could never have been struck; probably there was not one of its matchless roll of mitred Abbats, who did not give nobly to God of its princely revenues: not one perhaps, save Wolsey himself, whose sordid

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ambition was to plunder this abbey, and to suppress other religious houses, that he might make himself a name at Ipswich and Oxford; and the last recreant, who only took the abbacy to surrender it, like another Simon, that he might sell the revenues for his pension of 400 marks. But among these noble churchmen, preeminent in self-denial and liberality, must be recorded, besides those already mentioned, Thomas de la Mare, the thirtieth Abbat, who died in 1396, at the age of 88, after spending what would equal 40,000*l.* upon the fabric; John of Wheathamsted, the thirty-third, who was twice Abbat, having resigned his office and after twenty years resumed it, at the solicitation of his patron, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his friend in life, and companion in death, for they sleep together—but more of this anon—who built and furnished the library, rebuilt the cloister, and decorated the ceiling with its present beautiful painting; and Abbat Ramryge, who, like Wheathamsted, was also a great benefactor, not only to the Abbey but to its permanent endowment.

Such were the founders and guardians of St. Alban's Abbey; such were the lazy monks; such were the priestly drones; such were the Benedictine sluggards; such were the dark ages! Turn we now to the churchmen of the Reformation; let us see how they served God with their substance.

In Elizabeth's time, or in that of James I., the present altar-table was erected; and a very beautiful one it is for wood—curiously carved and paneled, altar-wise, with four niches, which formerly contained silver figures of the Evangelists, of which Cromwell's godly reformers know more than we do; and we chronicle it gladly, for, save a trumpery font, it is the only gift of the last three centuries.* About the same time, the Ladye chapel was turned into a free-school, and a public alley cut between it and St. Alban's shrine, breaking sheer through pier window and wall, which desecration, and the thoroughfare, still continues. A brief was procured in Charles II.'s time, to prevent the whole building from falling down, after the bestial sacrilege of Cromwell and his iniquitous fanatics. Pews and pens innumerable attest the Georgian era, with a comfortable gallery,† now happily removed, which once ran across one transept; and a frightful scaffolding for an organ, which still blocks up the other. In a word, robbery, sacrilege, confiscation, neglect, poverty—this is the Church of the Reformation. "Private men's halls were now hung with altar-cloths; their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlets." "It was a sorry house which had not somewhat of this furniture, though it were only a fair large cushion covered with such spoils, to adorn their windows, or make their chairs have something in them of a chair of state." "Chalices were

* There is another gift, an apt memorial of Protestantism; a vast pair of iron gates, for the porch of the western door, to show that a church is not always to be open for the prayers of the poor and homeless; and their iron bars, oddly enough marked with the name of a former rector, who robbed the Savings' Bank of 8000*l.* and absconded. Wheathamsted's paneled roof, and his gifts to the Most High, contrast strangely with Mr. Small, who locks up the church, and robs the poor. Thus far our gain is rather a loss.

† There were two galleries, one ranging westward, over St. Cuthbert's screen, as far as we can make out.

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used for carousing cups; horses were watered in the stone coffins of the dead;" and Mrs. Whittingham, the wife of the first dean of Durham, steeped her bacon in the holy water stones of the abbey, that is, made a sink of them, and made a threshold of the tomb-stones. [See the contemporary Documents and the Antiquities of Durham Abbey.] Three episcopal houses, two churches, a chapel, a cloister, and a charnel-house, were pulled down for the site of Somerset's palace in the Strand — that Somerset, whom Burnet describes as "a person of great virtues, eminent for piety, humble and affable in his greatness, sincere and candid in all his transactions"—that Somerset, whose miserable fate, like the deaths of Rufus, Cromwell, Wolsey, Lord Audley, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and others, was always attributed to their sacrilegious plunder of the Church.

Let us illustrate this, in the case of St. Alban's Abbey, after the fashion of a contrast; at the head of one class of facts, desiring our readers to figure for themselves, (it is Dugdale's touching frontispiece to his Monasticon,) the picture of some royal saint, say gentle and meek King Henry VI. blessed in his many persecutions, kneeling at the altar, and humbly presenting a charter-deed of gift; motto, "✠ Deo et Ecclesiæ;" on the other side, let them suppose that swaggering miscreant, with arms a-kimbo, burly, bloated, coarse, and sensual, Henry VIII., bellowing out "Sic Volo;" the back-ground of one shall be a stately abbey, rising "fair as the moon," on the other, shall be a church in flames, the mob pilfering the plate, and the Abbat of Glastonbury on the gallows.

At the suppression of the abbey of St. Alban's, (and impending troubles had decreased their numbers,) there were thirty-seven religious Benedictines serving God with fastings and prayers, night and day; for not a shadow of a pretence of "scandalous immorality" was urged. The revenues of the abbey then were 2,602*l.* 7*s.* 1½*d.*, according to Dugdale; 2,510*l.* according to Speed. Hume, speaking of this period, tells us that land was then ten times cheaper than at present. Taking, then, no allowance for the present improved state of cultivation, the revenues of St. Alban's Abbey at this day would be worth 25,000*l.* per annum.* Nobles and kings, knights and ecclesiastics, had voluntarily given this to Almighty God *for ever*, to say nothing of the sums spent upon the building, plate, vestments, library, &c. The abbat, the monks, the broad lands, the farms, the manors, the granges, the schools, the library, the seven services day and night, are swept away, and St. Alban's Abbey is, at the present day, served by a single clergyman, with service three times a week, and an income of 110*l.* per annum; and when the church falls down, down it must fall, unless my Lady Verulam will get up a fancy fair in the nave, for ought we know, or will write 10,000 cards, soliciting shilling subscriptions.

Behind the high altar was St. Alban's shrine, in a space (called

* If we were to quadruple this sum, we should not overrate it. Mr. Neale, (Ayton Priory, p. 129,) estimates, though without data, the income of this abbey, and those of Reading, St. Edmund's Bury, Glastonbury, Westminster, and York, at the present value of 150,000*l.* each.

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the Presbytery) between the great reredos and the Ladye Chapel; here, in a very curious wooden loft, still remaining on the north side, formerly was a priest, watching night and day the shrine, glorious with gold and jewels. Matthew Paris thus describes St. Alban's shrine:—

"In form it resembled an altar-tomb, having a lofty canopy over it, supported by pillars; these were of plate gold, shaped like towers, and having apertures to represent windows; the under part of the canopy was inlaid with crystals. Within the tomb was a coffin, containing the relics of St. Alban, inclosed in another case, the sides of which were embossed with gold and silver figures in high relief, exhibiting the principal events of the martyr's history. At the head of the shrine, which was towards the east, was a representation of the Crucifixion, having the figures of St. Mary and St. John at the sides, and ornamented with a row of very brilliant jewels; at the foot of the shrine was an image of the Virgin, seated on a throne, with the infant Saviour in her arms; the work of cast gold, highly embossed with precious stones."

On this very spot it is believed that St. Alban was martyred. At present this place is used for visitations and vestries; and on the day when we visited the abbey, "the parishioners in vestry assembled," some with their hats on—"Protestant dissenters," we suppose—were squabbling about the beadle's coat, or some such thing. The bell was ringing for this vestry as we entered the abbey. Upon inquiring at what hour the daily service was said, our answer was,—"Daily service! this is a *parish church;*" against which unexceptionable argument we had nothing to urge.

Whether it be right or wrong to burn tapers day and night before the relics of God's chosen martyrs and saints—whether it be right to enshrine them in Mosaic of precious stones, and golden tabernacle-work, we will not here inquire; if this were Romish superstition, we are not called upon to defend it: but, of the two, it is infinitely better than the disgusting irreverence of the Protestantism of 1843, of which we, to our grief, were witnesses. In this same "Presbytery," in a vault, discovered some years back, are the remains of the good Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, a great benefactor to this abbey, the friend and patron of noble John Wheathamsted; they were "lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided." John Wheathamsted sleeps in peace in the "sure and certain hope:" but descend to duke Humphrey's solemn vault; it is a beautiful one. On the wall is painted the image of our dear Lord's Passion; from His sacred side the blood is depicted flowing into a chalice, which a kneeling priest reverently receives; and in a corner of this vault, lies, at this moment, an open coffin, the lid wrenched off, the lead irreverently torn and bent back; and there, open to all men, rattled about and handled by the sexton, held up to be stared at and joked upon, are the brown skull and bones—the actual bones of duke Humphrey. Now, we say nothing that this same duke Humphrey was of England's blood-royal; nothing that he was

"——— the thrice-famed duke"

of our greatest bard; nothing that he was one of the most important characters in English history; nothing that he was a good, a pious, and a great man; nothing that he chose this very place for his sepulchre; but, in the name of our common Christianity—in the name even of humanity, are the bones of those who sleep in Jesus, and which one

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day will rush together at that dread trumpet's sound, to be treated like the bones of an ass, with coarse irreverence and ribald jest? Are they to be made a show of, and the sight of them to be paid for with shillings? Is it to be endured, that they are to be kicked about like counters—and this in a church a thousand years old? There is a bishop of the diocese; there is an archdeacon, who delivered his charge the other day three yards from this very spot; there is, at least, one clergyman, who has some authority in St. Alban's Abbey; there are, we presume, churchwardens—one and all, can they be ignorant of this disgraceful and scandalous profanation, and heathenish indecency?*

Attached to the abbey church was, of course, the monastery, and its spacious buildings, refectory, library, cells, cloister, bakehouses, &c.—all, all are swept away. The cloisters are destroyed, and the site turned into a banker's kitchen garden; it is not even reserved for the church: the remains of the holy men who were buried there, go to feed his cauliflowers and celery. What of the fair clustered shafts attached to the nave remain are excellent supports for this gentleman's pears and plums; his gardeners manure and delve where the stately Benedictines walked and mused; the incense of the one is followed by the tobacco of the other; and the only matins and vespers with which St. Alban's Abbey is vocal now, is the ribald song of the street, whistled by these same pruners and planters. Stay, we had forgotten! one relic of better days remains, the gate-house of the monastery, and an ancient tenement attached to the south wall of the nave, and part of the monastic buildings; but the gate-house is now a prison, and the dwelling is the gaoler's. A significant change! for when, by the suppression of the great religious houses, the well-spring of English charity was cut off—the poor man must either rob or starve; so that, now, when we have ceased to feed Christ's poor, we must perforce cage them; and the prisons, and the union workhouse, and the compulsory poor-law, stand cursed and cursing, where once the daily dole was distributed by the charitable monks, who since they had freely received, freely gave. Oh, bitter change!

We have spoken of the daily services of this noble abbey. Once, every aisle was vocal with sacred song; oh could we but recal the days, when the solemn Gregorian chant swelled from the full-toned choir, while rank after rank paced along the stalls and misereres down to St. Cuthbert's shrine,† and down those noble steps, and down that lofty nave, and through the long vistas of aisles, along the spacious

* On the dissolution of Sheen, the body of James of Scotland, the defeated hero of Flodden, was exhumed, and the workmen defiled the body, and hewed the head off; and our own times equal the profanity of our fathers. In 1825, when St. Catharine's Church was destroyed for the new docks, the tomb of John Duke of Exeter, uncle to Henry V., was violated, and the hero's scull appropriated by the surveyor; and the bones of *King Alfred* were disinterred at Winchester some years ago, when a prison was erected on the site of the abbey walls. In France the royal vaults of the English kings at Fontevrault have been frightfully desecrated, and the remains of Cœur-de-Lion stolen.

† The choir at St. Alban's extends partly down the nave, as at Westminster, and is terminated by a beautiful screen, two or three piers' breadth westward of the transepts.

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church, 600 feet long; and the symbol of redemption was raised triumphantly, and still the psalms of heaven swept sweetly on, now plaintive, now jubilant, and lingered about the shafted recesses of the triforium, and repeated from the cloisters—

"And still the choir of echoes answers so"—

and the angel corbels seemed to join in the general harmony, and upward to that azure roof,* the emblem of heaven itself, alive and vocal with the sacred name, and thence rose up like incense with the prayers of the saints, not unacceptable to Him who sitteth on the throne! Such *was* St. Alban's psalmody—such *were* the precentor and his choir. *Now*, in every shop-window of the town, you may see (at least, we saw) a programme of "a concert, to be given in the town-hall, under distinguished patronage," by "Mr. —, *parish clerk of the Abbey Church, and Music Master.* Tickets to be had at the Library, and the Peahen, price 3*s.* each." Such *was* the way in which our fathers "praised God in psalms;" such *is* the fashion in which *we* sanctify our gifts and talents to His service.

And speaking of *affiches*, these posting-bills are no bad index of the religious change which the last three hundred years has wrought in the face of the country. Once, any unusual religious celebration might be traced by a long line of pilgrims, horse and man in peaceful array, with sumpter-mules, threading along those beautiful roads, say the Pilgrim's roads, which still exist in the beechen woods of Kent, to St. Thomas of Canterbury; or through the ancient Watling-street to St. Alban's shrine; or to distant Sempringham, or to Battel, or along the silver Thames to Reading. We know not, (for how can we judge?) of the earnestness which accompanied, or which instigated these pilgrimages: we are not poetical enough to deny that, perhaps, they might be misused; but being ourselves, at least once, pilgrims to this very St. Alban's Abbey; knowing that to men pent in populous cities, green trees and blue skies are healthful alike to body and soul; knowing that we ourselves, personally at least, can draw spiritual good from visiting God's ancient houses, where His presence and His angels have, beyond recorded time, dwelt, and His saints yet sleep; knowing that, to kneel where God has been long and piously honoured, subdues pride, softens sinful hearts, elevates devotion, kindles coldness, and animates us into imitation of the departed, and of Him whose grace made them what they were; knowing that old churches and cathedrals are an image of heaven, and their service a foretaste of its blessedness, an emblem of heaven both in their stately splendour and in their unearthliness, and in their changelessness, and in the beautiful thoughts which they inspire, we can, without violent effort, believe that pilgrimages might be a religious exercise; might teach that heaven was our proper home; might, even in their toils and dangers, image forth the great christian truth, that through much tribulation, through toil and trouble, heat and cold, hunger and watching, the Kingdom was to be attained. And if pilgrimages and processions

* The panels of the abbey roof are painted blue, with the sacred monogram, I ℞ C.

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were the mark which religion then impressed upon society, we scarcely yet are reconciled to pica and posting-bills, which have usurped their place. What though the devotion were, as of course we must admit, questionable, which prompted men and women to brave weary days and rough roads, for the privilege of kneeling at Becket's shrine, of course *now* we are not allowed to hesitate as to the religious nature of "the Annual Meeting of the Protestant Association in the Town-hall, Hertford, the Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury in the chair;" bills of which, a yard long, met us on every wall in the county, on "our summer-day's pilgrimage." How much we have gained by the change, which is palpable enough, *judicent peritiores.*

We have thus feebly and inadequately contrasted, in some particulars, the St. Alban's "tower and town" of three centuries back with its present miserable estate, and before we sum up, after the good old fashion of sermons, with a practical application of our notes, we will point out one or two other painful things about the present church which are sad evidences of the great decay of church feeling in those, few and impoverished though they be, who have any authority over this glorious Abbey. And we may as well here declare, that every circumstance connected with our pilgrimage is a plain unvarnished fact: we have used no colouring: truth is often stranger and stronger than fiction.

On entering the choir we were much pleased with a large board attached to the altar-rails desiring strangers not to enter within the sacred enclosure. "Well, this is quite right," we exclaimed to one of our companions; "this shows a proper and decent reverence for the chancel; it is very sad and humiliating that such a notice should be required; but anything is better than to permit careless, thoughtless people to go up to the altar and perhaps sit down upon it to get a better view of the church: very thoughtful and proper, indeed." "Don't be too sure of the motive," said one of our party, a cautious and caustic observer. "Pray, sexton, what does that board mean?" "Why, sir, you see that these steps," pointing to the raised floor of the chancel, "were worn out; we have not money enough to put down stone steps, so we got these; very neat, an't they? but they are only *deal sanded over to look like stone*, and if the visitors were to walk up and down they would be scratched to pieces presently; so we put up the board to keep the new steps from being worn out." Never was a pretty theory so remorselessly shattered. And so it has come to this; that a church which took eight hundred years to build up to its present, though impaired, magnificence, is too poor to procure three stone steps for its altar, which a five-pound note would buy; the nobles who are revelling on the broad lands of which their fathers have robbed God are too poor; the town of St. Alban's is too poor; the mayor and corporation are too poor; the archdeacon is too poor; nay, the banker who grows his cabbages on the consecrated ground is too poor; Protestant England is too poor;—to buy three stone steps; so St. Alban's Abbey must be content with "sanded deal."

On the south side of the choir is the splendid shrine and tomb of Abbat John Wheathamsted, which has been retouched; it is in beauti-

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ful preservation; and can always be identified by his badge, the ears of wheat; but as though to confuse all history, the screenwork has been glazed, and the magnificent and perhaps unequalled brass of a previous abbat, John de la Mare, in full robes, 9 feet 3 inches long by 4 feet 4 inches, has been laid down in it.

On the north side of the choir is a similar though inferior shrine of Abbat Ramryge, which, to the consternation of all antiquaries, actually bears the date of 1678; nor was our perplexity decreased by observing certain strange frescoes in the interior, which by no means correspond with the date of the tomb; the fact is, that in the year 1678, by the collusion of the then rector, this chapel was actually stolen by one Anthony Farringdon, Esq., who coolly appropriated the abbot's grave, tomb and shrine for a burial place for his own family—and his own memorial is painted on it; so that De la Mare's brass lies on Wheathamsted's tomb, and Farringdon's epitaph is fastened to the door of Ramryge's shrine!

This fashion of stealing grave-stones seems to be popular among the St. Alban's people: one of them has appropriated the black massive marble slab of an altar, perhaps the high altar, which is still marked with the five crosses, commemorating the Sacred Wounds; and numerous stones of which the brasses are stolen are inscribed with epitaphs to divers grocers and publicans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. About the floor may be seen coped and plain tombs, inscribed with various crosses, which have only been preserved because they save money in buying paving stones. Among the memorial inscriptions, the following, though late, is simple—

> "Pray for Mawde Harryes which lieth in this grave
> Desire God hartelie her sowle for to save
> Whiche deceased the ix day of Februarie
> On whose sowle Almightie God have m'cye.
> Anno Domini millesimo cccc tricesimo septimo"—

though, from the mixture of English and Latin, it would find small favour in Mr. Paget's eyes.

And if our readers cannot, with this pilgrimage to the Abbey alone, loiter through a summer's day, they may view St. Michael's Church, which contains, as Rickman has noticed, some undoubted Saxon remains, as well as Lord Bacon's tomb; or the remains of Sopwell Nunnery, a mile south of the town, a large Benedictine house; or they may do as we did—breakfast at North Mimms, and walk afterwards through a pretty park and grounds to South Mimms, where there is a beautiful decorated church, in very good preservation and religiously kept; there is a good brass in it of a priest with the host and chalice, surrounded by apostles in tabernacle work; of which no notice occurs in Clutterbuck's county history, though all the insignificant tombs are chronicled.

In conclusion, may we say something 1. of the monastic life in general; and 2. of the sacrilege involved in the suppression of the religious houses at the Reformation? Upon either subject the appearance of Mr. Neale's useful and graceful little volume, "Ayton Priory," has anticipated, and even compelled us to omit much that we had to remark. We prefer, therefore, in the present case, rather to draw

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on the stores of a fellow-labourer in this cause, than to inflict our readers with more of our own.

1. "Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with easier heed,
More softly rests, dies happier, and gains
A brighter crown."—

said saintly Bernard, as the sage poet* renders the old Cistercian boast; and without doubt it is not the least cheering sign of a better state of things, that in all classes of society a healthier estimate of the monastic life is superseding the conventional nonsense and blasphemy, which were all but axiomatic some years since. Let but a reader turn over the volumes of even a tolerably recent collection of travels; Coxe, Swinburne, Wraxall, Sir John Carr, Kotzebue, Brydone, and the rest; whenever, as is not seldom, incident fails, or narration flags, be it that breakfasts and dinners are but common-place, and bandits scarce, a jest at the monks is a *pièce de resistance* as unfailing as acceptable; a facetious wanderer could always have a safe fling at a convent where he is sure never to be contradicted, and a chapter of dulness was pardoned or even welcomed at the cheap investment of some well-seasoned reminiscence of "a lusty friar,"—no pleasant resource so gay, or so genteel in a liberal traveller. As often, and it was not seldom, as our courtly countrymen condescended to devour the hospitality of a foreign monastery, the superior's gentle urbanity was rewarded with a printed sneer, and the simplicity of the brethren, simple only in their civility to our rascal herd of bookmakers, was repaid by impertinent questionings on what the questioners could not understand, or a depreciation of a life which they were not able to estimate. How beautiful is the poet's description of the religious life:

"A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rolling a round sphere of still returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay,
And prize themselves; do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages ———
A long and daily dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings,
That nip the bosom of the world's best strings,
And lash earth-labouring souls;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep;
But reverend discipline and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence and sacred rest; peace and pure joys,
Kind loves, keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdom of contentful cells.
The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of light, and intellectual day."

CRASHAW.

* Wordsworth.

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But setting aside for the present all higher advantages of the monastic rule, how strange a testimony to its practical usefulness is borne by the awful caricatures of a religious house which the Socialist communities exhibit in the present day; if combined labour be the secret of success, the monks have succeeded where Harmonies have failed: the monks were as good political economists as Mr. Owen, and Adam Smith himself was anticipated in his doctrine of the division of labour, by a well-ordered community of lay brethren.

"Nunc lege, nunc ora, nunc cum fervore labora,
Sic erit hora brevis, sic labor ille levis."

This was the monkish day—prayer tempering labour, labour making a solace of religion,—and it was this union of the active and contemplative life, this practical solving of the philosopher's unsolved problem, which would form no slight recommendation of the revival of monasteries. Their religious use is unquestionable: but their services in civilising and cultivating a country, are scarcely less noticeable. There is a common error in supposing that, from a selfish and sensual feeling, the religious selected the richest and fairest spots for an abbey,* or a monastic house; *omne quod tetigit ornavit*, is literally true of the Church and its chief dwellings. The monastery was a centre of useful learning and of the arts of life of this world, as well as of the next, to a whole neighbourhood: the brotherhood, in which each member of the society had his own allotted duties according to his own especial gift: the common table, the common funds, the common dress, the economy and unity of purpose, the interchange of mutual duties, the life according to rule and system, what are these things but the avowed object of the Phalanges of M. Fourier, and the normal farms of Mr. Owen? It is the world vainly attempting to imitate, and thus strangely testifying to the value of, that wonderful monastic system, which, though the Church has been deprived of, she found in it the most valuable auxiliary of religion itself? Making an abatement for its total negation of Christianity, Owen's Hampshire farm, as described in the Morning Chronicle, is but a Brummagem imitation of Fountains, or Battlesden, or Citeaux; and in these days, when the rage for association and centralization is at the flood, a Chartist church, an Owenite monastery, a Mormon creed, and a Socialist priesthood, are but signs of Antichrist; warnings that duties which the Church neglects, and offices which she has foregone, will be assumed by her enemies; and that where God is not honoured, the devil will have his service, and his own Church, and his worshippers instead. If man worships not the world's Saviour, he must worship Satan; religion of some sort or other is inseparable from human nature. But we are forgetting Mr. Neale.

"We may look at religious houses, in four distinct points of view; and in each they present advantages unattainable by any other system. In the first place, we may consider them as establishments for the propagation of the truth in parts of the country where from physical or moral circumstances the parochial system is not sufficient. How many tracts of land, for instance, are there, where five or six cottages are scattered here and there on some vast and savage common, nominally belonging to a parish of which the church is three or four miles off! Sometimes, a cottage will be

* One instance to the contrary occurs in the site of Croyland, in the midst of the Lincolnshire fens, which, melancholy enough at all times, must in winter have been one dismal sea.

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found a mile or two from any other habitation; and the poor inhabitants, in these cases, except that they have probably been baptized, and will probably be buried in their parish church, have no other connexion with it. Much of Cornwall is in this condition; but perhaps the most remarkable instance was to be seen in the Forest of Dean. Here there were churches; but marriages could not be solemnized in them, on account of their being, in reality, only chapels of ease. The consequence was, that sooner than take the trouble of going ten or twelve miles to a church where they could be married, most of the wretched inhabitants were content to settle down without any marriage at all. Now, in cases like these, of what inestimable benefit would a stationary body of priests, and deacons, and laymen qualified to act as readers, be found! The distant hovels, to visit one of which would occupy the parish priest the best part of the day, when perhaps he has already more labour than any single man can perform, would be known and carefully visited from the monastery. They would, in health, be warned to an attendance on the Church's ordinances, and in sickness, receive Her last consolations: as it is, they receive, too often, neither one nor the other."—*Ayton Priory*, Pp. 126, 127.

"'Instead of the old system, we see meeting-houses springing up in every direction, and the poor crowding them, because they are near, instead of encountering a weary journey and tempestuous weather, in attending their church. But these difficulties are only physical: the monastick system is still better calculated to meet the moral destitution of large towns. And perhaps it is still more exactly suited to those manufacturing districts where a town springs up in the course of ten years. If, when the first large works in such a place were set on foot, a small cell were placed near it, as an offshoot to some larger house; then, as one house sprung up after another, and one row behind another, the priory church would be open to them. The brotherhood would attend them; and the Chartist, and Socialist, and Atheist would have less chance of spreading their deadly poison among them. The children, instead of the labour to which they are now, from infancy, exposed; labour which injures their minds as much as their bodies; might well be taught their duty to GOD and man, in the priory school; for the funds of the brethren would allow them to make good to the parents any deficiency which might result from the loss of their manual labour.'

"'That remedy,' observed the Colonel, 'is certainly new to me. But such machinery would be expensive.'

"'If,' said Sir John, 'we had the funds of our ancient abbeys, we should have enough to evangelize all our manufacturing districts. The funds, as seized by Henry VIII., amounted to just £143,000; the rental of the kingdom being then somewhat about three millions. Now, had we the twentieth part of its present rental; what wonders might the Church do! Why, the twenty millions which a late writer proposed as a proper grant from the state, actually sinks into insignificancy before what has been done.'

"'You would also imagine the buildings, as they were, to be existing at the present day. It would be an incalculable accession of influence to the Church. But why put a manifestly impossible supposition?'

"'Whatever good they would do now, that, so far as it was needed, they did when they existed. It is far easier for our imagination to bring them forward into our own time, than to carry ourselves back into theirs, when we would judge of their influence. Let us imagine, for example, the monasteries of S. Alban's, Reading, S. Edmund's Bury, Glastonbury, Westminster, and York, each with an annual income of about £150,000, to start up amongst us; why, the effect would be little short of miraculous! And you are to remember, that not only would the Church be enabled to erect and endow temples which should even overtake the increase of population, and to supply ministers to meet their necessities: this is not all. She would at once come forward as the instructor of the nation; boards of education would be no longer needed; training schools would at once be provided. There is not an art in which She is concerned, that She would not be able to teach: and the high and low would equally take their first lessons from Her lips. Then the poor, instead of the negligent or brutal attendance of some miserably paid parish doctor, would be under the skilful care of the infirmarer and his brethren: the sick-bed would be made softer by their kindness, and the mind of the sufferer be naturally drawn by earthly to heavenly things. None would be left to the tender mercies of the relieving officer: the needy would find food by applying at the abbey gate. The Union system, accursed of GOD, and intolerable to man, would vanish like a dream; in short, the Church would, wherever we turned, present the same aspect, that of the great benefactor to man's

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soul and body. Hospitality, a virtue now almost forgotten, (for who ever entertains strangers as in the olden time?) would revive: and here, again, it would be the Church which practised the virtue it preached.'

"'You must allow,' said Col. Abberley, 'that the monasteries did not, in the time of their glory, do all this; and that they do not do it now in those countries where they still remain.'

"'Granted; but then there were other reasons for this, besides that of the corruption of the system. I do not mean, as I said before, to say that it was not corrupted. But the spiritual benefits of the religious houses were less visible; I do not say less real, for I shall have something to add on that point presently; because the parochial system was then so much more fully worked out. Take some instances: I will not pick them, but take them as they occur to me. Lewes, in Sussex, a town with some 8000 inhabitants, has now six churches; before the Reformation it had fifteen, and two monasteries. Thetford, in Norfolk, had then some six or eight, which have now perished. York, well provided as it seems, had lost about the same number. So it is with Durham; so with Exeter; so with Lincoln; so with Norwich; so, in short, with whatever city you examine. And as to the rural districts. We were considering the state of Cornwall. I speak within limits when I say, that not the third part of the churches which stood there before the Reformation, are standing there now. In its wildest parts, there were chapels, offshoots from the parish church, and probably served at intervals by the parish, or assistant, priest. And this leads to another reason why the monasteries exercised a less visible effect on the spiritual welfare of our poor at the time of their suppression than they would do now. I refer to the infinitely greater number of priests whom the Church then supported. In the first place, there were the chantry priests: and without wishing, or finding it necessary, to defend the corruptions of the system with which they were connected, they must have been, or at least, which is sufficient to my argument, they might have been, very important helps in a large parish. Again, almost every church had at least one, often two, deacons attached to it. We may see traces of them in the sedilia which appear on the south side of our old chancels: there is seldom only one; oftener there are two; oftener still, three. So that with a body of Clergy amply sufficient to take charge of the population, the services of the monks in that way were little needed, and therefore, comparatively speaking, little exerted. As to your objection on the state of the foreign monasteries at the present day, the same reason will apply to them: add to which, that (except in Italy) the religious houses are no where to be found in their original splendour and wealth. France owes their destruction to the revolution; Germany, to the position she occupies, being the great theatre of all European wars; Spain, to the late revolution; Portugal, to the Marquis de Pombal and the Constitution. However, I will acknowledge that in the country where they remained longest, Spain, they were indeed degenerated.'

"'But you said,' replied the Colonel, 'that you had other arguments in favour of the system.'

"'The second I would mention is this: that they acted in the same beneficial way as colleges now act amongst us; nay, that the influence they exercised was even more beneficial. It is evident that the active and laborious life of a parish priest does not allow him time, had he the means, of laying up much deep learning. He must be content with an influence over his immediate flock; for the Church at large, except in the ways of example and prayer, he can do little. He wants the extensive library which he may consult: and it is at the risk of injuring his parish, if he devotes much time to composition, other than for the use of his parish. I mean of course composition of works which will be, in other days, standard theology. If you run over the writings of our principal divines, you will see that the greatest of their works were written by those who were not, or at least not at that time, engaged in parish duty. Hooker's Polity, is a glorious exception. Now here, colleges and monasteries supplied just that void which I have noticed. They do not make good parish priests; they do not teach a man how to visit the sick or dying bed; how to comfort a penitent; to awaken a hardened sinner; nay, not even how to control a vestry, or to enforce a rate. And I fear that even the modern professorship of Pastoral Theology will not do much in this way. But when any new and dangerous heresy appears, when any great article of the faith is called in question, when the voice of the earliest and purest age of the Church is to be consulted on any given subject; when our own branch of the Church is to be defended against whatever enemy; then there would be, if we had our monasteries, a race of men ready at once to spring up the champions

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of the Catholick Faith, trained, not by a few hours' study, but by the investigation of years, to unravel the most subtle heresies, and to penetrate, as deeply as man may do, into the depths of Theology. Monasteries are far more suited to the production of such a race than colleges, for many reasons. Firstly, profane literature and science, which must be studied in the latter, to a certain degree, for their own sakes, would in the former take their own natural position as the handmaids of theology. Then, the religious atmosphere of the one, the constant prayers, the constant Communions, the immediate dedication to GOD, contrast vividly with the attendance on college chapel, the mixture of worthier and higher pursuits with aspiration for worldly honours, and dissipation in worldly pleasures, and connexion in secular business. I am not aware that, with the single exception of Barrow's Sermons, any great work on Divinity has proceeded immediately from the walls of a college, from the revolution till within the last few years; let us hope the case will soon be widely different. But should colleges ever again become the strictly religious foundations which they were designed to be, they never could compete with our ancient monasteries as instruments for the propagation of truth, from a physical reason; the smallness of their funds. What religious houses have been enabled to do in this way, you may see in the glorious Benedictine editions of the Fathers' works, which no individual nor set of individuals could have undertaken, and the risk of which no bookseller could have borne; but which taken in hand by a band of religious men, acting under orders from their superiors, and published at the expense of the community, offer a noble example of one way in which monastick houses may contribute to the glory of GOD. And by whom is such a work likely to be carried on more successfully? Who is the more likely to enter into the spirit of the Fathers? The man, fresh from the lecture, or the examination, or the hall, or the combination-room, with the papers, good and bad, of twenty classical or mathematical examiners to look over when the appointed progress shall have been made in the work in hand; or he, who with the sweet notes of vespers yet ringing in his ears, looks forward to joining, in a few hours, in the solemn Compline, and perhaps, in a few hours after that, to leave his bed for the first Nocturn? Is there a question, even in a case like this? And how much more must the balance turn in favour of monasteries, when the work in hand is one of dogmatick, still more of practical theology? Who but the inhabitant of such a place could have written the IMITATIO CHRISTI? Who but one living on the same system, could have composed the Sermons and Prayers of Bishop Andrewes?'"—*Ibid.* Pp. 127—135.

"'My third argument would be that arising from a consideration of the benefits of intercession. Much of this is, I allow, applicable to the Daily Service as we actually have it: much more was applicable to it when the Hours were said six times, instead of twice, daily. But the beautiful system of nightly prayer, that can only find place in a monastick establishment. The Church then, not content with supplicating the blessing of GOD on Her children at all hours of the day, sends up her petitions for them at a time when they are more peculiarly exposed to danger, and when they are unconscious of the safeguard of Her prayers. And the fourth reason I should dwell on, is the asylum which such places afford to those who have no other home. The daughters, for example, of clergymen, who, when left orphans, must seek their livelihood by going out as governesses, or by some lower way of earning their bread; would they not bless GOD if they could have so holy and so comforting a habitation to which they might fly? There, in different ways, they might effectually serve Him; there, they would daily be consoled by the voice of the Church: there they might weekly, and why not oftener? receive the Holy Communion: instead of being tossed and buffeted about in this world; perhaps, without a home that they can call their own; exposed to all manner of hardships; without friends to cheer or comfort—and all this, not for some high and holy end, but to procure bare subsistence and shelter. So the aged, whose manhood had been taken up in the necessary pursuits of this world; but who had now outlived or settled their families, might they not well be thankful for a place where they might retire, before they died, from the noise and confusion of this world, and prepare themselves for their entrance on the next by deeper penitence, more uninterrupted prayer, and closer communion with GOD? Again; periodical retirement to such a house might be most salutary for one deeply engaged in business: an Advent or Lent so passed would be, as it were, a breathing time for the soul, an untwining the close poisonous embrace of weekly affairs; a strict lesson in setting the affections on things above. This is often practised in foreign Churches; why should it not be in our own?'

"'But how is this to be done?' asked the Colonel. 'If we are quite unequal now

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to the re-establishment of the monastick system, what does it advantage us to dwel on its beauties? If we are equal to it; how comes it to pass that it has never been tried? And why do we not find it alluded to with approbation in the works of our standard divines?'

"'Its re-establishment,' replied Sir John, 'is far too long a subject for us to consider when just at our ride's end. But it has been partially tried: I of course refer to the Little Gidding establishment under Nicholas Ferrar. And commended it has been by such writers as Thorndike, Bramhall, and Jeremy Taylor. Nay, do you not know that Burnet (whom I would only quote to the opposers of the system, as an *argumentum ad hominem*) speaks of the re-establishment of nunneries as a work that would ADD HONOUR TO A QUEEN'S REIGN? And does not Bishop Andrewes express in the strongest manner his approval of the system, when he blesses GOD for the holiness of monks, and asceticks, and the beauty of virgins?'

"'If, however,' returned Col. Abberley, 'monasteries were of such benefit as you appear to think, it does seem to me incomprehensible that their dissolution should have been submitted to so tamely, and that so few voices should have been raised in their defence.'"

"'Why,' answered Sir John, 'there were many reasons for this; but the two principal causes are to be looked for in the corruptions—not of the practice, but of the principles—of the system. No one will now deny, for even Romanists, by their present acts, confess it, that religious houses must be under the controul of the bishop, in whose diocese they are situated. The heart-burnings and jealousies of which the contrary practice had been the source, had alienated the minds of the bishops from those whom, not without cause, they regarded as rivals. The mitred abbat of such a house as S. Alban's in exterior splendour and deportment was quite the equal of a prelate: he gave the blessing in the same way; he wore the same mitre, ring, gloves, and sandals: he carried the same pastoral staff; the only difference being that its crook was turned inwards instead of outwards, to denote that his jurisdiction related only to the internal management of his own house. It was really preposterous that the Easter offerings of the county of Hertford should be made at S. Alban's instead of at Lincoln. And not only does this system of rivalry render the regular clergy objects of jealousy to the bishops; but the means by which this rivalry was supported with success; namely, constant appeals to, and constant dependence on, Rome; rendered them objects of dislike to the people when the corruptions of Rome became too flagrant any longer to be hidden. Of course, it is only human nature that a slight fault should, in popular estimation, far outweigh the greatest benefit. So the abbeys were, in a certain sense, isolated from the rest of the Church, and accordingly the rest of the Church (partly, perhaps, induced thereto by a promise of eighteen new bishopricks) were quiet spectators of their ruin. Another reason which helped their downfall was, the length to which the system of appropriation had gone among them. The abbey became, so to speak, rector: an ill paid vicar was set over the parish; and he, naturally enough, preferred the life of the religious house to the solitude and poverty of his village home. However, this was not the case everywhere, and some abbeys set a very different example. Witness that of Glastonbury. Many of the most magnificent churches of the west owe their foundation to the liberality and skill of this house: and the parsonages, which, in many instances (though with some mutilations,) still remain, shew that the clergy presented to these cures were not non-residents. And the same thing may perhaps be said of S. Edmund's Bury. I know nothing more affecting than the petitions of some of the smaller houses against their dissolution: we have a notable example extant in that of Leyborn, in Leicestershire.'"—*Ibid.* Pp. 136—140.

2. We have left ourselves little space to speak as forcibly as we could desire on the great sacrilege and sin which the suppression of these sacred foundations involved. Sir R. Atkyns calculates, and this has never been disputed, that the 100,000 religious houses—ranging of course from Cathedrals to single cells—which existed in Henry VIII.'s time, were reduced at once to 10,000: this fact is perfectly horrifying. We are far from undervaluing the doctrinal benefits of the Reformation, but surely this sin was enough, more than enough, to blast the fairest and holiest work. It has often struck good men with surprise, that

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the principles of the English Reformers being so sound, so little practical advantage has accrued to the nation (for mere temporal prosperity is no sign of God's favour, rather the contrary) from the great religious change of the sixteenth century. Is it too much to assume that as a kingdom we have been under a curse ever since? Even heathen* piety could trace to the third and fourth generation Divine Wrath punishing men for allowing the temples to fall by silent neglect; how much is a Christian nation bound to recognise in our present divisions and distresses, the avenging arm, not only for religious neglects, but for actual sacrilege and robbery? To pull down churches, forcibly to banish the Holy Angels from God's chosen dwelling places, to spend upon rioting and gluttony, upon the prodigal and the harlot, endowments which ancient piety had consecrated; to appropriate Abbey lands to court minions; to visit with the curse of desolation those sacred places where the Holy Mysteries had been daily celebrated for centuries, to say to them, "wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there;" to summon

"The green lizard and the gilded newt"

to the shrines of the Most High; such sins have their accusing angel, and already His heavy judgment is upon us. Let no supposed difficulties, or what the world calls impossibilities, daunt us; as a people we have grievously sinned, as a people we must restore to God that of which our fathers have robbed Him. "We are cursed with a curse, for we have robbed Him, even this whole nation."

"'In the first place,' replied Sir John, 'there is not any other crime which can implicate one generation after another as this does. In the second, you know that at the foundation of any Church or Religious House, a solemn curse was pronounced, with the most dreadful formalities, on its violators or destroyers. And with respect to the voice of the Church, verily, 'he whom She blesseth is blessed, and he whom She curseth is cursed.' And so it is in the present case. You see some family with broad lands and high honours; from age to age they struggle on through all the changes and chances of revolutions, and the vicissitudes of governments. Sometimes its existence depends on the life of a sickly child: the sickly child becomes a healthy man, and his children multiply. Sometimes the only male heir is exposed to all the dangers of war: and among them all he seems to bear a charmed life. He returns to a happy home, and in a few years the family seems more securely established than ever. While in its most flourishing condition, in an evil hour it acquires Church property. The curse descends at once: thenceforward strange accidents and losses occur: fire, and robbery, and sickness do their work; male heirs fail; jealousy springs up between man and wife; unnatural hatred between parents and children; a sickly season carries off one, a violent death, another; a third sails to a foreign land and is never more heard of. Whatever scheme is undertaken fails; wealth makes itself wings, and flies away; moth corrupts, and the thief destroys. And all this while, the curse, with its tearless eyes, seems to watch every motion of its victims; crosses them in their best laid plans; entraps them in an inextricable web; perplexes, and harasses, and impoverishes, and weakens, and ruins, and only leaves them when the last heir is laid in the family vault. Then the crime of sacrilege seems expiated.'

"'This is a fearful picture, Sir John. Is it not an overcharged one?'

"'For that,' replied Sir John Morley, 'I will boldly appeal to English History; especially to family history. But look at the case *à priori*. What has ever been the

* And to convert to other purposes those edifices which had once been consecrated, they looked upon as sinful impiety. Lampridius relates, that the heathen Emperor Alexander Severus refused to grant a Christian oratory to an idolater, who applied to use it as a shop, adjudging it to the Bishop, and declaring, "that it was better that it should serve for any kind of worship, than for secular uses."

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fate of sacrilege? Look at the Holy Scriptures: take Belshazzar's case. There you see an idolatrous and vicious prince, giving himself up to his own heart's lust—exceeding his predecessors in wickedness; selling himself to do evil—and yet spared. How often, in all likelihood, had he 'praised the idols of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone!' And yet he had time and space afforded him for repentance. At last, he sends for the Temple vessels, and prostitutes them to his idol worship. What follows? 'IN THAT NIGHT was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldæans, slain.' Look again at Pompey. An experienced general, strong in the affection of his country, relying on a prosperous army, engaged, on the whole, in a right cause, he entered into the holy of holies, and he never prospered again. And where does the infidel historian date the commencement of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? With the reign of him who destroyed the temple at Jerusalem! Now look back to our Reformation. Is it not notorious that of the families enriched by the abbey spoils very few remain to the present day; and those, after having passed through severe losses, and fearful judgments? Is it not also certain that abbey lands very seldom continue more than two, or three generations at most in a family? Can any one deny that, where more grievous judgments have not befallen the occupiers, the failure of heirs male has been as singular as it is inexplicable? Is it not a fact, so deeply has sacrilege eaten into our families, that scarcely any are now in possession of the same estates which they held at the Reformation, while a period of five hundred years was, before that time, no unusual term of occupancy for one family? If any one denies these things, I would refer him, first, to Sir Henry Spelman's 'History of Sacrilege.' If he says that this is the production of a special pleader for restitution, then I would ask him to look at any county history. Examine, I would say, the list of the families, once of note in it, now extinct, and see if nine-tenths of these were not implicated in Church property. Then look at the history of the succession of families in abbey estates, and see if these do not change their owners ten times, for one change in other property, and if the decay of any family is not consequent on its touching Church possessions. I ask any candid person to examine the matter for himself; if facts ever proved any thing, they prove what I am saying. And do not imagine that I look on the Reformation as the only time in which sacrilege has polluted England: William the Conqueror and William Rufus are fearful instances of GOD'S judgments against church violations. The first lays waste twenty villages to form a hunting forest. He dies by a strange disease, neglected, deserted, despised: his corpse becomes intolerable to those who would have attended it; it is at first denied hallowed ground; and at length hastily and dishonourably committed to its resting-place. The second, hunting in that same forest, is shot, under mysterious circumstances, by a hand unknown, with the name of the enemy of mankind in his mouth; is 'buried with the burial of an ass;' and leaves his name as a curse. Indeed, I know no more terrible illustration of the truth of what I have been saying than 'The last Hunt of William Rufus.' Again, I will not say that the death of Lord Brooke was, strictly speaking, supernatural; but the inveteracy of his hatred to the material fabric of the Church; his being given over to a strong delusion that he was doing GOD service; the arm by which he was shot; the distance at which the aim took effect; the circumstance that the bullet entered that eye with which he had hoped to see the destruction of all the cathedrals; all these things seem to say distinctly, This is the finger of GOD! No, no; it is of no use saying that by the analogy of earthly justice we are not compelled to restore Church property. HE has taken the matter into His own hands. His servants, in founding their religious houses, denounced, with fearful solemnity, a solemn curse on those who should alienate them; He has fulfilled that curse; He is fulfilling it. May He open men's eyes to discern their danger.'"—*Ayton Priory*, pp. 87—92.

It has often been a matter of just surprise that the body of the English people submitted almost without a murmur to the suppression of the abbies, the sources from which all the comfort and most of the prosperity of the common people flowed; but it must not be forgotten what fallacious hopes were held out to them. Schools, colleges, and an increased number of bishoprics were the lure to Churchmen which procured silence, if not consent on their part. And

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Sir Benjamin Rudyard, in a speech preserved by Nalson, ii. 300, mentions it as the principal parliamentary motive for seizing the religious houses by Henry VIII. that they would so enrich the crown as that *the people should never be put to pay subsidies again;* and an army of 40,000 men for the defence of the kingdom should be maintained with the overplus. How did the matter turn out? Sir Benjamin tells us—"God's part, religion [that is, doctrine], by His blessing, has been tolerably well preserved; but it hath been saved *as by fire;* for the rest is consumed and vanished." The immediate saving to the state was, the compulsory poor-law—standing armies—and the balance of power, doctrines which, from embroiling us with foreign politics, have *saved* us—eight hundred millions of debt!

We must bear in mind, however, that Pope Clement set the example of confiscating church lands, and that while the English clergy, throughout James', and Elizabeth's, and even Edward's reigns, attributed much of the distress of the country and the little progress of the Reformation to Henry's confiscations, and constantly demanded the restoration of the sacred property, it was a Bull from Rome which confirmed their possessions to the lay robbers, and this issued with Pole's consent, even though Queen Mary—and among many painful memories of her reign, it is right to mention it—did what she could to restore the crown impropriations.

It would be perhaps bootless to inquire in whose possession the broad lands of St. Alban's are vested: some perhaps may think that a subsequent dedication of them to a religious purpose might veil or sanctify the original sin; to some extent this might be the case. Sir Thomas Pope was one of the commissioners who took the surrender of this particular foundation of St. Alban's,* and among the Oxford worthies, we find him as founder of Trinity College, described as "of Tittenhanger, Knight;" this Tittenhanger was the country residence of the Abbat of St. Alban's, and the commissioner, though he afterwards founded a college, thought no scorn it seems to lick his fingers, while the sweet spoils of the Church of God passed through them: perhaps like another noble knight,

"——Sir Antonio Pallavacine,
Who robbed the Pope to pay the Queen,"

Sir Thomas robbed St. Alban's to pay Trinity, a noble example, which ecclesiastical commissioners have found it convenient to imitate even at this remote period. But we suspect that the casuists of Trinity will not from dutiful reverence to their founder, quite approve of the means by which he was enabled thus

"To die, and endow a college."

This society has one startling memorial of their founder's sin, and this presented to them for the most sacred occasion. The magnificent silver gilt chalice (which has been figured by Shaw, and lately again in "the Illustrations of Church Plate, &c.") belonging to Trinity College, Oxford, and presented by their founder, *was stolen from St. Alban's Abbey*, and we wish the President and Fellows all joy of the

* There is, however, a sort of tradition, though Warton mentions it doubtingly, that it was through Pope's influence that the Abbey was not demolished.

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credit which its possession under such circumstances can afford them. If it be right to restore Church lands, it is right to restore Church plate, especially when, as in this case, the plundered church exists, however depressed and dismantled. Testimonies to this sin abound; we extract an unprejudiced one.

"The merciless destruction with which this violent transfer of property was accompanied, as it remains a lasting and ineffacable reproach upon those who partook the plunder, or permitted it; so would it be a stain upon the national character, if men when they break loose from restraint, were not everywhere the same. Who can call to mind without grief and indignation, how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguishing havoc!—Malmsbury, Battle, Waltham, Malvern, Lantony, Rivaux, Fountains, Whally, Kirksdale, and so many others; the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity: each the blessing of the surrounding country, and, collectively, the glory of this land!—Glastonbury, which was the most venerable of all, even less for its undoubted age, than for the circumstances connected with its history, and which in beauty and sublimity of structure was equalled by few, surpassed by none, was converted by Somerset, after it had been stript and dilapidated, into a manufactory, where refugee weavers, chiefly French and Walloons, were to set up their trade. The founders had denounced a perpetual curse upon any one who should usurp, diminish, or injure its possessions. The good old historian, William of Malmsbury, when he recorded this, observed, that the denunciation had always up to his time been manifestly fulfilled, seeing no person had ever thus trespassed against it, without coming to disgrace, without the judgment of God. By pious Protestants, as well as Papists, the Abbey lands were believed to carry with them the curse, which their first donors imprecated upon all who should divest them from their purpose to which they were consecrated; and in no instance was this opinion more accredited, than in that of the protector Somerset.

* * * * * * *

The persons into whose hands the Abbey lands had passed, used their new property as ill as they had acquired it. The tenants were compelled to surrender their writings by which they held estates, for two or three lives, at an easy rent, payable chiefly in produce; the rents were trebled and quadrupled, and the fines raised in even more enormous proportion—sometimes even twenty-fold. Nothing of the considerate superintendence which the Monks had exercised, nothing of their liberal hospitality, was experienced from these *Step-Lords*, as Latimer in his honest indignation denominated them. The same spirit which converted Glastonbury into a woollen-manufactory, depopulated whole domains for the purpose of converting them into sheep-farms; the tenants being turned out to beg, or rob, or starve. To such an extent was this inhuman system carried, that a manifest decrease of population appeared." *Book of the Church*, vol. ii.

Such, according to the unprejudiced testimony of Southey, was the immediate effect of the great sacrilege upon the comforts of the people; and who shall dare to doubt that the curse still lives for us in the dead founders of the English abbeys:

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell,
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that,
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!"

and that on us even of the third and fourth generation will be visited our fathers' sins.

It is with no dark and fanatical spirit that we pray, may God in His mercy remember those who retain the lands of His Church; it is with shame that we own that in our own times one alone, and he an apostate from our Communion, has in some degree began the work of restitution: we allude to Mr. Ambrose Phillips, of Grâce Dieu, a foundation of Augustinian nuns; but Newstead, Studley, Furness, Holm-Cultram, Kenilworth, Axholm, Croxton, De-la-Prè, Sulby,

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Repton, Worksop, Combe, Canonleigh, Buckland, Sherburne, Shaftsbury, Hales-Owen, Fountains, Alnewick, Tavistock, Woburn, Much-Wenlock, Reading, Battle, Rivuux, Waverley, Stoneleigh, Valle-Crucis, what sad thoughts do these simple names recall! what miserable histories! what distress, poverty, extinction, and it may be crime! We know not a service to the Church more needed than a re-publication of Spelman's "History of Sacrilege" continued to the present time; the ears of England's nobility and gentry must be made to tingle, and this for their own sakes, for unless we mistake the signs of the times, a wider and fiercer convulsion is all but at hand than the spoiler's wildest dream has conceived; the wrath of God is worse than the anger of man, and woe be to us, unless we make atonement and restitution for past sacrilege!

We will produce the family history of a single person, and a good and eminent one, and desire our readers to mark the horrible sins of his descendants and their final extinction: to connect this history with the unrighteous possession of Church lands is easy. Sir Thomas Pope was thrice married, and left only *one daughter*, Alice, who died very young. His third wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Blount. Thomas Blount, the heir of her brother William, inherited Tittenhangers from his uncle Sir Thomas Pope, and called himself Pope-Blount. Of this family Sir Henry Blount was a "sceptic," and pulled down the house. His son, Charles Blount, "inherited his father's *philosophy*," and was the notorious infidel author of the "Anima Mundi," and "Oracles of Reason." After his wife's death, this wretched man *shot himself*, because he could not form *an incestuous marriage* with his wife's sister, which account Warton (life of Sir T. Pope) says, that he received from "the late Sir H. Pope-Blount, *the last of the family*." But to pursue the subject; and we have been at some little pains to trace the descent of other Church-lands in this immediate neighbourhood.

The site and buildings of Sopwell Nunnery, founded by Robert de Gorham, the sixteenth abbat, were granted by Henry VIII. to a Sir Richard Lee, as well as the monastic buildings of St. Alban's Abbey and the parish church of St. Andrew, all of which he pulled down: according to Newcome, he was indebted for this wicked grant to the charms of his wife, one Margaret Greenfield, "who was in no small favour with the king:" *he died without male issue*, and his lands passed into the Sadleir family. At the time of the Restoration, the *male line of the Sadleirs became extinct*, and the property passed to the Saunders' family; *the male line of which being extinct*, it was sold to the Grimston family, the present possessors.

Again; the hospital of St. Mary de Prè, near St. Alban's, was suppressed by Wolsey, who afterwards obtained a grant of these lands for his own use; *his* fate is sufficiently notorious; after his attainder, it was forfeited to the crown, and granted to Ralph Rowlat, Esq. on *the failure of whose male line*, it was purchased from a *female descendant*, by Sir Harbottle Grimston, the ancestor of the Earl of Verulam, the present possessor.

Again; Gorhambury, the seat of the Earl of Verulam, was originally part of the Abbey lands, and granted by Abbat Robert de

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Gorham, to a relation of the same name, who erected a mansion on it, hence called Gorhambury: it was reannexed to the Abbey by Abbat De la Mare, and at the dissolution, was granted to the above Ralph Rowlat, Esq.; *on the failure of his heirs male*, his daughter conveyed it to—Maynard; *he sold it* to Lord Chancellor Bacon, *who died without issue*, and, as is well known, *the title and family of the Bacons became extinct.* Sir Thomas Meautys, Lord Bacon's private secretary, inherited Gorhambury as cousin and next heir; he died *heirless*, leaving an only daughter *who died unmarried;* Sir Thomas' elder brother succeeded him, who (or his representative) sold the estates to Sir Harbottle Grimston above mentioned.

Again, the Manor of Childwick, formerly belonging to the Abbey, was held by Thomas Rowse, in anno 4to Eliz. He died leaving one son, *who died without issue.*

Again, the manor of Newland Squillers, formerly belonging to the abbey, was granted to the Sir Richard Lee above named: on the extinction of his race it was conveyed to Richard Grace, *who died without male issue.*

Again, the manor of Aldenham belonged either to this abbey or to St. Peter's, Westminster; at the dissolution it was granted to Ralph Stepneth and his heirs for ever, *but he died without male issue:* from his collateral heirs it passed into the Cary family, the *last of whom*, the celebrated Lucius Lord Falkland, was killed in a particularly strange and awful manner at the battle of Newbury: it then passed into the Harby family, the male *line of which became extinct* in 1674: and from them to the Holles family, the *direct line of which became extinct* in 1711, by the death of the Duke of Newcastle, who left *an only daughter* who carried the property into the Pelham family.

We have only selected the seven first estates, formerly belonging to the Church, from a common county history, and here we find the families of Pope, Blount, Lee, Sadleir, Saunders, Wolsey, Rowlat, Bacon, Meautys, Rowse, Grace, Stepneth, Cary, Harby, Holles, *invariably failing in the male line;* fifteen families in succession possessed these abbey lands, and every one of them is extinct! Well indeed might the nobility and gentry of England prevent the publication of Spelman's History of Sacrilege. If among the 260 gentlemen who, in the reign of Henry VIII., shared the abbey lands among them, not sixty had even a son to inherit the estate—if such as we have noted are the remarkable calamities attendant upon so many noble houses who owned the lands of a single religious house, and all this in the circuit of a very few miles, though "we presume not to judge of the secret methods of God's providence, and only relate plain matters of fact, and leave every man to make his own application, yet it must be granted that these instances are so terrible in the event, and in the circumstances so surprising, that no considering person can well pass them over without serious reflection."* And it is for the sake of those who now hold what was originally obtained by scandalous and wicked sacrilege that we ask, "Did these men die the death of all men, or were they visited after the visitation of all men?"

"EVERY DEVOTED THING IS MOST HOLY UNTO THE LORD."

* Life of Sir H. Spelman.

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

Bp. of Norwich, *Aug.* 13.
Bp. of Exeter, *Sept.* 24.
Bp. of Salisbury, *Sept.* 24.
Bp. of Lincoln, *Sept.* 24.
Bp. of Hereford, *Sept.* 24.
Bp. of Peterborough, *Sept.* 24.
Bp. of Ripon, *Dec.* 17.

ORDINATIONS.

By the Lord Bishop of Ripon, *at Ripon, on Sunday, June* 25.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. D. Hilton, B.A. Univ. (*l. d.* Abp. of York).
Of Cambridge.—J. H. Mitchell, B.A. Christ's.
Of St. Bees.—G. L. Langdon.
Of Dublin.—J. J. Robinson, B.A. Trin.
Literate.—B. Stable.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. C. Bradley, B.A. Queen's; F. W. Vaux, B.A. Magd. H.; G. Lewthwaite, B.A. Univ.
Of Cambridge.—W. Balderston, B.A. St. John's; W. T. N. Billopp, B.A. Emm.; J. Buckham, B.A. St. John's; J. A. Beaumont, B.A. Trin.; J. Bickerdike, B.A. Trin.
Of St. Bees.—C. Thompson, R. Chadwick.
Of Church Missionary College, Islington.—H. Baker (*l. d.* Bp. of London).
Of Dublin.—J. T. Mackintosh, B.A., W. Kelly, B.A. Trin.
Literate.—W. Chamler.

By the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, *at Peterborough, on Sunday, June* 24.

DEACON.

Of Cambridge.—Hon. W. H. Lyttlelton, M.A. (Hon. 1841), Trin.

By the Lord Bishop of Winchester, *in Farnham Castle Chapel, on Sunday, July* 9, 1843.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—P. L. D. Acland, B.A. Ch. Ch. (*l. d.* Bp. of Worcester); W. Allen, B.A. Magd. H.; B. Belcher, B.A. Wad.; J. Campbell, B.A. St. Edm. H.; G. S. Hookey, B.A. Wad. (*l. d.* Bp. of Ripon); F. C. Scott, B.A. St. John's; F. Sotham, B.A. Magd. H.; F. F. Stalham, B.C.L. Magd. H.; A. T. Wilmhurst, B.A. Magd. H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Worcester).
Of Cambridge.—A. W. Cole, B.A. St. John's; H. Downton, M.A. Trin.; R. P. Hutchinson, B.A. Corp. Chris.; T. G. Postlethwaite, B.A. St. Peter's; F. A. Savile, B.A. Trin.
Of Lampeter.—E. Edwards, St. David's (*l. d.* Bp. of St. David's).

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. H. Burnett, B.A. Merton; C. F. Cook, B.A. Magd. H.; G. De Gruchy, B.A. Exet.; W. Giffard, M.A. Univ.; H. T. Harris, B.A. New Inn H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Llandaff); W. H. Joyce, B.A. Univ.; C. Kemble, B.A. Wad.; S. C. Malan, M.A. Balliol; T. C. Martelli, B.A. Balliol; J. Meyrick, M.A. Queen's; N. Midwinter, B.A. Magd. H.; W. Tancred, B.A. Ch. Ch.; W. Thomson, B.A. Queen's; S. H. Unwin, B.A. Wore.
Of Cambridge.—C. W. M. Boutflower, B.A. St. John's; C. H. G. Butson, B.A. Magd.; J. N. Harrison, B.A. Caius; C. Kingsley, B.A. Magd.; J. W. Reeves, M.A. Christ's.
Literate.—E. G. Rogers (*l. d.* Bp. of London, for her Majesty's Foreign Possessions).

By the Lord Bishop of Chester, *at Chester, on Sunday, July* 16.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Booth, B.A. Brasen.; J. Gorton, B.A. Wad.; W. F. Addison, B.A. Wad.; E. Pedder, B.A. Brasen.
Of Cambridge.—J. A. Burrowes, B.A. Corp. Chris.; J. Dodd, Queen's; T. N. Farthing, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Hollingworth, B.A. Cath. H.; J. B. Grant, B.A. Emm.; H. Jones, B.A. Cath. H.; W. Mulleneux, B.A. Emm.; G. Tatam, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Royds, B.A. Christ's; S. H. Sherard, LL.B. Christ's.
Of Dublin.—J. Cox, B.A., W. M. Collis, B.A., A. Hume, Trin.
Of St. Bees.—B. H. Browne, R. Cope, T. Ellerthorpe, H. P. Hughes, R. Kinder, W. H. Pochin, J. Watson.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. Paul, B.C.L. Magd.; T. Hugo, B.A. Worc.; L. C. Wood, B.A. Jesus; F. Hinde, B.A. Linc.
Of Cambridge.—R. C. Swan, B.A. St. John's; H. D. Morice, B.A. Trin.; J. H. Sharples, B.A. St. John's.
Of Durham.—W. Messenger, M.A. Univ.
Of Dublin.—B. Arthur, B.A., G. G. Cashman, B.A., H. G. Price, B.A., W. Walker, M.A., G. Barton, M.A. Trin.
Of St. Bees.—E. T. Clarke, J. Dalton, G. Lancaster.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Adeney, J.	Ch. Ch., Enfield, P.C.	London	R. C. L. Bevan	...	...
Ainsworth, T.	Carbrooke, V.	Norwich	R. Dewing, Esq.	£108	789
Ashley, J.	Teversham, R.	Ely	Bishop of Ely	352	197
Babington, J.	Thrussington, V.	Peterboro'	Rev. C. B. Woolley	240	454
Bromley, T.	St. James, Wolverhampton, P.C.	Lichfield	Trustees	...	...
Brown, F.	Stopham, R.	Chichester	G. Bartelot, Esq.	150	129
Coke, E. F.	Plymstock, P.C.	Exeter	D. & C. of Windsor	188	2972

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PREFERMENTS—*Continued.*

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Courtney, —.....	St. Sidwell's, Exet., P.C.	Exeter	Vicar of Heavitree.....	£252	6602
Cumming, —	Feniton, R. (for three years).....	Exeter	Bp. of Exeter (*vice* Head, suspended)..	372	343
Dalton, W.....	Little Burstead, R.....	London.....	Bp. of London.....	280	204
Estcourt, E. H. B..	Eckington, *w.* Killamarsh, R.....	Lichfield....	The Crown.....	1595	3948 / 774
Farrar, M. T.....	Addington, V.....	Winchester	Abp. of Canterbury.....	206	463
Fawcett, J. T. C....	Kildwick, V.....	Ripon	Ch. Ch., Oxford.....	357	9926
Furnival, J.....	Broadclist, V.....	Exeter.....	Sir T. D. Acland.....	407	2085
Harding, G. H.....	Tong, P.C.....	Lichfield....	Geo. Durant, Esq.....	83	510
Hatherell, Dr.	St. James, Westend, P.C.....	Winchester	.....	...	...
Herbert, J.....	Leigh, P.C.....	Winchester	Tr. late R.C. Dendy, Esq.	146	483
Hildyard, J. W.	St. James, Salt, P.C. ...	Lichfield....	Earl Talbot	...	...
Hill, R.	St. Barnabas, King's-square, P.C.....	London	The Rev. T. Lovell.....	120	...
Howard, R. D.D. ...	Llanshairdr, R.	Bangor.....	Bishop of Bangor.....	...	...
Jekyll, J.....	Hawkridge-cum-Withypoole, R.....	B. & W.....	Rev. G. Jekyll.....	405	67 / 212
Jem, A.....	Rowington, V.....	Worcester..	Lord Chancellor.....	116	933
Jones, H.	Llandegvan, R.	Bangor.....	Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley.	336	3235
Kidd, P. C.....	Skipton, V.....	Ripon	Ch. Ch., Oxford	185	6193
King, W. C.....	St. Mary-le-Bow, R. Durham	Durham.....	Archd. of Durham	111	...
Mashiter, W.....	St. Barnabas, Openshaw, Manch., P.C.)	Chester.....	Trustees.....	...	...
Morgan, D.....	Ham, R.	Sarum.....	Bp. of Winchester	457	205
Nevins, W.....	Miningsby, R.....	Lincoln.....	Duchy of Lancaster.....	377	354
Radford, W. T. A..	Down, St. Mary, R.....	Exeter.....	B. Radford, Esq.....	233	407
Robinson, J.....	St. Lawrence, York, V.	York	D. & C. of York.....	83	830
Roughton, W.....	Gt. & Lit. Harrowden, V.....	Peterboro'..	Earl Fitzwilliam.....	322	148
Smith, E. H.....	Killamarsh, P.C.....	Lichfield....	The Crown	...	...
Thomas, M.	St. Martin, Tuddenham, V.....	Norwich	Mrs. Lillingstone	133	400
Thurlow, J.	Hindringham, V.....	Norwich	D. & C. of Norwich.....	136	784
Vernon, W.....	Patcham, V.....	Chichester..	Lord Chancellor.....	110	490

APPOINTMENTS.

Braham, W. S. H. Chap. to Earl Waldegrave.
Bonnin, T. S. ... Vice-Princ. of Hull College.
Chilcott, W. ..... Hon. Stall in Wells Cath.
Lascelles, H..... Assistant Chaplain at Bengal.
Leeman, A. ..... Head Master of Foundation Gram. Sch., Aldingbourne.
Simpson, G. F.... Rector of the College at Montreal.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Anguish, G., of Lowestoft.
Bedford, W. R., Rector of Sutton Coldfield.
Blunt, H., Rector of Streatham.
Browne, G. A., Vice-Master and Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Casberd, J. R., Rector of St. Athaw, Glamorganshire.
Dawson, J., P. C. of Witherslack.
Deacle, T., Rector of Uphill, Somerset.
Heelis, J., at Appleby Castle.
Jones, D., Rector of Cilgerran.
Lewis, T., Minor Canon of Llandaff.
Mason, J., Missionary in New Zealand.
Maude, F., Longridge.
Poole, R., Ripon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received the following, in reference to a recent article, to which we do not hesitate to give instant insertion :—

"*To the Editor of the* CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

"*Burton Court, Hereford, July* 21, 1843.

"SIR,—By mere accident, I yesterday opened a number of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER for this month, and, glancing over an article on Affghanistan, I was much disgusted at finding myself there represented as '*clinging*' to the stirrup of Mahommed Akbar for protection against the Ghazees, on the 23d December, 1841. The writer of the paper cannot have gleaned that, if true, disgraceful fact from any published narrative of which I am aware, and I hereby distinctly deny it. I do not pretend to be more indifferent to life than other men; but it has always been my endeavour to abide by what, in the commencement of my military career I adopted for my motto, viz. 'Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudari, Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"C. MACKENZIE, Capt. 48th Regt. M. N. I."

ERRATUM IN JULY NUMBER.

By a singular oversight, a note in our article on Southey, which was only supplied at the very last, and of which the press was never corrected, has slipped into the text. It consists of a passage in p. 79, beginning with the words, "The story, too, considered in itself," &c. and relates to Roderick, not the Curse of Kehama.—For "Pereus," read "Nereus," and for "Tolgata," read "Folgaba."

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

Plain Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. JAS. SLADE, M.A. *Vicar of Bolton and Prebendary of Chester.* 5 vols. London: Rivingtons.

Sermons. By the Rev. CHAS. GIRDLESTONE, M.A., *Rector of Aderley.* Third series. London: Rivingtons.

Practical Sermons. By the Rev. G. W. WOODHOUSE, M.A. *Vicar of Albrighton, Salop.* London: Rivingtons.

Is there, or is there not, any essential and characteristic difference between the methods of announcing and enforcing the offers of grace and salvation by the preacher of the Church and of the conventicle? or, rather, we will divide this question into two branches;—First, *Is* there, as a matter of fact, any such difference to be perceived; and, secondly, Ought there,—regarding not so much their differences of position in point of education, &c., as the work they have respectively in trust,—ought there to be any marked and perceptible difference? Such is the inquiry we propose to ourselves in the following pages: it will embrace not only a review of the style of pulpit discourses, but also of the familiar intercourse between the clergyman and his flock, more especially as we have opportunity of judging of it, in the numerous tales and tracts which are devoted to recording this sort of intercourse. And, if the subject should appear unpromising to some, we would yet beg their patient attention, because we are persuaded that it is a matter very pressingly demanding investigation.

Now, in reply to the first branch of the inquiry, we are willing to take the opinion of those who have much better means of judging than we can profess to have ourselves—those, we mean, who are in the habit of frequenting, indifferently, both Church and meeting-house: and we are sure that every parish

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priest will agree with us in saying that their unanimous verdict is "that they hear exactly the same things in both places." This is the universal answer given to the remonstrances of the clergyman; so far, at least, as our experience goes, and we speak indifferently of the favourers of the Methodists, the Baptists, and Independents,—to say nothing of several individuals who glory in being a creed unto themselves.

But, lest the kind of testimony should be thought exceptionable, we will give an extract from a little popular book that is before us:—

"Now, Lucy, for the life of me I could not get Mrs. Morton's words (Mrs. M. is the wife of the clergyman) out of my head that night, as I lay alone, ill, and unable to sleep upon my bed. I had always imagined, as I have already told you,—whenever I had chanced to give it a thought,—that all would go well with me in another world, as I had been a tidy, thrifty woman, and had tried to earn an honest penny, and pay every one their own. You know I could have said this of myself, with truth, before we got into trouble; and since that, I had looked upon it, that I was more to be pitied than blamed. But now, when I began to think about loving and serving *God*, of which Mrs. Morton had been talking, that was quite another matter; and I could not help inwardly exclaiming, 'If I *had* loved Him, I should not have driven my poor husband to the ale-house, by my sinful temper; I should not have let my little George and Johnny die without once trying to teach them that there was a God.' Then all the Sundays which I had spent without going to church, and regardless of anything good; the Bible scarcely opened since I had left school, nay, I did not even at that time possess one; prayer totally neglected; all this stared me in the face, in a way which it had never done before, till a deep dread began to creep over me, for it seemed certain that if I was to die *then*, I should be lost for ever.

"How I longed for the hour when I knew Mrs. Morton would call again. And oh! how glad I felt when I saw her enter the room.

"After she had asked me how I was, she said, 'Did you think of my questions last night, Mrs. Atkins?'

"'Indeed I did, ma'am, and I believe you are right, and that I have *not* loved God; but when I get up again, I will try to love Him, and to lead a better life.'

"'And do you suppose that you will be able to do this? that you are able to save your own soul?' she asked, looking very grave. 'There is an account in the Bible, in the 16th chapter of the Acts, of one who inquired what he should do to be saved. The answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now there can be no other answer returned to you, or to any other person upon earth, "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."'

"'I do not understand what you mean by believing on Christ,' said I, for I knew nothing about the things of God.

"'To believe on Christ,' replied Mrs. Morton, 'is "with the heart," to believe what you read in the Bible about Him; to take God in His word—at His word. He there tells us that we are fallen creatures, sinners by nature and practice, and, if we look into our own hearts, can we doubt this? He also tells us, "That Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners!*" Surely, Mrs. Atkins, you have read in the Scriptures how Christ, being God, took on Him the form of man, and died upon the cross for our sakes. He did two things to procure our salvation. First, He obeyed all God's laws, in our place, instead of us; as we, being fallen and sinful, can-

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not obey them. And, secondly, He paid the price of our redemption on the cross with His blood. When, therefore, any soul is brought to believe on Him, God will in mercy regard that soul as if it was good and holy, because Christ having obeyed the law of God in its place, His righteousness is imputed to it, as the guests were covered with the wedding-garment at the marriage-feast, mentioned in the 22nd chapter of Matthew; and he will, also, let that soul go free from all punishment, and take it to heaven at last, because Christ, in suffering death, bore the punishment of its sins. It is quite plain throughout the whole of Scripture, that man is saved by faith alone; that is to say, by Christ—by his righteousness and atonement. For faith is only the means through which man accepts the salvation which Christ offers, and which unites the believer to Him, as the branches are united to the vine.'

"As she spoke, I felt a wish to believe on Christ; but I did not know how to set about it, and told her so.

"'What do we find in the Bible on this subject?' said Mrs. Morton, opening a beautiful new one she had brought with her, which she afterwards put into my hand as a present to me from Mr. Morton and herself—'For I remember there is a text which says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." If I turn to the 6th chapter of St. John, Christ declares, at the 44th verse, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him:" and again, in the 15th chapter of St. John, at the 5th verse, "Without me ye can do nothing." The first thing I learn, therefore, is this—that I am not able to believe on Christ in my own strength! Well, then, I must "Search the Scriptures" again, if I do not wish to suffer eternal death, and see how I am to be made able to believe on Him. I find many texts which teach me what to do. Among them, the following, in the 11th chapter of St. Luke, at the 9th and four following verses: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Now, when the Holy Spirit enters into our hearts, He endues us with power and grace to believe on Christ; for Christ says, in the 16th chapter of St. John, at the 14th verse, when speaking of the Holy Spirit, "He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you;" and when the Holy Spirit is given by God and received by man, then that great change is brought to pass, which is called in Scripture being "born again," without which, Christ tells us, we "cannot see the kingdom of God." From the time this change takes place in our hearts, and we believe on Christ, and are taught of the Spirit, it is said of us that we are "new creatures;" and the Scriptures add, that if any man be in Christ a new creature, "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."'"—*Mary Atkins*, pp. 52—59.

We have given this long extract as a fair specimen of the teaching of a large body of the Clergy. Some persons may think, perhaps, that it is not a fair specimen; because it *seems* to exclude the notion of baptismal regeneration. But, even assuming (a very liberal assumption!) that there is not a large body of the Clergy who venture to deny this fundamental doctrine, it appears from the subsequent part of the story, that the author admits the doctrine in question; and the delight and faith

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of the mother in bringing an infant, that was born at a subsequent date in her history, to the "holy sacrament of Baptism," is largely dwelt on. At the same time, nothing is more manifest than that the address of the clergyman's wife to Mrs. Atkins proceeded on a practical denial of it; for she refers to the being "born again" as a sudden and instantaneous change to be sought by the penitent adult. And this we believe precisely to represent the anomalous condition of too many of our clergy. Their preaching and teaching do not correspond with their formal theological opinions. And the great *crux* is the doctrine of baptismal regeneration—which, while they admit it abstractedly in words, is so far from being, as it should be, the basis of all christian instruction, that it is never followed out to its legitimate consequences.

Thus, for example, a clergyman takes, perhaps, as his text, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," or those words of our Saviour, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" or, once more, those of St. Paul in reply to the jailor's inquiry, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved;" and though the Catechism teaches the Christian that this repentance and faith were necessary conditions of his baptism; and this of course does preclude the idea that they are to be renewed and perpetuated through life, but rather involves it—he yet hears himself exhorted to the performance of these duties as things to be begun *de novo*. If a man has neglected them, let him be put in mind of his neglect; but it cannot be right to address him as our Lord addressed the apostate Jews, or as His apostle replied to the inquiries of heathen men. The fact of a man being already under the vows of his baptism, and already having been made a "child of grace," must, whether for better or worse, at least materially affect his case in some way, and can never safely be put out of sight by the preacher. It cannot be right always to be telling whole congregations to be "coming to Christ," as though they had not been brought to Him in Holy Baptism, and had themselves ratified that act in Confirmation; and many of them even in the habit of approaching Him in the sacrament of His Body and Blood.

Now, in proof of this statement—that a very great inconsistency does prevail in the teaching of the clergy—it might be sufficient to refer promiscuously to the tales published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the staple of which are the hasty repentances and uniformly happy deaths of men and women, whose lives differ from one another not usually in the heinousness, but only in the outward form of depravity. Or we might, with equal effect, appeal to any of the volumes of Sermons which are placed at the head of this article. It will be seen at once that the writers do not belong to the Low-Church school of divinity. They would call themselves, we presume,

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High Churchmen; and yet it would be impossible to extract from their sermons anything like a system of dogmatic theology. A truth is enunciated, as, for instance, baptismal regeneration, or judgment by works; and they seem afraid of their own positiveness, and haste to neutralize the truth enunciated by a copious use of certain set forms of speech which amount to a virtual denial of what was before stated. The process is performed without the consciousness of the individual: it is the natural result of an unsystematic education in theology; and we are quite sure that the evil will remain unremedied so long as we exclude dogmatism from our schools of divinity. Laxity in such matters we may be certain is no charity to the souls of men: moreover, it is unfaithfulness to God.

We know that it is pleaded, on the contrary side, that Scripture qualifies all its statements in the same way; and appeal will be made to the seemingly contradictory statements of St. Paul and St. James, and to other similar instances, to show that even there doctrines are set one "over against the other," as it were. Granted: but there is this important distinction to be observed. Opposing statements are frequently to be found in Scripture: but there is remarkable a total absence of all attempt at qualification or reconciliation. Each writer delivers the truth which he is commissioned to tell with entire apparent disregard of consequences. Thus it is affirmed that we are saved indifferently by "hope," by "grace," by "baptism;" our salvation is spoken of in one place as future, in another as past: Christ tells us in one passage that He is one with the Father; in another, that He receives commandment from Him. These are only instances of a general and acknowledged feature in the statements of Holy Writ, which has been satisfactorily commented on by many writers, and finds its solution in the extreme depth and fulness of the Divine Mind. But this, so far from being analogous with, is entirely opposed to, the system of compromise and qualification, against which we are contending. The voice of Scripture is uniformly bold and positive: the teaching of too many at the present time is a merely coupling together of contradictory propositions, which leave the mind of "the unlearned" in a most perplexing maze. Take the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, for example. Our Lord says, plainly, and without qualification, "This is My body;" "ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood." But is there one clergyman in five hundred, we ask, who ventures to repeat the statement *and leave it?* We are confident there is not. It is sure to be followed by some salvo which takes away all meaning from the words; as, *e. g.* "figuratively," or "in a sacramental way." The Catechism, as matter of course, receives the same treatment. "The Sacraments" (the Church teaches) "are *generally* necessary to salvation;" *i. e.* no person can be saved without them—

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which is a mere repetition of our Lord's own words. "Impossible!" shout forth a hundred priests: "See how many, then, will be condemned:" "generally" cannot mean "for all persons:" it must mean "usually;" and so, in spite of the logical and grammatical meaning of the words, and in spite of all that the author of the expression can say to the contrary, we have a person of no less presumed orthodoxy than the Dean of Edinburgh, in his Explanation of the Church Catechism, positively misrepresenting the doctrine of the Church which he undertakes to expound. How the doctrines of the Church fare with less-instructed theologians, is easy to surmise. Baptismal regeneration is asserted; and then follow summonses to be converted, such as Scripture addresses to the unregenerate: the worshipper goes to feed on the body and blood of his Lord, and is told that It is not there; till at length the christian sacraments become no better than the "beggarly elements" of the Jews; the substance is equally unsubstantial with the shadow; and the mind of the inquirer after truth is mocked by words having no meaning. "The Romanist knows what he believes; the Churchman does not," is become a proverb with those who are least disposed to look favourably on anything that has the taint of popery upon it. Hence the downfal of those among us who have lapsed.

The man who is without a creed is, in fact, a latent heretic: he is holding *all* heresies in solution; and it needs but the accidental drop of some moral *acid* to precipitate any given form of heresy. The Churchman who is unguarded by a positive theology forms a family connexion with dissenters, takes up with a popular non-conforming preacher, encounters a clever controversialist, and he renounces the catholic faith without scruple or consideration. Now, we ask, Can it be that the flock should become the prey of the wolf, and the shepherd be guiltless in the sight of God? Where are the fences to protect the fold? Where is the faithful voice of warning? It is with shame that we ask the questions, for we know that they cannot be answered. Due provision has not been made for the instruction of our people in a settled form of faith: the clergy themselves do not know what they are to teach; the result is that they teach diverse doctrines, and the people naturally think themselves at liberty to choose what they will believe and what they will reject.

It may be that, in venturing these remarks, we shall be charged with making persons dissatisfied with the Church *as it is*. The charge is unjust: our remarks really only go to render the clergy dissatisfied with themselves, and with the means employed for their education. Here we *do* desire to produce dissatisfaction in the minds of our brethren; and to convince them that there is need of a more systematic method of learning and teaching than what has been in use of late years. Nor do we conceal

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from ourselves that there is a preliminary difficulty to be overcome in order to persuade persons to be willing to receive a dogmatic theology: there would, we are well aware, be an objecting of "bigotry," and a pleading of "liberty," and a general exciting of persons' prejudices. At the same time it is that kind of reform which needs no legislative enactment, and is even now within the power of the clergy: and it may be, perhaps, that they who are deaf to reason may yet be moved by the appalling spectacle of schisms and apostasies.

We will now proceed to suggest what occurs to us by way of remedy. In the first place, some directly professional education must be required of candidates for holy orders. Theology is a science, and must be so studied. The English Church professes to receive the interpretations of the four first centuries; but what means are taken to instruct her clergy in those interpretations? She retains all the Catholic creeds; and her ritual is compiled from the earliest and best sources, and yet the history of those documents is not made, as it should be, a necessary part of clerical education. May it not be hoped that the bishops will make more use of the new professors at Oxford than they have yet done? The Bishop of Exeter, we believe, has given notice that he will require a certificate of attendance upon the professors' lectures before he will receive a candidate; and the Bishop of Oxford has lately announced his intention of making a similar demand of those who bring as title for orders a *beneficium* (fellowship or scholarship) in the university. We trust that there are other bishops prepared to follow the same example. At all events, let them try if something cannot be done towards promoting the learning of the clergy; even when the increasing demand for labourers renders them unwilling to do aught which may check the supply. One or two plans of this kind have occurred to us, which might assist in the object proposed; and which, therefore, we will venture to mention. First, it appears to us that the bishop might with advantage encourage young persons to signify their thought of entering the ministry at a much earlier period than is now done. Say at matriculation in the university. Of course any one would be at liberty to change his mind; but the earlier in life, it appears to us, that a youth entertains and avows this resolution, the more likely he is to grow up in such habits and principles as become the profession to which he is destined, and to follow a line of study that will help to fit him for it. A register of the oncoming candidates for the service of the Church would, we think, be many ways useful to the bishop, and would lead (a thing much to be desired,) to his providing suitable stations in which deacons should commence their ministry, instead of a man making that choice for himself, and being, perhaps, tempted to resort to some objectionable contrivance in order to secure a title. If this

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practice were pursued, each bishop might have in his diocese certain schools of the prophets, that is, certain clergymen who would be training up successive generations in the ministry—men capable of superintending the education of their curates in doctrine and discipline, learning and practice. This plan would imply, of course, that the stations were well selected, so that time should be allowed for study, and study rendered imperative: and it should be followed up by increasing the stringency of the examination for priest's orders, and, where possible, by placing an interval of two, if not three, years between the two examinations. An incidental benefit of no inconsiderable magnitude arising from this plan would be that the bishops would be enabled to know their clergy. From the first moment of a youth's name being entered in the bishop's register, he would be under the eye of his diocesan; and, when he was stationed in the place appointed by the bishop, reports might from time to time be made concerning his progress in study and in other clerical qualifications. We cannot but think that, *mutatis mutandis*, some expedient of this kind might be tried. A plan was proposed in our pages some time since for founding Diocesan "Bishops' Colleges;" but, in the absence of any such extensive measure, something, at least, might be attempted on the smaller scale now advocated; and we cannot see how guilt can be avoided, so long as an attempt is not made of some kind or other. And, even now, it is probable that much good might be done by the examination for orders being made more positive and doctrinal, even if it were not made wider and deeper. In mere academical examinations the drawing forth the opinions of the young is carefully to be eschewed. Better not commit them prematurely to any positive views: let them be conversant with facts; rather than hasten to conclusions. But when a man is about to take upon him the orders of a Church, he should be well acquainted with the history, constitution, tenets, and practice of that Church: his views should be fixed, and he should feel that they are fixed—fixed not by himself, but by the Church, whose minister he is. So there should be no open questions; *i. e.* no question affecting foundations. If a man is not sound in fundamentals, as in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which underlies all other doctrines, he should be at once rejected. If a man be not learned, at least let him be firm in the faith: this is in point of fact a moral qualification, indispensable to the minister of Christ's gospel. We have no desire to set "cobwebs to catch flies;" but it is the Apostle's command that "the trumpet give no uncertain sound;" and how can this be prevented, if accurate instruction be not given in the notes and grammar of music to those who are to sound the trumpet?

It is not our intention, however, to touch upon the differences which characterise the various schools of theology among us.

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But, assuming that a man's theology is sound, we complain that it is so rarely held consistently. It is the scholastic or dogmatical form in which recent views have been propounded that has caused so much offence; and the very present posture of things in the Church demonstrates, most strikingly, how dangerous it is to be without such a dogmatical theology. Had the minds of churchmen been trained in such a form, the excitement which now exists in men's minds could never have arisen. The most extravagant doctrines might then be maintained by individuals with comparative general harmlessness. The boundaries of truth and error being familiarly known, persons would be able to retire into the entrenchments of acknowledged catholic doctrines. But now what is the case? The newspapers announce that Dr. Pusey has been preaching some extreme views on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Some call it transubstantiation; others consubstantiation, which in their ignorance they equally think a popish doctrine. The mention of popery arouses an Englishman's worst fears and bitterest animosities. The public mind is dreadfully excited. No doubt is entertained that Dr. Pusey has preached something very dreadful; but as to what this something is they have a very imperfect idea; and as to what they ought themselves to believe and hold, they are still less informed. A large proportion of the clergy are at this time wholly unable to understand the distinction between the doctrine of the real presence and of transubstantiation; and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has now upon its catalogue books which speak of the real presence as one of the principal characteristic errors of the Church of Rome! (See "Outlines of English History.") The minds of men are in a state of most painful suspense. There is nothing to fall back upon: no foundation laid: no principles admitted. And, moreover, there is a general indisposition to receive any doctrine which claims for itself exclusive truth. Men shrink from the responsibility; and no wonder; because they have been taught to regard themselves as independent units in the universal family of God. What right have they, then, they justly ask, to claim superiority over others, or to impose a creed on men as free and as able to choose as themselves? In other words, they have practically lost the most comfortable doctrine of the communion of saints in the Catholic Church, which makes the churchman to feel that he is never alone; that his faith is the faith of ages; and that on his side are all the good of every generation and clime. Backed by such a glorious company, he acquires boldness in enunciating and maintaining the principles of his belief; and is independent of the smiles or frowns of his contemporaries.

The principal means which the clergyman enjoys for directing, and forming the faith of his people are three: teaching of youth, preaching, and attendance upon the sick. Can we say that any

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of these duties are adequately understood and discharged by our clergy?

1. Can we say that the teaching of youth is? Where, then, is catechizing? It scarcely exists. Of what nature are our Sunday-schools? The state of things which recently existed in Great Yarmouth is a fair specimen. The teachers, as a body, are without any fixed creed; and we verily believe that, if every incumbent were to institute such an inquiry as did the Dean of Norwich at Yarmouth, in a vast number of instances it would be found expedient to disband the whole establishment. In the manufacturing districts the Sunday-schools are the very hot-beds of heresy. In one of these places a man was found to have taught Paine's "Age of Reason" for two years. We do not give this as a specimen of the generality; but it serves to show at least the want of care and inspection practised by the clergy. Religion is generally the basis of the instruction given; but it is bad both in its quality and in the method of its communication. A taste for extemporary prayer and preaching, and a general laxity of creed, is too often learnt in Sunday-schools under the management of officious superintendents and semi-dissenting committees. And while the foundation is so badly laid, confirmation, as a necessary consequence, is robbed of half its benefit.

2. Again, how few clergy are there who know how to employ aright the precious moments that are passed beside the bed of sickness! The service for the Visitation of the Sick is certainly not wanting in a severe catholic tone. By it the sick man is required to give an account of his faith, and a searching examination into past practice is demanded. The keeping the unity of the Church is faithfully put forward as an object of prayer; and a form of absolution is provided, which speaks of better days. But with the generality of the clergy this is almost become a dead letter; and the form of the Church has been superseded by the circulation of "The Sinner's Friend," and other semi-dissenting tracts, by unauthorized prayers, and extemporary homilies, in which the promise of plenary forgiveness of sins by the covenant of baptism is transferred without scruple to the lapsed Christian. In a word, from the beginning to the end of his days the ordinary churchman hears nothing of the distinguishing principles of his faith. To accident alone (humanly speaking,) is he indebted for being what he is; and it would be no grief or trouble to him if change of circumstances led to his ranking himself among dissenters. The wonder is, meanwhile, how the Church holds together. But, happily, strong is the *vis inertiæ*, and the traditionary principle of better times. But if our security lie in the faithfulness of our great grandfathers, to what are our posterity to trust? This becomes a serious question.

3. On the subject of preaching enough has, perhaps, been

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already said—particularly as symptoms of improvement are already manifest. To the "Plain Sermons by Contributors to the Tracts for the Times," this praise is certainly due, that they are consistently sound in language and feeling. The same may be said of Mr. Ward's small volume. ("Sermons preached in Christ Church, Skipton.") Mr. Newman's and Archdeacon Manning's and Mr. Maurice's Sermons are obviously to be judged by a different standard; and we really do not know anywhere else to look for writers who have the appearance of having mastered both themselves and their subject, and who, therefore, are able to maintain that calm and dignified confidence which seems essential for one who is speaking in the name of God.

We have succeeded, we fear, very imperfectly in making ourselves understood. We desire, however, at least to put on record our opinion—reverting to the questions with which we began—that there is not that difference between the preaching of the Church and the conventicle which there ought to be; and that as it is in the pulpit, so for the most part it is in the school, in the lending library, and beside the sick-bed. When our Lord taught, we read that "the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them *as one having authority*, and not as the scribes;" and so, we believe, in its due degree, should there be observable a difference in *kind* between what people have from their clergy, and from the sectarian teacher. And this can only be brought about by securing a more strict professional education for the clergy; and that one of dogmatic theology. When this is done, the rest will follow of course.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. London: W. Smith. 1841.

A TAUNT which was some years ago directed against the reputation of Keats by one of his detractors has now at last been met, and as our heading shows, a new edition of his works has lately appeared. By the same fact, a stigma has been removed from the age, which was so long contented to do without a complete native collection of some of the truest and most original poems which it has produced, the merits of which have for the most part been known only through the medium of foreign piracy. The neat little volume now before us, presents us with all the works of Keats which have ever seen the light, and that in a compass so portable, and so free from all superfluity of ornament, which might at once enhance the price and hinder the use, that we think the publisher merits the warmest thanks of all those who hold that the main end of publication is to facilitate reading.

The name of Keats has not reached its present eminence without first encountering a good deal of detraction, and that from quarters in which a different temper might have been counted on. He was not, like Wordsworth, run down by the ignorant many, to whom he pre-

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sented no mark, and who were for the most part unaware of his existence. Neither was the flippancy of certain *poco curanti* critics, who seemed never so happy as when expending their Lilliputian arrows on the greatest Poet of the age, directed towards him: on the contrary, from them he received a meed of praise beyond what might have been looked for. It was the scholarly and enthusiastic, the more passionate and unworldly lovers of poetry, those who owed least allegiance to temporary fashion or the sway of present opinion, those whose untired devotion to the service, won its right place for the name of Wordsworth, it was they who tried by dint of sneer and sarcasm and nickname, to crush a reputation, not in danger any how of premature expansion. This was remarkable, but the causes are perhaps not difficult to discover. The critics in question felt a natural and by no means unjustifiable loathing at the principles and practice of the gentleman under whose wing Keats had placed himself, and whose influence was unhappily apparent on the taste and on something more than the taste of many of his compositions. What was called the Cockney school did indeed deserve the severest reprobation; but there is no end which one is entitled to pursue *per fas et nefas;* and wretched as was the morality of some of Keats's writing, and vicious as were the diction and style in many cases, no end of public justice was gained by treating him otherwise than as a poet of all but the very highest genius. As regards the latter and lesser evil, the principles of Taste which he had learnt from Mr. Leigh Hunt, it is satisfactory to know that he afterwards repudiated them, and that had he lived, he would probably have shaken off the habits they had taught him. Indeed there is not much that is *Cockney* in his latter productions.

We have said that Keats ought to have been treated as a poet of all but the highest genius. Amid the highest he surely cannot be placed. Shelley indeed has described him as "gathered to the Kings of Thought," but in this life at least he had no place among them. There was no massive architecture in the structure of his mind; no body of Thought in his utterance; none of that inherent manliness which one can always detect in the greatest poets as in all other supreme men. A poet of firmer fibre might have no more fallen into a Christian vein than did poor Keats, but he would never like him have absolutely saturated himself with Paganism; such an one might, as alas! one of his contemporaries did, render his poetry the vehicle of action markedly and offensively infidel, but would hardly have filled it with whinings after "Olympus' faded hierarchy." And, therefore, though there is much in Keats that we cannot but disapprove, we in no way dread his influence, or fear to call attention to his beauties. Great as they are, there is too much emasculation about them all to make their influence considerable. They fill our ears with the richest and sweetest melody, they lull us into a swoon of voluptuous delight, they imparadise us amid green leaves, incense-laden boughs, and "embalmed darkness," but they never reach the heart, they never thrill our whole being, we listen in vain for "the still sad music of humanity." And therefore

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the increase of Keats's reputation among our young men has given him no wizard power over them. Not only has he received no such profound homage as they have delightedly yielded to Wordsworth and Coleridge, but he has done next to nothing in the way of shaping their thoughts. The influence of many, far his inferiors in poetical power, is much more perceptible than his. He has no followers, none who but for him would have been other than they are. Mr. Tennyson's name used to be connected with his, but the resemblance was, we think, at all times a very superficial and accidental one; they agreed in aiming at some of the beauties of Elizabethan literature, and both might be fitly styled poets of *sensation*, but those characteristics were not, we think, derived in the one from the other; and in Mr. Tennyson we see a great many traits that render him something very different indeed from Keats.

Yet the merits that we have ascribed to Keats were his in so remarkable a degree, that he must always be ranked high where he is known at all. No person of fine ear can be indifferent to his rich and voluptuous harmony, no intellectual man to whom Nature has given a sensuous constitution, given keen relishes and sharp pains, can fail to rejoice in the glorification of many of his sensations in Keats's verse; no votary of imaginative reverie, but must own the spell of his dreamy wanderings.

His passion for the Grecian mythology was something singular, seeing that till, we believe, the last year of his life he could not read one word of Greek. It shews how wonderful is the beauty of those shapings of the Grecian mind, since, seen even through the mist of Lempriere or Hooke's Pantheon, it could so fill the heart and mind of Keats, and become the governing principle of his intellectual being.

We have said that Keats, like Tennyson, is a poet of sensation—*the* poet of sensation we may call him; for none other ever wove his song so much out of the materials furnished by the senses. Wordsworth celebrates the connexion between external Nature and the mind, Keats that between external Nature and the body. This, no doubt, had been done before; indeed, it is a fact familiar to all critics, that the outward world has, up to the present day, been viewed pretty exclusively in its relation to the senses—that the beauties of Nature were almost unknown until this age in the sense and way in which they are now recognised, explored, and set forth; that former poetry sings of verdant glades refreshing the eye, the scent of sweet flowers, the cooling murmur of streams, but that it seldom presents us with the picturesque. Mountains, for example, seem seldom to have been individualized, except for purposes of practical convenience, until our age, when those who love them, know each as a friend, and are familiar with its individual physiognomy and characteristics. Even Gray, who, in many respects, heralded the modern taste for the picturesque, could find nothing to say of the Alps but the old story of their *horrors*. But though the sensations caused by external Nature have thus been sung by poets in every age, it was reserved for Keats to do what only in the present one men

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would have cared to see done, to describe curious and individual impressions on the senses, to narrate the operations of Nature on the finer frames, on those whose relishes and whose pains approach to the morbid. This circumstance is at once the great charm and the fatal limit of his genius; for while such an exercise of the poetical gift is in itself delightful and worth making, it is too subordinately important to have been made his principal one by any very manly mind. Its necessary effect too, is to separate both the Poet and his admirers from their brethren, to alienate them from the common heart, to unhumanize and enervate them.

As no mortal can be expected to read Endymion all through, we will say nothing farther of that production than that, by opening it at nearly any chance page, you are sure to light on exquisite thoughts exquisitely expressed, and that the one or two odes it contains are wonderfully fine. Here is part of one of them:—

" And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

" Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

" Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes and gentler fate?
' We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!'

" Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak tree cleft?

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'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!'

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And save, when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers, mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide."

The Eve of St. Agnes is, we believe, usually considered the most perfect of Keats's works, and a very finished poem it certainly is, bringing out as fully the beauties of its metre, as Endymion spoils that in which *it* is written. Perhaps the language does not boast more beautiful Spenserian stanzas than the following, which we hope our readers will be contented to admire without asking us to explain any thing about the "Missal where swart Paynims pray."

XXIV.

"A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries,
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

"Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warm jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

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XXVII.

" Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blisfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

Hyperion is on all hands allowed to give a greater indication of Keats's powers than any thing else that he has written. Shelley was quite right in pronouncing it the most wonderful poem ever produced by so young a man. We are afraid to think of what it might have meant had it been completed; for Oceanus's magnificent speech in that colossal council of the Titans has a suspicious import. As it is, however, it is little more than a sublime fragment, too amorphous to have a definite significance, yet not too much so, to be otherwise than surpassingly, divinely beautiful. What an opening to the tale of fallen Sovereignty!

" Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

" Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

" It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.

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But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other, upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
'Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

"As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,

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And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
'O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light:
Space region'd with life-air, and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.
Search, Thea, search! and tell me if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be king.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command;
Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?'"

The assembling of the Titanic Council in the beginning of Book II. is noble; but we cannot do more than extract the picturesque description of Asia.

"Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants."

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We have already said that the speech of Oceanus gives a somewhat alarming indication of what the poem may have been destined to mean. As we have it, however, it is all safe enough, and it is so marvellously, transcendently beautiful, that quote it we must.

> "So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
> Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
> But cogitation in his watery shades,
> Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
> In murmurs, which his first endeavouring tongue
> Caught infant-like from the far-foam'd sands.
> 'O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
> Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
> Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
> My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
> Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
> How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
> And in the proof much comfort will I give,
> If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
> We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
> Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
> Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
> But for this reason, that thou art the King,
> And only blind from sheer supremacy,
> One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
> Through which I wander'd to eternal truth.
> And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
> So art thou not the last; it cannot be.
> Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
> From Chaos and parental Darkness came
> Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
> That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
> Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
> And with it light, and light engendering
> Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
> The whole enormous matter into life.
> Upon that very hour, our parentage,
> The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
> Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race,
> Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
> Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
> O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
> And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
> That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
> As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
> Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
> And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
> In form and shape compact and beautiful,
> In will, in action free, companionship,
> And thousand other signs of purer life;
> So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
> A power more strong in beauty, born of us
> And fated to excel us, as we pass
> In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
> Thereby more conquer'd than by us the rule
> Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
> Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
> And feedeth still, more comely than itself?

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Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calm'd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.'"

In spite of its conclusion distinctly avowing that dismal doctrine which we fear Oceanus intended, the ode to a Grecian Urn is so beautiful that every one should be acquainted with it. It was very probably suggested by the following noble sonnet of Wordsworth's on a picture of Sir George Beaumont's:—

"Prais'd be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
Which stopp'd that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-tide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;
Thou with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting Time
The appropriate calm of blest Eternity."

But if Keats imitated this, it was as only masters can, for no one can tax the following ode with want of originality.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

"Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

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What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

II.

" Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

" Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

" Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V.

" O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth Eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The Ode to a Nightingale, though perhaps not altogether free from the Keatsian whine, has beauty of a still richer and ampler kind; but we cannot quote it now, for we must give a sonnet or two and have done.

Keats wrote sonnets as did every poet of his generation, and one or two as bad as the worst of them. Again, one or two of his may

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take rank with the very best, and what is remarkable no considerable English poet has been so strict in his rhymes and structure. That "on First Looking into Chapman's Homer" is nearly faultless, and the picturesque touch at the end above all praise.

> "Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
> Round many western islands have I been
> Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
> Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
> That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
> Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
> Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surprise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The following, though unfinished, and though one "cannot choose but smile" at the thought of Mr. Leigh Hunt being a "great spirit," is very noble.

> "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning:
> He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
> Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
> Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
> He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
> The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
> And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
> A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering:
> And other spirits there are standing apart
> Upon the forehead of the age to come;
> These, these will give the world another heart,
> And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
> Of mighty workings?——
> Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

Those who have hitherto been unacquainted with Keats' works, may now form some conception of his genius from the extracts which we have made for them. They cannot, however, thus estimate the riches of which those extracts are a sample. As a magazine indeed of poetical thought, rather than as a collection of great English poems, must the works of Keats be valued. His verse (we except the extravagantly loose couplets of Endymion) should be carefully studied by every young poet. His sensuous beauties incorporated into something worthier and manlier would indeed produce a glorious result. His faults, grievous though they be, are not, as we have said, very likely to be copied. Even the too unchristian nature of his sentiments seems from the peculiar direction they took to awaken nothing congenial in the minds of others. With whatever new forms of perversity we may have to struggle, it does indeed appear as if the school to which he belonged were at present powerless for evil, as least over the educated

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and intelligent, on whom even the more vigorous assaults of Shelley seem now to be thrown away: at least, we do not any longer observe traces of that evil fascination which he exercised some years ago. We may, therefore, cheerfully pay to Keats that tribute which, where nothing higher is sacrificed in offering it, must ever be due to genius such as his. He is not, and he will never be, an English classic. Not only will the many continue to dispense with him, but one sees no reason why they should do otherwise. He can never be essential to any one, he can never get near the heart like Shakespere, Spenser, or Wordsworth; but as little can he be forgotten by the genuine lover of poetry who has once become acquainted with him; and such an one will find space and leisure, even amid the crowding sights and remembrances of the Eternal City, to turn aside to that "camp of death" by the Cestian Pyramid, where a humble head-stone bears the name, and records something of the sorrows of Keats.

The English Universities. From the German of V. A. HUBER, *Professor of Western Literature at Marburg. An abridged Translation: edited by* FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Pickering. 1843.

"THERE is scarcely a spot in the world," says the author of this elaborate and interesting work, "which bears an historical stamp so deep and varied as Oxford; where so many noble memorials of moral and material power, co-operating to an honourable end, meet the eye all at once. He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tend to inspire, must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views. Others will bear us witness, that, even side by side with the eternal Rome, the *Alma Mater* of Oxford may be fitly named as producing a deep, lasting, and peculiar impression.

"In one of the most fertile districts of that Queen of the Seas, whom Nature has so richly blessed, whom for centuries past no foot-step of foreign armies has desecrated, whose trident bears sway over a wider circle than ever did the sword of the ancient Mistress of the World, lies a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full clear waters. Here and there primeval elms and oaks overshadow them; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows, and fields, villages, cottages, farmhouses, and country seats, in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. Some few Gothic church towers and Romanic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines, yet

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the general impression, at a distance and at first sight, is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the Middle Ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical: a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in these broader terrace-like-rising masses. Not that the Gothic pinnacles that point up into the sky are in themselves inconsiderable; the tower of St. Mary's is inferior to but few of the third order: but they all appear less prominent than either the horizontal lines or the cupola form, which here and there rears its head; whether it be from its greater variety, or its more perfect harmony with the style of the whole, that the latter arrests the eye more than the former. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find any spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light: in *reality*, probably, there is none anywhere. The principal masses consist of the colleges, the university-buildings, and the city churches; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view: but on entering the streets, we find around us all the signs of an active and prosperous trade. Rich and elegant shops in profusion, afford a sight to be found nowhere but in England; although side by side, it must be owned, with the darkest contrasts of misery and depravity. But the houses of merchants, retailers, craftsmen, and innkeepers, with all their glitter and show, sink into a modest and, as it were, menial attitude by the side of the grandly severe memorials of the higher intellectual life—memorials which have been growing out of that life from almost the beginning of christian civilization. They are as it were the domestic offices of those palaces of learning, which ever rivet the eye and mind of the observer, all beside seeming, perforce, to be subservient to them. Oxford, indeed, has no manufactures of consequence; the sweating, sooty, giant-industry of the day offers to the Muses nothing but his previously-finished produce, without forcing on the sense the thousand offensive consequences of its creation. The population, moreover, has a tranquil character, making it seem to be far less dense than in other flourishing English towns; and, in fact, the noisy, whirling streams of human creatures that hurry along the streets of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, would be ill-adapted to the architectural and historical character of the place. Yet there is nothing herein to suggest the idea of poverty or decay. What strikes the eye as most peculiar, is the contrast between the fashionable and varied dress of the more active and busy townspeople, and the ancient, severe, and ample ecclesiastical costume of the 'gownsmen,' who may plainly enough be seen to be the ruling spirit of the place. Everywhere, indeed, wealth and rank are sure to meet with outward signs of respect; nowhere more surely than in England, and from tradespeople of the middle classes: but, perhaps, in all the world it might be difficult to find so many forms, evidently the stately representatives of the genius of the place, as are the Fellows and Masters of the colleges of an

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English University. It is a peculiar type, propagated from generation to generation. The university towns have happily escaped the lot of modern beautification, and, in this respect harmonize with the colleges. Each of the larger and more ancient colleges looks like a separate whole; an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries: in fact, every college is in itself a sort of chronicle of the history of art in England, and more especially of architecture."—Vol. ii. pp. 267—272.

The material beauty and grandeur of the Universities are but the least of their charms, the faint images of their inward glory; and the colleges are "chronicles" of far deeper histories than those of art.

Here have been successively trained up, during many eventful centuries, the master-minds of England. The express vocation of the Universities is to be the depositaries of knowledge and learning; to cultivate philosophy and science; to exercise and fashion the whole internal nature of man. This vocation, lofty as it is, is clearly a subordinate one. It is included in the high calling of the Church, of which the Universities are consequently the organs on this behalf —her *scientific* organs. Hence, too, their crowning study is and must be theology. It is true that *State* Universities may be found which do not possess this character; but these are low in their aims, shallow in the foundations, and destitute of *moral* life. But the Universities of England are grounded in just principles, and remain true to their historical origin. They are emphatically ecclesiastical institutions, although lay as corporations; as their history, upon which we now enter, will show.

Notwithstanding certain organic differences between the University of Oxford and the University of Paris, a brief review of the origin and constitution of the latter will throw light upon our immediate subject. And not only is it advantageous to direct our earlier attention to the Universities of the continent, but the whole subject of the rise of Universities ought to be viewed in connexion with the general state of western Christendom during the Middle Ages.

"In spite of national diversities, there existed all over Europe," says Professor Huber, "a striking unity of spirit, of civilization, of learning, and of religious feeling, diffused mainly by the Church, which, from her centre at Rome, acted as the mainspring of mental cultivation everywhere, and penetrated into the internal constitution of all nations beneath her sway."—Vol. i. p. 2.

Monastic and cathedral schools preceded the rise of Universities, and were in many important instances the root from which they historically sprang. In Italy and England these schools existed before the time of Charlemagne, who, after his accession, established similar nstitutions north of the Alps.

The course of instruction in these early schools was comprised in the *Trivium* and *Quadrivium;* terms employed, certainly as far back as the sixth century, to denote the seven liberal arts or sciences,—grammar, logic, and rhetoric; arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and

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music.* But with the progress of intelligence in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the studies pursued in the ecclesiastical schools began to expand and throw out new branches. Speculative theology and philosophy grew out of the *Trivium* and *Quadrivium;* while two new sources of knowledge, Roman law and Græco-Arabian natural history, were opened, discharging streams which refused to flow along the narrow channels that had hitherto confined the river of knowledge. The cultivation of the higher learning began to flourish in these schools, which gradually rose to the rank of places of general study, literary universities, or academies.

There existed, in fact, in the Church, in the times of Charlemagne and of Alfred, and even in Germany under the Othos, an intellectual spirit akin to that which subsequently kindled the zeal for classical learning, and fanned, if it did not kindle, the fire of the Reformation.

"I believe," says Huber, "that at both epochs there prevailed eminently an objective historical spirit, which desires external fact as a basis for spiritual conviction; a spirit which has great power of faith in approved testimony, and can bring such faith to work on practical life."—Vol. i. p. 4.

The twelfth century was a period of extraordinary mental activity. A general movement of mind was going on, not unlike that which characterises the present busy, daring, restless, unsatisfied nineteenth century. The intellectual brilliancy of the twelfth century has, indeed, been eclipsed to the general eye, by the *nearer* splendour of the sixteenth; and it must also be admitted that the contributions of the latter century to the actual material of knowledge, far exceeded in amount those of the former: but, as regards intellectual activity, there has probably never been any age, during the Christian period, in which the human mind has been so daring in its excursions, so piercing in its inquiries, so restless, fevered, and self-consuming, as it was during the twelfth century. That, without question, was an epoch of extraordinary intellectual greatness, which could enrol in "the Golden Book of the Peerage of Intellect" such names as Lanfranc, Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, Hugo de St. Victor, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and Occam, all of whom flourished during that period which the insolent ignorance of modern days has contemptuously designated "the Dark Ages."

"Too vigorous a fancy," says Huber, "seized upon and consumed all the materials of knowledge. They vanished under the magical influence of an intellect which converted their most solid substance

* This division of sciences has been attributed to St. Augustin. Their names and objects are given in the following memorial lines:—

GRAM. loquitur; DIA. vera docet; RHET. verba colorat;
MUS. canit; AR. numerat; GEO. ponderat; AST. colit astra.

Hence a man of universal knowledge was one,—

Qui tria, qui septem, qui totum scibile novit:

a barbarous line, written in commendation of Alanus de Insulis, one of the most famous scholars of the twelfth century.

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into artificial webs. Even institutions which professed to be practical, as those of chivalry and monachism, seem too fantastic and incorporeal for true history; while the really substantial matters of fact which chronologically fall into the same period,—the extension of commerce, the establishment of the rights of chartered cities, the league of the Hanse towns,—look quite out of place, as though they rather made part of a more sober age to come."—Vol. i. p. 7.

The new philosophy of the twelfth century was met by the Church in a spirit of concession; at least she did not present that front of decided hostility to which the adherents of the old school would have committed her. She sought rather to enlist it in her own service, while she carefully isolated it from theology,—her own peculiar province. Dominicans and Franciscans rushed to this war of mind; made speculative philosophy their own; and dedicated the spoils upon the altar of the Church.

Much misunderstanding has prevailed as to the relation sustained by the Church to the Universities at their rise. It has been supposed that they were originally independent of her, and were brought under her control only after considerable lapse of time, and by equivocal means. On the contrary, most of the continental universities grew out of the cathedral and monastic schools. This was the case north of the Alps, with one or two exceptions. Montpellier was an isolated case. The case of Oxford will be considered hereafter. The Italian Universities, connected with the Imperial court, and prosecuting practical rather than speculative studies, also originated in institutions independent of the Church. At Bologna, for example, one of the oldest and most considerable of the Italian Universities, the intimate connexion of the law-professorships with the Imperial court made it impossible for that university to receive an ecclesiastical organization, or to be subject to the pope.

But with the great majority of the northern Universities, the case was quite different; these all sprang from schools attached to cathedrals and monasteries, and the connexion, thus established, was rendered more intimate and binding by means of the speculative studies they pursued; which were far more congenial than the new practical studies to the spirit and constitution of the ecclesiastical body. It was not until after the Reformation that this connexion was entirely dissolved. During the preceding ages the Church exercised an undisputed control; and for at least two centuries discharged the solemn trust which this supremacy involved, with an activity and faithfulness as honourable to herself as they were profitable to the bodies over which her superintendence prevailed. And yet it has been asserted by Meiners, in his *History of the Schools*, (the source of most of the misconceptions on this subject,) that the northern Universities were originally nothing more than a voluntary association of the teachers and scholars of the new philosophy; non-ecclesiastical men, who neither derived nor desired any authorization from the Church.

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"This opinion," says Huber, "pleases the fantasy and pride of learning, and ministers to anti-ecclesiastical feelings. But all historical evidence is so directly the other way, that we can only attribute this perverse opinion to confusedness of mind, or to a wilful prepossession born from and matured by an anti-church, nay an anti-christian, spirit."—Vol. i. p. 15.

The case of Abelard has been advanced in support of this opinion; a case clearly exceptive, and yet proving thereby, only the more strongly, the dependence of the Universities on the Church. The new intellectual impulse sprang up, not only on the domain of the Church, but from the ecclesiastical schools, and was not only controlled by the Church, but guided and impelled.

The old teachers were all members of an ecclesiastical corporation, and their scholars were boys or youths destined to become themselves ecclesiastics. As a school of this character acquired reputation, lay scholars were attracted, and that not from the immediate neighbourhood only, but from a distance. After the close of the eleventh century these secular scholars increased in number, and were of a more advanced age. A few lay teachers also began to appear, who relied, for the most part, upon the fees paid by their pupils, for their maintenance: but, notwithstanding these importations, the ecclesiastics continued so decidedly to predominate, that up to the thirteenth century it would be difficult to reckon up half-a-dozen lay teachers.

Whatever is new is popular; and sometimes deservedly so, being the result of an instinctive effort of the age that gives it birth, to supply its own peculiar wants. Hence it is not surprising that the new schools, which in process of time outgrew the original ecclesiastical limits, should outstrip the old ones, and then be led to struggle for independence: but to imagine that they were originally independent, is to indulge in a supposition which all history refutes.

In the University of Paris, even from its very origin at the end of the eleventh century, no one could teach within the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical corporation without a license, more or less official, from the chancellor of that corporation. For more than two hundred years the right of the chancellor to examine in his own person the applicant for a license, was acknowledged and exercised: but, long before this right practically ceased, it was invaded by the encroachments of a "teacher-aristocracy." The prodigious increase in the number of pupils (hundreds of whom came boldly forward as candidates for the office of teachers,) rendering it impossible for the chancellor to examine all in his own person, that officer was naturally led to call in the assistance of existing teachers, and to grant his license to candidates upon their recommendation. It is easy to foresee the result; the chancellor would be gradually superseded, and the whole power of examination would fall exclusively into the hands of the teachers: and such was the fact. It is obviously impossible to assign the exact date of a silent and gradual

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revolution like this; but it was accomplished in the course of the thirteenth century.

Thus was formed in process of time an aristocracy of teachers: but, meanwhile, the great increase of scholars was leading to the formation of a new constitution, strongly republican in its tendency; or, at least, to a modification of that already existing, not formally, indeed, but in fact. This modification resulted from the rise of the clans technically called "nations."

These were party-associations of the students, according to their different places of birth. The University of Paris comprised four nations, French, English, Normans, and Picards. The French nation was subdivided into "provinces;" consisting, respectively, of Frenchmen, Provençals, Gascons, Spaniards, Italians, and Greeks. The English nation embraced the British, Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians. The Normans were not subdivided. The fourth comprised Picardy, Brabant, and Flanders.

The conflux of so large and heterogeneous a body of youths would render the establishment of some system of academic police necessary; but this would be formed only as occasion required. Matters went on as they best might, until some intolerable violation of decorum, some violent outrage on peace and order broke out, and then regulations were made fitted to the exigency. Within these, very considerable scope would be afforded to the operation of custom, tradition, and precedent; while an independent organization of the nations would gradually grow out of their mutual or clashing interests: nation opposed to nation, among themselves, but all ready to make common cause against those without, whether their teachers or the townsmen.

And yet this constitution, republican as it was in its rise, had an internal aristocratic tendency. The four nations in Paris elected superintendents, called proctors, who presided over the *corpus scholarium*. It is not improbable that even the rector, who was chosen by all the nations, may at first have presided over the nations only, and not over the "teacher-aristocracy."

The consolidation of this aristocracy was the result of these various tendencies; and the *scientific* state, as Professor Huber calls it—the state of an aristocracy of teachers,—prevailed over the *national*. In the Italian system, on the contrary, where the teachers were originally independent of the Church, they became proportionally dependent on their pupils, and the national organization prevailed. Where, as in Bologna, no licence to teach was required, the recommendation of the teachers was equally unnecessary; and as it rested with the scholars to decide from whom they would learn, it soon fell to them to decide who ought to teach. But in the northern Universities the teachers acquired the ascendancy, and even the *national* interests contributed to this result. The older scholars within each nation naturally set the opinion and tone of their juniors, and being themselves, in many cases, candidates for the teacher's office, they sympathized with the teachers' interests.

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The teachers, again, were the only representatives of the whole scholastic body to those without, whether the temporal or the ecclesiastical sovereign. The chancellor having virtually transferred some of his higher functions into the teachers' hands, it was evidently the interest of the popes to foster the growth of this intellectual aristocracy, and to elevate the Universities into *general* organs of the Church.

And again: each teacher having been supreme in his own school, the whole body of teachers, when they coalesced, retained the power of scholastic legislation; and, although they continued to be subject to the general supervision of the Church, and liable to the interference of bishops, councils, and especially popes, even in minor details of scholastic discipline, their real independence was not violated by these inferior anomalies, if such, indeed, they can be called; for, as yet, no systematic constitution existed, nor was it to be looked for at so early a period: but the spirit which breathed through the whole, assimilated even heterogeneous materials, harmonized warring elements, and quickened that principle of internal organic growth, which irresistibly overcomes, like a vigorous plant shooting its slender fibres into the very substance of the stony rock, all the attempts, which from time to time are vainly made, to impose a mechanical fixedness upon living institutions.

The elevation of the teachers into a corporate ruling body, preceded the development of the academic dignities. Up to the end of the twelfth century, the title of *Bachelor* does not appear to have denoted more than a scholastic step; it arose out of the separate scholastic disputations, and was included in the internal economy of each single school; and it was not until after the middle of the thirteenth century that it became an academic dignity. But the *Master's* degree implied the right of opening a school, and depended originally on the chancellor's license. As the teachers rose into a *universitas literaria*, this degree, from being a mere license to keep school granted by an ecclesiastical officer, became, when conferred by the University, an honour to which many aspired who had no wish to become schoolmasters. All, however, who took this degree were required, at a certain time, to declare whether they intended to exercise the office of teacher, and in case they did not, they were disabled, as was fitting, from taking any share in business connected with the mutual relations of teacher and scholar. Hence arose the distinction between *magistri regentes*, upon whom the duty of teaching rested, and *magistri non regentes*.

The formation of the "Faculties" was an important step in the early development of the university system. The word "faculty" denotes, etymologically, an *ability to teach* in one branch; and hence came to be applied collectively to the authorized teachers of special subjects. As learning advanced, separate schools, each devoted to its own special subject—law, medicine, theology—were formed; and since a teacher in arts could, as such, have no claim to examine a student in medicine, for instance, the business of examination in their

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own branch naturally fell to the body of the teachers in that branch. This body of teachers was called a *facultas;* while the teachers in arts constituted the *universitas literaria.*

Since faculty-studies are more immediately applicable to the special purposes of social life than arts, it is not surprising that practical men, as they fondly call themselves, are apt to assign a preeminence to these, to the disparagement of the latter: but those who regard education as the cultivation of the inner man, will assign to arts their due preeminence. It is in these that the University has its foundation. Its first duty is to cultivate that which is *universal* in man, the essential *humanity* of every one subjected to its authority and entrusted to its care. An education which aims merely to qualify men for the discharge of their social functions, is an education which proposes to build the superstructure without laying the foundation; such a procedure may manufacture craftsmen, it will never educate men. The most immediate and important aim of education is to ennoble the heart, to form the character, to awaken and guide the energies of the soul, to train up and complete the MAN.

These reflections will prepare the reader for a striking fact in the first formation of the separate faculties; namely, the extreme difficulty experienced in the attempts that were made to separate theology from arts. The separation of law and medicine from arts required no effort. The roots of these two faculties had long been planted beyond the scholastic pale; and the difficulty, indeed, consisted in training them along the ecclesiastical wall, and making them bring forth fruit in the university garden. Not so with theology. As a science it had grown out of the old studies, and could not be severed from them. Had not canonical law been grafted upon it, theology might never have become a separate faculty. The extreme difficulty that was found, even in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to keep arts and theology apart, appears by the repeated and unsuccessful attempts made for this purpose by the popes. In the papal bull of 1207, the Bishop of Paris is ordered to take especial care that no more than eight masters should give theological lectures; an arbitrary limit, showing that a natural one could not be found. Nor was it until the latter half of the thirteenth century, that theology was completely separated from the allied subjects, and clearly constituted a distinct faculty.

Professor Huber concludes the first chapter of his work with an interesting section on the organic structure requisite to constitute a University. The parchment and the seal, the statutes and the charter, the formal acts of an external supreme authority, ecclesiastical or temporal, are not the critical matter. They are but the outward form and sign, the ratification and pledge of an inward pre-existent vital reality. The "Let live!" of a formal sanction may perpetuate the life of noble institutions, but cannot impart it. It can fashion, but it cannot create.

Yet it may be well to point out a few steps in the development.

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And first, the right of internal regulation; a right possessed in the case of the rising universities, first by the "nations," and afterwards by the teacher-aristocracy.

Exemption from common jurisdiction is a second step of corporate growth. The primitive relation of the universities to the chancellor and to the old schools, shows that the bishop or his deputy must at first have been the ordinary judge of the teachers and scholars. The presence of lay teachers and scholars would occasion anomalies. As the lay spirit prevailed, frequent conflicts would arise between the ecclesiastical and the temporal authorities. This would happen even with regard to persons really clerical; and as even lay persons took the name of *clerici*, they too were claimed by the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. To such persons, exemption from ordinary tribunals would consist, not in becoming subject to the ecclesiastical courts, but in becoming free from them.

A third step towards independence, was the extension of the rights of corporate legislation and jurisdiction, even beyond the university itself, and embracing matters both of police and of property. The University of Paris did not attain this step, but the jurisdiction of the English Universities extended to all cases concerning any person connected with them, excepting possessors of copyhold property held on a free tenure.

In his second chapter, Professor Huber enters upon a direct account of the English Universities; commencing with a defence of the antiquity of Oxford.

If there is, as we must admit, whatever over-zealous antiquarians may assert, no direct historical proof of the common tradition which connects Oxford with Alfred, neither is there, in Huber's opinion, any direct historical disproof; while all the indirect evidence of which the case admits, appears to him to justify the University in glorying in her derivation from the Saxon king, who was at once "hero, statesman, and sage; warmed by humanity, sanctified by religion, eminently cultivated in intellect, and abounding in genuine patriotism."

"When we find," says Huber, in a long historical note, "the most undoubted proofs that a school existed at Oxford in the middle of the eleventh century, (*vide* Ingulf,) and since then without interruption; when we cannot find any epoch to which we could reasonably ascribe the foundation of these institutions, except that at which Alfred lived; all sound historical judgment would lead us to ascribe the foundation to Alfred. And such has been the voice of tradition, and the testimony of some of the most credible chroniclers of the day, ever since the commencement of the twelfth century."—Vol. i. p. 373.

Mr. Heywood (the proprietor of this English edition of the Professor's work,) has appended, in the third volume, a lengthened note on this subject; containing the substance of a paper by Mr. Wright, read before the Society of Antiquaries, and subsequently

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published in the Archæologia, on the Biography of Alfred, attributed to Bishop Asser; with remarks on the antiquity of the University of Oxford, from other writers. The purport of Mr. Wright's "Historical Doubts," is to show that the biography in question, while it professes to be a contemporary narrative, was in fact only a compilation during the eleventh century. So that if the proof of the derivation of the University from any scholastic institutions of Alfred be dependent on such a document, it must be abandoned; and the university must be content with a later date as the commencement of its connexion with royalty.

"No person," observes Mr. Wright, "can read Asser's Life of Alfred, without observing that it consists of two distinct parts; of a chronology of events, arranged year by year, on which are grafted a few anecdotes of Alfred's private life, and also a eulogy of his character. The first of these portions, which is the strictly historical part, will be found, on comparison, to be nothing more than a translation of the Saxon Chronicle."

Mr. Wright gives several passages in proof; dwelling particularly on the brief entry for the year 874, in the Chronicle, in Anglo-Saxon; in Asser's Biography, in Latin; and concluding that one of these accounts is taken *verbatim* from the other. "It is," he says, "improbable that Asser should be the original, because in his narrative the yearly entries contain many things which are irrelevant to the subject, and they have there a remarkable appearance of patchwork; while, in the Saxon Chronicle, they are perfectly in their place, in entire harmony with what goes before and what follows. Now if these entries in Asser are taken from the Saxon Chronicle, it is impossible that they can have been written so early as 894; because by the most favourable supposition that has been hazarded on the antiquity of this part of the Chronicle, it was not composed before the beginning of the tenth century, and it is more than probable that it is a work of a later period."

Again, there is much in Asser's account of Alfred that is merely legendary, and therefore not the production of a contemporary. And, again, in several passages, there is a confusion of narrative which could hardly have proceeded from the pen of one enjoying such opportunities of knowledge as the bishop. It is further remarkable, that nothing is said in Asser's narrative respecting Alfred's writings. Yet it was probably between 890 and 894, that the king translated the Pastorale of St. Gregory into Anglo-Saxon, and distributed it among his bishops, in the preface of which work he says he translated it sometimes word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, "even as I learnt them of Plegmund my archbishop, and of *Asser my bishop*, and of Grimbold my mass-priest, and of John my mass-priest."

Mr. Wright is also of opinion that the story concerning Alfred's school for the children of the nobles, where they were to be instructed in the English and Latin languages, (Asser, p. 13,) had no other

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foundation than these words of the king in the same preface:—"Therefore it appears to me better, if it appear so to you, that we also have some books, which are judged most needful for all men to understand; that we translate them into that language which we all know; and bring to pass, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have quietness, that all the youth that are now in the English nation of free-born men, who have the means to maintain them, may be set to learning, while they are capable of no other occupation, *until first they know well to read English writing. Let those be afterwards taught further in the Latin tongue,* whom one will teach further, or one desires for a higher degree." "We have here," observes Mr. Wright, "an indirect recommendation of a certain mode of instruction, which was to be the result of the English translations of Latin books, but no indications of any schools having been established for the purpose."

There also appears to be an error in the Biography as to the diocese over which Asser presided, which could not have been committed by Asser himself. It is most probable that Asser was Bishop of Sherborne, at least towards the end of Alfred's reign, or in that of his successor, having previously been bishop of some other see. In the list of the bishops of Sherborne, in the Cottonian MS., Tiberius B.v. about A.D. 993, the succession stands thus:—Ealhstan, Heahmund, Æthelheah, Wulfsige, *Asser*, Æthelweard, &c. According to the Saxon Chronicle, Asser died A.D. 910; nine years after Alfred.

"I think," says Mr. Wright, "that the writer of this book (supposing it to be a forgery,) did know that Asser was a bishop; although his information is not easily reconciled with history. After giving a somewhat ostentatious and suspicious account of the favours which he had received from Alfred, and telling us that the king made him, in one day, abbot of the two monasteries of Angresbury and Banwell, at the same time promising greater gifts at a future period, he adds, that the king afterwards gave him 'Exeter, with the whole *parochia* which appertained to it in Saxony (Wessex,) and in Cornwall.'—P. 15. I believe that among the Anglo-Saxon writers, the word *parochia* (our *parish*) was used invariably (according to its Greek root) to signify an episcopal diocese;* and that Asser, or rather the person who took on himself to represent him, intended to say that the king made him Bishop of Exeter. I am not aware that there was a Bishop of Exeter before the reign of Edward the Confessor,

* "Thus, to quote the first example which comes to hand, the list of bishops of the end of the twelfth century in MS. Cotton, Tiber. B.v. it is said of Wessex, 'It is divided into two *dioceses* (*parochias*); one the Church of Winchester, the other of Sherborne. The Church of Winchester was divided into two *dioceses* (*parochias*) in the time of Fridestan, then it was divided into three *dioceses* (*parochias*), the Churches of Wilton, Wells, and Crediton. The province of Mercia had *two bishops*, Headda and Wilfrid, after that Wilfrid elect and Headda aforesaid ruled both *dioceses* (*parochias*)' &c. See *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. pp. 169, 170, where this valuable document is printed."

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when (about A.D. 1049,) the see of Crediton was removed to Exeter by Leofric."

This mistake would bring the Biography down to the time of Edward the Confessor. At this time, traditionary anecdotes respecting Alfred, the "darling of the English," (as he is called in the popular poetry, even of the twelfth century,) must have abounded; and a collection of them would tend to animate the English party, headed by Earl Godwin, against Edward's Norman and French favourites.

"For this purpose," says Mr. Wright, "some monk appears to have conceived the idea of forming a life out of the traditions, and to have taken for his ground-work a copy of the Saxon Chronicle, (perhaps mutilated, and ending with the year 894,) and the legendary life of St. Neot; and, in order to give greater authority to his book, he pretended that it was written by Alfred's friend, Asser. . . . It does not appear, on an investigation of the subject, that any person has ever seen a MS. of Asser which can safely be assigned to an earlier date than the eleventh century."

"These are the grounds," he continues, "on which I have been led to suspect the life of Alfred attributed to Asser. It is a subject which requires further investigation; and I have too much diffidence in my own reasonings to venture to quote the book as other than authentic, until they be confirmed by the opinions of better scholars than myself."

The whole subject of the constitution of the English Universities is recapitulated by Professor Huber in his second volume. He adheres to the opinion that scholastic seminaries were founded in Oxford by Alfred.

The most probable conjecture with regard to these appears to him to be, that they were no other than the royal court school; corresponding to those which Charlemagne had connected with his own court and household. This conjecture, however, rests chiefly on one of the disputed passages of Asser. "Moreover," says the bishop, respecting Alfred, "as to the sons of those who lived in the royal household; loving them as dearly as his own, he ceased not to instruct them in good morals, and to imbue them with good literature." And again, "He distributed the third part of his wealth to the school which he had got together with great care, out of many nobles of his own nation." According to this theory respecting the origin of the University of Oxford, it did not develop itself, like that of Paris, out of a monastic or chapitral school, but sprang out of a royal foundation.

The rise of a University has depended mainly on the recognition, by Church and State, of power in a certain body of masters to confer licenses on candidates for the office of teaching; for this is the primitive essence of the scholastic degree. Whatever conclusion we may arrive at respecting the Anglo-Saxon regal foundation of the University of Oxford, it is certain that a body of teachers and

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scholars existed there from the end of the eleventh century, devoted to the scholastic studies which prevailed at that time throughout Western Christendom. They were under the general protection of the Church and of the Crown, and subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishop of Lincoln; who sometimes exercised his right of direct interference, but was generally represented by a chancellor—the chancellor of Oxford; the scholastic body, on the other hand, being represented by the assembly of the teachers. This relation of the bishop, and of his representative, the chancellor, towards the Universities naturally flowed from the general arrangements of the Church, and equally existed with regard to all the Cisalpine Universities. Down to the beginning of the thirteenth century, the chancellor was essentially an episcopal officer; whose duties were to grant the license to teach, to superintend the studies and discipline, to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and to uphold the bishop's rights against the University.

It has been imagined by Meiners, and even by Bulæus, that the Oxford chancellor and the Paris rector differed only in name; but this assumption receives no support from testimony or facts. In the earlier part of his work, Huber denies that there ever was a rector at Oxford as head of the University; but, in the third volume, he acknowledges that this denial was too unconditionally made; and observes that he only wished to protest against confounding the terms "*rector*" and "*chancellor*" as though they stood for the same thing.

With regard to the earliest schools at Oxford, we are unable to say whether their principal (whatever his official designation,) was appointed by the scholastic body or by the king; but we know that, twenty or thirty years after the Conquest, the appointment was contested between the University and the bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Oxford was then included. The ordinary, as might be expected, prevailed, and an episcopal chancellor was set over the schools. We might have expected that the scholastic body would have hereupon been led to elect a rector, after the model of Paris, as its organic head. But since Oxford was not a bishop's see, there were *two* chancellors in the diocese,—the chancellor of Lincoln, who discharged towards the bishop those peculiar duties which had been the principal functions of the Parisian chancellor, and which had gradually estranged him from the University; and the Oxford chancellor, whose duties were internal to the University. Therefore, although the Oxford chancellor might at first be in the position of a foreign inspector appointed by the bishop, his duties brought him into sympathetic intercourse with the University, identified his interests with theirs, and eventually rendered him the organic head of the scholastic body.

"Probably as early as the twelfth, but most certainly in the beginning of the thirteenth, century, the Oxford chancellor, although still an episcopal deputy, yet, conjointly with the two proctors, presided over the congregation, and held the executive of the university;

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functions which, from the very nature of things, and from the analogy of Continental Universities, could belong only to a rector—that is, to the organic head of the University, elected by the congregation of masters; while of such a head, *in addition* to the chancellor, not a trace appears in the English Universities. Indeed, before the middle of the thirteenth century, the University had gained the orginating voice in the appointment of the chancellor; for the bishop *conferred* the office upon the candidate *proposed* to him by the congregation."—Vol. ii. pp. 123, 124.

We have already seen how, in the case of the University of Paris, the custom had grown up, even at the end of the twelfth century, for the teachers themselves to examine candidates for the office, and to *recommend* to the chancellor for his license those whom they deemed competent. In the course of the thirteenth century, the whole business of examination fell finally and exclusively into the hands of the teacher-aristocracy; so that the chancellor, an episcopal officer, was left standing outside the academic circle. The true organic head of the scholastic body was the rector, who was not appointed by an external episcopal or ecclesiastical authority, but was elected, together with the proctors, by the nations, and constituted by the University itself the common head to the nations and to the teacher-aristocracy.

In this difference in the position of the chancellor consisted one great characteristic difference between the English and the Continental Universities. The peculiarities of the Oxford chancellorship may be explained in some degree by the fact, that the University of Oxford was originally a royal foundation, under no subjection to any special diocese or abbey. From the first the University of Oxford was essentially a scholastic body, and did not develop itself out of any monastic or cathedral establishment. There is neither trace of the fact, nor the least probability in the nature of the case, that the Oxford *studium* rose out of the cathedral chapter to the Bishop of Lincoln, or grew up as a part of it, in the same manner as the Paris *studium* grew out of the Cloister School of the Cathedral of Paris.

"Had the Lincoln Cathedral," says Professor Huber, "developed a scholastic organ of this kind, it would have been at Lincoln, and not at Oxford."—Vol. iii. p. 450.

But as soon as schools existed at Oxford, whatever their actual origin,

"It was to be expected from the analogy of such matters in the West, that the bishop would interfere by one of his officers named a chancellor, although he may not have performed all the duties of such an office. Such an interference on the part of the Church may well be presumed, especially under the circumstances of the Conquest. Not the slightest trace is anywhere to be found of anything in defence of the opinion put forth by Ingram as a matter of course, that the University rose out of a school belonging to St. Frideswitha."—Vol. iii. p. 451.

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But the chancellor's connexion with the University at last overpowered his allegiance to the bishop, and he became absorbed into the academic body, carrying with him those episcopal prerogatives and powers which he had originally possessed. The bishops of Lincoln at first tacitly favoured the change, which released them from a heavy responsibility and various annoyances. But, as the separation widened, they began strenuously to refuse a concession so prejudicial to the rights of their office. After severe struggles on both sides and several unavailing compromises, the practical effect of which was to establish the right of the University to elect its own organic head, Pope Urban interfered by an express bull, A.D. 1338, and for ever abolished the bishop's formal right of ratification.

The bishops now contended that, since the chancellor was no longer an episcopal officer, he could no longer exercise episcopal functions, especially those of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and police, and the administration of Church discipline. Here also the "innovations of time" brought about their usual and inevitable results; and the revolution was effected.

"After the bull of 1368, every trace of the chancellor's dependence on the bishop disappears, both as to his nomination and as to his judicial or other competency. The chancellor now belonged absolutely and indisputably to the University. At the same time it must be remembered that this is only the *formal* era of the University triumph; for she had long since, practically and habitually, enforced her privileges, though against resistance. The inevitable result was that the University earned for herself the episcopal functions, having established a right, in an office of her own creating, to possess and exercise them; consequently we may speak of the 'academic jurisdiction,' instead of 'the chancellor's jurisdiction;' nor is this by any means a matter of indifference."—Vol. ii. p. 130.

A long note is appended to this section on the functions of the chancellor, which are fully stated and defined in the Elizabethan Statutes of 1570. Huber is of opinion that the chancellor possessed, in addition to his functions as a judge, a veto on the academic proceedings.

"As to this veto," he observes, "its existence is denied by modern liberal writers, such as Walsh and others; but this can only show their shallow prejudices. If we consider realities rather than forms, a veto was contained in the chancellor's authority to convoke the University; in the admitted fact that every transaction, every decision, which did not take place in the presence of him or his deputy, was invalid. (Walsh, p. 29.) He could thus at any moment end a conference, and stop a measure by breaking up the sitting. Besides, there is no doubt that it lay with him to prepare the business for deliberation, although naturally his will or caprice alone could not determine such matters without reasonable grounds. (V. Lamb. Collect. p. 16.) If the above may seem to prove too much, the following is decisive: In the first place, Walsh appears not to have

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noticed that the veto is most decidedly ascribed to the chancellor in the Statutes of 1549, so highly praised by Walsh for their republican liberality of opinion. We find in them, word for word, the same enactment as in the Statutes of 1570, decried by Walsh as tyrannical. 'To the same chancellor also it shall be lawful, with the consent of the whole University, to enact new statutes,' &c., an arrangement which, beyond a doubt, makes the concurrence of the chancellor with the University essential to academic legislation. As now the Edwardian statutes in so many points return to an earlier state of things, even from this we might infer that the arrangement belonged to the very oldest statutes, or, at all events, to the earliest practice of the University. The inference is fully confirmed by two statutes of 1303. (V. Lamb. Collect. p. 21.)"—Vol. iii. p. 456.

After rapidly tracing the origin and peculiar functions of the deputies of the chancellor, the proctors, the steward, the university teachers, and other academic officers, Professor Huber briefly recapitulates the whole earlier constitution of the English Universities.

"If we now recapitulate the principal traits of the earlier Universities, we find, in the first place, a scholastic corporation *based in arts*, uniting organically in itself, 1, a number of schools and boarding-houses, some of which were already endowed corporations, (academicians who were not members of such societies being only *tolerated*); 2, the two nations; 3, the faculties, developed to a certain importance in a scholastic, but scarcely noticeable in a corporate point of view.

"We further find as central powers, (1.) The congregation of the regents for scholastic business and arrangements; (2.) The convocation of all the masters for all other business. This assembly consisted originally of the real teachers and heads of the houses, (for the houses were once represented in it;) but all its functions were soon imparted, with the master's degree, to a great number of persons who had no connexion with the academic teaching or discipline. The convocation received by this means more of a democratic character. For, although it might seem an aristocracy, in contradistinction to the mass of scholars, yet (when it came to be a thing of course to proceed to the master's degree,) it was too open, too often renewed in its elements, too fluctuating, riotous, and numerous, to correspond to the idea of an aristocracy. (3.) We have, finally, the chancellor, as head of the University, and by his side the proctors, as representatives of the nations,—that is, of the democratic element which prevailed in the nations, which thus found a place by the side of the masters. The other officers, elected by the majority of the assembly of masters, must be looked upon only as their representatives for the execution and administration of the privileges, laws, decrees, and general business."—Vol. ii. pp. 142—144.

Such was the *earlier* constitution of the Universities, previous to the rise and preponderance of the colleges; a constitution presenting

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several points of contrast to that of the Universities of the continent.

In other respects there was considerable agreement between them. In both, the studies and the degrees were substantially the same. According to a quaint old Latin rhyme given by Wood,—

> " Et procul et proprius jam Francus et Anglicus æquâ
> Norunt Parisiis quid fecerint Oxoniæque."

The early history of the University of Cambridge differs in no important respect from that of Oxford. It would appear that Cambridge was first raised into a seat of learning by the monks of Croyland, who, under their abbot, Goisfred, (A.D. 1109—1124,) taught at a farm called Cottenham, and afterwards in a barn at Cambridge itself. In very early times there existed in Cambridge a *glomeria*, in favour of which Hugh de Balsham, founder of Peter-house, mediated (1276) a treaty concerning various contested points of the university jurisdiction. These *glomeria* appear to have been monastic schools, whether the colony from Croyland or still earlier, in which the older grammatical studies alone were pursued, and which afterwards sank down into a mere grammar-school. These ecclesiastical establishments may have been the germ of the University, which in 1231 had attained most of those essential peculiarities of Oxford which have been described.

The middle age of the Universities included the thirteenth century and barely the former half of the fourteenth, and was a period of greater importance, a period more pregnant with deep and lasting consequences, than is commonly supposed. It does not, indeed, form a homogeneous whole; it was not a period of orderly development and systematic growth, but one of alternate advance and regression, like those epochs in geological history, in which earth and sea and air are thrown into violent disorder, preparatory to the tranquil deposition of new strata and the consolidation of new forms of life. Regarding the middle age of the English Universities in this light, we are able to understand the *systematic tumults* which agitated them during this period. These tumults present a startling contrast to the intellectual pursuits of the University. At first sight they may appear to originate in the general coarseness and rudeness of the times, and the hot passions of undisciplined youth: but a closer inspection discloses causes of deeper growth, and connects these tumults with the very principles of English national life.

" The Universities were, in fact, *scholastic colonies upon the domain of common life*, and of necessity were affected by the soil and climate in which they were planted. Now Paris, Toulouse, Orleans, Bologna, Padua, Naples, Pisa, Lisbon, Salamanca, and afterwards Prague, Vienna, and Cologne, were towns of the first rank, and wholly independent of their universities; but Oxford and Cambridge were great only by virtue of the academicians. The *town* would in each case have risked suicide in endeavouring to crush the privileges of the *gown*. Contrariwise, in the great cities of the continent, the

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academic body upheld its rights against the townsmen only by calling in the aid of the higher spiritual or temporal authorities. Where such authorities did not exist, as in Bologna and Padua, the Universities would soon have been utterly ruined by the brutal tyranny of the town corporation, had they not invoked help from the emperor, the pope, and the Venetians. These potentates placed officials of their own in permanent residence at the Universities, for the protection of the scholars: a measure which at the same time contributed not a little to the greatness of the towns. While this was for the individual benefit of the academicians, it kept them corporately in a wholly subordinate position. It is hardly necessary to say, how at Paris the University and its rector were eclipsed by a royal court, by the high courts of justice, by nobles, bishops, and abbots. But at Oxford and Cambridge the sheriff was the highest civil officer, the archdeacon the highest functionary of the church: and so defective was the police of that day, that, even when a matter came to blows, these officers might not easily get the better, unless well forewarned, and, in extreme cases, determined to exert themselves. Nor would they ever think of more than keeping the peace, and confirming the *status quo*. But in greater cities the temporal and spiritual dignities repressed with a high hand every tumult. The very rector of the University met with little ceremony from a captain of the royal body-guard, or even of the provost's guard; and the authorities sought to punish for the past and prevent for the future, as well as to uphold tranquillity for the present. In fact, in our modern days, when the most uproarious of academicians is a lamb compared to the heroes of the middle ages, it has been thought advisable to remove some of our German universities to the capitals, for the express purpose of enforcing discipline upon them. What, then, must have been the case in the time of the old defective police, and in a University numbering from fifteen to thirty thousand scholars? We may, in fact, say that the unparalleled extension of corporate rights won by the University, were not more obtained through the chancellor than *fought out* by an academic mob."—Vol. i. pp. 72—74.

We have already mentioned the system of *nations* as an element in the constitution of the University of Paris. The same system sprang up in the English Universities, as an order of things congenial to the wants and feelings of the age: in Oxford soon after the beginning of the twelfth century; in Cambridge about a century later. Their history is obscure. We know little more respecting them than that they were recognised, tacitly, if not in due legal form, as communities, *by* and *in* the University up to the end of the fourteenth century; that at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were becoming obsolete; and that during their existence they were continually engaged in mutual conflicts.

"Their only permanent authorities were the two proctors; but, although the functions of these two officers are well ascertained,

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it is not certain in what relation they stood towards the two nations, except that they were elected by them for two years."—Vol. i. p. 78.

An important difference between the nations in the continental Universities and those of England was, that while the former consisted of races so opposed, both socially and politically, that they could not cohere in any durable organization with one another, or with the nation at large, the English nations were wholly native; except that the southernmen generally included the Irish and Welsh, the northernmen the Scotch; and although foreigners often studied at the English Universities, they were never organized into a distinct nation.

There has always existed the strongest sympathy between the English nation at large and the Universities. From the very beginning down to the latest agitation in the world of London or the world of Oxford and Cambridge, the macrocosm and the microcosm have throbbed with the same pulsations and shared in the same moral life.

"In the period of which we treat, the University comprised the strength and bloom of the nation, picked from all ranks and orders, north and south, and sympathizing intensely with the general course of public policy.... In fact, the 'degree' being an *indelible character*, a student who had ceased to reside, did not cease to sympathize with his 'foster-mother:' and every rank of civil, and much more of ecclesiastical, life, was filled with men who identified themselves with her interests. We have, indeed, still to fight against the prejudice that all erudition was then confined to a few ecclesiastics. On the contrary, the scholastic culture (be its merits what it may,) was widely diffused through the nation at large, and especially by means of the intellectual position of the clergy, formed a tie to which later times have nothing to compare."—Vol. i. p. 84.

So intimate has the connexion between Oxford and England always been, that popular opinion long ago looked on serious university strife as a presage of civil war. According to the significant monkish doggrel, given by Wood,—

> "Chronica si penses; cum pugnant Oxonienses,
> Post paucos menses volat ira per Angligenenses:"

a rhyme which is as true of spiritual contests in our own day, as it was of physical contests then.

The two university nations bear a close analogy to the grand European contrast of Germanic to Romanic races. The tribes north of the Mersey and Humber were mainly Germanic; while in the southern part of the island the Normans and the Romanizing Anglo-Saxons predominated. This distinction of races has now almost vanished, and political parties have taken their place. But even in these we may trace, says Huber, a geographical distinction.

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"Whiggism is of Scotch (or Germanic) origin; Toryism has its strength in the south. The southern element still prevails in the aristocratic and high-church spirit, and in the old-fashioned classical studies of the college system: and that this system is truly Romanic may easily be proved by comparing it with the Universities of Spain, which have suffered least disturbance in recent centuries. The northern system, driven out of Oxford, took refuge in Edinburgh, the Athens of the north, where everything reminds us of the German Universities and of the German development of the Reformation . . .

"It is a confirmation of the above to hear that the modern intellectual reform party itself, as well as its opponents, look on Germany as the fountain-head of its movements; and it seems that they cannot be altogether wrong in bestowing on us the honour or the shame. Each English University has still its minority, representing the northern interests, and in no small measure of real northern extraction; and at every shaft which strikes the University, men's eyes instinctively turn northward for the bowman who shot it."—Vol. i. p. 88.

A great secession took place at Oxford in 1209, when the pope's legate laid an interdict on the town, in consequence of the murder of some scholars by the citizens, with the permission of the king, John, who thus meanly sought to show his spite against ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The riot of 1238 deserves a more detailed notice.

"About this time (1238,) the Lord Legate Otho, who had been sent to England to remedy multifarious abuses in the Church, came to Oxford also, where he was received with all becoming honours. He took up his abode in the Abbey of Osney. The clerks of the University, however, sent him a goodly present of welcome, of meats and various drinks for his dinner, and, after the hour of the meal, repaired to his abode to greet him and do him honour. Then so it was that a certain Italian, a door-keeper of the legate, with less perchance of courtesy towards visitors than was becoming, called out to them with loud voice, after Romish fashion, and keeping the door ajar, 'What seek ye?' Whereupon they answered, 'The Lord Legate, that we may greet him.' And they thought within themselves assuredly that honour would be requited by honour. But when the door-keeper, with violent and unseemly words, refused them entrance, they pressed with force into the house, regardless of the clubs and fists of the Romans, who sought to keep them back. Now it came to pass, also, that, during this tumult, a certain poor Irish clerk went to the door of the kitchen, and begged earnestly, for God's sake, as a hungry and needy man, that they would give him a portion of the good things. The master-cook, however, the Legate's own brother, it is said, who filled this office for the fear of poison, drove him back with hard words, and at last, in great wrath, flung hot broth from out of a pot into his face. 'Fie, for shame!' cries a scholar from Welshland, who witnessed the affront, 'shall we bear this?' And then bending a bow, which he held in his hand, (for during the turmoil

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some had laid hands upon such weapons as they found within reach,) he shot the cook,—whom the scholars in derision named Nebuzaradan, the prince of cooks,—with a bolt through the body, so that he fell dead to the earth. Then was raised a loud cry, and the legate himself, in great fear, disguised in the garment of a canonist, fled into the tower of the church, and shut to the gates. And there remained he hidden until night, and only when the tumult was quite laid, he came forth, mounted a horse, and hastened through bye-ways, and not without danger, led by trusty guides, to the spot where the king held his court, and there he sought protection. The enraged scholars, however, stayed not for a great length of time seeking the legate with loud cries in all corners of the house, saying, 'Where is the usurer, the simonist, the plunderer of our goods, who thirsts after our gold and silver, who leads the king astray, and, upsetting the kingdom, enriches strangers with our spoils?'"—Vol. i. pp. 90—92.

Once in safety, the legate issued an interdict against the University, and called on the king to support his spiritual fulminations by the terrors of the secular power. To this the king rashly consented, and empowered the town to commence the attack, which it did with ready and rancorous activity. Scholars and masters were hurried to prison; and the sheriff of Oxford aided and abetted these outrageous acts of blind malignant rage. In its extremity, the University found a champion in Grosseteste, the bishop of Lincoln; who opposed the then effectual and formidable shield of an interdict between the unhappy scholars and their rude assailants. The rabble townsmen were driven off; the court confessed its error; the pride of the legate subsided; and a general reconciliation ensued.

This was no mere academic brawl, but was an element and a token (of no mean significance) of the general resistance of the nation to the tyrannous encroachments of an Italian priest. "Holy Robert of Lincoln," embalmed in tradition, endeared by song, and justly illustrious in history, though uncanonized by Rome, nobly maintained the independence of the University, of which, for nearly a whole generation, he was the heart and soul.

Riots of no ordinary magnitude also resulted from the unsettled relations between the Universities and the town corporations. Here was a case of two heterogeneous populations locally mixed, which could not but give rise to violent and dangerous explosions. The conflicting interests of buyers and sellers, and the danger of a deterioration in the quality of goods, called for market and police regulations; and some of the most characteristic privileges of the English Universities arose out of the efforts of men to obtain right or revenge by taking the law into their own hands. The mixed boards of arbitration, which had at first been constituted at the beginning of the thirteenth century, became unequal to the management of the complicated cases which sprang up, towards the middle of the same century, through the rapid increase of both gownsmen and townsmen, and the growing wealth of both corporations. The presence of

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Jewish money-lenders threw in additional elements of discord and strife. The reciprocal rights and obligations of the University and of the resident conventual bodies were ill-defined; giving rise to violent and protracted disputes between the University and the latter, especially the Dominicans. Another subject of bitter complaint on the part of the town was the great number of *matriculated* tradesmen; who not only claimed superior rank on the ground of their connexion with the academic body, but obtained exemption from town burdens and from services in the army and purveyance to the king. Add to all these, the presence of numerous occasional visitors, at one time collected by the markets and fairs; at another swelling the retinue of nobles. The court, the parliament, and ecclesiastical synods, all assembled from time to time at Oxford. Thus everything combined to increase the difficulty of preserving order and discipline. The ultimate effect of these increasing difficulties and of the want of courts competent to try mixed causes in which town and gown were equally interested, was to extend the jurisdiction and increase the powers of the chancellor. In 1244, Henry III. gave the jurisdiction in all mixed causes, between gownsmen as buyers or hirers, and townsmen as sellers or letters, absolutely into the hands of the chancellor. And in 1255, the powers of this officer were extended to causes in which redress was claimed for violence done to person or property.

During this period, the chancellor was but a deputy of the bishop, and might be expected to occupy a position sufficiently impartial and independent of both corporations. But with the increase of the chancellor's powers, his gradual absorption into the academic body took place. He ceased to be an episcopal officer, and became the organic head of the University. The causes of this change are briefly stated by Professor Huber. The share taken by the Universities in the civil wars of Henry III. rendered them objects of greater interest to the kings of England than formerly. They shared in the deliberations of councils on important doctrinal questions affecting Church and State; and efforts were made to render them organs of opinion for Western Christendom. They thus became too weighty to depend on a distant ordinary, whose powers were by no means equal to his authority, and yielded inadequate support to a chancellor contending with increasing local difficulties. The position of the chancellor, as an episcopal officer, had, in fact, become too anomalous to be longer tenable. He was neither *in* nor *of* the University, but above it, below it, without it. In urgent need of that moral and physical support which the University could, and the bishop could not, afford, the chancellor passed over to the stronger party, carrying with him, after some adverse questioning, the prerogatives which he had originally derived from the bishop; and so uniting the authority flowing from an episcopal source, with the moral and physical power conferred by the University, of which he now became the organic head. For a time, the ordinary struggled to retain the right of *confirming* the

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election of the chancellor by the academic body, but even this vestige of departed authority vanished in the course of the fourteenth century.

But, however natural, necessary, and beneficial, this great accession of consolidated strength might be to the academic body, one inevitable result was, to exasperate the feud between the University and the town; since the chancellor would no longer be accepted by the latter, as an impartial judge in those mixed causes which had occasioned such bitter heart-burnings; nor indeed was it to be expected that this officer could any longer occupy an intermediate position, now that he had become identified with one of the contending parties.

But while the academic body was thus acquiring additional strength and importance, the town corporation, also, was increasing in wealth, and, with wealth, in a spirit of bitter hostility and stern resistance to the scholastic corporation. It shared in the general movement of the age. Inflamed by an irresistible desire for individual and corporate independence, the towns of Europe first resisted aggression against themselves, and then rose in general revolt against constituted authorities; until they achieved municipal freedom, and raised their merchants to a seat among princes. While monarchs were exhausting their strength by warlike expeditions, and nobles were wasting their substance in local feuds, the middle classes were gradually advancing into wealth and independence by means of commerce, whose golden keys unlocked a thousand gates to talent and enterprise. It cannot be denied that this great movement has its nobler aspects; but, on closer inspection, a lust for gold, selfish vanity, pride, jealousy, and discontent, will be found to have been the real springs of many actions apparently flowing from pure and generous patriotism, and an honourable desire for a restrained and regulated freedom. In the case of the university towns, further causes were in operation. In a royal mandate of 1352, the "grievous dissensions and quarrels" of the parties are ascribed to old rancour and insolence, "stimulated by *the wantonness of youth.*" The contest in 1297 with Robert de Wells, a baker, a bitter opponent of the University, was characteristic of the age; and, although a pacification was at last brought about by a formal treaty, which, together with the former privileges of 1248, for a long time formed the chief basis of mutual dealing between the two corporations, conflicts were still to be undergone, more severe than any that had preceded them. The frightful riot of 1355 is worthy of being noticed in some detail.

On St. Scholastica's day, February 10, 1355, a quarrel broke out between certain scholars and the host of a tavern belonging to John Bereford, an opulent citizen, who had often been elected bailiff for the town, and who appears to have inherited a double portion of the bitter hostility of Robert de Wells against the University. The tavern-keeper cried out for help. The town alarm-bell was rung from St. Martin's Church; the citizens, as though everything had been premeditated on their part, rushed out, armed for conflict, and fell upon the scholars, who were walking unarmed and without sus-

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picion of danger. In vain did the chancellor, at the hazard of his life, endeavour to pacify the infuriated townsmen and restore peace; so that he was at last compelled to order the bell of St. Mary's to sound an alarm, calling the scholars to arms; who quickly rallied, and succeeded in keeping their assailants in check during the night. With the return of day, the chancellor renewed his attempts at pacification, but was met by unabated hostility on the part of the town. Notwithstanding their inferiority in numbers, the gownsmen successfully maintained a defensive position throughout the day, and prevented the entrance of the country people, by seizing the gates. But, towards evening, about two thousand armed countrymen, having burnt down the west gate, forced their way in, headed by a black banner, put the scholars to flight, and spread havoc around. A poet of the day, cited by Wood, has thus described their irruption:

"Urebat portas agrestis plebs populosa;
Post res distortas videas quæ sunt vitiosa,
Vexillum geritur nigrum. '*Slea! Slea!*' recitatur;
Credunt quod moritur rex, vel quod sic humiliatur.
Clamant, '*Havock! Havock!* non sit qui salvicetur!'
'*Smite faste! give gode knockes!* nullus posthac dominetur.'"

The savage mob stormed most of the colleges and halls, hunted out the inmates, wounding some, throwing some into sinks and sewers, killing many; treating students shaven as monks with peculiar cruelty. The destruction of property, the demolition of crucifixes, the plunder of churches, accompanied these outrages against life. Maddened by their carousals and drunken orgies, the populace put no restraint on their excesses. In vain did the more popular of the clergy carry the host along the streets in solemn procession. Nor was it until the country rabble, having glutted themselves with wine, and blood, and plunder, had decamped with their booty, that the more prudent citizens assembled, as prudent citizens are wont to do, for the purpose of extinguishing a fire which had nearly burnt itself out. The bishop of Lincoln issued an interdict against the town, and the king pursued measures equally vigorous; but the chief result of this savage outbreak appears to have been a strong reaction in the minds of all parties. Recrimination and retaliation were forgotten, and every one strove rather to reconcile the unhappy differences from which these disastrous riots had arisen, and to prevent their future recurrence. The University absolutely resigned all her privileges into the hands of the king, Edward III., the town took the same course, without the least attempt at self-justification; and thus the king found himself called upon, not to sit upon the dispute as a judge, but to rebuild the whole system anew as a lawgiver. He established the University as a decidedly independent and preponderating authority; vesting in the chancellor control over the town police, and all the jurisdiction, civil or military, connected with it. Every point before contested was given in favour of the University. On the other hand, the town was reinstated in its privileges; Bereford was liberated from confinement, at the intercession of the

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University; the country-people were prudently passed over; and the Church, having first mitigated the interdict on the town, shortly removed it altogether.

Similar conflicts, with similar results, appear to have taken place at Cambridge; and, although it would be a great error to suppose that the contests between gown and town were at an end, the Universities had by this time acquired a permanent ascendency. As the number of students diminished, and discipline became more strict, the Universities passed from under the rule of a riotous democracy to the tranquil government of a sedate aristocracy. They became possessed of landed estates and buildings of their own, which removed many occasions of dissension. Wealth naturally brought respect in its train; besides which, the town corporation itself became impregnated with kindred influences, and the two bodies were better able to come to a mutual good understanding.

We cannot quit this period of English University history, without attempting to relieve the darker shades cast upon it by the tumults we have described, by Chaucer's picture of a true scholar at the end of the fourteenth century.

"A clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But looked holwe * and thereto soberlye.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepie.
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was not worldly to have an office.
For, him was lever † have at his beddes hed
Twenty bookes clothed in blake or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Then robes riche or fidel or sautrie.‡
But allbe that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but littel of gold in coffre;
But all that he might of his friends hente,§
On bookes and on learning he it spente;
And besily 'gan for the souls praie
Of hem‖ that gave him wherewith to scholaie.¶
Of studie took he most care and hede.
Not a worde spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick and ful of high sentence.**
Souning †† in moral virtue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

We pass on to the later constitution of the Universities, the most remarkable feature of which is the consolidation of the collegiate system.

"The earliest colleges," says Professor Huber, "date their origin as far back as the end of the thirteenth century; but the question,

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* Hollow. † Liever, liefer, *i. e.* more glad, or, more desirable.
‡ Psaltery. § Take, seize. ‖ Them. ¶ To study.
** Sentiment. †† Sounding.

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in what year they rose, is embarrassed by the uncertain meaning attached to the word *college*. We suppose it to be a corporation which lives at a common table, assisted by revenues derived from land, having also academical studies for its object, and standing in connexion with a literary university; to possess and dwell in a peculiar building naturally follows, yet does not appear to be indispensable. Being a corporation it must have statutes, or the right of enacting them; also the power of directing its own affairs and securing the right application of its funds."—Vol. i. p. 187.

At their first rise, after the middle of the thirteenth century, the colleges were feeble, and were hardly distinguishable, in fact, from the free and unendowed halls which preceded them and continued to exist by their side; but as they increased in number and wealth they increased in influence, and towards the end of the fifteenth century they were commensurate with the University. They also derived considerable strength from the activity and zeal with which they devoted themselves to the revived classical studies, at a time when the older academical studies were in a state of decay.

"Independent themselves of the University, they made it dependent on them. When the University asked help and strength from the colleges, for maintaining and executing the public regulations, their compliance and ready aid became the foundation of their real rule over the University; the maintenance of the academic discipline was altogether impossible without their cooperation. The police and the courts of the University were doubtless *authorized* to lay hands upon every delinquent; but the execution of the law might either be facilitated by the zeal or frustrated by the lukewarmness of the colleges. Prevention was still more important than punishment, and herein the University was helpless, the colleges were powerful. The means of punishment, also, possessed by the latter, were quicker and more direct; and, because applicable to smaller transgressions, far more effective in checking evil before it became too serious. In power of rewarding, the colleges had a still more decisive preponderance; inasmuch as most of the fellowships, scholarships, church benefices, &c., depended upon one or other of the colleges, whilst the Universities themselves were still very poor in all such matters."—Vol. ii. p. 146.

We must not infer from this that the University was deprived of her prerogatives, and lost her control over her subordinate institutions. On the contrary,—

"She had full power over the academic degrees, the attainment of which was indispensable to the colleges, as the end and aim of their members' career; and this mutual dependence was enough to make a real conflict between the colleges and the Universities most injurious to both parties: but there was no danger of this, since, by obtaining a degree, every collegian became a member of the academic legislative body, and thus the University was entirely composed of *collegiate* elements."—Vol. ii. p. 148.

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The preponderance of the colleges naturally gave great authority and influence to their heads; whose energy, ability and judgment, in most cases, consolidated and extended their rule. This was strengthened by their possession, original or acquired, of a veto on all the legislative and administrative acts of the college. Thus established *within* the University, this preponderance necessarily came to be acknowledged by those *without;* and thus,—

"The real direction of academic affairs fell into the hands of a board formed of heads, under the presidency of the chancellor, and in conjunction with the proctors. The heads of houses, in executing the decisions of the older authorities, naturally gained a right to influence those decisions, and a co-ordinate voice in the University councils."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

The great reform of the Cambridge Statutes took place in 1570. As they have been violently attacked, we give Professor Huber's dispassionate account.

"The main and avowed object of these statutes went no further, upon the whole, than to set aside the statutes of 1549; which, through overlooking existing realities, with which, nevertheless, they could not dispense, had, in many most important points of the constitution, sunk into a mere negation, out of which came nothing but perplexity, destruction, and obstruction. The new statutes, we say, were intended definitely to set aside the statutes of 1549 in these points. Hereby they restored to the natural authorities the formal recognition which they had had even earlier, and again more lately by Cardinal Pole's ordinances; and in some respects they extended the same sanction farther than before . . . . .

"As to the *mode* in which the new statutes were drawn up and introduced, the charges against it, by which even their validity has been assailed, are perfectly imaginary. Not a single right, not a single form, was violated upon the occasion . . . . . Whencesoever the plan had its origin, it was examined and approved by the chancellor, afterwards by the Queen, and was then presented to the University for acceptance and observance, under the form of a royal ordinance with the great seal, in September, 1570 . . . . . In the following year took place the great Incorporation Act of the Universities, in which their existing state was guaranteed, not only by the Crown, but also, for *greater* security, by the parliament . . . . . The month of May, 1572, (two years after the statutes had been in full force,) arrived, before the Cambridge opposition had laid before the privy council a plaint, signed by about a hundred and sixty members of the University, residents and non-residents, graduates and undergraduates, nominally against the chancellor and the heads of the colleges, but really against the statutes. The matter was referred to the decision of a committee consisting of the two archbishops and three bishops; and the decision finally given (after several hearings of the case,) was, that no ground had been made out for any further change in the statutes."—Vol. ii. pp. 163—165.

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This account, observes Huber, in a note on the subject in the third volume, may be the more depended upon, as it is derived partly from authentic documents, and partly from the testimony of opponents to the statutes. Among the latter, he adds, "I reckon Walsh and Lamb;" of the former of whom he says:—

"But what are we to think of a historical and political author who had free access to all the sources that were open to me, besides many others of the greatest importance, and yet could overlook the gradual development of the power of the heads, and assert that 'the statutes of 1570 completely revolutionized the whole order of things, by transferring a more than ordinary influence over all our deliberative proceedings, into the hands of the masters of the colleges!' I might cite much more to the same purport: for instance, the common declarations against the test oaths, as originally unheard of and unknown in the Universities, 'which were national establishments open to men of every sect,' and as first introduced by Cardinal Pole in a Catholic, and by James I. in a Protestant sense. Can anything be more confused and prejudiced than the modern idea of *national* establishments, as applied to the corporations of the Middle Ages? What can Mr. Walsh possibly mean, when he fancies that the Catholic Church tolerated '*men of all sects*' at the Universities, whilst he himself, and those of his opinions, never can declaim loudly enough against the persecutions of the Lollards and other heretics? The decided form of the preventive test oaths is to be found in the times of the Catholic Church; for instance, in 1425, the preceptors were obliged to take the following oath among others:—'Also thou shalt swear never to teach any of the conclusions laid down by the Friar, W. de Russel (*Item tu jurabis ut nullam conclusionum per fratrem W. de Russel positarum docebis.*—v. Wood.)' The conclusions mentioned are Wykliffite doctrines."—Vol. iii. p. 472.

The legislative movements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with regard to Oxford, bore substantially the same impress as those in Cambridge.

But, without dwelling longer on what may be properly regarded as the internal relations of the Universities, let us briefly consider their external relations, especially those which they sustained towards the State and the Church. The original basis of the Universities, says Huber, was rather moral than legal.

"The mixed character of the Universities, as half ecclesiastical, half secular corporations, was occasioned alike by their origin and by their destination. During the Middle Ages, although their ecclesiastical character prevailed upon the whole, yet their secular character contrived to assert its influence more or less, and upon some occasions even preponderated. This was in itself enough to bring them into a peculiar position towards Church and State.* But besides

* "The term 'State' is not intended to have here any other signification than it had in the Middle ages. The expression 'Crown' might perhaps be more appropriate."

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this, both between the Universities and the State, and between the Universities and the Church, there was an uncertainty as to the bounds of mutual rights and duties, to an extent that we cannot find in any other corporation. This can be explained only by regarding them as originally based upon purely moral foundations, and independent of every legal fixed tie: a position which may be vaguely designated from the relations between *father* and *child;* or, in one word, for want of a better expression, *patriarchal.* These ill-defined moral relations, it is true, were formerly of wider importance than now, in public as well as private stations; but in no instance was their influence so decided as here.

"This position of things (which, like every other, has its disadvantages,) led to a continual display of parental munificence both from State and Church, to the Universities . . . . . In later time, to give a formal foundation to what existed in fact, a legal fiction was called upon in aid. It was pretended that the Universities were *royal foundations;* although (as we have seen,) even in the case of Oxford, this was true only in a very vague and limited sense, that is, as to its first germ or root, the uninterrupted material connexion of which with the later University cannot be proved, although there may have been a spiritual and traditional tie between the two. Thus the king received, not only the general rights and duties which belonged to him as fountain-head of every corporate right, but those also which dutiful affection tendered to the founder or creator. At the same time, in so far as these foundations concerned religion, they fell of their own accord under the superintendence of the Church, whose pretensions as joint-foundress (in the abovementioned sense,) were undeniable."—Vol. ii. pp. 203—205.

The relations between the Universities and both Church and State were chiefly *practical,* and varied as circumstances required. The principle which actuated the Universities was the very natural one of acquiring and retaining as many privileges as they could, above all, the right of internal self-government without dependence on other courts; while, at the same time, they reserved to themselves the right of invoking higher protection, whenever they deemed it needful. When it appeared that Rome would assist and favour them more than the English authorities, they repaired to Rome; when the pope was unfavourable, they sought aid from the archbishop and the king.

"The policy of the Universities may be traced to that which characterises all corporations—the effort to extend as far as possible their independent and exclusive privileges. In the diplomatic language of the Universities, this was the "*jus de non trahi extra*"—the right of internal jurisdiction in the widest sense. They endeavoured to obtain as much as the moment permitted, in the manner which the moment prescribed."—Vol. ii. p. 216.

Both Mitre and Crown cheerfully cooperated in their patronage of the Universities. Different in origin and tendency as are the

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respective claims of the secular and the ecclesiastical powers, and opposed as they have ever been, they combined, with regard to the Universities, in the broad stream, as Huber expresses it, of practical reality, at every moment, and in a thousand places; and the pope, equally with the king, was authorized and bound to protect *all* academic privileges.

We have already traced the gradual emancipation of the Universities from the jurisdiction of the ordinary. This naturally brought them into closer contact, and consequent collision, with the archbishop; to escape from whose authority they had recourse to Rome; since their total emancipation from all spiritual authority was not dreamt of. The final result of these struggles was, on the one hand, the exemption of the Universities from appeals to the archbishop's court; while, on the other, the archbishop maintained his right of visitation, in spite of the frequent and strenuous resistance of the Universities. At the same time, appeals to Rome, although they could not be entirely abolished, were reduced within moderate limits.

"These satisfactory results were not brought about by any decided and distinct decisions or agreements; nor can they be ascribed to any particular privilege: but they arose gradually, and from practice, under the influence of equitable considerations, which won their way on all sides, especially among the higher powers."—Vol. ii. p. 219.

In the second subdivision of the chapter on the constitution of the Universities, Professor Huber traces the relation of these institutions to the Crown, as regards the judicial, the visitorial, the legislative, and the administrative rights of the latter, as well as its similar rights over the separate colleges. His general conclusion is that, in theory, the Crown possessed almost unlimited authority, flowing from the principle that the Crown is the source of corporate life; while, in practice, the Universities enjoyed the greatest corporate independence. Such a state of things is undoubtedly very perplexing to systematic theorists, who measure institutions with a foot-rule and compasses; likening them to buildings, and other dead works of art, which proceed by a mechanical order, according to a predetermined plan; whereas they more truly resemble the living creations of nature, like the monarchs of the forest, which grow from a secret principle, and submit to no trim and formal shaping from without.

But the interest of these relations between the Crown and the Universities, during their early existence, merges in that which belongs to the more modern relations between the Universities and the parliament. Without entering ourselves, at present, into this great question, we will lay before our readers Professor Huber's conclusions respecting it.

"In the very earliest times, the English parliament entered more or less into the affairs of the Universities, and gave its guarantee to very many important decisions respecting them . . . In fact, when the

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lower house of parliament either did not as yet exist, or was quite in embryo, all important interests of the Universities seem to have been discussed 'before the grandees,' 'before the nobles,' afterwards 'before the commons,' 'before the parliament,' 'before the orders;' and many of the most important decisions were made 'by the authority of the nobles,' 'of the orders,' 'of the parliament.' I will here refer only to the decisions given in 1290 by the king, in and with parliament, concerning the complaints of the Oxford townspeople; by which decision the most important privileges of the Universities were confirmed. It is clear that by parliament at that time was meant the nobles; and that when the lower house had become more prominent, the Commons took a similar part. One of the first clear instances that I am aware of is of the year 1472. The University pleads (Rol. Parl. vii. 33,) 'that by assent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and of the commons of this your realm, it may please, &c. to ordayne, establish,' &c. This, it may be said, was but a trifling affair. If, however, the parliament would interfere in it, how much more in greater cases."—Vol. ii. p. 242, and vol. iii. p. 500 (note.)

Huber concludes in favour of the naked *legality* of parliamentary interference with the Universities, and here, somewhat coldly and dryly, leaves the subject; which, however, is one that involves far deeper principles than any question as to the mere legality of that "parliamentary omnipotence," which in our own times has more than once threatened to invade time-honoured rights by means but too much allied to brute force.

The constitution of the Universities, since their final settlement by the Reformation and by the statutes of 1570 and 1636, is so well known to our academic readers, and presents so few points of general interest, that we shall not pursue this part of the subject further. Abundant information on every important point, with many very interesting details, which give animation and colouring to a narrative that might otherwise be cold and indistinct, is furnished by the meritorious industry of Professor Huber, in the text, and in copious notes constituting an additional (third) volume.

Nor is industrious research the only merit of the work before us. Controverted questions are discussed, upon the whole, with calmness and impartiality; and the conclusions are in general temperate and just. The tone and tendency of the work is conservative, notwithstanding a few concluding sections in the second volume, which betray an imperfect insight into that mighty heart of England, whose pulsations are agitating universal Christendom. But, indeed, all mere conservatism, whether of home or foreign growth, is a miserable counterfeit of the olden politics of our once merry England; nor can we expect that any but an English Churchman can thoroughly understand and justly estimate our English Universities,—the life of the nation and the glory of the Church.

As the author approaches our own days, the editor's antipathies

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break out, and we are continually interrupted by petulant foot-notes. We pass over these, to read without interruption the observations of an intelligent foreigner on institutions so peculiarly and emphatically *Anglican* as our Universities.

While Professor Huber complains of the picture of the German Universities drawn by Mr. Whewell, in his "Principles of English University Education," he himself presents us with one that is far from favourable.

"If," he says, "we cast a comparative glance at the philosophical studies with us and in England, a task the more inevitable, as these are the life of all others, we obtain, according to our convictions, the following result: In the first place, we must not infer from the trumpetings of our philosophy, any wide diffusion of it among us. We have labourers in this field, whose individual scufflings raise a cloud of dust worthy of an army in motion. But, as a nation, we do not deserve, in respect to philosophy, the opinion bestowed upon us by our neighbours, either in a good or a bad sense. Let us admit, however, that the circle of masters, disciples, and amateurs in philosophy, is singularly large with us, and that its predominating spirit imparts to our intellectual movements a fixed purpose, an order, a comprehensiveness, in which England is so deficient, that in her soundest erudition we detect the failings of the amateur, simply because the limits of the science have there been fixed by chance or caprice: let us admit farther, that it is reserved to the *masters* of German philosophy really to hit the highest mark that can be proposed to the unassisted human mind, whatever be its aspect toward revealed religion: let us admit, in short, that, hitherto, the highest intellectual efforts have been put forth only by the German spirit, fermenting under our new philosophy, and incited by love of truth and of knowledge for their own sake. Herein we do but claim for Germany that which is truly her own, but, it is hoped, not her only portion.* But, unfortunately, the matter is by no means terminated here. These summits are attainable to very few; and there is room for fear that the stimulus which brought ripeness to

* "Until the English know better what German learning is and means, they are incompetent to judge of our comparative pretensions, or to derive self-knowledge from the survey. As long as they continue to speak on the subject as blind men would speak of colours, and to proclaim their ignorance in expressions of coarse contempt, so long are we authorized to lay claim to a notorious superiority. Much has been done in later days in England to counteract this really shameful ignorance; but there is infinitely more still to be done. That part of our temperament which leads to hard, persevering, unrequited labour, from love of knowledge and truth for their own sakes, the English so little understand, as to turn it into reproach under the title of *Plodding German*."

"As an Englishman," subjoins Mr. Newman, "I desire to add my belief, that the term *Plodding German* is, as often as not, used in the way of admiration; but if it ever indicates censure from persons who do not speak at random, it is directed, not against the laboriousness of the Germans, but against their flat and tedious style; against their tendency to give to details an undue prominence, and, generally, their little care to compress their erudition into a shape pleasing to read and easy to remember."

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the masters is gendering rottenness in the scholars, and is threatening to break up all positive, and thereby all living and life-giving knowledge. It seems to be aiming to resolve all religious, moral, and political, and scientific cultivation into an utter negation of every thing beyond 'self,' and this the more effectually, the more confidently it pretends to replace or supersede them by greater unity . . .

"The evil principle is making efforts for domination, principally in two ways. First, it sets up a false notion of the STATE, understanding hereby the power which at the moment prevails, with a one-sided elaborate *potentialization*, to a neglect of existing realities. Secondly, it becomes an unscrupulous tool of the State, (so understood,) to the annihilation of feeling, belief, conscience, and right, where these come into collision with the powers that be. But surely, making every allowance for christian intentions in the centre of power, yet if free and independent life in the circumference be petrified, christian forms and christian cultivation will prove as incompetent as those of China, to preserve moral, spiritual, or religious worth and influence."—Vol. ii. pp. 368—370.

Although Huber speaks favourably of the philosophy of Paley and Locke, which still continues in some degree to infest the University of Cambridge, yet even his estimate does not fail to indicate the tendency of such teaching to wither and debase the mind. In England, says Huber, during the eighteenth century, philosophy took two principal directions.

"Within the Universities, its character was positive and apologetical; of which Paley is the appropriate type. In the circles beyond, it was predominatively negative, critical, sceptical, and, for a long time, peculiar to a few eminent spirits, among whom we must, above all, specify Hume. Both branches are essentially practical; both have their roots in the philosophy of Locke. As the last inclined on the whole towards scepticism, it was inevitable that the university philosophy should become apologetic. In consequence, Paley and others, whose praiseworthy intentions were not adequately supported by philosophic ability, had no choice but (with decided partiality and well-meant half-righteousness,) to accommodate the principles of Locke to all that they found established around them. *Outward* truth, historical and philosophical, was thus frequently sacrificed; but *inward* truth may have remained, on the whole, uninjured and guiltless of wilful perplexity. When we consider, then, the great variety and excellence of the elements of moral cultivation thus engaged, and the high degree of—at least legally—recognised freedom, we cannot wonder or be surprised that this philosophy of the Universities promotes a very multifarious *political capacity* suited to the existing condition, and hence, unquestionably, proceeds the high value set upon it. To the advances of learning it imparts little of idealism and universality, but much of sound common sense, practically excellent observation and intelligence in detail; indeed, in certain directions, it gives a combination of har-

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monious qualities in a much higher degree than with us, where the human understanding is either crushed and frightened, or runs wild into sentimentality, fantasy, vanity, and ignorance. Thus, though the English at the present day have no one to compare with the heroes of our German cultivation, they may boast that with them there is a more widely-diffused quasi-scientific education, combined with the corresponding qualities in morals, taste, and politics; the chief sources of all which are the Universities."—Vol. ii. p. 372.

There is no greater tyrant than the *liberal* in politics and religion. With all his lusty declamations in favour of liberty and independence, he never scruples to invoke the supreme secular power whenever the privileges of a corporation or the rights of an individual interfere with any of his various projects for cutting out the world by a new pattern card. The State is his *Deus ex machinâ* to remove every obstacle and force on every change. In a forcible passage, on the equity of state interference with the Universities, Professor Huber reflects with just severity on those noisy clamourers for what they call freedom, who, in their aversion and hate to every kind of independence, never scruple to recommend the encroachments of the central authority upon the authorities of the University; either setting them aside, or making them act under compulsion, in their legislative and executive capacities.

"That in England and everywhere else, authority is vested in the State, when circumstances require to make changes in the statutes of the Universities, need not be insisted here. Yet every authority may be abused; and what is the right use of it can be settled only on *moral* grounds. If a corporation has flagrantly neglected its duties, and more particularly those which concern its especial vocation, the higher powers would doubtless be bound to supply the deficiency. But the presumption should always be in favour of the corporation and its good intentions, nor ought any such interference to take place without the greatest caution and as the *most extreme* resource. Thus, although it would be the greatest folly to deny that a visitation empowered by the king in parliament might constitutionally introduce any changes soever at the Universities, it is no less true that such an interference would be the greatest stupidity and a most crying iniquity. Iniquity, as opposed to illegality, is the only injustice which can possibly be committed by king and parliament, for do what they will it is *legal*. Before such interference can be justifiable, a proof must be brought, most convincing to all unprejudiced persons of the time, well acquainted with the facts, of that which has hitherto never been proved at all, namely, that *the results to be obtained by such a measure are, exclusively and unconditionally, required by the laws of God and man, and by the vocation for which the Universities were founded, and cannot be had by the voluntary agency of the Universities themselves.*"—Vol. ii. pp. 387—389.

Professor Huber himself is a university reformer; but he writes temperately, and, contenting himself with suggesting the principles

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upon which he considers that reform should proceed, wisely leaves the solution of all practical questions to those who possess the requisite acquaintance with the facts of the case, and are otherwise duly qualified for this arduous undertaking. The concluding sections of this work are, however, feeble and unsatisfactory. His editor is far more intrepid and consistent in his hostility to the English Church and his attacks upon the system of the Universities. While Mr. Newman denies the identity of the Catholic Church in all ages, Professor Huber regards the Anglican Church as only one of several "forms of Christianity," (vol. ii. p. 407;) and is betrayed by this radical error into very superficial views of the functions of the Church, into needless fears as to her continued existence and progressive prosperity, and into a miserably inadequate appreciation of the great movement of the age.

For our own parts, in contemplating this movement, we are reminded of a striking illustration which we lately met with, of that wonderful process, so perplexing to men of secularized minds, by which the great LORD and MASTER of the Church assimilates it to Himself, removing its earthly elements, and giving additional solidity and brightness to whatever is spiritual and divine. "HE shall sit," says that prophet, in whose person the legal oracles expired, like the fabled swan, with the gospel on their tongue, "HE shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and HE shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the LORD an offering in righteousness." Desirous of entering into the full meaning of this illustration of the great work of CHRIST on behalf of His Church, we visited a refiner's workshop, and inquired closely into the nature and object of the several processes by which the impurities of the metal were gradually removed, and the liquid silver was restored to pristine purity. Our inquiries were fully and satisfactorily answered, and we were retiring from the laboratory, when the refiner called us back, saying, "I have forgotten to mention one thing; and that is, that the refiner ascertains the progress of the work by looking down into the crucible from time to time; and he knows that the silver has become thoroughly pure, *when he can see his own image reflected in it!*"

And so it is as regards the Church. In the turbulence of her present state, the stirring of her inmost depths, the temporary solution of her most solid elements, the admixture of impurities not yet precipitated, the rising of angry passions to the surface, the agitation of the whole mass, we see the evidences of that refining process which shall ultimately expel from her composition every base and alien element; and the Church, as a glorious mirror of unsullied brightness, shall reflect the image of the HOLY ONE! We can contemplate with calmness, nay, even with satisfaction, the present agitations of the Church, her fightings without, her fears within, because we can see in them the evidences of LIFE; of a life, moral, spiritual, divine, which is now putting forth all its powers in sustained and

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vigorous exertions to banish from her constitution whatever is foreign or adverse to her moral and organic oneness. And it is of deep significance that the Universities, especially Oxford, are the stage on which this mighty spiritual movement is going on. Huber justly observes, that,

"Upon this very field every deeply influential and effective movement must have its *scientific* roots."—Vol. ii. p. 407.

For this is the true and proper nature of our English Universities. They are the scientific organs of the National Catholic Church. And while they especially cultivate theology as the grand architectonic science, as at once the mainspring and the regulator of every intellectual movement, as the mother and queen of art and literature, of poetry and philosophy, of whatever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report; they embrace the entire circle of sciences, they educate every faculty of the human mind. As organs of education, they embody and carry out the great truth, that a really christian education, whether for high or low, is not an education which excludes everything except direct religious teaching and discipline, but one which includes every subject of human knowledge, attaching it to its proper root, training it to its proper end. But they are also seats of learning; a truth which has sometimes been forgotten. The primary object of many, at least, of their foundations is *ad studendum et orandum;* and the express duty of their members is to devote themselves to the direct *objective* cultivation, first of arts, (as preparatory,) and then of theology. The deep-sighted, far-seeing holy men who established these admirable foundations, might say, with Bishop Fox, (in the statutes which he gave to Corpus Christi College, Oxford,) "We have resolved to constitute within our bee-garden for ever, right skilful herbalists, therein to plant and sow stocks, herbs, and flowers of the choicest, as well for fruit as thrift, that ingenious bees swarming hitherward may thereout suck and cull matter convertible not so much into food for themselves, as to the behoof, grace, and honour of the whole English name, and to the praise of GOD, the Best and Greatest of beings."

Thus, and to such ends, constituted, the only lawful and useful changes which the Universities can undergo, are the changes of *natural growth;* changes resulting from their continual assimilation of fresh elements of wisdom and virtue, of truth and grace; and rendering them more and more worthy of the high position assigned to them in our Bidding Prayers, of "places of *sound learning* and *religious education.*"

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Life of William Wilberforce. By his SONS. *(Abridged from the larger Work).* 1 vol. fcp. 8vo. Seeley. 1843.

WHAT exactly is the right character of biography? What are the limits, on the one side or on the other, to its length or its particularity? How far should the biographer draw up the veil which hides the private life of him whose history he narrates? How far should he enter into the *details* of his public career? If a diary has been kept, or if a correspondence has been voluminous, what is the just rule to be observed in publishing that which is *primâ facie* confidential in the one or in the other? These, and a variety of other questions, every biographer will naturally ask himself, before he commences his work. The answer which he gives himself, or that which he gets from others, if he propounds to others his question, will be undoubtedly of various kinds, according to his own temperament of mind, or to theirs.

It seems to us that there is one great rule for the guidance of the historians of great men's actions. Lord Bolingbroke has virtually shown us what it is in his definition of biography. "Biography is history," he has told us, "teaching by examples." But, if this be true, it follows that the province of the biographer is identical with that of the general historian, as far as the wide character of the latter can be paralleled by the more limited nature of the former. In history we give, or we get, all we can, private, public, open, confidential, without scruple; and we consider all to be of value that may shed a light on the transactions which the historian records, or on the characters of those who are the chief actors in them. The same estimate is formed, and the same want is felt by the reader of biography; and the want must be met by the supply of such information as may illustrate the otherwise unintelligible passages of the history of the departed one.

Keeping this end in view, the biographer can scarcely err in respect either to that which is to be divulged, or to that which is to be retained in its privacy. There may, no doubt, be a too great desire on the part of a reader for private history, and there may be a too great readiness in a biographer to give that which he knows will please. But then there may be a squeamish and sickly fastidiousness about the importance of keeping private opinions as closely concealed as if they were Eleusinian mysteries, and as if that which men had not been ashamed to do, a biographer ought to blush to record.

There was not the difficulty at which we have glanced, at least there seems not to have been so, in former times. Agricola, perhaps, kept a diary, and no doubt he maintained a correspondence, although we can scarcely imagine so voluminous an one as Mr. Wilberforce's. We do not know the characters of the *auto*biographies of Rutilius and Scaurus, or of those biographies of earlier days to which Tacitus alludes, or how far letter-writing had advanced in their time. The

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view, however, which Tacitus took, was evidently this,—both that the lives of eminent men were the property of posterity, and that the future was their rightful possession. "Clarorum virorum facta moresque posteris tradere antiquitùs usitatum ne nostris quidem temporibus quanquam incuriosa suorum ætas omisit, quotiens magna aliqua ac nobilis virtus vicit ac supergressa est vitium, parvis magnisque civitatibus commune, ignorantiam recti et invidiam." And if this be true, if the custom of writing biographies be an excellent one, if it was ancient, even in the time of Nerva, and if he who sketched so admirably the life of one of the most eminent of his own contemporaries, evidently approved it, we may surely say that there needs no proof of its propriety in these later days. And if so, and if the subject of the biography be a fitting one, from personal character, and if it possesses the additional interest which arises from his having acted a prominent part in the higher scenes of a great historical drama, there is no room for a moment's hesitation on the propriety of publishing his life; we say at once, when we see it announced, it is right that such a man's name and memory should not be permitted to die, or even to be partially obscured.

Recurring to the subject which we were handling, we have no hesitation in saying, that all that is necessary for the illustration of the scenes in which the subject of a memoir moved, ought, if possible, to be known. The writer must neither be fearful nor fastidious. He must describe the associates or the opponents of his hero as they really were. If they helped him in great undertakings, their assistance must be acknowledged; if they were his rivals, their merits, or their demerits, must be exhibited as far as they can be clearly ascertained; if they thwarted him, their opposition, the motives from which it sprang, its baseness, or its generosity, must none of them be concealed; always, however, remembering, that there are no matters so delicate or so difficult of treatment, whether historical or biographical, as those which concern the motives of men.

It seems to us now, and it has seemed to us from the time of the publication of the larger memoir, that the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have correctly apprehended their duty in the particulars which we have specified. They have introduced the character and the conduct of other men as far, and no further, than was necessary for the illustration of the life and times of the great and good man whose memoir they were drawing up. We do not say that there may not be some few exceptions which may occur to the minds of some readers, and to which personal or party feelings may give a greater weight than they deserve. To us they do not seem much more than such as even the critical Roman would suffer to pass as those—

> "Quas aut incuria fudit,
> Aut humana parum cavit natura."

Should they be greater than this, still, if filial biography be lawful, sons must be pardoned if they plead too earnestly their father's cause.

We have no intention of reviving the dead embers of Clarksonian

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partizanship, but we have heard it stated that the late lamented Laureate expressed strongly his opinion that if Mr. C. had published that which he denominated the abolition of the slave-trade, under the title of "Passages in the Life of Thomas Clarkson," and had been somewhat more sparing in his self-appropriation of the merit of all that had been effected, he would have better consulted the interests of truth as well as his own.

It was necessary that in compiling the memoirs of such a man as William Wilberforce, his biographers should place him before their readers as he was surrounded by the great and leading men of his time. It was evidently this necessity that led them to select so largely from his diary matters which seem scarcely necessary to be recounted. Many, we are aware, have objected to extracts such as this :—

"*16th.—Sunday.—Walked after Church till almost four. Dined at home, then called at Pitt's. Went to hear the address read at Tommy Townshend's.*"—P. 16.

Or again :—

"*12th.—House. Lord Abingdon's concert. Supped at Goosetree's, and bed about two.*"—P. 17.

Or again :—

"*20th.—Dined up stairs. Bankes, Pepper Arden, &c., then home. Read. My eyes bad. Bed early.*"

Or again :—

"*April 3d.—Wimbledon, where Pitt, &c. dined and slept. Evening walk. Bed a little past two.*"

Or again :—

"*4th.—Delicious day. Lounged morning at Wimbledon with friends,* FOINING *at night; and run about the garden for an hour or two.*"

Now to us these extracts are most interesting, as well as most instructive. They show us the intimacy of our hero with the leading men of the day; their joyousness when together; their hilarity and boyish gaiety, even to their *foining* at night, and coursing about the garden at Wimbledon while the stars were setting. But this is not all. We rejoice in seeing Pitt with his friend; and we can sympathize with that great man more, when we find him thus enjoying, as he keenly did, the pleasures of nature and the country, and bracing himself, in this most wholesome way, for the stormy atmosphere and rude encounters of St. Stephen's.

But there is another view in which these, and such like, details are most instructive. They show us the great intimacy, and the lengthened association of Mr. Wilberforce with all the leading politicians of the day; and in this way they silently extol his vigour of purpose, and his holy resolution in relaxing (we must not call it breaking, for he never broke them,) those ties, when more exalted views of his duty and his responsibilities opened upon him. It was indeed high moral

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courage which enabled a man of so tender a mind to write the letter to Pitt (p. 46), describing his altered views; and it is equally honourable to the heart, and declaratory of the real affection of Pitt, that, instead of coldly casting off his religious-minded friend, he wrote an answer which "much affected" Wilberforce, and fixed a meeting for the next morning. The letter and the meeting are thus described:—

"It (Pitt's answer) was full of kindness. Nothing I had told him, he said, could affect our friendship; that he wished me always to act as I thought right. I had said that I thought when we met we had better not discuss the topics of my letter. 'Why not discuss them?' was his answer. 'Let me come to Wimbledon to-morrow, to talk them over with you.' He thought that I was out of spirits, and that company and conversation would be the best way of dissipating my impressions. Mr. Pitt came the next morning, as he had proposed, and found Mr. Wilberforce not unprepared for the discussion. 'I had prayed,' he says, 'to God, I hope with some sincerity, not to lead me into disputing for my own exaltation, but for his glory. Conversed with Pitt near two hours, and opened myself completely to him. I admitted that as far as I could conform to the world, with a perfect regard to my duty to God, myself, and my fellow-creatures, I was bound to do it; that no inward feelings ought to be taken as demonstrations of the Spirit being in any man [Was not this too general? "witnesseth with our spirit," &c.], but only the change of disposition and conduct. He tried to reason me out of my convictions, but soon found himself unable to combat their correctness, if Christianity were true. The fact is, he was so absorbed in politics, that he had never given himself time for due reflection on religion. But, amongst other things, he declared to me that Bishop Butler's work raised in his mind more doubts than it had answered.'"

But if the extracts from his Diary were necessary as parts of the portion of his life, subsidiary, and not only *that*, but essential to the main effect, there are other matters, and the names of other persons, and their characters, which could scarcely be omitted with justice to Mr. Wilberforce. When we see him and his friends, not exactly, indeed, like Scipio, Cato, and Lælius, "in hemicyclio sedentes," and reasonably not, for they were not yet aged men, but keenly enjoying *their* Tusculan villa, and when the great Pitt is brought before us, striding over the garden beds at early morning, and sowing them with Ryder's (the present Earl of Harrowby) opera hat, which he had cut into strips,—or when we find him "sitting up all night singing," "shirking Duchess of Gordon at Almack's," "dancing till five o'clock," and are told that these were samples of his days, we are able better to appreciate such an entry as the following:—

"Dined Hamilton's — christening—very indecent — all laughing round. Opera—shocking dance of *Festin de Pierre*, and unmoved audience. S. and I talked—strange that the most generous men, and religious, do not see their duties increase with their fortune, and that they will be punished for spending it in eating."—P. 39.

Such notices surely prove that when he seemed to be quite a Lothario for thoughtlessness and gaiety, there were deeper principles at work in his soul, strugglings of the life within for an emancipation from that hard but bewitching thraldom in which sin, and Satan,

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and the world, seemed every day to be more completely entangling it.

But as we advance in the memoir, and find the great objects which Mr. Wilberforce set before him,—when we see him steadily pursuing them,—when we find him neither too much elated by prospects of success, nor pressed quite down, though often much oppressed, by difficulties and opposition, we ask how it would have been possible to set before the present or the future generation, the picture of his labours, if the name, the power, the rank, and the obstinacy of some of his opponents had not been given? It was the song of the syrens that made it so difficult for Ulysses to pass the Circean isle; and it was the Symplegades, with their dreadful *latratus*, that presented so terrific an avenue to the Trojan refugees. If Mr. Wilberforce stopped his ears against the charms of pleasure, and steeled his heart and nerved his arm for encounter with opposing power in all its varied shapes, it were impossible to estimate his resolution and his magnanimity unless we were acquainted with the enticements he had to fly from, or the foes he had to resist and subdue. It was easy for a quiet party at Sir Charles Middleton's breakfast-table to fix on Wilberforce as the man to plead the cause of the unhappy African in parliament; and it is pleasant to think of those noble-minded men, and those high-born ladies, who did not forget, amid the elegances of life, the cause and the wrongs of the slave. But it is one thing to plan, a different, and quite another thing to execute. When we read of late and stormy debates, lengthened and numerous consultations, pamphlets to be written, committees to be attended, slanders to be endured, and even life to be jeopardied, then, and then only, we become acquainted with the greatness of final success, by having had afforded to us a survey of the long struggle that led to it.

Although Mr. Wilberforce will and must always be known as the great contriver and, ultimately, successful advocate of the abolition of the slave-trade, it was not until the publication of his memoirs that we were aware how great the effect of his eloquence had been, both in the great Yorkshire contest, and in the House of Commons as the supporter of the minister. "Mr. Pitt will not succeed, notwithstanding the aid of his eloquent friend, Mr. Wilberforce," is the confession of an opposition paper to his great powers of speaking, the force of which is at once acknowledged. Boswell's account of him in the castle-yard can never be forgotten. "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." (P. 26.) "Danby tells me," writes Pepper Arden, "that you spoke like an angel."

But all his great gifts he brought as an offering to God's altar. He laid them down there in humble self-abasement, and in adoring gratitude.

We have not space to follow him in his wanderings to Nice and home again, and then to Nice again, and again home, or to dwell on his conversations with Dean Milner, and the change of thought and

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of life to which they led. What is chiefly remarkable, is the great judgment with which so earnest-minded a man acted under his altered views of life, and the great steadiness of purpose with which, notwithstanding his self-upbraidings, we must insist that he adhered to his resolutions. It is remarkable, too, and it is a clue to his consistency, in how thoroughly business-like a manner he reviewed constantly his own peculiar position in society, and the duties it entailed on him. It is the neglect of such thoughtfulness and prayerful review, such inspection of external and surrounding circumstances, and such introspection of motives, that leaves so many men of naturally noble endowments, without objects to pursue, and therefore without great ends attained. The whole of pages 98 and 99 will illustrate what we have said. We can only refer the reader to them, requesting him not to omit the commencement, where he describes himself as "at early morning accustomed to rove out (on Winander Mere) alone, and to find an oratory under one of the woody islands in the middle of the lake. In this passage, the whole of which is most important, we find this great and good man not only looking at his own position, and gathering or pressing, so to speak, on himself the duties it imposed, but calmly estimating the dangers with which he was surrounded, and in God's strength preparing to meet them.

"Let me constantly view myself, in all my various relations, as one who professes to be a Christian, as a member of parliament, as gifted by nature and fortune, as a son, brother, *pater-familias*, friend, with influence and powerful connexions.

"1. To be, for ensuing week, moderate at table.

"2. Hours as early as can contrive. Redeeming the time."

The same wholesome and wise system he pursued during his whole life, until we find him, towards the close of it, thus recording his feelings: he had lost a daughter; the funeral procession had left the house; the day was chill, and he was unable to accompany the body to the grave; and he accordingly retires "into his little room at the top of the stairs," and first pours forth his soul in prayer, "blessing God for his astonishing goodness to me, and lamenting my utter unworthiness." "Every one," he writes, "knows, or may know, his own sins; the criminality of which varies according to his opportunities of improvement, obligations, and motives to obedience, advantages and means of grace, favours and loving-kindnesses, pardons and mercies. It is the exceeding goodness of God to me, and the almost unequalled advantages I have enjoyed, which so fill me with humiliation and shame." He then reviews the leading circumstances of his life, his mercies, his advantages, his escapes; both what he had been delivered from, and what he had been never tried with; and concludes with a solemn re-devotion of himself to God.

There is one other point to which we would direct the reader's attention, having been much struck with it ourselves; we mean his conscientious abstinence from worldly business on the Sunday. Mr. Wilberforce did not take a Judaical view of the day of rest—he looked on it as a day of holy and happy privilege. "This is the

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day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Accordingly we find, in the midst of the most trying matters, personal or public, how he separated himself from care, and both sought for the fortifying power of that strength, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of that peace, which sabbatic calm so beautifully typifies, in the last case, and secures in the first. He never forgot, and we would specially remind our readers that masters should take the same care to remember, that his servants should not be deprived of their rest, while he was himself indulging in what might otherwise be innocent enjoyment. The Sunday was never to him a day of any banqueting, but that of holy festivity, considerate of his neighbour and the stranger within his gates.

But we must pause. We have travelled with renewed interest through the scenes of this "tale of sixty years' since;"—we have looked again at the young man in the house of his mother at Hull, or surrounded by the ardent followers of Whitefield at his aunt's;—we have seen him enter life, and appear on one of its highest stages in public;—we have heard again the thunder of the plaudits with which he was greeted as he turned the corner of the street at York, and dashed on in the carriage of the premier to the scene of his struggle and his victory;—we have followed him in his week-day labours for the good of man, and strayed through the fields and heard his bell-like voice warbling, like a bird of music, God's praises in the woods, when Sunday shone upon him;—we have talked with his friends, and seen them, one by one, drop off and die;—we have seen the wise Lord Camden, "the pompous Thurlow, and the elegant Caermarthen," the tender-minded Elliot, and Pitt, "ἰσοθεος φὼς," and Windham, and Burke, and Fox, and Perceval, and Porteus, and Milner, go to the long home of man; while he, so weakly in frame, and so worn in spirit, was supported to the enjoyment of a green old age, which did not terminate until more than fifteen "lustra" had been completed; and we cannot but recommend our readers, after a careful review of the whole, to peruse again for themselves, and, especially if they are fathers, to put into the hands of their sons, this most delightful and instructive piece of biography.

We would observe, in conclusion, that whatever faults Mr. Wilberforce may have been charged with, (and his best friends will be the most ready to acknowledge that he had them,) they were mostly those which he derived from the age in which he lived; whilst his virtues were chiefly those which, by God's grace, were evolved by circumstances from his own happy nature. He has certainly shown how great talent may be best devoted to country and to mankind, by being supremely devoted to God. He lived for no party, but that for which the Master whom he served both lived and died. He carried out, in the truest sense, the great maxim, "Salus reipublicæ lex suprema;" for he found *that safety and health* of the constitution in the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and in the elevation of the morals of "the miserable great."

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That he enjoys a great reputation—as great, perhaps, if not greater, now that he is gone, than he did while he remained, is the necessary consequence of his never having sought his own praise at all. Let public men think well of this. Posterity will think the better of them for their never having concerned themselves about the estimate of posterity. Virtue is seen by her own light: it must be so, for virtue, in its true sense, is only the name for Him who is himself both light and life eternal. Had Wilberforce been one of those who "seek their own," we venture to say, that his ashes would never have reposed in Westminster Abbey, nor his hearse have been followed thither by the carriages of half the nobility, and the great commoners of England, amid the mournful suffrages of all the wise and the good.

The Abridgment seems well managed. Of the new volume, 160 pages include the subjects related in the first volume of the larger work, and they contain about half the matter. The second occupies 110 pages of the Abridgment; the third, 120; the fourth and fifth, 87 each.

The system pursued is much the same throughout. The private life and religious experience is given most at large, the letters, which form about a third part of the original work, almost entirely omitted; diaries of a political or general character much condensed; all foot-notes left out, and the whole of an appendix of 90 pages.

As a sample of the change, take the fourth chapter of the Abridgment. It includes chapters five and six of the original work. The omissions are, Letter to Lord Muncaster, Extract from Mr. Windham, Note about Mr. Clarkson, Letters from Lord Grenville and Sir W. Eden; from Mr. Pitt to Mr. Wyvill on slave-trade. All particulars are given of his first labours on slave-trade, except letters, two or three pages of journal respecting his residence at the Lakes, and return to Bath. Mr. Wilberforce's first election for Yorkshire is given pretty fully; it occupies seven pages of the Abridgment. We regret that the affectionate and concise statesmanlike notes from Pitt, which so frequently occur in the larger work, are omitted.

On the abolition question full particulars are given as to its origin in 1788, its annual struggles, and its final triumph, in 1807. The only observable omissions are letters, and the differences with Mr. Clarkson. The correspondence with Mr. Williams about the chapel at Highwood is but briefly alluded to.

The entire omission of a very extensive correspondence is the most striking feature in the Abridgment. Of about thirty-five letters in Vol. I. forty-eight in Vol. II. an hundred and four in Vol. III., sixty-seven in Vol. IV. and sixty-five in Vol. V. scarcely twenty are given entire. The account of Mr. Wilberforce's declining years is perhaps too much abridged. We are seldom weary of gazing on a setting sun.

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Arundines Cami; sive, Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori. Collegit atque edidit HENRICUS DRURY, A.M. Editio altera. Parker, London: Deighton, Cambridge.

WE are glad, but not surprised, to see that Mr. Drury's book has reached a second edition. Latin verses are connected in the minds of most of us with pleasant recollections. Some retain a taste for them, whom no other form of poetry has ever interested; and many, whose classical studies ceased when they left school, are glad to find a ground where they can meet professed scholars on a level. Mr. Drury showed sound judgment in confining his collection to translations. Original Latin poems are, at best, imitations—sometimes of ancient modes of thought; more often of ancient phrases without any thought, strung together, like the Platonic colloquialisms in Lucian's Anti-Atticista, with an equal disregard of the purposes to which they were originally applied, and of any present meaning in those who use them. Good translations from modern languages into Latin or Greek, are, in every sentence, exercises of comparative philology; and, to use still more obscure language, of comparative æsthetics; showing, at a glance, what it is that modern poets have, or have not, in common with Catullus, or Ovid, or Euripides. They are the more valuable, because, either from a want of richness in the thoughts of Latin poets, or from the comparative diffuseness of our languages, all considerable attempts at poetical versions of Latin writers have hitherto failed. The Pieces done into English by eminent hands, as translations by Dryden and his contemporaries were called in the jargon of the time, are, as their title imports, mere products of manual labour. The extraordinary similarity of genius between Pope and Horace, and the strong resemblance of the social circumstances of the times in which they lived, have produced an equivalent in English literature to the Satires and Epistles; but familiar and easy versification belongs to a low form of poetry, and imitative paraphrases have different merits from translations. From whatever reason the popularity of the work before us may arise, we are glad of any proof that Latin scholarship is still held in general esteem. If we are suspected of an *arrière pensée*—of a professional partiality to Latin as the language of the Church in the West, we are not solicitous to deny it.

The second edition of the Arundines Cami is enriched by some valuable additions. In its outward form it is worthy of the elegance of its contents, smooth and thick in paper, clear in print, and regular in margin; and the English originals of the Latin versions are sufficiently agreeable and various to furnish

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pleasant occupation, even when a reader is too indolent to appreciate the scholarship of the opposite page. The title is pretty and appropriate enough; but why should Mr. Drury, in his motto, make his pastoral pipe into a horse for a child to ride? *Equitare in arundine longo!!*—as if one was to discuss, in the musical periodical, which probably exists under the name of the "Flutist," the properties of a fluted Doric column, or of a ship armed *en flute.* In *Bromham,* from which the advertisement to the second edition is dated, we are glad to find the interpretation of the mysterious *Genistarum Villa,* from which the original preface issued, having found a difficulty in reconciling our erroneous theory of *Brompton* with the *reductum rus,* of which the editor speaks in his preface.

A large proportion of the poems are translated into elegiacs; there are also specimens of almost all the Horatian metres, as well as of Iambic trimeters, hendecasyllabics, and hexameters. In the second part, where, to quote the preface, "Omnia sacra per se reverenter sunt seposita atque distributa," there are some imitations of the rhymed ecclesiastical hymns, principally by Mr. Drury himself; and he, and the late Archdeacon Wrangham, have attempted, (we think without success,) to apply the accentuated rhyming verse to lighter purposes. In our review of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," (Christian Remembrancer, February, 1843,) we made some remarks on the early use of accentuated poetry among the Latins, and the possible connexion between the Christian hymns and the old rustic ballads of Italy. However this may be, it is certain that, in the Middle Ages, Latin became for religious purposes a new poetical language, as in prose it became a pliable vehicle of metaphysical discussion, instead of the pregnant and compact language of business and polished literature which it was in the days of its prime; yet, among many hymns which we have seen, it is surprising how few are distinguished by the poetical beauty and dignity of the *Dies iræ,* or *Stabat Mater.* The possibility of success has been proved; but there must always be a great difficulty in adapting a language to purposes for which it was not formed; and modern scholars have an additional impediment, which did not affect uncritical monks. They, no doubt, formed the rhythm with reference to their own pronunciation, and with indifference to quantity. Mr. Drury knows long syllables from short, writes very good metrical verses, and is liable to be embarrassed by his conscious violation of the classical laws of prosody; and the consequence is, that he has not even followed the ordinary pronunciation, but transposed accent at the same time that he has neglected quantity, and left his readers to supply the rhythm by their own intonation, with almost as little assistance as if they were reading would-be English hexameters. On what principle is the following stanza constructed?

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" Oh no: we never mention her;
Her name is never heard:
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget."

" Ah! Ejus nunquam mentio fit,
De illa síletúr:
Nomén tam notum olím farí
Haud mi conceditúr.
Ad varios me lusús trahúnt
Ne défleám sortém;
Et sicubi subrisero,
Credúnt immemorem."

Without the arbitrary accents which we have affixed, the lines would be as unrhythmical to an English as to a Roman ear. We might also notice the false rhyme of the second and fourth lines, the awkward appearance of antithesis between *Ejus* and *Illa*, and the un-English elision of the termination of *notum*. Mr. Drury has followed the modern accent better in the following singular lines:—

" I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs:
'Tis bound with a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would ye know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair"

" Illam amo, quantum amo! Invidus taceat,
Si mihi vetus hæc cathedra placeat.
Illam præ mercibus condidi Tyriis.
Lacrymis sparsi, fudi suspiriis.
Illa adamantino stringitur cordi
Nexu et vinculo—scilicet audi:
Sedit in illa heu! matrum tenerrima;
Et vetus hæc cathedra est rerum sacerrima."

And so on, for three stanzas more. We hope the curious dancing-step of the Latin version is intended to throw into deserved ridicule the mawkish and false sentiment of the original, which, for any other purpose, ought never to have been disinterred from its native obscurity. It would have been difficult to make better poetry out of a useful article of furniture, which it appears was at the same time a prize and an heir-loom, which was first canonized, and then embalmed, the stuffing, we presume, having been removed; then chained to the poet's heart so securely, that, with all his struggles, "not a link would start," and all the while governed by a spell; but even here it was not necessary that *cordi* should be used as a rhyme to *audi*; or, in a subsequent line, *ridebat* to *supplicabat*; least of all, *reminiscimur* to *ipeissima*.

The most anomalous metre in the volume however occurs in Archdeacon Wrangham's version of "I'd be a butterfly," of which the second stanza runs thus:—

" Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer-day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.

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Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rocked in a rose, when the nightingale sings."

" Magicam si possem virgam furari
Alas has pulcras aptem mi eheu!
Æstivis actis diebus in aëre,
Rosa cubant Philomelæ cantu—
Opes quid afferunt?—curas, somnum rarè,
Sceptra nil præter ærumnas eheu!
Ah sim Papilio die volans aëre,
Rosa cubans Philomelæ cantu."

How different is the use of accented rhythm in the familiar lines of the old drinking song:—

" Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori:
Deus sit propitius huic potatori."

Among the more legitimate compositions, are included many versions from English nursery rhymes by the Editor, and by the Rev. F. Hodgson, Provost of Eton. The originals can never be read too often, and no part of the volume is more agreeable than the pages where they appear; but we should not have expected, and do not find, that their peculiar excellence admits of being transferred into a Latin version. Their inimitable peculiarity consists in the rhythm and metre, which almost sings itself. The substance and meaning is less valuable, but perfectly appropriate, generally presenting to the imagination of a child one or two definite and familiar objects, with a sketch or a mere hint of a story, to set them in motion; the more wonderful the better, whether the prodigy excites admiration or laughter. The key to the whole is the rhythm; and the rhythm itself is generally suggested by the commencement. There can be no doubt that the mere refrain of " Hey diddle diddle" produced the " cat and the fiddle," with all the mythological events which follow. The sense suits the sound to perfection, but will hardly bear to be transferred to the regular hexameters and pentameters of the editor.

" Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon:
The little dog laughed to see such fine sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

" Hei didulum—atque iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!
Vacca super lunæ cornua prosiluit:
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;
Abstulit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga."

The epithet *turpi* shows the erroneous principle of the translation. There was nothing base in the conduct of the dish; the legend is quite independent of moral considerations. The careless musical gaiety of such rhymes as these is more capable

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of being expressed in the Greek of Aristophanes, who will furnish many specimens of melody as flowing, and extravagance as wilful. A well-known English scholar now living has caught the spirit of the original more successfully than Mr. Drury:—

> Ὀτοτοῖ γαλέας· ὀτοτοῖ κιθάρας· ἡ βοῦς ὑπερᾶλτο σελάνην·
> Ἐγέλα δ' ὁ κύων σοφίαν ἐσιδών· τὸ δ' ἄμυστρον ὑφήρπασε κράτηρ.

As far, however, as the nature of the language and metre allows, many of these *scolia* are well translated. The following is Mr. Drury's:—

> "Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,
> And does not know where to find them;
> Let them alone, and they'll soon come home,
> And bring their tails behind them."
>
> "Parva vagabundos Bopæpia perdidit agnos,
> Nescia secreti quo latuere loci;
> Bellula, cant, abeant; ad pascua nota redibunt,
> Et reduces caudas post sua terga gerent."

Where we may remark, that Bopeep is an English word, but Bopæpia is not Latin. The Provost of Eton writes thus:—

> "Bonnie lass, bonnie lass, will you be mine?
> Thou shalt neither wash dishes, nor serve the swine;
> But sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam,
> And thou shalt have strawberries, sugar, and cream."
>
> "Pulcra puella, velis fieri mea, pulcra puella?
> Pascere non porcos, tibi non detergere lances
> Curæ erit; at vestem suere et requiescere sella;
> Mellaque erunt epulis et lacte fluentia fraga."

The following is better, because there is a conscious humour in the original, as well as in the translation:—

> "The man in the wilderness asked me
> How many strawberries grow in the sea?
> I answered him as I thought good—
> As many as red herrings grow in the wood."
>
> "Quidam in desertis blanda me voce rogabat,
> 'Fraga quot in pelagi fluctibus orta putes?'
> Nec male quæsitio hoc respondere videbar,
> 'Salsa quot alecum millia sylva ferat.'"

A popular poem may be recognised as the germ of these meditative hexameters.

> "The corner of the chamber which you see
> Sometime held Horner in his boyish years.
> And when the winter brought on Christmas-tide,
> And mystic dainties every table decked,
> Then little John the sweet and sacred pie
> Would eat, and picking out a simple plum,
> Complacent say, 'How good a boy am I!'"
>
> "Angulus in camera, quam conspicis, ille tenebat
> Jampridem Hornerum puerili ætate sedentem;
> Atque ubi signarent jam Saturnalia brumam,
> Ornarentque omnes bellaria mystica mensas,
> Parvus Ioannes sacratum et dulce comedit
> Artocreas, simplexque legens sibi pollice prunum
> Aiebat placide—'Puerorum en optimus adsum!'"

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Our English paraphrase is translated from the Latin version, and though greatly inferior to it, is, we think, an equally faithful representation of the original poem, which may, perhaps, have been recalled to some of our readers by the recently-published biography of a namesake of the hero, who found life, as it were, a Christmas pie. "He put in his thumb, And he pulled out a plum, And said, What a good boy am I?" Our opinion of the greater fitness of Greek to give the true spirit of nursery rhymes, is borne out by a fragment of Athenæus, supplied to the Editor by Dr. Hawtrey, the head master of Eton:—"But of blackbirds, how, when they are brought from the oven and set on the table, (*παρατεθέντες τοῖς δειπνοῦσι,*) they sing, and of certain birds, how they fly down and peck off girls' noses, a comic poet writes thus:"—

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye:
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie:
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
The king was in his parlour
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the chamber
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes.
Down came a little bird
And carried off her nose."

'Αλλὰ νῦν ὑπάδει' ἄνδρες ἄσμα τοῦ τετρωβόλου·
Βασιλίκῳ τις ἦν ἐν οἴκῳ θύλακος ζειᾶν πλέως·
Κόσσυφοι δὲ κριβωῖται τετράκις ἓξ ἐν πέμματι·
Τοῦ δὲ πέμματος κοπέντος ἠυστόμησαν τῶρνεα·
Οὐ τόδ' ἦν ἔδεσμα δείπνοις καὶ τυραννίκοις πρέπον;
Ἐν μυχῷ δόμων ὁ βασιλεὺς τἀργύρι' ἐλογίζετο,
Ἀναβαθὴν δ' ἕτερος χώρις πυρνὸν ἄρτον καὶ μέλι
Ἡ βασιλίς· ἡ παῖς δ' ἀν' αὐλὴν βύσσιν' ἐξήρτα λίνου
Νηπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθεν ἀπὸ τέγους ὀρνιθίον
Τήν τε ῥῖνα τῆς ταλαίνης ὤχετ' ἐν βύγχει φέρον.

In selecting more serious passages for translation, the contributors to the Arundines Cami have shown, as might have been expected, a great variety of taste. Some have displayed scholar-like taste and ingenuity in selecting English verses which resemble Latin poetry in structure, or tone of thought; as, for instance, Milton's sonnet, beginning, "Laurence, of virtuous father virtuous son," which Mr. H. J. Hodgson has very appropriately rendered in Alcaics. Others have apparently been led rather by admiration of the English originals, to attempt the hard task of transferring poetry of a high order to another language. In a great number of cases, however, we regret to say, that very worthless originals have been honoured, and it must be admitted, improved, by a Latin dress. There is no second instance of a subject so vile as Swift's "City Shower," which Mr. Hildyard has turned into sufficiently skilful elegiacs; but there are too many specimens of passages to which taste and learning have been applied, which would have been better bestowed on poetry from which correctness and elegance would have been reproduced in the version, and not created by it. Sometimes a fine passage has been translated in a wrong metre;

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Coleridge's musically lyrical "Knight's Grave," for example, into indifferent hexameters, of which we will quote the last and worst:—

"His soul is with the saints, I trust." "Ordinibus spero sanctorum inscribier ipsum."

Where the sense requires *inscriptum esse.*

Mr. C. J. Vaughan, again, has rendered Tennyson's "Circumstance," where the sense and the metre alike require a succession of isolated couplets, by the continuous flow of some Greek Iambics, which, in themselves, are very good. In general however the metres have been judiciously chosen. The error of selecting intrinsically bad verses to work upon, is more serious and general. We regret that the editor himself, good as his own composition is, should have, with few exceptions, applied it to passages so utterly trashy and worthless. His "Alexis Umbra"—it should be "Alexidos"—is a pleasing little poem; but the original, "Sandy's Ghost," is silly and dull, and is certainly not what he calls it, an old ballad. The smooth and elegant verses of "Anna et Corydon" would scarcely suggest the vulgar travesty, bearing marks of the worst age of poetry, called "Giles Collins, and Proud Lady Anna." His taste in this respect is the less excusable, because he does not require the facility for stringing together vague phrases, which is supplied by an unmeaning original. He has nowhere succeeded better than in his choriambic version of one of the most beautiful songs in the language:—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
And auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

"We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

"We twa hae paidlit in the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us broad hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

"And here's a hand my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right good willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

"And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

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" Priscorum immemores esse sodalium,
Lapsis ex animo quos adamavimus,
Priscorum immemores esse sodalium, et
Acti temporis—hoc decet?
Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
Acti temporis ob dies.

" Flores in calathis nos amaranthinos
Una per juga quot devia legimus!
Sed lassos peregre traximus heu! pedes
Acti temporis a die.

" Quin solem ad medium margine fontium
Certatim in vitreo flumine lusimus:
Ast inter nos fremuit patulum mare,
Acti temporis a die.

" Amplexum, comes o fide, morabimur
Dulcem, labra labris et manibus manum?
Depromptæ quis erit jam modus amphoræ,
Acti temporis ob dies?

" Potantes cyathi fœdere, mutuum
Sumemus dabimusque impavidi merum;
Cingemurque pia tempora pampino
Acti temporis ob dies.
" Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
Acti temporis ob dies."

The use of the glyconic termination of the stanza as a burden or refrain is, we believe, an innovation; but it is appropriate and effective. We doubt whether the words " Sin' auld lang syne," are accurately rendered by " Acti temporis a die," which rather signifies " from a former time without intermission up to the present time." The fifth stanza seems to us inferior to the rest. The fourth is an accurate and graceful version of the exquisite lines of the original. But it is time to turn from the editor to his contributors.

Of the scholarlike and elegant composition of the Provost of Eton we cannot give a more agreeable specimen than his translation from Cymbeline, although we are almost disposed to wish that, in a passage so rich and fanciful, he had preferred the pure iambic of Catullus to the tragic senarian:—

" With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath; the ruddock would,
With charitable bill, (oh, bill sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss beside, when flowers are none,
To winter ground thy corse."

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" Tuum, Fidele, floribus pulcherrimis
Dum durat æstas, incolamque me vident
Hæc rura, funus contegam ; pallentium,
Tui instar oris, primularum copia
Haud deerit, aut, colore venas æmulans,
Hyacinthus, aut odora frons cynocbati.
Quæ, nec calumniamur, haud erat tuo,
Odora quamvis, spiritu fragrantior.
Tibi hæc vetustæ more mansuetudinis
(O mos pudori prodigis hæredibus
Inhumata patrum qui relinquunt corpora)
Rubecularum vilis hopitalitas
Afferret ; imo plura ; namque mortuis
His omnibus, cubile musco sterneret
Brumaque te curaret, ut virescerea."

The ease of the language and the natural succession of thoughts make the Latin here read as if it was part of an original poem, and at the same time every clause, almost every word, of the English is faithfully rendered. Few writers fulfil so well both the necessary conditions of a perfect translation. The richer and more imaginative the English passage may be, the more difficult it is to transfer its full meaning to a Latin version ; but when the attempt succeeds, the value of the result is proportionally greater. An appearance of idiomatic peculiarity in a passage has probably often deterred translators from attempting to do it justice ; but wherever there are sensuous images expressed in correct language, there is no need to despair of finding an equivalent in Latin. The only portions of modern poetry which defy Latinity, are those which have a large proportion of the abstract and general terms which were so abhorrent to Roman taste and modes of thought. Thought itself, as a faculty, has not, as far as we know, any Latin name ; certainly it has none fit for poetry. Fortunately Roman poets could drink ; and therefore, Mr. George Kennedy was right in believing that he could transfer into their language Ben Jonson's quaint and graceful song. Good as the elegiacs are, we think hendecasyllabics or alternate iambic trimeters and dimeters would have suited the theme better.

" Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth spring
Doth ask a draught divine ;
But might I from Jove's nectar sip
I'd change it not for thine."

" Luminibus solis oro mihi, vita, propines ;
Luminibus reddam mox ego, credo, vices :
Aut tantum admoto cyathum mihi tinge labello
Et desiderium fugerit omne meri.
Scilicet ex anima quæ fervida nascitur ima
Non nisi divino est fonte levanda sitis ;
Ast ego, donentur mihi si Jovis ipsa, recusem
Pocula—sunt labris illa secunda tuis."

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Dr. Kennedy of Shrewsbury has contributed some scholar-like compositions; but the passages from which they are taken neither rise above mediocrity in themselves, nor possess any peculiar fitness for translation into Latin, with the exception of Shakespeare's "All the World's a Stage," which has supplied him with materials for some very good Horatian hexameters. Archdeacon Wrangham's elegiacs, called "Indicia Amoris," are greatly superior to a poem of Barbauld's, consisting of an expansion of a speech in "As You Like it," from which they are taken. Few contributors to the book write better verses than Mr. W. J. Law; and his Sapphic stanzas, from a poem called "Peace," are faithfully translated, as well as good in themselves; but in the bold attempt to turn Claudio's "Thoughts on Death" into elegiacs, he has been obliged to err both by omission and gratuitous expansion. "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where," is turned into a couplet, while the next line, "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot," is altogether omitted; "And the delighted spirit, to bathe in fiery floods," becomes, "Divinam residere animam flammantibus undis;" and then, without any reason, except that the lonely hexameter desiderates its faithful pentameter, is added, "Ignea qua cruciat pestis, et atra sitis." The same drawback affects his translation of a portion of Shelley's Arethusa:—

"And now from their fountains,
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale when the morning basks,
Like friends once parted,
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks."

"Grata jacet vallis sub amœnæ montibus Ennæ,
Pandit ad Eoum qua sua rura jubar;
Hanc Arethusa colit; colit amnis amator eandem;
Labitur undarum læta labore dies;
Dulce sodalitium—rediit mens una duobus
Lis, modo quæ rupit, firmat amicitiam."

The licence however, which Mr. Law allows himself, has enabled him greatly to improve Heber's obsolete and extremely bad verses on Pitt.

The late Rev. J. H. Macaulay, an excellent scholar, has furnished a translation of Gray's Elegy, of course in elegiacs, which contrasts favourably with the clumsy and unscholarlike version of the poem, which was published separately a year or two ago. Lord Lyttelton has shown good taste in the selection of all the passages which he has translated, with the exception, perhaps, of a diffuse and feeble extract from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Gray's "Ode to Adversity," though heavy in itself, is well suited to the Alcaic metre, which Lord Lyttelton has adopted. His hexameters from "Samson Agonistes" are vigorous, and his translation of a portion of Tennyson's "Œnone" has been much

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praised, and not without some justice, though he appears to us not altogether to have attained the luxuriant fulness of the original. We quote a few lines from it.

" Oh, mother, Ida, hearken ere I die.
Far off the torrent called me from the cleft;
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a god's:
And his cheek brightened, as the foam bow brightens,
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming, ere he came."

" Ida meam genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
At me præcipites procul e convallibus undæ
Visæ compellare; procul, super invia montis
Incedens tacito signabat culmina pressu
Et puras Aurora nives. Ego sola sedebam
Triste tuens; illum mox albo pectore, ut atras
Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,
Vidi affulgentem. Lateris gestamina pulcri
Exuviæ pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines,
Splendebantque genæ, qualis cum ventus aquosam
Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris auras.
Illum amplexu oculis, totoque e corde vocavi."

In the easier task of translating Warton's "Evening," his success is much more complete. Dr. Hawtrey has translated both into Latin sapphics and into Greek choriambics the song of the lady in "Comus." As we have already given a specimen of his Greek versification, we will content ourselves with extracting the Latin version, the execution of which is as happy as the subject is well chosen.

" Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy aery shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies."

" Nympha, quam leni refluentis amne
Ripa Mæandri tenet, ambiente
Aeris septam nebula, uvidique
Marginis herba;
Sive te valles potius morantur
Rosetidis pictæ violis, amorem
Qua suum noctu Philomela dulci
Carmine luget;

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Ecqua, Narcissi referens figuram,
Visa te fratrum species duorum
Movit? ah, si qua Dea, sub caverna
Furta recondis,
Dic mihi qua nunc, male te secuti
Florea tecum lateant in umbra,
Vocis argutæ domina, et canori
Filia cæli?
Sic et in sedem redeas paternam,
Et, chori dum tu strepitum noveni
Æmulans reddis, geminentur ipsis
Gaudia Divis."

We have not yet mentioned one of the most liberal contributors to Mr. Drury's collection, the Rev. Charles Merivale, whose compositions, taken together, although even the best of them may be equalled by some of the poems which accompany them, form, in our opinion, the most valuable portion of the volume supplied by any single writer. Mr. Merivale has never wasted his skill on worthless originals, but in every case has translated real poetry into real poetry. Sometimes he is curiously felicitous, almost always faithful and accurate, in every case attentive to the tone and character of the poem. The version which is least close to its original is that which stands first in the volume, Schiller's "Commencement of the Eighteenth Century." It is accompanied by a very accurate English translation by a well-known and accomplished scholar, Mr. Merivale, who is, we believe, the father of the gentleman of whom we are speaking. We should suppose, however, that the Latin version was taken directly from the German. Some of the lines are excellently close to the original, as the second stanza,—

"Und das Band der Länder ist gehoben
Und die alten Formen stürzen ein.
Nicht das Weltmier hemmt des krieges Toben,
Nicht der Nilgott und der alte Rhein."

"Ut rupti nexus populorum, ususque, modusque,
Et irriti novantur urbium status—
Nec tu, Rhene pater, nec prælia Nilipotens rex,
Neque obserata distulistis æquora."

The trident and lightning of England and France are ingeniously paraphrased rather than translated in "Stat invicem patronus, et juvat deus," and two following lines; and wherever the words of the original are not rendered, the thoughts of Schiller are Latinized instead of his language; but the real difficulty is to make him speak Latin while he thinks German. Andrew Marvel's Bermuda is judiciously represented by the smooth and compact metre of Horace's second Epode:—

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song."

"Bermuda pelago qua reclinat insula
Invisitata navibus,
Hanc cantilenam lintre remigantium
Exaudiit Favonius."

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Every scholar who is familiar with the difficulty of appropriating English names of fruits to their proper Latin terms, will smile at the ingenuity with which Mr. Merivale has consolidated oranges and pomegranates into one species for the purposes of his translation, although it is unfortunate that the licence occurs in the finest passage of the English poem.

" He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice."

" Hic inter umbras mala tendit aurea,
Ceu nocte viridi lumina,
Intusque grana condit albicantia,
Prælata gemmis Persidum.
At dulciorem mellibus, labris facit
Hinc ficum et hinc occurrere,
Citrosque nostris stravit in vestigiis
Quas nulla bis tulerit parens."

The "Palace of Ice," from Cowper's "Task," does credit to Mr. Merivale's taste in selection, as it is peculiarly suited to Latin hexameters, while perhaps there is no other passage in the poem which would be well adapted to translation. His anapæstics from the concluding song of the Spirit in "Comus" partake of the stiffness which generally attends that most spirited of Greek metres when used in Latin. The redundant richness of the address to Ceres, in the "Tempest," supplies him with a subject for some good pastoral hexameters, in which we will only notice the happy rendering of "nibbling sheep," by "ovium rodentia sæcla;" but on the whole we think his most remarkable compositions are his translations from Tennyson, a poet in whom few would recognise an element in common with the best Latin poets, and yet, in our opinion, the only poet of the present day whose works afford many passages which are much adapted for translation into Latin. It seems to us that few Roman poets would have been ashamed of these lines, which yet reflect the exact character of the poem of the "Lotus Eaters:"

" Branches they bore of that enchanted stem
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each: but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin as voices from the grave,
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

" Quinetiam magica ramos de stirpe ferebant
Floribus et fructu gravidos, et dulcia cuique
Dona dabant: quorum, succo semel ore recepto,
Visa procul longis incassum anfractibus unda
Mugire increpitans, et non sua litora plangi:
Et tenuis, sociorum aliquis si forte locutus,
Stridere vox, Lemurum velut imbecilla querela;
Et licet insomnis, somno cogi inque pediri
Omnis; et auditis tremulo modulamine fibris
Suave sub arguto geminari pectore murmur."

To judge how nearly Latin may correspond to English, we

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may refer our readers to another passage from the same poem:—

" Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men who cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil."

" Vim maris, telluris haustus, ignem, et aëris luem,
Arma, cædes, furta, raptus, ora comprecantium.
At juvat risisse, diri carminis dulcedine,
Irritum sublime murmur, veteris ambagem mali,
Maximæ vocis querelam, paulum habentem ponderis;
Quippe læsi cantilenam generis operum providi,
Dudum arantis, proserentis, congerentis undique
Quantulam stipem quotannis vini, olivi, tritici."

But the boldest of all his attempts is the version of the " May Queen," with its thoroughly modern tone of feeling, and sympathy with external nature. Guided, we should suppose, partly by these considerations and partly by metre, Mr. Merivale has adopted, in preference to any model from the golden age of Latin poetry, the more luxurious and reflective style of the " Pervigilium Veneris," of which the first line supplies him with a happy paraphrase of the title of the poem, " Cras Dione jura dicet fulta sublimi throno." The following is the third stanza:

" I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break.
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

" Atqui ut experrecta fuerim noctem adeo perdormio,
Voce fac clara voces me, modo dies illuxerit:
Namque primulas legendum, colligandum nodulos,
Domina quoniam feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero."

The rich description of an evening in early summer, as reflected in a young and buoyant mind, is beautiful in its Latin form as well as in English:—

" The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And in the meadow trenches blow the sweet faint cuckoo flowers,
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

" The light winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

" All the valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

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" En casas intexit udas postibus caprifolium
Inque pratis per canales cardamine suaveolet,
Subter in stagnis coruscat orbe caltha flammeo,
Ipsa Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

" Hinc et hinc nocturnus herbis it reditque spiritus,
Et super salire visa transeunte sidera;
Nec diem tantillus humor inquinare cogitat:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero,

" At virebit, at vigebit otio saltus sacro;
Bellides jam prodit omnis collis et ranunculos;
Floridoque lætus alveo saliet amnis inquies;
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero."

Liberal as we have been in our quotations, we might perhaps be supposed, by the editor or contributors of the Arundines Cami, to show a want of closeness of attention, if we were altogether to abstain from censure on the details of their compositions. But verbal criticism would be uninteresting to our readers; and although we believe we could point out some grammatical inaccuracies, they are not of a decided or strong character, but of the same kind with those which occur in the vernacular conversation of every day, such as the misjoinder,—to borrow a phrase from lawyers,—of tenses, where in one member of a sentence an indicative dogmatically affirms that which in the next clause is conditionally asserted by a subjunctive. We are more concerned to correct an error from which the present collection is not entirely free, although far less tainted by it than many Latin versions which we have seen. There is nothing more injurious to the keeping and general effect of a Latin poem than the introduction of scraps from classical writers. Horace must be supposed to have meant something by every line which he wrote; and unless the subject proposed to be rendered into Latin is itself a translation from Horace, we know of no case in which a plagiarism of one of his lines would be more judicious than it is honest. Wherever the patch appears it becomes evident that the translator is not thinking of his work, but of phrases to execute it with. The stolen passage suggests the associations connected with it in its original position, which are generally quite alien from its present application, and the harmony of the modern poem is destroyed. Mr. Merivale is not prone to this transgression generally; but we hardly know a more flagrant instance of it than his conversion of the devout Addison into a polytheist, for no better reason than because Horace said that success in an Olympian chariot race raises some men to a level with the gods, who are lords of the earth,—"Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos." Therefore, says Mr. Merivale,—"Felix obsequio, qui superos colit, Terrarum dominos"—where Addison much more fitly said, "How are thy servants blest, oh Lord! How sure is their defence!" In his translation of the Danaë of Simonides we will

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not quarrel with his application of the phrase by which Horace expresses his indifference to foreign wars, "unice securus," to the insensibility of the infant Perseus; but we cannot understand why, because Alcæus, according to Horace, sang his own fortunes in exile and in war, "Dura fugæ mala, dura belli," Mr. Merivale should translate *εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακὸν*—"Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti."

Still more inappropriate is Archdeacon Wrangham's use of the well-known lines by which Horace expresses the sauntering walk of an unoccupied man,—"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos, Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis."

"If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Rapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourished so."

"Dumque absit, ni percupias tecum esse, viasque
Sæpius ambiguas incomitatus eas;
Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illo,
Quicquid id est, raptus—non tibi notus Amor."

We have already quoted Mr. Drury's translation of "The little dog laughed to see such fine sport,"—"Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi," which reminds a reader unpleasantly of Virgil's beautiful description of birds in spring,—"Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti Inter se foliis strepitant." We may add to our list two unnecessary interpolations of irrelevant phrases by Mr. H. J. Hodgson, who has no poverty of language in himself to plead as an excuse. The first instance is from Wordsworth's last rifacimento of the poem which properly begins, "I met Louisa in the shade"—

"Though by a sickly taste betrayed,
Some may dispraise the lovely maid."

"Rusticam spernant alii puellam, et
Simplici myrto folia allaborent."

What Mr. Wordsworth may think proper to say in his next edition we know not; but hitherto he has not in any of his readings of this passage said anything about myrtle or supererogatory additions to myrtle. But Horace desires his page to bring him a garland of myrtle, without looking for exotics or rare flowers,—"Simplici myrto nihil adlabores Sedulus curo." We wish notwithstanding that we had room to quote Mr. Hodgson's remaining stanzas. But we must proceed to the conclusion of his translation from Milton, who of all men was least in need of having classical scraps thrust upon him, which he would have been both able and willing to borrow if they had suited his immediate purpose.

"He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

"Qui tanta novit gaudia carpere,
Prudensque parca mente frui sapit,
Scit ille, ni fallor, Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti."

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We have not thought it necessary to dilate either on Latin composition in general, or on the merits of the passages which we have quoted. All men of classical knowledge and taste are well aware how much refinement, critical skill, habitual accuracy, and valuable knowledge is implied in the power of writing the least excellent of the passages which we have selected. Mr. Drury has given pleasure to many; and we hope he may have done much good by keeping up the traditional English love for this form of intellectual exercise. We do not altogether agree with him that recent poetry supplies much facility for transferring it into rhymed Latin hymns, and we have already intimated the qualified admiration with which we regard this form of composition. But, in justice to an editor to whom we are so much indebted, and in the expectation that religious poetry will be especially interesting to the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer*, we will conclude with one of Mr. Drury's shorter rhymed poems, from a quaint and touching address to Death by Herrick:—

" Thou bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence.
This done, I'll only cry,
'God mercy!' and so die."

" Jubes abire, nec recuso,
Lacrymarum rore fuso,
Ob culpas præteritorum
Juvenilium annorum,
Et in corde pœnitenti
Tempore pro hoc præsenti
Quin et pallium amoris
Induam, quo pergam foris;
Quod velare me sit aptum,
Inter cœlites correptum,
Sic succinctæ pietate,
Innocentia ligatæ,
Iter plantæ inchoabunt;
Et suprema exclamabunt,
'Miserere peccatoris
Deus,' verba hujus oris."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. "*The English Churchman*" *Newspaper*, No. 33.

2. *A Lecture on the Distinctive Characters and relative bearings of Theological Parties in the Christian Church; delivered in the Episcopal Chapel of Inverary, on the Evening of Sunday the 12th of March*, 1843, *by the Rev.* ALEXANDER ALLAN, M.A. Aberdeen: Brown, 1843.

LAST month we expressed our regret that "the Dunbar Schism" had not been terminated by the excommunication of the unhappy person whose name has attained such melancholy notoriety: in so

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speaking, we were not, as indeed we expressed, without hopes that our Scottish brethren and fathers would, in this trying emergency, show themselves in their appointed stations true guardians of "the excellent deposit." Our anticipations have been realized: our Lord's promise of the perpetual life of his Church has been appealed to by His own successor: the dead branch has been pruned out of the chosen vine, and the false brother put out of communion. We cannot but with all solemn thankfulness record the awful words which have denounced Sir William Dunbar as a wilful and confirmed schismatic, and the letter in which the Bishop of Aberdeen communicated this sentence of the Church to all his Presbyters, and through them to "the Holy Church throughout all the world."

"*Aberdeen, August* 11, 1843.

"Rev. Sir,—I feel it to be my painful duty, as Bishop of this Diocese, to direct that the accompanying Declaration be read from the Altar of every Chapel within the same, immediately after the Nicene Creed, on Sunday next, being the Ninth Sunday after Trinity. And I remain, your faithful brother,

"(Signed) WILLIAM SKINNER, D.D. Bishop of Aberdeen."

"IN THE NAME OF GOD. *Amen.*—Whereas the Reverend Sir William Dunbar, Baronet, late Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, and a Presbyter of this diocese, received by letters dimissory from the Lord Bishop of London, forgetting his duty as a Priest of the Catholic Church, did, on the twelfth day of May last, in a letter addressed to us, William Skinner, Doctor of Divinity, Bishop of Aberdeen, wilfully renounce his Canonical obedience to us his proper Ordinary, and withdraw himself, as he pretended, from the jurisdiction of the Scottish Episcopal Church; and, notwithstanding our earnest and affectionate remonstrances repeatedly addressed to him, did obstinately persist in that his most undutiful and wicked act, contrary to his ordination vows and his solemn promise of Canonical obedience, whereby the said Sir William Dunbar hath violated every principle of duty, which the laws of the Catholic Church have recognised as binding on her Priests, and hath placed himself in a state of open schism: And, whereas the said Sir William Dunbar hath continued to officiate in defiance of our authority, therefore, we, William Skinner, Doctor in Divinity, Bishop of Aberdeen aforesaid, sitting with our Clergy in Synod, this tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, and acting under the provisions of Canon XLI. do declare that the said Sir William Dunbar hath ceased to be a Presbyter of this Church, and that all his Ministerial acts are without authority, as being performed apart from Christ's mystical Body, wherein the one Spirit is; and we do most earnestly and solemnly warn all faithful people to avoid all communion with the said Sir William Dunbar in prayers and sacraments, or in any way giving countenance to him in his present irregular and sinful course, lest they be partakers with him in his sin, and thereby expose themselves to the threatening denounced against those who cause divisions in the Church, from which danger we most heartily pray that God of his great mercy would keep all the faithful people committed to our charge, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Synod sat two days, August 9th and 10th, in St. Andrew's Chapel, and was occupied, besides the Dunbar Schism, with the heretical lecture whose title we have prefixed to these remarks, and which we are given to understand, was most solemnly and formally condemned. We care not to give any extracts from it, or indeed to say more upon a very painful subject than that Mr. Allan avowed the wildest latitudinarianism, and openly renouncing "creeds, councils, fathers, liturgies, and sacramental offices," avowed his sympathy with the most extreme rationalism, even to the limits, as far as we can make him out, of Pantheism. "Christianity, whilst it is an efflux from the Divine soul of the universe, is at the same time regarded as

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a product of the human mind and the human heart."—P. 19. Such are the opinions which Mr. Allan attributes to the "Liberal party," and he "has not the slightest fear or hesitation in owning his conviction that this party is, upon the whole, a noble and a generous party; earnestly devoted to the cause of truth, and having the best interests of mankind at heart. Let the names of Milton, Locke, and Priestley, [two Arians and a Socinian,] bear witness to the assertion," p. 23. On being summoned to attend the synod of Aberdeen on a charge of heresy, this servant of Satan, to use the plain language of Athanasius against the Arians, resigned his cure, and is now—significant retreat! —on his way to Germany, there to find sympathy with the Weyscheiders and Pauluses, or their successors.

Of course all our readers will anticipate our feelings on this remarkable and affecting occasion. Deep gratitude to Him whose life is thus working in the Church, together with prayers that He will in His own good time "take from the offenders all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of His words, and fetch them home to His flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites." Such feelings are not unaccompanied with fears for our own Holy Mother, how she will receive grace and power in the coming strife. It may be that He is dealing with us at home mercifully and gently, accustoming men's minds here to the inconceivable might and inner life of the Church, by displaying it elsewhere; that gradually and by imitation we may be taught our duty; in the Colonies as in Australia, we allude to the Bishop's wonderful protest against the Romanist intrusion,—in Scotland, as on the present occasion, Church principles are at work; other Bishops are acting while we are talking; reading books or writing them are very well, but in other places the Church has the Great Realities. We hear about life, *they* show it. But this their life is also our own, praised be God! either that of our daughters or our nearest sister; and when the graciously deferred time comes, neither the Church, nor the Bishops, nor the Priests of England will be found wanting; we are now, it may be, training to do, and to suffer, and to witness as God shall require of us; on the one hand let us not forestall our place or our duty, let us in our several stations bide our time, accustom ourselves to unworldly thoughts, and, still better, to an unworldly life. It is not because we may be the last called that we shall have the least to do, or, if so be, to suffer for His Name's sake: and so, on the other hand, as we are to avoid all rashness and forward presumption, let us try to strive also against the soothing hope that all this, as far as *we* are concerned, is to end in books and pamphlets, reviews and articles, speeches and fine talk. We are exceedingly well prepared with weapons here in England; it is quite delightful to hear all that we say and to read all that we write; but in our hour of need and in coming day of sifting, may we but *act* half as well as those who, in literary graces, in popularity, and in the world's estimate, are immeasurably our inferiors!

In conclusion, we cannot but remind our readers of good Bishop Horne's memorable opinion. "From the present circumstances of its

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primitive orthodoxy, piety, and poverty, if the great Apostle of the Gentiles were upon earth, and it were put to his choice with what denomination of Christians he would communicate, the preference would probably be given to the Episcopalians (THE CHURCH) of Scotland as most like the people he had been used to," and though "this expression happened, as Jones, of Nayland, perfectly recollects, while they were talking together on one of the hills near the city of Canterbury, higher than the pinnacles of the cathedral, where there was no witness to their discourse but the sky that was over their heads," we venture, even with the fear of Dr. Wynter before our eyes, to express a conviction that the prayers of Bishop Horne himself, and of the faithful departed this life in God's faith and fear, have been not without their power to win for the suffering Church of Scotland the privilege which has been granted to it, of witnessing before men and angels a good confession. We only repeat our prayer, may we do as well, and may we remember Cecil's deep, perhaps prophetic, words, "The Church of England is not fitted, in its present state, for a General Church. Its secularity must be purged away. He only can, by unknown means, heal the schisms of the Church, and unite it together as one external body, *and that this will be done by persecution* appears highly probable. I see no other means adequate to the end."

Millennium Eve. A Poem. London: Thomas Cadell, Strand.

THE number of persons who, without common information, common sense, or an acquaintance with the most ordinary rules of poetical composition, send forth what they call "Religious poems," is frightfully on the increase. Unsuccessful as we have hitherto been, we will not relax in our endeavours to abate this nuisance, and now call for judgment on the very worst culprit in this line whom, in the whole course of our duties as public prosecutor, we have ever met with. Millennium Eve is a religious poem of some nine thousand lines; but what its general scheme is, and why such a singular title is given to it, we are utterly at a loss to say, though we have given some little time and trouble to the investigation of both points. The author shall not be condemned unheard; and we will, therefore, give a few lines as a specimen of his style. In the 8th book, entitled "Hell," one Constantine, we believe, a hero, or one of the heroes of the poem, after the manner of other heroes in great poems, makes a descent into hell. Thus opens the book—

> "*Like some rich fluid press'd through cloth of hair;*
> And not like human form resolved to air,
> Nor that "new thing" which God did once prepare
> For *Kore* and his folk, descending "*quick*"
> Into the horrors of the baseless *pit*;
> *Baseless but for a character of woe,*
> The fiendly uniform transferr'd below;—
> Forced through the earth, now Constantine descends
> In spirit to its centre;"—

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The descent of the Hero of a poem into hell, compared with the descent of jelly from a jelly-bag! This and the rest of the nonsense requires no comment. Once fairly landed, Constantine and his "guard" set out to look about them.

> "Descend we (said his guard) to see the fire
> Prepared for the devil and his angels
> *In yonder ovens meeting at right angles.*
> Then down he look'd, the glaring scene to view:
> But only look'd, and instantly withdrew
> His dazzled eyes from that appalling sight.
> Nor devil's ways nor woes were his delight.
> Said Constantine, *I've seen enough of this.*
> Then come and see the place of outer *darkness;*
> If we may call it seeing (said the *angel*)
> In any place which is not *visible.*
> So leads him, guided *by internal light,*
> Through hell's dark precincts, where the very sight
> Might *ache for darkness;* 'twas so very dismal."

The guard then shows Constantine "another apparatus" by "mineral light."

> "All its materials were mineral
> *Of course.*"

This apparatus had a diamond pivot, which "worked so strongly," that any change in its position would derange the whole earth. Its operation is thus described by the "guard:"

> "Come near, he said, and in this diamond see
> The ruling centre of earth's gravity;
> If I but slide it half a finger's *breadth,*
> It will bring a deluge over all the *earth;*
> If but an inch I moved this AWFUL BUTTON,
> It were enough to cause earth's *dissolution;*
> Or if the same I do but gently press,
> 'Twill raise an hurricane, with such a tempest
> As soon may lash the waters to a fury
> And in the deep its dancing burdens bury."

Here we stop; the reader probably exclaiming with Constantine—

> "I've seen enough of this."

Of course, as might be expected, the person to whom a button is a thing of awe, the highest and most sacred subjects fail to impress with a sense of *their* awfulness. There are many passages which, from the grotesque absurdity with which holy things are spoken of, would fill a careless reader with mirth, but be most painful and shocking to an earnest and serious one; and how should it be otherwise, when a very weak and stupid man, makes silly verses on subjects calculated to task to the utmost, or rather overpower the strongest and most matured intellects? We should have been ashamed at hacking at such carrion as "Millennium Eve;" but for our sense of duty of impressing once more on every would-be poet this important consequence: if you write poems on things in general, you will (to use a common expression) only make a fool of yourself; but if you write "Religious poems," not only you, but to a certain extent the interests of religion, are affected. Leave, then, O ye ambitious of

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rhyme—leave the sacred mysteries of religion. The stock in trade and property room of common "poetry" are large enough for you. Stick, then, for the future, to your roses and myrtle bowers; your locks and your sunrises; your unkind Chloes and your bleeding hearts.

Tales of the Town. By the Rev. H. W. Bellairs, M.A. *Perpetual Curate of St. Thomas, Stockport.* London: Burns. 1843.

This is a readable book, but as we have hinted in our last number, it does not seem to have been called for, after Mr. Gresley's publications, seeing that Mr. Bellairs travels over much the same ground, although not with quite so springy a tread as the Prebendary of Lichfield. However, the author of "Tales of the Town" has done very well; and, for the future, he will do as well if he renounces the semi-religious story-book, of which, though the production will doubtless not exceed the demand, which seems insatiable, yet, perhaps, we have had quite enough of the class. We do not wish one of these fictions unwritten, for doubtless they may have touched chords which would never have vibrated to a sermon; but anyhow, great as may be the needs this way, surely the supply is anything but stinted. Besides, Mr. Bellairs has powers and information which qualify him for a higher flight.

History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, embracing their Antiquities, civil, religious, and political History, &c. By James Jackson Jarves, *Member of the American Oriental Society.* London: Moxon. 1843. 12mo. pp. 377.

For the benefit of our readers, we have endeavoured to "get up" the contents of this book; the subject of which is interesting and instructive, the writer dull and incompetent. Indeed few subjects can be conceived of greater interest than the *real* history of the civilization of a barbarous nation; and the comparatively recent discovery of these islands by Europeans would seem to give promise of accurate and authentic information being accessible. Unfortunately Mr. Jarves is not the man to furnish it. His mind is too entirely under the dominion of national prejudices. In default, however, of better evidence, we must make the best use we can of the narrative before us.

The first visit of Captain Cook to the Sandwich Islands occurred in 1778; and his murder by the natives, in the year following, did not much commend them to the favour of Europeans. Some intercourse meantime was held with the Americans; and in the year 1820, three Wesleyan missionaries from that country visited the islands, and established themselves there. In a short time they appear to have gained entire influence over the king and his ministers; till at length their power was consummated, by Mr. Richards (one of their number,) being requested, about three years since, to draw up a constitution for the state; which he did, after the most approved form, having first, as our historian expresses it, "delivered a full course of lectures upon political economy, and the general science of government!" It is not to be supposed, however, that the full fruition of this "new Atlantis" was to be secured without a struggle. That very troublesome

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fellow who sits upon the seven hills of Rome presumed to invade this pet empire of Methodism; and great is the indignation of Mr. Jarves and the Wesleyan missionaries. The latter content themselves with putting into the mouth of his majesty of Hawaii the very sensible remonstrance, that "the existence of various denominations would beget contention, and that it was better that they should all think alike" in matters of religion. Why, Messrs. Missionaries, except "enlightened" England from benefit of this rule?—But our author breaks forth into the following eloquent apostrophe:—"This enlightened æra may behold Romanism, at the point of the bayonet, trampling once more in her pride upon the necks of kings. Protestantism seeks not triumphs like these; the spirit of liberty, the love of truth and justice to which *she gave birth (!)* striving within the bosom of indignant men of all sects, and regardless of boundary lines or difference of tongue, will meet on one common ground and unite in one universal cry, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.' Proud hierarchy! the days in which thou couldst wreak thy vengeance upon cowering kingdoms, and place man beneath a despotism more withering to inborn freedom than the condition of the veriest menial, are numbered. A mightier than thou has arisen on the earth—*enlightened public sentiment;* before which wrong and oppression must shrink back into the corrupt hearts that gave them birth."

We must now stop to inquire what this "enlightened public sentiment," mother of "the spirit of liberty and justice," accomplished in Hawaii. The dissenting missionaries speedily secured the "establishment" of their sect: Romish priests were forbidden to land on the islands; and when, at length, under the protection of the French flag, they gained an entrance, fines and imprisonment were inflicted on all who became converts to their teaching; "sermons defending the theology of Protestantism" (qu. what is this?) "and attacking the dogmas of the hostile church, were uttered from every pulpit; tracts gave further circulation to their opinions;" stories were vamped up ("with more zeal," admits Mr. Jarves, "than discretion,") about "the long and bloody persecutions of Europe, the inquisitions, crusades, papal supremacy," &c.; and, as a refinement in persecution, of true dissenting origin, confirmed papists were *made to carry out the filth of the fort with their naked hands!!* Times, however, now are changed; France has taken, here as elsewhere in the Pacific, the professors of the Romish faith under her protection; and popery bids fair, ere long, to take a sufficient moral revenge upon her oppressors.

Of these proceedings, we, as Englishmen, may take a view altogether *ab extra;* for, strange to say, although we were the discoverers of the islands, no missionary of our Church appears ever to have set foot in them. Indeed, the only representatives of English Christianity that are mentioned throughout the narrative are a certain Rev. Mr. Ellis and two companions, who were "deputized" (we thank Mr. Jarves for the word,) by *the* London Missionary Society to pay them a cursory visit of a few days. Were the English Church at this time to send out her missionaries thither, it would be the signal doubtless for all manner of sects to do the same. But we have, kindly, not provoked them.

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Can anything, now, we ask, be more miserably instructive than this whole history? 1st, We have Methodists and Romanists contending for the ground which ought long ago to have been occupied by ourselves. And, 2dly, We see a body of *American Protestant* missionaries enacting a more horrible specimen of tyranny than was ever, we firmly believe, practised by the inquisition! A painful instance, truly, of human inconsistency.

In conclusion, we would gladly give an estimate of the success of the Wesleyan missionaries in the conversion and instruction of the natives; but, from the moment that the Romish priests are mentioned in his pages, the evidence of Mr. Jarves becomes manifestly altogether untrustworthy. He cannot speak of them with temper, or even decency. The population of the group of islands (twelve in number,) Mr. Jarves estimates at 100,000; of whom there are 16,000 adult Christians, and 18,000 baptized children. The climate he represents, from personal experience, to be excellent; the land capable of yielding great variety of produce; the harbours commodious; the people intelligent.

The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent. A Sermon preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Easter. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. *Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, and late Fellow of Oriel College.* Oxford: Parker. London: Rivingtons. 1843.

Well, then, the case is all before us, and we suppose we know as much as we are destined to know of its features and character. The publication of Dr. Pusey's sermon leaves it more mysterious than ever. Till that event, we felt that we had nothing to say; but we thought that it might supply us with some light. We felt sure that the newspaper statements of Dr. Pusey's having avowed either transubstantiation or consubstantiation were mere absurdities; but we had prepared ourselves to find in his sermon some modes of expression which we could have wished avoided, some phraseology too startling to be discreet, some forms of speech such as we should not have felt ourselves justified in adopting. Whether or not we were to agree with the Oxford Doctors in their estimate of the danger, we expected to discover what they thought dangerous. But, to our surprise, we found ourselves at the end of the sermon before we made such discovery. There is not only, as far as we have observed, nothing unsound, but nothing *startling* in it. It is simply an exposition of the Anglican doctrine of the eucharist, that, by means of the appointed consecration, the elements become our Lord's body and blood to all faithful receivers. Dr. Pusey explicitly refuses to adopt any explanation of the mode in which, themselves remaining bread and wine, they are made so, and in such refusal, as is easy to see, there is involved a rejection both of the Romish and the Lutheran tenet. The authorities referred to in his appendix will be found worth consulting.

The Six Doctors, therefore, have placed themselves in a great dilemma. Either they are opposed to Dr. Pusey's doctrine, and therefore have suspended him; or they have done so because, though

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not opposed to his doctrines, they think his preaching ill-judged and dangerous; or, lastly, they disapprove of any public reflections on university and college practice, such as one of Dr. Pusey's on rare communion, being addressed to a congregation of which under-graduates form so large a proportion. If the first of these suppositions be the true one, let them see to it, how their views can be harmonized with the catechism on the Articles. They are in this case opposed to what is called the high view of the eucharist; and such we fear is the light in which the public at present regards them. On the second supposition, they are at least bound to say that they do not condemn Dr. Pusey's doctrine for their own sakes still more than for his; and, if the third reason was that which governed them, the same consideration applies. Surely his doctrinal soundness is a clergyman's point of honour, and a delicate mind will not give an impression against it, when it does not dare distinctly to impugn it. But, as we have already said, Dr. Pusey's accusers are more concerned in this matter than he is. It is for them to show that they do not reject the doctrines to which they have sworn.

And here we must deprecate, for the future, unnecessary judicial proceedings connected with theology in our universities. The Six Doctors have no authority over the Church, and a very limited one in Oxford. They can therefore do very little in the way of stopping the progress of opinions to which they object. But, by seeming to have settled something, (though no mortal knows what,) they commit themselves, give the public an impression that some step has been taken in the Church—that we are not in the same position doctrinally as we were last year. Of course, as we have already said, the Church of England is just where she was; but people will not understand this, and the excitement will be proportionable to the ignorance and misapprehension. As it is, we understand that Dr. Pusey's sermon is selling as pamphlet never sold before, and when his opponents remember, not merely the sermon itself, but the authorities quoted in the appendix, they may ask themselves what they have gained by the line of conduct they have adopted.

[An accidental delay in the insertion of these remarks has enabled us to see the further development of events connected with their subject. And this we must say, that Dr. Wynter's demeanour towards the very numerous and distinguished gentlemen who signed the address, including a judge of the land, a cabinet minister, and dignitaries of the Church placed higher than himself, has a marvellous resemblance to that of a man who feels himself in the wrong.]

The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: a Translation of the First Book of the Rationale Divinorum Efficiorum of Durandas, some time Bishop of Mende. With an Introductory Essay, &c. By Rev. J. M. Neale, B.A. and Rev. B. West, B.A. Pp. cxxxii. and 252. Leeds: T. W. Green. London: Rivingtons. Cambridge: Stevenson.

We may treat as exploded the vulgar and most illiberal prejudice, which classed the magnificent ecclesiastical structures of the middle

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ages with the most cumbrous efforts of barbaric art, and affected to see in Salisbury Cathedral, or York Minster, little more than fortuitous combination of huge masses, by some such blind chance as that which forms the stalagmites of a Derbyshire cave into tables, or pinnacles, and yet, somehow or other, resulting in a beautiful whole, that enforces attention and admiration. But many are still as unjust to part of the *rationale* of Gothic art, as they used to be to the skill in design and execution of our forefathers; and if one ventured to hint at a subtle principle of symbolism running down through our great cathedrals, to the smallest shrine, or chapel, he would be in danger of being laughed at as fanciful or absurd. Charlotte Elizabeth might moralize for a month on an ant-hill, or a spider's web; but the churchman might not be allowed a few moments' talk on the esoteric teaching of the very stones and framework, and of the lavish and elaborate ornaments, of our mighty minsters. And yet surely man—man sanctified in Holy Baptism, and exerting his sanctified energies to holy purposes, is not the least noble artificer, nor the least intelligent *arachne;* nor the one, therefore, in whose best works we might most expect to find a moral worthy to be read.

The works of Durandas, which have never been beyond the reach of the curious and learned, have all along witnessed to the fact, that there *is* a meaning, and one subordinately *intended by the artificer*, in our ecclesiastical forms and details; for he wrote at the very time when some of our most splendid churches were being erected;—when the glorious west front of Wells was elaborating its noble homily on the communion of saints;—when the aspirings of Salisbury were pointing upwards to the sky, one by one, in rapid succession, and telling the saint below of their future resurrection;—when the exquisite five sisters were beginning "to weave" on the floor of the transept of York Minster

> "Their threefold tints,
> Faith, Prayer, and Love."

But though the learned might have seen, yet they did not see, the evidence of this intended symbolism in Gothic art. The unlearned may perhaps be more susceptible of the lesson, now the evidence is placed before them so strongly in the translation of the elaborate work of the good bishop of Mende.

But if there was symbolism, what was symbolized? Some will take it for granted mere trash at the best;—others will be quite certain worse than trash,—nothing but pride and worldly luxury, nothing but false doctrine and false morality. But let them hear the witness of those times, and they will at least reconsider their verdict. And we will first let it speak upon images and pictures, a promising theme, we freely confess, for error, or for folly: and yet surely the way in which internal grace should, as it were, *stand out* in good works is here beautifully symbolized.

> "The carved images which project from the walls, appear, as it were, to be coming out of it; because, when by reiterated custom virtues so pertain to the faithful, that they seem naturally implanted in them, they are exercised in all their various operations."—P. 31.

Or we may of course expect to hear of pride and pomp, for its own

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sake, where the place of the clergy in the church is described; accordingly we read the Bishop thus:—

"The chancel, that is the head of the church, being lower than its body, signifieth how great humility there should be in the clergy or in prelate, according to that saying, *and the more thou art exalted, humble thyself in all things.*"—P. 31.

And in another place to which we have lost the reference, he says,

"The Bishop's throne is carpeted with tapestry, because he ought to trample on the pride and luxuries of the world."

That there is nothing merely fanciful in the treatise of Durandus, we are not indeed disposed to affirm; but we may safely say that there is no one portion of his work which does not amply atone for his fanciful interpretations, by solid instruction and holy precept. Where, for instance, he descants upon bells, and all their parts and accessories, we may sometimes hesitate to follow him. We may doubt whether "the pegs by which the wooden frame is joined together or fastened, are the oracles of the prophets;" whether "the iron cramps by which the bell is joined to the frame denote charity;" whether "as the rope is composed of three strands, so doth the Scripture consist of a Trinity—namely, of history, allegory, and morality; and as the rope coming down from the wooden frame into the hand of the priest, is Scripture descending from the mystery of the cross into the mouth of the preacher." Such things we may hesitate to adopt exactly, but we shall not be the worse for the following morals, one of which we have printed in italics, for its happy and characteristic style:—

"'Bells do signify preachers, who ought, after the likeness of a bell, to exhort the faithful.' 'The hardness of the metal signifieth fortitude on the mind of the preacher.' 'A prelate who hath not the skill of preaching will be like unto a bell without a clapper.' According to that saying of Gregory, 'A priest, if he knoweth not how to preach, nor what voice of exhortation he can deliver, is a dumb preacher, and also as a dumb dog which cannot bark.' *The striking the bell denoteth that a preacher ought first of all to strike at the vices in himself for correction, and then advance to blame those of others:* lest indeed, contrary to the teaching of the Apostle, 'When he hath preached to others, he himself should be a cast-away.' Which also the Psalm doth testify; 'But unto the ungodly, saith God: Why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant in thy mouth?' Because, truly by the example of his own sufferings, he often gaineth access to those whom, by the learning of his discourse, he cannot move. The link by which the clapper is joined or bound unto the bell, is moderation, by which, namely, by the authority of Scripture, the tongue of the preacher who wisheth to draw men's hearts is ruled."—P. 89.

The translation from Durandus is preceded by an Essay on *Sacramentality*,* *a principle of Ecclesiastical design*, in which the principle

* The WORD *Sacramentality* is a great bugbear just now. The THING, we are glad to learn, is passing downward through the church, even to dissenting bodies, as we find from one of the most violent tirades lately issued against the Church of Christ. "Depend upon it," says one Edward Miall of Leicester, "our churches," (*i. e.* our conventicles,) "our churches cannot stand by and in tame acquiescence permit the growth and expansion of *priestly assumptions*, whereby the Saviour is denuded of his prerogatives, and his holy gospel shorn of its power, without bringing round a period of terrible retribution. Even now we may discover tokens of the divine displeasure. Upon many a church, unfaithful to these high principles, we read the sentence, 'Ichabod—thy glory is departed.' *Within the precincts of nonconformity itself*, is gradually stealing a callous insensibility to the Saviour's honour—and heartily am I grieved to observe, *that a sacerdotal spirit is gaining ground among us.* The conse-

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and doctrince of symbolism in Ecclesiastical architecture is more formally stated, and more fully brought out, than it has hitherto been; though it has certainly been recognised, and even taken for granted by several writers of late. However, it required to be brought out into a more consistent whole, and to be presented to the Ecclesiologist.

"In se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus," and this Messrs. Neale and Webb have happily effected. Altogether this volume forms one of the most acceptable additions lately made to the Churchman's library.

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, translated in the Terza Rima of the Original, &c. By JOHN DAYMAN, M. A. &c. London: Painter. 1843.

WE own ourselves sceptical as to the desirability of attempting versions of works which derive much of their character from that which no version can preserve. It is well, perhaps, that the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey should be made known to the merely English reader, even through the medium of most unworthy representatives of the poems themselves; and, similarly, it is well for those who know nothing of Italian to learn from Mr. Carey (whose translation, however, we have no wish to deny is very superior indeed to our versions of Homer,) the contents, the scenes, the incidents, and the thoughts of the Divine Comedy. Thus, without knowing Dante himself they will at least know what he did, and may have some conception of his relative importance in the genius of Europe, and what is his bearing on the mind of Christendom. But, as we have said, they cannot thus know Dante himself. His peculiar manner is something too closely personal to him to be otherwise than essential to the effect of what he says. Nothing can give an adequate conception of his great work, which does not in some way represent its versification. Now, the *Terza Rima* is something very unlike blank verse, and by adopting blank verse Mr. Carey has deprived even his unrivalled command of beautiful English, and his felicity in translating, of power to carry off some of Dante's finest and most characteristic touches.

But still he has more than served the purpose we speak of; and the question is, can much be done for the English reader beyond that purpose? Here is an attempt to go further, by giving us the first part of the Divine Comedy in *terze rime*. But are English *terze rime* like Italian ones? We think not; we think, consisting as the former do mainly of single rhymes, the effect on the ear is something very different; while the difficulty which they involve, though perhaps not very formidable to a good versifier in an original composition, must render it next to impossible for a translator to keep close to his master; to give his words, or equivalent ones; to take off a true impression of his characteristic touches; to represent his pictures with neither more nor fewer features than he has chosen to bestow on them. Every reader of Dante must know how essential it is to master his very words, how much each image depends for its effect on being looked at

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quences of the evil are not yet fully developed. But thus much is apparent—that our laxity of principle sets wide open to the young the door of egress from our ranks —and they are leaving us in crowds."

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just as he has presented it; and how wonderful and mysterious is the charm that proceeds from his very phrases. We cannot think that Mr. Dayman has justified his difficult undertaking by success in preserving these. We have only had time to look at his version of some of the prominent and well-known parts of the Inferno,—the first and third cantos, the episode of Francesca, the interview with Farinata, and the fearful tale of Ugolino; and we are compelled to own, that, inadequate though it be, Mr. Carey's blank verse gives a better reflection of the original, than our present translator's *terze rime*. We have not the former by us, and therefore cannot institute a comparison between them in particular instances. We must show, however, by one or two examples, how hampered Mr. Dayman has been by his self-imposed difficulties: and how neglectful he has shown himself of that preservation of minute touches, and particular expressions, which, necessary in rendering every author of real worth, is most especially necessary in rendering Dante. For instance, in the first canto, every reader's ear and memory carry away with delight the lines,

"Oh! se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume."

Here "di parlar sì largo fiume" is the important phrase, and a noble one it is, which Mr. Dayman renders by "of parle so liberal the tide," surely succeeding thereby in evaporating its beauty most completely.

Mr. Dayman has rather floundered in giving the awful inscription over the gate of hell. "Woe without remove" is an awkward substitute, for "eterno dolore." In the next ternary one of his epithets is more happily chosen than Mr. Carey's—

"La divina Potestate
La somma sapienza, e'l Primo amore,"

are given by him thus:

"—— the Might Divine
The Súpreme Wisdom, and the Primal Love."

Mr. Carey has *Primæval* Love, and Primal is certainly much more to the purpose. But why could not Mr. Dayman's ear have suggested to him the epithet *sovran* for Wisdom, instead of *supreme*, and so he might have been spared the awkwardness of changing the pronunciation of the latter, and even then not escaping an uncouth spondee in his second foot.

In the same canto—

"Tongues of all strain, dread language of despair!"

is a most feeble rendering of—

"Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,"

where Dante's very words are much more requisite to the effect than might at first be thought; but the whole awful passage is certainly well translated, and, therefore, we present it to our readers:—

"Sighs there, and moaning sobs, and shriller cries
Rebounded echoing through the starless air,
And early forced the tear-gush from mine eyes:

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Tongues of all strain, dread language of despair,
Words born of anguish, accents choked with ire,
And voices loud and hoarse were mingling there
With sound of hands, to swell one uproar dire
That aye went eddying round that timeless gloom,
As the sand eddieth in the whirlwind's gyre."

The opening of the fourth canto is given with a good deal of power, though it is sadly disfigured by the vulgarism "my whereabout." In the same—

"The wood I mean which thronging spirits fill,"

is not the meaning of

"La selva dico di spiriti spessi."

Of all unhappy renderings of a fine thing, we know none more unhappy than the substitute which Mr. Dayman has given for

"Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado con voci soavi."

It is as follows:—

"Shades there abide whose slow and serious eyes
With grave authority *consign their look!*
And rarely heard their mellow accents rise."

Yes, we have observed one a little way back which is worse still:—

"Parlando cose che'l tacere è bello,
Sì com' era 'l parlar colà dov' era,"

which is rendered thus:—

"Things we discoursed of *comely told* when told;
As *comely* now that silence *be their doom.*"

We could multiply instances of defects of this sort; but we have said enough to make our meaning plain. We have given one proof that Mr. Dayman can write well, and we dare say we might easily find many more; but his difficulties have been too much for him, at least in the very great and important passages to which we naturally betake ourselves. Should his zeal in the cause of Dante, which seems most commendable and intelligent, lead him to venture on the Purgatorio, we hope that he will keep our hints in mind; and if he can find a measure possessing sufficient resemblance to that of the Divine Comedy to represent, in some measure, its effect, we hope that it will be sufficiently free from difficulty to enable him to give more exact equivalents for his master's words and expressions than he has done in the present instance. We ought to mention that this volume is enriched by notes, which, judging from a mere glance, we are disposed to pronounce both erudite and valuable.

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We mentioned on a former occasion that Mr. Robertson's work, "How to Conform to the Rubric," (Parker) had cruel injustice done it by the commendatory notice of the Quarterly reviewer. In truth it is written in a catholic tone, very unlike that of the article where it is praised; and it is full of information and acuteness. The view of rubrical obligation which it takes would require to be considered at greater length than we can bestow on it at present, but it is, beyond all doubt, an important one, which deserves much thought, even on the part of such as may be unable to adopt it.

"A Short History of Ireland" (Souter and Law, Fleet Street). This little work contains in a few pages, and for the price of two shillings, a very careful summary of the principal events in the history of Ireland. It is evidently the production of a young and inexperienced writer; and there are many matters, both of style and sentiment, with which we could find fault; but there are a cleverness, a naturalness, and a *naïveté* in it, which make it very agreeable and pleasant reading.

"A Beneficed Clergyman" has put forth a pamphlet, entitled "Mesmerism the Gift of God," (Painter,) in reply to the "Satanic Agency and Mesmerism" of Mr. M'Neile. We have never fallen in with the latter; but we cannot help thinking that, on the ground taken by the combatants, the Beneficed Clergyman has the best of it. Of Mesmerism itself we say nothing, because we know nothing.

The author's name must ensure readers of Mr. Maurice's Letter to Lord Ashley, "on Right and Wrong Methods of Supporting Protestantism," (Parker.) It is full of all the careful, reverent, and generous thought which we always find in Mr. Maurice's writings, and is, we think, calculated to do much good. We trust that the excellent nobleman to whom it is addressed will give it his serious attention, and so be delivered out of the temptation which besets him at present. Our only complaint against Mr. Maurice is, that he *seems* too much to represent the different classes of society as having been living all this while under totally different religious systems, the harmony of which remains yet to be manifested. Now, though there be much truth in our author's views of the *tendencies* of the different classes of the community, we think he seems to underrate, (we do not say more than *seems*, for we are speaking only of the impression which he accidently produces,) the extent to which they have even now, and in times past been harmonized,—the number of Catholics, of the upper orders, who have been Protestants in his sense of cherishing a constant sense of personal religion, and the number of the middling orders who, along with such sense, have been Catholics. When people fall to talking of Catholicism in the English Church, they are much too apt to speak of it as a thing yet future: its full development undoubtedly is so, but we must not deceive ourselves by exaggerating the work which we have to do.

"The Doctrine of Regeneration Considered," by the Rev. G. B. Sandford, (Parker, Oxford; Rivingtons, London,) is an intelligent treatise by a gentleman of industry, research, and sound principle.

Mr. Maitland, Dr. Todd, and one or two other recent writers on Prophecy, have found an opponent in the Rev. T. R. Birks, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has just published a volume, entitled "First Elements of Sacred Prophecy, &c." (Painter,) directed very mainly against the authors in question: whom he designates not inaptly by the title of *Futurists*, reserving for those who adhere generally to the Medean scheme, that of *Protestant* commentators. Mr. Birks is a striking and pious writer, and a man of no ordinary powers and attainments; but we think he would have come better prepared to meet such antagonists as Mr. Maitland and Dr. Todd, had he disabused himself of certain absurd suspicions regarding the tendency of their writings, and an inclination to view their opinions and reasonings in the light of consequences which *he* thinks must issue from their adoption.

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We are indebted to Mr. Darling, of Little Queen-street, for a reprint of a very curious work, "An Humble, Earnest, and Affectionate Address to the Clergy," by William Law, A.M. This was the last publication of that remarkable man, and a strange contrast it is to his earlier ones. We were aware that in his later years he had become enamoured of Behmen and Mysticisim in general, but we did not know how completely he abandoned his Church principles. The pamphlet before us is entirely Quaker in its tone, but it nevertheless contains many true, deep, and sublime things.

We have never seen the Rev. J. Sutcliffe's pamphlet, "accusing the Bishop of London of Heresy and Popery," and therefore much of the force of the Rev. H. Berkeley Jones's "Reply" to it (Rivingtons) is lost on us. We think it can hardly be worth a Reply. We wish Mr. Jones would not mar his good cause by making untenable assertions. It is not true "that the Clergy are learned" as a body, and it is most important that they should learn to know and lament their fault in this respect.

We must own to great disappointment in the Charge of the Lord Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin (Seeley and Burnside). Whatever side his lordship might have taken in the controversies of the day, we looked, from a theologian like him, for information less accessible to all than the contents of the British Critic or the Tracts for the Times, and for something like a positive counter view to that taken by writers whom he might oppose. We have not, however, found such in the Charge, though the notes promise something like it.

The Archdeacon of Chichester's recent Charge (Murray) is, like everything else from his pen, full of beauty and interest. We are glad to find him addressing churchwardens so warmly and persuasively, and also to see the whole Charge so pervaded by a spirit of hope for England and her Church.

The Archdeacon of Colchester, Sir Herbert Oakeley, has just published his primary Charge (Rivingtons), and an excellent one it is. It contains a luminous exposition of the present condition of the church-rate question, which should be carefully read by all the Clergy, and shown to their churchwardens. The remarks on other subjects, particularly the present divisions in the Church, are in an admirable spirit, and calculated to do much good.

Contrary to our usual practice, we are induced to say something, beyond a mere announcement, of single sermons. We select two:—

The first shall be "The Eucharistic Presence Real, not Corporal, by Dr. Biber," (Rivington,) which we do not like, because it seems to us to aim at the very worst possible thing—a Via Media, which shall be middle only because it is not *any* principle, whose essence is *mediety as such* rather than Catholic doctrine. Of course it is difficult to express ourselves accurately in the narrow limits of these brief notices; but here is a sermon, the title of which is unexceptionable, and (as far as we can understand, a loose, rambling, and very unCongregational style,) the main doctrine of which is not unorthodox: and yet which gives the unpleasant impression, to us at least, that, from the time and circumstances under which it was preached, it was meant to pass off in some quarters as a protest against what it did not in fact mean to protest against; that, though one in doctrine with Dr. Pusey, Dr. Biber had no objection to be thought also by those who knew nothing about it, other than one with the same most respected theologian; and that the Incumbent of Roehampton went out of his way to proclaim a verbal disagreement with a certain sermon, or rather to be thought to hint it very obliquely, when, in point of fact, all the time, he knew that he did not intend theoretically the slightest difference in doctrine, and that he sought rather to convey an impression on his congregation than to commit himself as a writer against what he knew to be the orthodox doctrine. We are as sensitively alive as any can be to the evils of party; we yield not to Mr. Sewell himself in this respect; but we do say emphatically that beyond its due

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measure to be afraid of what ignorant people choose to call party, is shallow self-opinionativeness, and a thing utterly to be avoided and despised. If the Church Catholic, for instance, had chosen to affect to draw some subtle distinction which never existed between its dogmas and the doctrine of St. Athanasius, and this for fear of being called Athanasians, (which, by the bye, *was* a nick-name bestowed upon the Catholics,) such conduct would have been weak and delusive, and partaking of party-spirit, too, of the worst kinds: and so—and we trust not intentionally to misrepresent Dr. Biber, if we do, his unhappy style or our stupidity are to be blamed—we think that it was ill-judged and perhaps unkind to an individual, if not undutiful to the Church, to select a recent crisis as the very moment to preach a sermon quotable both ways, which had one sound and another meaning.

The second shall be "A Sermon in behalf of the Special Fund for Providing National Schools for the Manufacturing and Mining Districts, by the Hon. and Rev. John Grey, Vicar of Wooler," (Burns,) which is a very good sermon, and we select it, not for its special merits, which are, however, very considerable, but for other reasons. First, because it gives us an opportunity to urge the necessity of contributing to this Fund, raised by the National Society as a sort of humble confession of our frightful neglects towards our baptized brethren. If the rejection of the ill-judged government scheme of education had only produced this offering, of what in about three weeks amounted to some 60,000*l.*, we should have been content to believe that the worse than heathen state of our manufacturing districts, in exposing which we have borne our part, was beginning to be known, and, far better, to be repented of by those who have the means to remedy it, and we cannot but think well of the National Society for permitting the rich, at this crisis of our fate, the privilege, by self-denial, of expressing something like national humiliation for national sin, unparalleled in the annals of a christian country. But, secondly, we are bound, with whatever pain, to record our unqualified disapprobation of the *mode* in which this subscription is conducted. Subscription-lists are at the best but suspicious things, and, somehow, inconsistent with certain gospel precepts; but to rank ladies and gentlemen, peers and right honourables, as thousand-pound men, and five-hundred-pound men, down in due gradation of ranks to guinea-men; to say to the one order "Sit thou here," proud, pompous, and admirable; and to the other order, "Stand thou there," poor, poverty-stricken, and crowded with the ignoble herd; this is unusually and significantly offensive. In good deeds, where perhaps the balance of self-denial is, like the widow's mite, in favour of the curate's guinea as compared with the rich man's thousands; the one, *if they must be published and placarded*, ought to rank with the other. The Church, as it recognises neither high nor low, rich nor poor, but only as in God's sight the dutiful and willing heart, the "*cheerful*" rather than the large giver, ought never to have permitted itself this unchristian classification.

We have been too long, by some unaccountable accident, in noticing a very admirable Sermon, entitled, "Christ's Ministers to give attendance to Reading, Exhortation, and Doctrine," by Leicester Darwall, M.A. (Rivingtons). Both the text and the notes of this pamphlet are very valuable.

"Unity and Love Essential to the Increase of the Body of Christ," is the title given by the Rev. J. M. Wilkins, A.M. Rector of Southwell, to a very excellent and orthodox Sermon preached by him at the Bishop of Lincoln's last Visitation, and "published in obedience to the desire of the Bishop and Clergy," (Rivingtons).

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.*]

A FEW QUESTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE ARTICLE ON THE "RUBRICS AND RITUAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND," IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR MAY, 1843.

P. 243.—"It is, for example, not seemly, if the matter be at all worthy of episcopal interference, as we think it certainly is—that a preacher should be enjoined to wear a white gown at one end of London Bridge, and a black gown on the other,—which must be the case till the Bishop of Winchester shall have adopted the Bishop of London's views, or," &c.

The Bishop of London has not *enjoined* preachers to wear a white gown. He says in his Charge, that he is hardly prepared to give any positive direction on this point. He states his opinion (which seems also to be that of the Reviewer) that it is certainly desirable that uniformity of practice should prevail in the Church at large.

Is it the case that the Bishop of Winchester has "*enjoined* preachers to *wear a black gown?*"

Pp. 243, 244.—"All Christians using the Apostles' Creed acknowledge themselves to be members of one holy Catholic or Universal Church, and so all who profess and call themselves Christians are, in this view of the matter, and according to the interpretation of our Liturgy, Catholics."

But do "all who profess and call themselves Christians" use the Apostles' Creed?—Do not many reject all forms whatever?

It is said in the next page, "that the Church of England uses it" (the word Catholic) "as it was used in the earliest ages of the Christian Church—as nearly synonymous with orthodox."

Is it meant by the Reviewer, that "all who profess and call themselves Christians are . . . according to the interpretation of our Liturgy," "orthodox?" Heretics call themselves Christians. The Church teaches us to pray for heretics. Does she mean, then, by heretics—"Catholics"—*i. e.* as the Reviewer shows, "orthodox" persons?

If the Romanists have used as an argument in favour of their corrupt communion the common application to it of the word "Catholic"—surely the name is even on this account "worth disputing about." If Archbishop Secker had lived now when we have to contend with Popery, it is probable that he would have claimed the title as the heritage of his own Church.

By this time we ought to know that words are not trifles.

P. 248.—The Reviewer criticizes the expressions of the Bishop of London's Charge, and in the course of his criticism says, or seems to say, that "a venial transgression" "might indeed be justified, or . . . something more than justified."

That "an exact and conscientious performance of a prescribed duty" might be "*justified,*" or even "*more than* justified," *i. e.* might

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be commended, appears to me quite true, but I do not see how this can be said of a transgression.

The Reviewer thinks it inconsistent with "*Common Prayer*" that minister and people should all look one way in prayer, for his argument comes to this. He devotes some pages to this subject in the latter part of the Review. He has failed to make me see that the circumstance of the minister and people facing the same way, interferes with "common prayer." He advocates the custom of all turning towards the Communion Table while repeating the Creeds, but he should have shown how this does not interfere with a proper repetition of our "Common faith."

While the Reviewer is upon this subject, he says that the frontispiece to Bishop Sparrow's "Rationale" has been appealed to as "authority." He *cannot* here refer to the Bishop of London's Charge, for though he says that the Bishop treats the practice of worshipping towards the East "with a kind of indulgent countenance," (p. 278,) yet the Bishop does really say that he does *not* consider it to be the intention of our Church, that the officiating minister, when reading prayers, should turn to the East, with his back to the congregation. And when the Bishop speaks of Sparrow, he refers to his words, and not to the frontispiece to his book.

P. 258.—The Reviewer places a Rubric, which he says (though I see it not) seems to imply one practice, in opposition to another Rubric which positively enjoins another. If the former Rubric only implies, we must take the clearer guidance of a positive injunction.

It seems to me to be a conclusive argument for the original practice with regard to the Church Militant Prayer, that its use is assumed in all the State Services. Besides, the direction that certain words are to be left out, "if there be no alms or oblations," implies that the prayer is to be used on such occasions.

The Reviewer argues against the "innovation" of using the first part of the Marriage Service in the body of the Church.

He says (p. 271), "*We talk of leading a lady to the* ALTAR." So we do; and I suppose this expression must have originated in times when the bridegroom really did lead the bride to the altar, which, according to the custom which has generally prevailed of late, *he does not*. She is generally brought to the altar by some one else. According to the practice reprobated by the Reviewer, she is "led to the altar" by the bridegroom.

Has not the practice of reading the first part of the service always continued in some parts of the west of England?

The Bishop of London does not refer to this matter in his Charge.

The following note is in p. 264, in which the Reviewer is speaking of the use of the gown in preaching:

"It may be worth remarking, that in the Roman Catholic church a like principle prevails: when the same priest performs the service and preaches, he takes off, before he ascends the pulpit, the peculiar vestment, (chasuble or cope,) in which he performs the *rites*, and assumes it again when he returns to the altar."

The use then of the same vestment during the whole of the morning service is not to be traced to popery. S. C.

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THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

THE practical consideration which we propose to give to our subject, has been suggested by the objections which, as far as we are able to know them, have been brought against the sermon of Mr. Morris not long since. It seems that a mere expression of hope, on his part, that the murdered Laud still intercedes for his beloved Church, is a notion full of terror to some people in these days. We believe, indeed, that the persons who disliked Mr. Morris's statement were on the look-out, as sailors say, for squalls, and that a predisposition was the main cause of their malady; still there must have been something more than this, which induced them to fix upon the passage in question as a vulnerable point in their adversary. They must have seen something in it which they did not like, and this something must either have been the opinion that the saints departed intercede for the saints on earth, or an indistinct idea that the admission of such a notion is inseparable from the abuse of it, and that to believe that departed saints are praying for us, is necessarily followed by our prayers to them. Now, we can hardly imagine the objectors to have been so utterly unreasonable as to entertain the latter opinion, forgetting that the fact of the ministry of angels is generally admitted, although men are not induced thereby to pray to them, any more than to any other gracious means of good, animate or inanimate, by which God works out the designs of His providence. We do not believe this of them, and therefore we are inclined to attribute their objections to an habitual fear of contemplating the nature and probable occupations of the intermediate state, as if to think of it were unsafe, and to speak of it presumptuous, except in that vague and erroneous manner which is too popular amongst us, and which, if it leaves any impression upon the mind of the hearer or the speaker, strengthens a mistake which makes some parts of Scripture a dead letter to them, and the burial service of the Church a form, into much of the spirit of which they cannot enter. We are confirmed in this opinion by the remarks which we have heard on Mr. Morris's sermon: for one friend of ours, who has become a woman of most catholic feeling and practice, but who has never had this subject brought before her, was shocked and hurt at the very thought of such intermediate occupations; and thus, through never having received any instruction upon the subject, she was liable, at any time, to have her confidence in her pastors, and in the Fathers of the Anglican and of the Catholic Church shaken, if not destroyed. In fact, from an idea that the subject is unpractical, and altogether uncertain, a doctrine which is expressed in the Prayer-book has been very generally excluded from our pulpits; and it is only a very short time since a clergyman, after preaching an excellent sermon on the parable of Lazarus and Dives, in which throughout he made the one the denizen of heaven, and the other of hell, informed us that he had done so deliberately, under the conviction that the doctrine of a middle state was not an intelligible or useful truth. To us it seems a rash thing to

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speak thus of any doctrine of God, especially of one so prominent as was this in the minds of the apostles, and of all the martyrs and holy doctors who succeeded them; and which supplies some of its most cheering strains to the subdued triumph of our Burial Service. We earnestly wish, therefore, to call the attention of our readers, especially the clerical part of them, to the practical bearings of this doctrine. It will be necessary, in so doing, to state the truth as it is, with some of its evidences, combating only the notions popular with us, and not, except indirectly, the far worse and "most distressing" doctrine of the Romish communion.

I. The first of these popular errors is, the notion that the soul sleeps after death—an opinion which seems to have been broached about the time of the Reformation, and to have become more general since.* Now, we are not only prepared to find *some* truth in this, as well as in every doctrine, but are ready to admit the whole of the assertion that the dead sleep. So spake Daniel, when he foretold "that many who *sleep* in the dust of the earth" should awake: so, also, our Saviour, "He is not dead, but *sleepeth*." "David fell on *sleep*." S. Stephen, when he had breathed his dying words, "fell *asleep*." Thus, the Catholic Church believed and felt in her purest days, and thus our own Church adopts the word into her Service, feeling that she is consistent with herself, although elsewhere she asserts the conscious blessedness of the deceased.† We make no question, therefore—we *can* make no question—that the dead sleep; but *how*?—in a state of unconsciousness? in a sleep of spirits?

How, then, could Lazarus and Dives feel, and think, and speak, and, as the Gospel tells us, while yet the world was rolling on, filled with saints and sinners like them? How, then, did the Lord receive the spirit of S. Stephen? Wherefore did S. Paul "desire to depart and be with Christ," which was "far better" than his conscious heaven of privileges, and of angelic and divine society on earth? How did the spirits in the Apocalypse call anxiously for the coming of their deliverance, "How long, how long?" Again, on such a supposition, we must believe the Church to have been in error from the first. The church of Smyrna writes of Polycarp, that "with the apostles and all the just he rejoices, and glorifies God the Father." (Sec. xix.) S. Clement says of Paul, that he "has gone to the holy place." (1 Epist. Sec. 5.) And Polycarp of Ignatius, Zosimus, Rufus, and others, and of Paul and of the rest of the apostles, that they are "in the place which is due to them with the Lord, with whom also they were fellow-sufferers." (Epist. Sec. ix.) Thus, also, S. Ambrose, "The glorious company of the apostles praise thee, The noble army of martyrs praise thee!" Tertullian also writes, "What then shall we do in the mean time? Shall we be asleep? Souls do not sleep," (*De animâ*, cap. ult.)‡ If the reader

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* Calvin wrote his Psychopannychia against the German Anti-Pædobaptists, who held this doctrine.—*See Wall*, vol. ii. p. 344. Oxford Edition.

† Collect in the Burial Service: "Them that sleep in him."

‡ Wall, vol. ii. p. 347.

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wishes for more evidence of the opinion of Antiquity, we would refer him to the ancient liturgies, or, for brevity, to Usher's Treatise on Purgatory, reprinted in the Tracts for the Times, Vol. III.

Again, if the soul sleeps, how shall we hear our Church when she says "that they are in joy and felicity?" How, too, shall we escape the sceptic's objection, that, If the soul can sleep for a thousand years, it may sleep for ever? The whole argument for the immortality of the soul, which Bishop Butler states so admirably, is overturned.

Finally, How shall we reconcile the history of our Saviour's manhood with the destinies of our own, if we are to follow Him—if we only rise by being part of Him? for, as Bishop Andrewes says:—

"He and we are *σύμφυτοι*; that is, so 'grafted' one into the other, that He is part of us, and we of Him; so that, as S. Bernard well observeth, *Christus etsi solus resurrexit tamen non totus.*"—*Sermon on Rom.* vi. 9.

How shall He have been in Paradise after death, and with the spirits in prison, whilst we are to lie inanimate atoms in the dust of the earth?

A very poor fraction of scriptural and other evidence against the notion of sleep in such a sense as this, is here furnished, but surely enough to decide the question with most of our readers.

II. On the other hand, a large mass of men believe that the righteous pass at once into heaven, and the wicked to hell—a notion which is no less unscriptural and uncatholic than the former.

"It is true, indeed, that some Fathers spoke of the soul as going directly to heaven, and that this became afterwards the prevailing opinion in the Western Church; which is also affirmed in a Homily of the Church of England,* set forth in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

But this must not alarm us, for,

1. Such an opinion is destructive of the arguments by which Christ and S. Paul prove the resurrection of the body, (Wall, vol. i. p. 350,) and indeed is wholly irreconcilable with the stress which is always laid upon the resurrection of the flesh.

If we are to value this blessed privilege, which has been so dearly purchased for us, must we not feel that as men we are incomplete without the body; that before the resurrection we are dismembered and divided beings, and that the cause of death is commuted rather than reversed? *Without* the body we shall be imperfect, "For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven; if so be that *being clothed we shall not be found naked.* For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not *for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon,*" (2 Cor. v. 2. &c.) *With* the *sinful* body we shall have the full wretchedness of hell (1 Cor. vi. 18); *with* the *glorified* body we shall possess the happiness of *heaven.* Both misery and happiness are incomplete so long as man is incomplete, so long as his faculties of suffering and rejoicing are imperfect.

2. This notion interferes with the doctrine of the Judgment; it draws

* Third part of the Sermon concerning Prayer.—*Wall*, vol. ii. p. 349.

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down the saints out of heaven, and raises up the wicked out of hell.* It contradicts also (Acts ii. 34,) and destroys the parallel between our Lord's human life and ours, as completely as does the doctrine of Sleep.

Our Church speaks plainly against this fancy in her Burial Service, when she prays God to hasten His kingdom, "that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of God's holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul." We have carefully avoided the controverted question of Prayers for the Dead, but we may be allowed here to call forth the old Liturgies as witnesses to the belief of Antiquity, that the souls of the departed are not in heaven. The expression which was first used of the prison of Judas τόπον τοῦ ἴδιον, (Acts i. 25,) seems to have given rise to similar terms among the earlier writers. Thus Clement speaks of ἱδρυμένου αὐτοῖς τόπου (1 Epist. xliv.); and Ignatius, "Every one is about to go εἰς τὸν ἴδιον τόπον. (*Ad Magnes.* sec. v.) And Polycarp has been before quoted as speaking of the place, ὀφειλόμενον αὐτοῖς. Irenæus again says that souls go into the place appointed them by God, and there wander until the resurrection, waiting for it; then, having received their bodies, and rising entirely, that is, with their bodies, as also the Lord arose, thus they will come to the sight of God."†

This last passage beautifully describes the incompleteness for which we have been contending, φοιτῶσι περιμενούσαι. Need we add the cry of the spirits in the Apocalypse, "How long, how long?" And as to the likeness between our Lord and His many brethren, the same Father continues:—

"For the disciple is not above his master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his master. As, therefore, our Master did not presently fly up to heaven, but, waiting till the time of his resurrection that was appointed by the Father, which had been foreshown by Jonas, and rising the third day, was so taken to heaven; so we must also wait the time of our resurrection."—*See Wall*, vol. i. p. 349.

To sum up, in the words of Bramhall:—

"Though their souls be always in a state of blessedness, yet they want the consummation of this blessedness, extensively, at least, until the body be reunited unto the soul; and (as it is piously and probably believed,) intensively also, that the soul hath not yet so full and clear a vision of God as it shall have hereafter."—*Answer to M. De La Milletiere.*

In what sense, then, is the middle state a sleep, and in what a heaven?

It is a sleep because it is a *rest*—a rest from labour. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." And as Job says:—"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master.—(Chap. iii. ver. 13, &c.)

This of the righteous; but to *all* there is a sleep of the body, a dull, senseless, unconscious sleep, a sleep of *death;* a slumber which requires a miracle to break, which the force of "continuance" would preserve

* Wall, vol. ii. p. 351.

† *Vide* note, p. 180. Patres Apostol. Ed. Jacobson.

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for ever, but for the trump of God. (Butler, Anal. c. i. part i. p. 17, Oxford Ed. 1836.)

And if we are in heaven even here on earth, received to glory, (Rom. xv. 7,) "in heavenly places," (Ephes. i. 3,) arrived at Zion and living in the midst of celestial things and beings, (Heb. xii. 22,) "partakers of the divine nature," "temples of the Holy Ghost," and "brethren of Christ;" if we are justified by such privileges in looking upon our dwelling within the Church militant, as an inhabiting of heaven, how much more shall safety from the power of sinning, and rest for contemplation, and the sensible society of all saints, and the calm of Abraham's bosom, and "to be with Christ" in an higher sense, be justly termed a heaven, better than the heaven which *is*, although not the heaven which *shall be?*

We will conclude our statement of this doctrine in the words of Mr. Palmer:—

"The righteous, after death, are immediately translated to a region of peace, refreshment, and joy, while the wicked are consigned to a place of torment, from whence there is no escape."—*Orig. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 97.

And now it may be permitted us to say a few words upon the probable occupations of the Intermediate State; which, although they cannot be very definite or certain, may, at least, make it appear that Mr. Morris's statement deserves more mercy than it obtained. We have already quoted the account of Polycarp's martyrdom, and the *Te Deum*, as witnesses to the consciousness of departed souls; but those same statements, it will be recollected, spoke of the deceased saints as occupied in praise. Again, we have already cited the well-known passage in the Apocalypse, which represents the saints as praying for a speedy accomplishment of all things, and for the hastening of Christ's kingdom. To us, indeed, it seems next to impossible that spirits which on earth continually prayed "Thy kingdom come," and which offered here the effectual fervent intercession of righteousness, in behalf of the Church which they so dearly loved, should cease their supplications when existing in that calm and leisure state, which follows upon the troubles of this life. If heavenly contemplation, spiritual intercourse, and praises of the Godhead, are admitted to form part of the occupations of the dead in Christ, surely we cannot thus arbitrarily exclude the office of intercession by which they most resembled their Saviour while they lived, and which, if it should seem the work of an imperfect state, must be remembered to be the gracious office of our Redeemer even now, and therefore surely not involving too much incompleteness in those who have not yet ascended into heaven.

Admit the intercession of the saints, the Romanist then will say, and why not request that intercession? If they do pray for us, and if it were not wrong to have asked of them this boon, while living, how can it be sinful now?

It seems to us, that this is a question which the moral sense will decide better than the reason. It is hard to *say* how the one petition is a prayer, and the other not; but it is not hard to *feel* that there is this difference; and a child would vanquish the divine by showing him that it felt it impossible to ask anything of a person with whom it

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had no sensible means of communication, without approaching too nearly to that address which is the property of God alone. But it would be only fair to ask of the Romanist why he does not supplicate all saints living, as well as those departed? He never dreams of asking those to pray for him on earth whom he knows will never hear of his petition. If he betake himself to such speculations as those of the schoolmen, we answer at once that we know nothing of what he speaks; and although we cannot agree with Bucer that it is a sin to pray for that which we do not know will be granted;* yet to offer petitions which we cannot tell whether they even be heard or no, seems wholly inconsistent with the confidence which should attend every act of Catholic worship.

Whether, indeed, we believe that the "*claritas Dei*,"† or the "*speculum Trinitatis*," or any other such fancy, is an adequate account of the knowledge which invocation presupposes, it does seem to us certain that the majority of people are unable to divorce the notion of omniscience from such an idea, and so are incapable of regarding those to whom they pray, otherwise than as, in some sense, and that a very full sense, ubiquitous and divine. We hold it to be practically impossible to invoke the saints, and, at the same time, to remember that they are but men.

We have said nothing of scriptural or Catholic teachings upon this subject, because we have only touched upon it incidentally, and in a cautionary manner. Enough, however, it is hoped, has been said to convince the reader, that they who believe in the *fact* of the intercession of departed saints, as well as of living, do yet shrink from all idea of addressing them, as much as any Protestant can desire. But we undertook to show the practical influence of which the true doctrine of the middle state is capable, and which we are bound to give to it. Before, however, we state two reasons which principally weigh with us, it may be permitted us to remind our readers, that the best method of correcting or warding error is to establish truth; and that no defence, therefore, against the doctrine of Purgatory can be so sound, so likely to remain, so free from the evils attendant upon controversial statements, as the clear affirmative practical teaching of our Church's doctrine upon this subject. And, moreover, to know the truth, whatever it be, is a thing in itself desirable; and when that truth is a doctrine of Scripture, and of the Church, so that our minds cannot be in unison with their teaching unless they receive it, it is surely no indifferent thing whether men are right or wrong upon this point.

First, then, to believe in this doctrine of the Middle State, is to see (which has been already noticed,) the parallel between our Redeemer's history and our own. It is only by believing that as He died, was buried, descended into Hades—which was a paradise or blessed place, a boon to the penitent thief, and a meet dwelling for the souls of the righteous—and rose again in the flesh, a perfect man, with human soul and human body reunited, before he ascended into heaven; so we shall follow in His steps, rising *as* He rose, and *because* He rose, and as *part*

* He argued against prayers for the dead, on the ground that "whatsoever is not of faith, is sin."—*Tracts for the Times*, vol. iii. p. 58.

† See Bramhall's Answer to M. De La Milletiere.

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of Him, and therefore resembling Him throughout; it is only by this belief that we can recognise the completeness of our regeneration in Him, of the gradual restoration of our fallen race through the incarnation, and life, and death, and grave, and resurrection of the First-born among many brethren; it is only thus that we can feel that He was indeed as we are, that we might be as He is.

III. Against the notion of the sleep of the soul, we would urge its probable effect upon many minds. To bad men, distance of punishment seems security; and, in the same way, as Aristotle justly affirms, that death comes to be less feared from its remoteness, so vengeance loses much of its power of terrifying, if it is deferred. There may seem to be little in this to many of our readers, but if they have stood by the death-bed of a sinner, whose earthly agonies almost prevent all thought of future sufferings, they will know that, to a man in this state, it is not the same thing to speak of an *immediate* transition to greater misery, and of a state of unconsciousness which may last for ages, and which seems like a blessed sleep to the fevered frame.

To good men, also, it is a different thing to speak to them of immediate happiness after death; to tell them of friends conscious, and blessed, and waiting to receive them, and to speak to them of a long time of waiting, even though it should pass away as a moment. We cannot expect all fully to sympathize with us in these remarks, but with ourselves they are the result of a long standing, and deep feeling upon the subject.

It may be hoped, also, that the feeling that there is a communion of saints, would be strengthened by a right belief of this doctrine, as often as the thought of departed friends, martyrs, and apostles, and of all whom we have loved in history or by personal intercourse, crosses our hearts, as of those who are caring for us, and waiting for us, and are incomplete without us.

We will meet one more possible objection, and conclude. It may be feared, by some, that to hold out the existence of a conscious state after death, would be to suggest hopes of improvement and of a preparation for the Judgment neglected to be made on earth. But if it be distinctly stated in the language before-quoted, that each is gone to "his own place," a place from which there is no removal, and which is but a foretaste of that eternity of joy or woe which shall follow upon the promulgation of our everlasting sentence, there can surely be nothing to be feared. It may be stated, too, that punishment, as distinguished from chastisement, estranges the wicked yet more from God; and that despair, and not repentance, will ever be the fearful consequence of sufferings which cannot be removed. To show that they who believed the doctrine for which we have been contending believed this sad truth also, we can accompany our teaching with the powerful words of S. Clement (Epist. ii. § 8); "We are clay in the hands of the maker; for, like as the potter, if he form a vessel, and have twisted it in his hands, or crushed it, remoulds it quite afresh; but if he have previously cast it into the furnace of the fire, he can no longer do any good to it; so, also, we, whilst we are in this world, let us repent, from the bottom of our hearts, for all the evil deeds

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which we have done in the flesh, that we may be saved by the Lord, while we have time for repentance; for after we have left this world we can no longer confess ourselves there, or repent any more."

We subjoin an extract from some anonymous lines which are in the possession of a friend, and are illustrative of some of the points for which we have been contending, and would refer our readers to Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons on 2 Cor. v. 6, and Rev. xiv. 13, and to Mr. Newman's most interesting Discourse on Rev. vi. 11, in vol. iii. of the Parochial Sermons:—

"The world has triumph'd o'er the will,
And closed the watchful eye;
Th' uplifted hands have fall'n, and still
Are clasp'd in apathy.

The head has sunk upon the breast,
And soft successive breath
Alone declares that fearful rest
Is not the sleep of death.

Sleep, sleep, worn frame; but far away
Thy spirit freed hath fled;
And pass'd before her joyful day,
To th' home of th' happy dead.

She rests beside the gentlest stream;
She breathes the softest gales;
She is glad beneath the pale moon-beam,
Which gilds those peaceful vales.

Nor piercing cold, nor scorching heat,
Nor time of drear decay,
Break in upon that summer sweet
Which shall not pass away.

Nor wrath, nor care, nor pain, nor dread,
Disturb the peace of Love,
And holy joy for ever shed
By angel hands above.

Pure spirits dwell with spirits pure,
In closest unity;
And 'fond hearts, of each other sure,'
There hold communion high.

Sweet is the peace of Paradise,
The weary race is run;
But when, O when will day arise,
With one perpetual dawn?

'How long? How long?'*—O calmly rest,
Ye spirits of the Lord!
Yours is the peace of Abraham's breast,
And yours th' unfailing word.

The summer moons are waning fast;
The fields are glistening white;†
Long time the midnight watch is past,
And see—the East is bright."

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* Rev. vi. 10.

† Rev. xiv. 15, 16.

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF EXETER, *Sept.* 24.
BP. OF SALISBURY, *Sept.* 24.
BP. OF LINCOLN, *Sept.* 24.
BP. OF HEREFORD, *Sept.* 24.
BP. OF PETERBOROUGH, *Sept.* 24.
BP. OF LONDON, *Oct.* 1.
BP. OF ELY, *Dec.* 3.
BP. OF RIPON, *Dec.* 17.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH, *at Norwich, on Sunday, August* 13.

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Of St. Bees.—J. L. Warner.

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Sherwood, H. M.	Broughton Hackett, R.	Worcester	Lord Chancellor	73	153
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Wigton, W.	Ch. Ch., Tean, P.C.	Lichfield	...	...	...
Williams, J.	Thornbury, R.	Hereford	W. L. Childe, Esq.	183	212
Wilson, M.	Loddington, V.	Peterboro'	Chas. Morris, Esq.	92	164
Wise, W. J.	Grandborough, V.	Worcester	Rev. T. R. Bromfield	185	528
Wodehouse, A.	Crownthorpe, R.	Norwich	Lord Wodehouse	133	106

APPOINTMENTS.

Cattley, S. R., Chaplain to the Female Orphan Asylum.
Davis, J., Chap. to the Gaol of Newgate.
Montgomery, R., Min. of Percy Prop. Chapel, Charlotte-st., Fitzroy-sq.
Slipper, R. B., Head Master of Hingham School.
Veitch, W. D., Head of the Missionary Coll. at Jerusalem and Examining Chap. to Bp. Alexander.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Allen, M., A.B., Minister of St. Paul's, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Barnes, J., of Castle Sowerby.
Boulton, G., M.A., 57 years Rector of Oxendon, Northamptonshire.
Bowness, R., formerly Curate of Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire.
Bragge, C.
Cargill, R., LL.B., of Liverpool.
Carr, W., B.D., Incumbent of Bolton Abbey and Rector of Ashton Terrold.
Drake, W., M.A., at Northampton.
Farmer, T., M.A., at Aspley Rectory.
Forster, S., D.D., Rector of Shotley.
Galland, T., M.A., Vicar of Laneham.
Garnett, J., at Firbank.
Goff, T., of Hale House, Hants.
Howell, E. L., B.A., Curate of Little Malvern and Berrow.
Irwin, A. L., M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Seminary of the S. P. G. at Madras.
Knox, Dr., Head Master of Tonbridge School.
Lynes, J., Incumbent of Hatton, near Warwick.
Taylor, J., D.D., P. C. of Hope and Ford.
Tucker, P. C., Rector of Washford Pyne.
Wallace, J. L., Master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School.
Whytehead, T., Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of New Zealand.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ABERDEEN.—Our readers will find in another department of the *Remembrancer* an account of the degradation and excommunication of Sir Wm. Dunbar, late minister of St. Paul's Chapel, by the Bishop of this diocese. It seems very important that this document and proceeding receive careful attention in England, lest her Church be in any way taken by surprise, or found without resource, in so important a matter.

MIXED MARRIAGES—IRELAND.—*The Queen* v. *Millis*. *The Queen* v. *Carroll*.—*August* 10.—This was the day appointed for giving judgment on these important appeals. The opinion of the judges, as rendered last month, was, it is well known, to this effect: that a contract *per verba de presenti* did not by itself, according to the old common law of England, constitute an actual marriage, but only an obligation to celebrate one. The intervention of a priest was necessary to establish matrimony. On this day, however, Lords Brougham and Campbell intimated their dissent from this opinion, and declared their conviction that England did, anterior to the Marriage Acts, recognise the Law Christian of Europe, which upheld the validity of the marriage contract, even when gone into without the intervention of a priest. Lord Denman, it was intimated by Lord Brougham, was of the same opinion with himself. The views of Lords Lyndhurst and Cottenham have not yet been laid before the House; so that the case stands over till next session. It seems likely, from an intimation given by the former, that it will be argued over again by ecclesiastical lawyers.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1843.

Speculum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; or, Some Account of the Principles and Results of the Reformation of the Church of England. By JOHN HARTLAND WORGAN, M.A. *Curate of Calthorpe, &c.* London: Parker. Leicester: Crossley. 1843.

THIS is an admirable work, obviously the result of much study and reflection, vindicating, as we think, successfully, that which ought to require no vindication among us—the main character and essential principles of our English Reformation; taking a cheerful view of our prospects, and marked throughout by that hearty loyalty to the Reformed Church of England which we believe to be a necessary condition, as well of success in removing her defects as of all other healthy exertion within her pale. This last point is so important that we propose pausing on it, and devoting a couple of articles to the consideration of our ecclesiastical condition and character.

Is the Church of England Catholic or not? This is a question that is asked alike by friend or foe. If any understand it as an inquiry whether or not the Church of England be *the Catholic Church*, we must inform them at once, that we have no intention of either vindicating or impugning a thesis, the very proposal of which is an extreme absurdity. We should not, indeed, have alluded to this preposterous inquiry, had it not really been raised both by Romanist and Anglican writers, the former of whom are too glad to see made, and some of the latter of whom have been too willing virtually to make, such a ridiculous claim. When we ask whether or not the Church of England be Catholic, our inquiry can rationally and fitly take but two

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directions. We may ask if she be a legitimate branch of the Catholic Church, so as alone to have rightful authority over those placed within her geographical boundaries: or secondly, we may ask if she be Catholic in tone, temper, and character, manifesting the reality of her profession to this effect, by her words and by her deeds.

Of these inquiries we have no intention, at present, of entering on the former. It is a question of facts, and of facts easily ascertained. It has been already abundantly discussed, and if there be any one of our readers who feels unsettled on the subject, we must refer him to the works of our standard divines, as containing all that can be said on it.

The latter, however, is ground that still remains in great measure to be worked; for, when our Romish assailants are tired of impeaching the validity of our orders, the sufficiency of our liturgy, and the orthodoxy of our doctrine, they not unfrequently, at present, shift the discussion from those points to our actual temper and practice, and impugn our Catholicity, by denying that we bear the fruits of Catholicity. They argue, "it is very well to say that you are Catholic, that you have never quitted the unity of the Church, that you hold the doctrine, and join in the sacraments, of the whole body of the faithful; that you have never broken the sacred line of the priesthood, that you propose no terms of communion but such as are entirely Catholic, and refuse none such as it is Catholic to demand of you. Granting all these things, for argument's sake, how come you to be so uncatholic in all you think, and say, and do? Try as you like, you cannot act the part which you claim for yourselves—your own habitual conduct condemns you. From the date of that event which you call the Reformation, your Church has been nothing but a national institution, and all your talk about Christ's universal kingdom and holy Catholic Church, has not opened to you one glimmering of communion with any christian souls born out of your own geographical limits." Nor is this estimate of the Church of England confined to Romanists. There are those among her own children who form a very similar one; who consider her to be indeed the branch of the Catholic Church to which they owe allegiance, but nevertheless to have forfeited every claim to their affection, except that essential one,—to be, in short, as uncatholic as it is possible for a Catholic Church to be.

Now, it is notionally possible that the case should be so. There might be a Church, having rightful authority over her children, and yet acting a cruel part by them, even as there are parents who must be reverenced and obeyed as such, though they have no personal claims on the respect or affection of their offspring. The Church of England may be the representative of the Church Catholic to Englishmen; and yet may be the

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worst branch of that Church,—the coldest and the most neglectful,—may do less than any other for the spiritual advancement of her children, and may be the most willing of any to remain in a state of isolation, and consequent languor and decay. It is very distressing if the case be so; but it is, as we have said, supposable that it should, and many seem to think it certain that it is. Let us ask how far the facts justify such an impression.

We need hardly say, at the outset, that the interruption of communion between ourselves and the Latin Church, however great a calamity, does necessarily involve no loss of Catholicity. If our position can be justified in this respect, (as we have taken for granted,) then, though we must bear meanwhile with the partial loss of one of the most beautiful fruits of Catholicity, we may ourselves be altogether Catholic. The intercommunion of churches must not be confounded with the unity of the Church. The one is an unchangeable reality, "eternal in the heavens," of which each integral portion of the visible Church on earth is the sacrament, and to which each such portion conducts her faithful members: the other is a manifestation that men and churches perceive and enter into that reality, one of the fruits of Catholicity, but not Catholicity itself. For every faithful branch, nay, every faithful member, of the Church is so far Catholic; and only as being so, can either the one or the other be within the promises. Catholicity consists in having such an apprehension of the faith, and following such a line of conduct, as shall produce a capacity of, and readiness for, christian sympathy and communion with any church or any man willing, on true principles, to grant and return them; and if they be withheld, the offerer is not one whit the less Catholic. The question, then, comes to this, whether, the Catholicity of her formal position being granted, the Church of England does exhibit such capacity and readiness,—whether she be not herself too well pleased with her insular independence—whether she may not have discouraged Catholic communion when it might have taken place—whether she has not stinted her children of that largeness of sympathy and fellowship to which it was her part, as a Church, to have invited and raised them. This is some of the complaint which certain of them are now making against her. Let us see if they have any good reason for making it.

We have several times taken for granted the Catholicity of our formal position; *i. e.* we have taken for granted that our Church, as a Church, did nothing material at the Reformation, or subsequently, which she had not a right to do; nothing, therefore, which justified other churches in interrupting their communion with her. Our own convictions go further; for, since we believe the integral character, and consequent occasional independence, of churches to be as vital a truth as is the duty and privilege of intercommunion, we cannot but think that it

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was right to bear a witness for it; and that, under the circumstances, the work of reformation could not have been accomplished without such a witness. But this is beside our present question. Has our Church ever exulted, or ever contentedly acquiesced in a state of separation from other churches? It costs us little to admit that her rulers, at the time of the Reformation, may not have always carried about with them a due sorrow for the schism in which they were taking a part. Such an admission in no way commits the Church, which has entered into the benefit of their labours; for she, simply as being a Church, must ever have a largeness and perfection beyond that of any of her individual members; they serve her each in his place and degree, each seeing his own especial side of that truth which she retains as a whole. While, therefore, it is no disparagement to the Anglican reformers, that they did not escape that one-sidedness which is more or less the necessary condition of each individual's thought and action; that, occupied with one great and holy work to which the Head of the Church had called them, they were not mentally and morally fitted for every other;* such considerations can still less be made an imputation against that Church which is committed to nothing about those men but their public and formal proceedings; and to whom in every other respect they are but two or three individuals among her children of one particular time. In this imperfect state of affairs, no truth, especially no long-forgotten truth, is ever very sedulously pursued, except at the temporary and partial expense of some other; it is our duty, for our own parts, to see that this be as little the case as possible; but as we can hardly hope altogether to avoid its occurrence in ourselves, so are we bound to look most leniently on it in others. As far, then, as we have yet gone, no worse case is made out against the Church of England than that, during the bustle and crisis of her Reformation, those who were engaged in that work may not, perhaps, have always kept their minds awake to considerations not directly connected with it.

Passing, then, the period of Reformation, what have been the subsequent tone and temper of our Church in this matter of communion with the rest of Christendom? That the seventeenth century saw no greater signs of christian intercourse between the English and other churches than had taken place during the sixteenth, we frankly admit; but we think that the same kind of considerations which we have pleaded on behalf of the

* It ought, moreover, to be mentioned, that the reformers generally cannot be considered to have known how vast and how long-enduring was to be the suspension of communion in Western Christendom; and that, the moment that fact became too apparent to be mistaken, English churchmen felt themselves called to a new line of thought and action, and the foundations were laid of that theology which has ever since been the characteristic of genuine English divines, and by means of which only can a more extensive development of Catholicism than we have yet seen be looked for.

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one, may be abundantly extended to the other also. There was enough and more than enough to do at home; and, consequently, there was little or no leisure to look abroad. As, during the sixteenth century, the English Church had to work hard to get herself reformed, so, during the seventeenth, she had to toil first for her Catholicity, and next for her very existence. There was surely ample excuse for a communion leaving her foreign relations unattended to, which had to defend the necessary organization of the Church, and nearly every point of Catholic practice against puritan objections; then to struggle under persecution for her very existence; then, when restored to her worldly prosperity, to look about her and learn what was altered in her situation; then to guard herself against latitudinarianism and liberalism during a political crisis but too connected with those evils, under new rulers but too much disposed to favour them, and amid a literature inspired by their influence. Throughout all this period she was, in one form or other, fighting for her very life; so that we are brought down to the eighteenth century, without having yet seen the Reformed Church at any tolerable leisure to look beyond the enemies who were continually environing her.

But the eighteenth century, it will be said, was one of peace and repose, during which a Church, in the smallest degree Catholic, would have striven after a more extended fellowship than that embraced within the Anglican communion—would, although the doors of Western Christendom were shut against her, have turned to the East, and to her Colonies, cultivating the friendship of the one and enlarging her own borders throughout the other. Those who do not prefer this as an accusation against our Church, will for the most part meet it by disclaiming all sympathy with the spirit of the eighteenth century, and, as we may say, altogether washing their hands of it; for that unfortunate period stands alone among the ages in having no good word said for it. Nothing has ever received such universal abuse in the nineteenth century as its immediate predecessor. No *laudator temporis acti* ever extends to it the benefit of his disposition. No man* wishes to revive its fashions; no man who deems that he has "fallen on evil days," turns a wistful eye to it, or anything belonging to it; no dreamy person is spoken of as *living in* it; no affected writer imitates its authors; its architecture is shuddered at; its literature despised; its canons of criticism listened to with a shrug; its great names mentioned with uplifted eye-brow; its decisions reversed; and its religion denounced alike by churchman and by sectary.

* We suspect we are right in keeping to the male sex; for certainly the other teems amit with some part at least of their great grandmothers' gear.

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That so unfavourable an estimate of the last age could hardly have been formed by such a variety of persons and classes, and on such a multiplicity of grounds, without much good reason, seems impossible. When a man is abused by everybody, when each new narrator has some new deed of villany to recount of him, we are apt to conclude, that, although there may be much exaggeration and some invention on the subject, the party in question can hardly be a good man. And even so, we admit that there is too much ground for the abuse heaped on the last age, in its character, as displayed alike in literature and religion. At the same time such censure is apt to be far too indiscriminating. To hear one class of persons speak, a man would fancy that during the last century there had been absolutely no exercise of the imagination; that poetry never rose higher than the epigrammatic numbers of Pope—that no one ever looked at external nature, or read an English poet anterior to the age of Dryden. The dapper couplets of Pope, and the Latinized periods of Johnson, with the narrow principles of criticism followed by both, represent to such the literature of the last age in verse and in prose. Nor are they perhaps unfair representations of its leading character. Yet why should we forget the genuine poetry of Thomson, of Collins, and of Gray?—why should we forget the higher tone of thought which prevailed in the school of which the latter was the head? Just in the same way are people apt to fancy the theology of the age to be represented by Hoadley, Jortin, and Paley; and so to a lamentable extent it was. Yet it boasted Waterland, Jones, Horne, and Butler; the first, surely, no contemptible champion of orthodox truth; the last the great antagonist of the low principles, both of thought and action, which were prevalent around him, and continually amid works with which such had no direct connexion, dropping hints of Catholic truth; the two whose names we have placed between them, men whose lives were devoted to Church principles, and to the inculcation of a philosophy, of which, whatever opinion we may form of some of its articles, it is impossible to deny that it was eminently religious in its whole tone, that it was congenial to that of the Church in all ages, and that it possessed much substantial truth. Why should we forget, too, the active usefulness of Berkeley and of Secker, or the spread and prosperity of those two great Societies which are the arms of our Church?

All these points, and much more, we might plead on behalf of last century, were it our object to abate the unmixed censure with which it is now generally visited. It is more, however, to the purpose of our present argument to see if we cannot extend to it the benefit of some such considerations as those which we think amply vindicated its two predecessors. As during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Church of England had

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enough to do in securing and vindicating her peculiar position, attacked as it was from every quarter, so, during the eighteenth, she had a work assigned her which could not be passed over. She had scarcely triumphed over her various enemies, when she found herself amid infidelity. That had been the melancholy result of the fanaticism of the seventeenth century. The men of the world had learned, amid such conflicting religions, to view all alike. Every unfanatical gentleman was an unbeliever. Bishop Butler tells us that the truths of the gospel were not so much rejected as considered unworthy of examination. The sacred history and its preternatural events were assailed by the many, and upheld, as it seemed, only by such as had a direct interest in upholding them. The decencies of religion were becoming more and more disregarded by the upper classes, who seemed divided into two classes,—the consciously and the unconsciously infidel. A new work was thus assigned to the Church. She had to become the apologist of her faith, not, as in former days, against the votaries of a false religion, but against the votaries of no religion at all. She had to make the men around her see that it was a reasonable thing to believe in the New Testament. This was necessary, but in its own nature degrading, work. We do not generally rise in our conceptions of that which we have to vindicate at every point. It needs not be so in itself—it would not be so, could men be but perfect; but, as a fact, it is so, that he who habitually defends the gospel against infidel objections comes far too much in contact with those objections for the good of his own mind. An age, therefore, when theologians have to write Evidences of Christianity cannot easily be an age of high and deep theology. Yet, though this be so, and though, moreover, no evidences can really attack the seat of disease in any individual case, it is necessary, when the gospel be denied, that such should be produced. It must not go forth that an objection has been made to the faith which her champions have been unable to meet. Not to convince the infidel, but to relieve the believer who may have been wounded by the infidel's darts, and to ward off those darts in future, to blunt their edge, to disarm them of power, must works be written on the evidences. This was the task assigned to the Church of England during the last century, and well and faithfully, on the whole, did she perform it. We do not mean to say that it could not have been done better. We do not deny that the arguments of our writers would have gained by a loftier tone; that, had they at other times shown a deeper insight into the faith which they defended, they would have exerted a far wider and a much healthier influence. There is nothing really incompatible between truths or between duties, and the more a man livingly apprehends of the one, and the more he practises of the other, so much better are both his apprehensions and his practice in each

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particular case. Consequently, the champions of the faith last century would have greatly gained by a Catholic tone and temper in whatever they said or did, by turning their attention to other matters than the one work which they took in hand, and by occupying themselves with the very object which we are now partially excusing them for having neglected. But in our present imperfect condition, as we have already said, one good thing is seldom done except at the expense of another, and our part is not to fret because the Church of a past age did not show herself to be perfect, but to be thankful that wisdom and grace were vouchsafed to her for the main work she may have had to do. Such, we contend, was the case last century. The men who were on the Lord's side did put down infidelity. Their works may, in many things, indicate a low tone of thought; their principles are often very unsatisfactory; they frequently state the case in a way by which we are not prepared to abide,—but still they have supplied us with our classics on this subject; and though, as we have already remarked, it is not by means of such reasonings that a practical and profitable faith can be produced, the freethinker, if candid, may be led to serious consideration, by discovering what a fearful case, on the lowest grounds, there is against him.

We may further remark, that, if even what was most defective in the literature of the last age, had its necessity, and did its work in the furtherance and perfection of the English tongue and the English mind; if, as has been beautifully remarked, it be "not a reasonable cause for regret, that our language should have taken into itself some of that wonderful idiomatic force, that clearness and conciseness of arrangement, that correct pointing of expression towards the level of general understanding, which distinguish the French tongue above all others with which we are acquainted, and render allowable a comparison between it and the Latin, which occupied nearly the same post in the old civilization, as the organ, not of general and original thinking, but of thoughts accumulated, set in order, smoothed down, and ready for diffusion;" the same considerations may apply to our theology. Though it incurred a temporary loss of depth, it has probably gained in practical scope and purpose by being removed from the arena of the schools, and made to bear on the irreligion and impiety of ordinary life. A process like this may have been, humanly speaking, needful to fit it for the great work that seems now before it,—even that of contending, not for this or that feature, but for the whole substance of truth; for encountering the manifold forces of evil in their simultaneous onset; for affording guidance to the wanderer, before whom, not one or two, but a thousand misleading paths now lie temptingly open; and for answering and satisfying that cry of perplexity, and fear, and famine, which

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seems going up from the voice of collective humanity. We may err in fancying this, but we cannot help the presentiment that little short of what we have described is the task now awaiting the Anglican Churches.

But though we have tried to show that the last age was not so deprived of vision as some imagine, that the cause of good was not altogether retrograding, nor even at an entire stand still, we cannot but confess that it was on the whole a low and miserable period, in which the Church and the minds of her children underwent none but a poor and stunted growth. All the facts testify to this; nor is it possible to deny, that England has deep reasons for penitence when she remembers her neglect for so long a time of such high privileges, how miserable a provision she made for the immortal souls of her emigrant people, how sinfully her Church discouraged the movement towards something higher and better than the prevailing habits and practice, and, all but driving it out of her pale, did in the same proportion force it into the channel of a sect. These and many kindred topics are mournful ones indeed—who can expect to find the age which suggests them, and which justly lies under the criminations which they urge, exhibiting, as an age, much Catholicity of sentiment in any one direction? Could the men of that time feel the need or aspire after the privileges of Catholic fellowship? Could they be pained at finding themselves isolated in Christendom, cut off, as it seemed, from the communion of the universal family?

But though we have thus come to a period in the history of the reformed English Church in which her contented isolation must be charged against her as a sin, let it be considered whether the low feeling of that period was in any way confined to her. It seems to have been all but universal over Christendom, comprehending nearly every religious communion. Was there not a comfortable contentedness in them all, with what diplomatists would call the *status quo?* Were the divisions of Christendom regarded by any as real evils? Were not the varying religions of the countries of Europe everywhere looked upon as so many national characteristics, just as much and just as natural and necessary as the varying languages, laws, and customs? Had not the different communions settled down each within its own geographical limits, comprising one country or more, as the case might be, without any very ardent desire of overstepping them, or of increasing their range? Surely the results described in the present pope's encyclical letter of 1832, would never have been arrived at, had not the Romish churches passed through a process in the time preceding very similar to that from which our own has, as we trust, emerged. Surely throughout that time the encroachments of the civil power, the inconsistency of sentiment and conduct, the shallow liberalism of which we have complained, have been quite as apparent among them as among

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us. Of the low and wretched state into which the merely Protestant communities fell at the same time, how even the doctrine-loving Scotch sank to the level of Blair and Robertson, we need not speak at present.

The worst, then, that can be said of the reformed Church of England in the matter of Catholic fellowship comes to this; that, having three ages ago been compelled to assume a peculiar and critical position, it was all that she could do during the first two of these, to establish, maintain, and secure that position—all she could do to preserve her very existence; and that, during the following one, while she was far from dead or idle, she partook of a disease with which all Christendom was visited.

We have not, then, come to any thing that warrants making peculiar charges against the Church of England. The present age seems to be the one that calls upon her, as no other age ever did, to show that, Catholic in principles, she is resolved to be Catholic in practice also; that, as it was by no deed of hers that she became separate from other countries and people, so it is no delight of hers that she should be so—that she has sympathies and affection ready for all who worship the one Lord, receive the one baptism, and cleave to the one fellowship of the Church. Is she not doing this? Is not that Catholicism of position and of internal and intrinsic character which she has ever retained, now that the fit time has arrived, blossoming out into the promise of a large and abounding harvest of christian fellowship and sympathies over the whole earth? Let us look at the facts.

First, let us consider how enlarged her own communion has become. Its previous limitation was, as we have seen, no argument against her Catholicity; for that can never be determined by a mere majority; and on supposition of her being in the right, and Rome in the wrong, the highest Catholicity must all along have resided with her, and her children must have enjoyed the most unincumbered fellowship in the communion of saints. Still, as we have said, a large spread of intercommunion, though not to be confounded with Catholicity itself, is one of its most beautiful and blessed results; and by consequence a restricted communion must be in its measure a calamity. Now this calamity is for us lessening every day, and almost disappearing. Our Church is no longer a small province in Christendom. She is spreading over the wide world. Her assailants may taunt her with being an island Church, but she may rather claim to be called the Church of the Islands. The intercommunion of our churches is no longer limited to twenty-six dioceses in England, and a few more in Ireland—all over the globe there are now apostolical chairs beneath which we can place ourselves, and the privileges dispensed by which we can claim when within their range. Our ritual has a more extensive sway even than that of St. Basil; its solemn and stately words are uttered from the

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opposite ends of the earth; the incense of our sacrifice is made up of prayers from every quarter of the globe. There may have been much amiss in our Church, and much still remaining to rectify; but surely we have no right to despond, who within thirty years have had the planting of fourteen Episcopal sees; and seen the completed organization of our Church extended to the remotest tributaries of our empire.

And next look at our increasing communion with foreign churches. It would be wrong to call the recent act of recognition the commencement of our communion with the sister, or rather daughter Church in Scotland; for *communion* has, in fact, always existed between us and them. But the clerical intercourse which is opened to us by that act is surely a movement towards greater expansion of christian fellowship; it is a formal and legal recognition of that which indeed we had never denied, that our communion is not confined to ourselves, that it extends to other independent and varying churches. And so, of course, of the same measure in its bearing on the Church of the United States. The services which accompanied the recent consecration at Leeds, were assisted in both by a Scottish and an American prelate. Is not the change which has rendered this possible a very cheering one?

But the considerations which arise out of the American Church are not confined to such as may be connected with the recent act. The birth and giant growth of that Church supply us with one of our most triumphant answers to the taunts of the Romanist or the murmurs of the discontented child of our own Church; they show what a blessing has rested on Anglicanism, how creative and expansive our Church is capable of being. Even in what we have granted to have been a dark hour, our Church gave birth to that Western daughter whose sway seems destined to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which may perhaps be called on, as the churches of the old world once were, to put forth her healing energies, and manifest herself as an effectual principle of order and harmony, when all besides shall have failed.

With these two interesting churches, the humble and venerable one which has been preserved in Scotland, and for which too, a calling like that at which we have just hinted, may very probably be reserved, and with the young and vigorous one which gives us hope for America, we are in full communion, and enjoy no inactive or infrequent intercourse.

We may mention also our late intercourse with the Eastern Churches, which slight and insignificant as it is in itself, and divided as men's minds are respecting the measure in which it originated, does imply a recognition of those oriental communions as in the same family with ourselves. In the same way

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the recent visit of Bishop Tomlinson to Athens is an earnest of future good.

We have not dwelt on such things as if we saw nothing in the view of our condition but what is bright and promising. We must not be understood as if we did not admit and deplore a thousand features in our ordinary life, in our habitual sentiments, and in our religion which are most uncatholic, and which we must with God's help reform, if we hope that our Church and nation are to be spared. But we have enforced the topics on which we have touched for the sake of those who, feeling themselves to be uncatholic, shift the blame from themselves to the Church which bore and has nourished them, and are fain to believe that the communion which makes the largest promises to them in this respect, would also prove the one which would keep them best. Such seem to remain in the Anglican Church only from the sort of feeling of which we spoke at the outset—a sense that she is the lawful one of this land; and that, however preferable may be those of the Roman obedience where they are in lawful occupation, in England they are schismatic. Hence, has arisen a way of speaking which merits, we think, some indignation, as though it were a great piece of self-denial in a member of the English Church to adhere to her communion, instead of becoming a Roman Catholic. The parties in question seem to think that if abroad, and if a few intellectual difficulties, under which they perchance still labour, could but be removed, they would really be in a more Catholic position by reconciling themselves to Rome, than is possible for any set of people in England. We have no wish to be needlessly severe on those foreign churches; none whatever to deny their legitimacy, none, in spite of all their gross corruptions, to withhold from them the title of Catholic, except as regards the terms of communion which they impose; nor any difficulty in believing that their faithful children do attain a high and genuine Catholicity of sentiment. But we feel bound to proclaim our conviction, that in a Christendom so lamentably divided as the present, *there is no position nearly so Catholic as the Anglican*, in which term we comprehend, of course, our fellow-churchmen both in Scotland and America; and that any Anglican who forsakes our communion for that of Rome, even though he goes to a land where a Romish Church is in lawful occupation, does of necessity sustain a heavy loss of Catholicity. Let us compare his former and his present case.

In the Anglican communion, he had, as her most discontented children will allow, a true Church, the vision of blessed peace in holy Jerusalem—by access to that communion, he had access to Mount Sion, and the city of the living God; by real fellowship with it, he enjoyed the communion of saints. To illustrate these privileges, and confirm his faith in them, he was blessed, as we have

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shown, with a wide-spread present fellowship—a fellowship extending to every quarter of the globe. With what real manifestation of the Church's life, may we ask, were his sympathies checked? He might enjoy the contemplation of Spanish, or Italian, or other foreign piety of the present day, with this glad feeling, that if those who display it, might not have been prepared to recognise him as a christian brother, he recognised them in that light; that if their churches repelled him from their altars, his had done nothing to repel them, would welcome them now as she had welcomed those who thought like them in by-gone times. Then he might claim fellowship with all the piety of the first fifteen hundred years of the Church without one painful reservation; he used the prayers and confessed his faith in the words of early doctors and confessors, he joined in the voice of the Church universal, the Church of all ages no less than of all places. Besides this he enjoyed near relationship to, and might cherish close sympathy with, a succession of saints better and holier than whom no Church can claim; the noble Ridley, the pure seraphic spirit of Hooker, the primitive Andrewes, the martyred Laud, the heavenly Herbert, Hammond too, and Taylor, and Leighton, and Bull, and Nelson, and Walton, and others of whom "the time would fail us to speak," from all of whom he must now turn away his eyes, and believe himself to be separated; for he has learned to anathematize them, and to declare that they lived and died without the unity of Christ's Church, or the grace of his sacraments. Add to this the amount of present piety in his native land and Church from which he must now withdraw his sympathies, and we form some conception of the loss in Catholicity sustained by him who quits a Church that has done nothing to exclude from her communion a single real disciple of the Lord, and joins one that shuts out all who cannot join in certain strange and modern dogmas.

It may be said, however, that what he loses in christian fellowship, is more than compensated to him by the rich and frequent opportunities and means of spiritual sustenance with which he is now furnished. To this we reply that our question has not related to the life of the individual soul, but to Catholicity. At the same time, as the only genuine piety is Catholic, in so far as the privileges in question have been purchased by a forfeiture of Catholicity, must they be vitiated; and it were easy, did our present limits permit, to show that the longing after what is at present peculiar to Romanism, proceeds rather from what is individual and tending to separation, than from what is really Catholic in those who exhibit it. And let those privileges, taken at their best, be duly weighed against those which can be enjoyed by us. The one that will first be pitched upon is the possibility in the Romish churches of frequent, and even

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of weekly communion.* Now, on this subject our opinions are well known to our readers. We have always maintained, and are not likely, we think, ever to cease maintaining, that infrequent, that everything short of weekly communion, is a falling off from the first love of the Church, and must be proclaimed as such till we have returned thereto. At the same time, let it be remembered, that the children of our Church receive the entire sacrament of their Lord's Body and Blood; and who can say that their privilege in this is not greater than their disadvantage in the other, as the sin of their Church in causing that other is surely less than the sin of those churches which dare to tamper with their Lord's holy institution? Again, let it be considered that we are approaching to a Reformation as regards the frequency of our communions. Their celebration once a month is now common everywhere, and in towns we think nearly universal. In some London churches, and we suppose in many other places, a still greater frequency has been attained. Is, then, the time when so marked an improvement has been vouchsafed—an improvement so great as to give good hope of a return, at no distant period, to the true state of affairs—is this the time to lose courage, and, we do not say desert our posts, but by the spiritlessness of our defence seriously weaken them? Be it remembered, too, that the murmurers amongst us, are the very persons who have it most in their power to avail themselves of the improvements of which we have been speaking, belonging for the most part to the upper classes, and not generally, as far as our observation has reached, debarred from the places where reformation has been carried furthest.

Again, in the recent yearning towards Romanism, there has been manifested a craving after the privileges of private confession and absolution. But are such privileges unattainable among us? Our Church only differs from Rome in not enforcing confession; she leaves it free to her members to have recourse to it under any circumstances, and expressly recommends it in some. It would be difficult, from the nature of the case, to say how often it may not be practised at present; but anyhow there exists not the slightest impediment in the way of carrying it as far as the wants of the soul may be found to require.

These, we believe, are the principal points of temptation just now presented by Rome to the devout soul. Any others which may exist are surely of surbordinate importance. If a man allege the beauty of Roman Catholic rites, the solemn music, the processions, the incense, the hymns, the antiquarian interest that attaches itself to so much of the Romish ceremonial, he hardly deserves an answer. A rebuke is more suited to his

* Devout men abroad very frequently communicate every Sunday, and some every day but one of the year.

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case. We have no wish that he or that any man should shut his eyes to beauty; none to deny that the beauty in question is rare and of a high order, or even that it is something more than mere beauty—that it is devotional too. We fully admit that it is a great privilege to have come in contact with it, and that much is to be learned from its contemplation. But a man who can set it up in reply to the solemn considerations which we have been urging, who can admit it as an argument capable of weighing against them—a man who pleads it when we are showing him where to find the Heavenly City, the holy Jerusalem, the presence of his Saviour, cannot be looking at serious things in a serious spirit, cannot be regulating his steps as in the presence of his Judge. Did the argument deserve an answer, we might well reply to it in kind. We might well question the *intellectual* perception of the man to whom the matchless beauty of the Anglican prayer-books is unapparent, who cannot see that their majesty is altogether unrivalled, that their pure dignity, their manly freedom from everything unworthy of their high scope, and the manliness which they presume in those who are to use them, not condescending to treat such as children, to sport with the inferior parts of their being, to allow them in a base servitude to the senses, in anything beneath the loftiness belonging to "kings and priests unto God"—that these place them far above the ritual possessions of any other churches.*

In truth, we have been all along *understating* our grounds; for we have already said that we hold the Anglican to be the most Catholic position which a Christian can occupy at present; and if this be so, its privileges cannot be confined to the bare particulars on which we have grounded our assertion. They must be rich, and wide, and far extending. On the other hand, if Romanism add to the faith,—if it teach that for truth which is not truth, then we cannot tell what a forfeiture of Catholicity is made by its votaries. For Catholicity is the true position of man, the standing that has been won for redeemed and regenerate humanity; and in so far as we corrupt or pervert the provisions that have been given us for seeing and occupying such a position and standing, do we obviously endanger our possession of them. So intimately connected are the several parts of the unspeakable gift, that we cannot tamper with any without affecting our hold of all. The proposal of one term of communion beyond what is right, not only is uncatholic in itself, but, inasmuch as it necessarily proceeds from an erroneous view of redeemed humanity, (for what are terms of communion but ex-

* We might also ask, what would those prayer-books be, were their provisions really carried out; what are they, wherever honest attempts are made to carry them out? And the answer we think must be,—as greatly beautiful as any things we are permitted to see and hear upon earth.

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ponents of our true standing in Christ?) it indicates, and of course perpetuates, an uncatholic temper.

We must notice one more objection to the Anglican communions, both because of its frequency and importance, and also because it will conduct us to another branch of the subject on which we hope to have more to say next month. The class of persons to whom we have been alluding are apt to feel sensibly what they consider the weakness of their own Church as compared with those under Rome. The substance of their complaint has been thus strikingly stated by one who gives no appearances of belonging to their number, and in the spirit of whose remarks neither they nor we must be supposed to concur:—

"We will, therefore, at present advert to only one important part of the policy of the Church of Rome. She thoroughly understands, what no other Church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects —particularly in infant sects—enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects—particularly in sects long established and richly endowed—it is regarded with aversion. The Catholic Church neither submits to enthusiasm, nor proscribes it, but uses it. She considers it as a great moving force, which, in itself, like the muscular powers of a fine horse, is neither good nor evil, but which may be so directed as to produce great good, or great evil; and she assumes the direction to herself. It would be absurd to run down a horse like a wolf; it would be still more absurd to let him run wild, breaking fences, and trampling down passengers. The rational course is to subjugate his will, without impairing his vigour—to teach him to obey the rein, and then to urge him to full speed. When once he knows his master, he is valuable in proportion to his strength and spirit. Just such has been the system of the Church of Rome with regard to enthusiasts. She knows that when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the mind, they impart a strange energy, that they raise men above the dominion of pain and pleasure, that obloquy becomes glory, that death itself is contemplated only as the beginning of a higher and happier life. She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant; but he will do and suffer things which it is for her interest that somebody should do and suffer, yet from which calm and sober-minded men would shrink. She accordingly enlists him in her service, assigns to him some forlorn hope, in which intrepidity and impetuosity are more wanted than judgment and self-command, and sends him forth with her benedictions and her applause.

"In England it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusement or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable desire, to impart to others

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the thoughts of which his own heart is full—to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion, is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbours; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly unmixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers. But, admitted or rejected, his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Papist bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the Eleven. Nor will he, for lack of human credentials, spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true Head of the Church. For a man thus minded, there is within the pale of the establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author, nor write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill, or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A licence is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer, or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

"Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the Church of which he is a minister. To that Church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals, whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the palace on the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment, and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice, of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars.

"Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison, to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as

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St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry, would be foundress and first superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Gaols.

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome; he is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honour of the Church."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxii. pp. 247—250.

In addition to this, such persons will probably allege our timid use of the arts, our faint appeals to the imagination, the scantiness and indirectness of allusion to their specific subjects which mark most of our festivals, and our absence of solicitude to give free scope to the especial tastes and feelings which may characterize our worshippers. The Church, they will tell us, should span the whole being of her children; she should have resources wherewith to satisfy all their cravings, an answer to all their questionings, a gratification for all their innocent tastes in everything, she should woo them to herself as their true home—their shelter of repose and delight. While the Roman Churches have done this, have consulted the natures, accommodated themselves to the wants, and found scope for the energies of all their children, our own, it will be alleged, has failed in the duty; she has left her children with many a want unsupplied, and many an anxious doubt unremoved; she has lost sight of, and let fall from her many an energy which ought to have been expended within her pale, and in her service.

Now, it is no part of our aim to represent the English Church as perfect. We have come to what is precisely her weak point, though the evil seems to us by no means incurable, or unlikely to be cured. But though we admit that our Church is not free from blame in this respect, (as for instance in having rejected the services of Wesley and his coadjutors) there are serious considerations which ought not to be excluded from a comparison between her and Rome, as regards it. There is no little power in unscrupulosity; an anxious conscience *seems* to the natural eye to produce weakness. What a man might be if he had no temptations to struggle with, no evils which he must fly, cannot be made a rule for him while encompassed by temptation and infirmity. And just so with a Church; she is always in danger from without and from within; and she can hardly move with all that untrammelled grace, or burst out into all that free and full development which are appropriate, doubtless, to her idea, and which will be seen in her when once that idea shall have become altogether actual. We are well persuaded, on the one hand, that much which seems like weakness in the Anglican Churches proceeds from their being by far the most conscientious of all; and on the other, that Rome has derived much strength from unscrupulosity. In the masterly description which we have quoted of her resources, her care to avail herself of all the varied temperaments and energies of her children, there is undoubtedly much truth, and truth, too, neither altogether to her

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discredit, nor such as we should not do well seriously to consider. At the same time, the picture has another side, to which we must give heed also. Hear the words of one who, with all his faults, had the keenest vision into character of any man of his time. Thus did the late Edward Irving describe Rome, when her peculiar system had attained its perfection. According to him, her structure "had a chamber for every natural faculty of the soul, and an occupation for every energy of the natural spirit. She there permitted every extreme of abstemiousness and indulgence, fast and revelry; melancholy abstraction and burning zeal; subtle acuteness and popular discourse; world-renunciation and worldly ambition; embracing the arts and the sciences and the stores of ancient learning; adding antiquity, and misrepresentation of all monuments of better times; and covering carefully, with a venerable veil, that only monument of better times which was able to expose the false ministry of the infinite superstition." Some of this language is certainly unguarded, but the great fact asserted by it cannot, we think, be disproved, that Rome maintains her influence and enlarges her resources by cultivating the natural man; and if this be so, we must not envy her any advantages which she may gain from the practice.

We have much yet to say which we must reserve for next month. Meanwhile, to show that we have high living authority for looking upon the Church of England with admiring gratitude, and on her prospects with high heart and hope, we will cite the words of one who is not more distinguished for learning and ability than for candour. Thus speaks Archdeacon Manning, in his recent Charge:—

"The Church of England is making herself known and felt as a spiritual kingdom in all parts of the earth; and there must needs be at home some intense life and energetic power which can throw out its influence through so remote a sphere. When any one talks to us of dangers and divisions, let the extension of our communion suffice to show, that what are mistaken for dangers and divisions, are chiefly the efforts of inward power necessary to all great actions and movements of the Church. I am firmly persuaded that the last three centuries have opened a new era, so to speak, in the history of Christendom; and that the basis of doctrine and discipline which has been vindicated by this branch of the Church Catholic is destined to be the basis of unity to the Church of the next ages.

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"The first condition of our usefulness at this day is this—a steadfast and thorough faith in the life and truth of the Church of England; and that not as a successful controversial dogma, but as a consciousness which is inseparable from our spiritual life.

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"The tokens of God's favour have of late been more and more visibly upon her: she has her trials; but there are no trials in her way but such as are her portion on earth: there are many advantages in her favour, such as few branches of the Catholic body have ever possessed, and perhaps none at this day so fully retain.

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"There is no country in the world where, with a free toleration of all religious diversities, with a free action of all religious sects, I wish I were not forced to say even with a direct encouragement of religious aggression, the bulk of the people is still so steadfast to the national Church as in England. In countries where toleration is granted, the Church has ceased to be the Church of the nation: in countries where the Church of the nation still contains the whole people, there is no toleration given. It seems, then, that the position of the English Church, and the hold it has over the mass of the people, despite of commerce and controversies, of free and even licentious discussion, of error and all the vices of a luxurious and self-guiding age, is a great and undeniable proof of its reality and energy. It is a remarkable fact that, in other countries of Europe, education has estranged the confidence and attachment of men from the teaching and practice of the Church. It there has hold upon the poor; but the upper classes bear to it an empty, nominal allegiance. For the most part literature also is severed from faith. In England, on the other hand, where education is fullest, the Church is strongest; as education has advanced, the Church has rooted herself to a greater depth; every advance of education will directly confirm the hold of the Church upon the reason and will of the English people."

Lives of the Queens of England. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VI. *Queen Elizabeth.* London: Colburn. 1843.

THE tone of feeling which pervaded the life of Mary, lately reviewed by us, prepared us for the greater portion of those depreciating expressions with which this volume of Miss Strickland's abounds. It must be admitted that, in very many of the incidents of the lives of Mary and Elizabeth, the conduct of the sisters is so opposed, that admiration of the one must lead to distaste towards the other; and this is peculiarly the case in the earlier scenes of the princesses' lives. Still, however, we cannot but regret, that our authoress has not distinguished between a proper admiration of Mary and a hatred of Elizabeth, that she has not been aware how well she might have defended the one from unjust aspersions, without exhibiting towards her sister such unmitigated hatred.

Miss Strickland's task in relating the lives of the two queen-children of Henry the Eighth was no easy one. Mary was one of those few female characters in history on whom we have been led, by early education and long-formed opinions, to look with suspicion, if not with disgust. Elizabeth, on the contrary, in the minds of the majority of the English, can do no wrong. With these two prejudices our authoress has had to contend: with the first, we think successfully, because fairly. She attempted neither to deny nor to justify the cruelties that were perpetrated during the reign of Mary; she only placed the burden on the right shoulder. She showed the natural mind and feelings of the Princess, the power of her counsellors, and, eventually, of her merciless husband, over her, and she traced the spring of cruelty to the right source. Not so with

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Elizabeth. It is not the fairest, and therefore by no means the best way, to raise one prejudice against another; it is not the way to bring people to a right view of the sayings and doings of the Virgin Queen, to meet the old cry, of Elizabeth could do nothing wrong, by one equally erroneous, she could do nothing right.'

The present volume includes the early life of Elizabeth, and about six-and-twenty years of her long and prosperous reign, during which we find little but repeated negotiations concerning matrimony, interspersed with progresses from one lord's house to another. Waiting until the appearance of the concluding volume of this memoir of the Queen, in order to review the reign of Elizabeth, we propose to sketch, with some minuteness, the life of Elizabeth as Princess.

"On the seventh day of September, being Sunday," says the quaint old historian, Hall, "between three and four in the afternoon, the Queen was delivered of a fair ladye." This was the Princess Elizabeth. The child of Henry and Anne Bullen was born at the favourite palace of her father, at Greenwich, and a goodly procession, with tapers, robes, and costly ornaments, ushered in the christening of the royal babe, at the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars. For three years the royal babe was brought up as the heiress of the throne, the preliminaries of the royal weaning being settled with as much form and ceremony, between Henry and his grave councillors of state, as if the fate of the realm depended on the operation. Nothing was too good for the babe; no royal palace, much less any nobleman's mansion, was to be spared from being the nursery of the infant Princess. In three short years all was changed; the babe was motherless, deserted, stigmatized as illegitimate, and indebted even for necessary raiment to the solicitations of her kind nurse, the Lady Margaret Bryan, and the condescension of the minister Cromwell.

"'My Lord,' writes the Lady Margaret to Cromwell, 'after my most bounden duty, I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me them, that was my greatest comfort in this world, to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redless* (without redress) creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to * * me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship; which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth; and now it bideth me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my Lady Mary's grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady mistress, and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his grace have had since.

"'Now it is so, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at now, I know not but by heresay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers, *and that she may have some raiment. She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen,—nor forsmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor vails, nor body slickets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggens.* All these her grace must take; I have driven off as long as I can, that,

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by my troth, I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours, and that I shall do in everything. And whatsoever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfill it to the best of my power.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 9, 10.

Without pretending to interpret all the extraordinary portions of her grace's wardrobe disclosed in the Lady Margaret's piteous appeal, there can be but little doubt that this solicitation was not for mere decent mourning for the murdered mother of the Princess, as Strype would wish us to believe, but actually was body linen for the now neglected child of poor Anne Bullen. The rest of the letter, which we cannot now quote, has also its value to those who can trace in early discipline and denial the future habits of the pupil. Skelton, the relative of Anne Bullen, who was appointed with Lady Bryan in the government of the Princess, would have kept up as long as he could the pomp and luxury of the establishment at the royal nursery at Langley. He insisted that the infant should dine and sup at a state table, where the Lady Margaret could ill restrain her young charge from the wine, fruit, and highly seasoned delicacies placed on the board. And it may be that, to the judicious conduct of her governess, added to the salutary adversity into which her early years were cast, we owe much of the firmness of character and future greatness of Elizabeth.

"The feelings of jealous dislike, which the Princess Mary naturally felt towards her infant rival, were gradually subdued, by the endearing caresses of the innocent child, when they became sisters in adversity. When Mary again incurred the displeasure of her capricious sire, and was forbidden to come within a certain distance of the court, Elizabeth became once more the associate of her little brother's sports, and afterwards shared his studies. The early predilection of these royal children for their learning was remarkable. 'As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome,' says Heywood, 'were these *Horæ Matutinæ*, that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling.' They took no less delight in the practice of their religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours were exclusively devoted. 'The rest of the forenoon,' continues our author, 'breakfast alone excepted, they were instructed in languages and science, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes; and when he was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needle-work.'"—*Elizabeth*, p. 15.

Had Queen Katherine Howard maintained her early influence over her husband, in all probability, Elizabeth would have been restored to the succession to the throne, and placed once more before her elder sister. The reign of the second Kate was too short to effect this change, and her disgrace and death sent Elizabeth once more into retirement with her sister at Havering Bower, until the accession of Kate the third recalled her to her father's court, and for a time to the society of her new step-mother.

"Elizabeth at that time was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty and very graceful manners; she had wit at

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command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, 'that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world.' At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture, the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. . . . . Like her elder sister, the Princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age, by the ease and grace with she conversed in that language; French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, she both spoke and wrote, with the same facility, as her native tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit, but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 18, 19.

Such, according to all cotemporary writers, was the Princess Elizabeth, when the death of Henry summoned the boy-king to his father's throne. By her father's will Elizabeth was third in the succession to the crown, and on strict terms of equality of fortune with her elder sister; three thousand pounds a-year to maintain her dignity, and a marriage portion of ten thousand more, provided she married with the consent and approbation of her brother and his council.

With the accession of Edward comes the first questionable act, or rather the first of a series of questionable acts between Elizabeth and the Admiral Seymour. It has been said, that so far had Seymour advanced in his addresses to the Princess before her father's death, that had Henry lived but a few months longer, she would have been, voluntary or not, his bride. It is nearly certain that the Admiral renewed his offers immediately on Henry's death, and met with a firm refusal from the Princess, in which conduct Katherine Parr had been her instigator. The last of the Queens of Henry exposed to Elizabeth the unsuitableness of such an alliance; her advice was but right, her conduct questionable. Four days after she had persuaded Elizabeth to reject Seymour, she herself, regardless of the king's memory, had accepted him as her affianced lover. Hence arose that fatal jealousy which so soon divided the Princess and the Queen Dowager, and to which feeling may be traced many of the acts and sayings of the former, regarding Seymour, which have rendered the early years of Elizabeth open to severe remarks.

To Mary the sudden marriage of Katherine and Seymour was most offensive, and anxious, as well as ready, to mark her disgust at such conduct, she hastened to offer her sister a residence in her house, that both might unite in testifying their disapproval of this hasty and unsuitable alliance.

"Elizabeth, however, young as she was, had too much self-command to commit herself by putting a public affront on the best beloved uncle of the king, her brother, who was by no means unlikely to supersede Somerset in his office of protector; neither did she feel disposed to come to a rupture with the Queen Dowager, whose influence with King Edward was considerable; therefore, in

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reply to her sister, she wrote a very political letter, 'telling her that it behoved them both to submit with patience to that which could not be cured, as neither of them were in a position to offer any objection to what had taken place, *without making their condition worse than it was;*' observing, that they had to do with a very powerful party, without possessing themselves the slightest credit at court; so that the only thing they could do was to dissemble the pain they felt at the disrespect with which their father's memory had been treated. She excuses herself from accepting Mary's invitation, 'because,' she says, 'the Queen had shown her so much friendship, that she could not withdraw herself from her protection without appearing ungrateful,' and concludes with these words: 'I shall always pay the greatest deference to the instructions you may give me, and submit to whatsoever your highness shall be pleased to ordain.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 23, 24.

It is needless here to dilate upon the rompings between the Admiral and the Princess, which embittered the wedded happiness of Katherine Parr. Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place witnessed many a familiarity between the quondam lover and Elizabeth, not a whit less culpable than what brought the Queen of the Howard race to her untimely end. It is impossible to determine to what extent this conduct was carried; it may have been that the youthful Princess and the libertine Seymour, whilst they gave good occasion for scandal, abstained from actual guilt. But be it as it may, few can read the evidence of Mrs. Ashley, the nurse of Elizabeth, and doubt that this abstinence from shame and sorrow was due to the fears of Katherine Parr, and the immediate separation which she effected between Elizabeth and her husband, rather than to any want of levity on the part of the Princess. Severe as Katherine was in her remarks on the conduct of Elizabeth, still the tenor of the correspondence between her and her former friend seem to prove that she regarded her conduct as a passing passion, rather than as a guilty attachment; whilst the politic replies of Elizabeth evidence at once the sorrow she felt at this separation from her lover, and her strong desire to maintain a fair repute with Katherine, whom she respected and feared. Within a few weeks of the departure of Elizabeth to Cheston, the wife of Seymour gave birth to a girl, and ere seven days were passed had fallen a victim to her maternal sufferings. The servants of the Admiral reported to those of Elizabeth, that their master "was a heavy man for the loss of his wife." The Princess smiled at the affection of Seymour, and when the imprudent governess wished her to write a letter of condolence to the widower, Elizabeth replied with truth, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." It is to be regretted that the Princess did not adhere to her determination. The scheming Mrs. Ashley was not to be put off. "If your grace will not write," said she, "then will I;" the epistle was penned, submitted to the approval of the Princess, and sent to the widower of her father's widow. Elizabeth was much to be pitied; she was but fifteen, and had now no maternal friend to direct her; her governess, and every one in her household, was leagued against her peace of mind, and eager, from various motives, to promote her union with the Admiral; Mrs. Ashley and her treasurer, Thomas

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Parry, were the creatures of Seymour, and ceased not in their endeavours to further his presumptuous designs against their mistress.

"There can, however, be little doubt that a powerful impression was made on Elizabeth by the addresses of Seymour, seconded, as they were, by the importunity of her governess, and all who possessed her confidence. The difference of nearly twenty years in their ages, was, probably, compensated by the personal graces which had rendered him the Adonis of her father's court, and she was accustomed to blush when his name was mentioned, and could not conceal her pleasure when she heard him commended. In a word, he was the first, and perhaps, the only, man whom Elizabeth loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice. She acknowledged she would have married him, provided he could have obtained the consent of the council. To have contracted wedlock with him, in defiance of that despotic junta, by whom the sovereign power of the crown was then exercised, would have involved them both in ruin; and even if passion had so far prevailed over Elizabeth's characteristic caution and keen regard for her own interest, Seymour's feelings were not of that romantic nature which would have led him to sacrifice either wealth or ambition on the shrine of Love. My lord admiral had a prudential eye to the main chance, and no modern fortune-hunter could have made more particular inquiries into the actual state of the lady's finances, than he did into those of the fair and youthful sister of his sovereign, to whose hand he, the younger son of a country knight, presumed to aspire."—*Elizabeth*, p. 30.

At last the storm broke; the council, who had watched the plans of the Admiral from the beginning, arrested him for treasonable practices, and the dear friends of Elizabeth, Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry, disclosed to the Protector and his friends the most minute accounts they could offer of the intercourse between their mistress and their employer, Seymour. The council, by their creature Tyrwhitt, scrupled not to endeavour to elicit from Elizabeth words self-condemnatory; but, though the *employée* of Somerset endeavoured to work on the fears of the Princess, and to represent the readiness with which Ashley and Parry would reveal everything, and besought Elizabeth to anticipate their disclosures, the Princess remained firm in her denial of any criminality; admitted, indeed, her regard, yea, more, her admiration of Seymour, but continually denied that she would have allied herself with him against the wishes of her royal brother and his despotic governors. Well aware of the imminent danger into which she had been drawn by the, to say the least, injudicious advice of her governess, and the ready disclosures of Ashley and Parry, still she never deserted them in their adversity, and dared, firmly and nobly, to intercede for them with Somerset. In her letter to the Protector, where she pleads for Kateryn Ashley and her husband, it is pleasing to remark, how plainly she claims them for her relatives, and, while she admits the error of their doings, defends her injudicious friends from any traitorous design against the King or his protector. The enemies of Elizabeth were little aware of her presence of mind, when they thought to elicit from her some symptom of emotion, capable of a bad interpretation, when they told her that the Admiral had expiated his errors and his follies on the scaffold. The malignant curiosity of

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the official spies was disappointed, when all she said was, "this day died a man of much wit and very little judgment." Was this extraordinary instance of self-command nothing more than a mark of apathy? It is scarcely credible. It is irreconcilable with the favour she ever bestowed on Harrington, the Admiral's most faithful follower, and with the pleasure with which she, when England's Queen, received from his hands the portrait of her lover, with the sonnet in which Seymour was described as a

> "Subject true to king, a servant great,
> Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;"

and where the sonnetteer dared to say,

> "That against nature, reason, and just laws,
> His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause."

For at least a year after the death of Seymour, Elizabeth remained in profound retirement, and devoted her time to the pursuit of learning. Her head governess, the Lady Tyrwhitt, the friend of the late Queen Katherine, was one of those who had supported the principles of the Reformation, even to the risk of her life, and from her Elizabeth imbibed much of her love of that theology which the polemic spirit of the day rendered a subject of powerful interest. One little incident, in the year 1550, shows the principles on which some of the leaders of the Reformation acted. Elizabeth seems to consider it quite a matter of business to order her treasurer to write to Cecil, to solicit from him the living of Harptree, in Somersetshire, for her yeoman of the robes, John Kenyon. It appeared no sin in the eyes of the reforming Princess to solicit ecclesiastical offices for a layman, and to deprive the Church of the scanty provision still left to her by Somerset and his coadjutors.

The fall of Somerset was the reason of Elizabeth's summons from her retirement to her brother's court. Northumberland, foiled by the coolness of Mary, wished to divert the popular attention from her and her cause, and to obtain for the reforming Princess some portion at least of that respect and hearty welcome which her elder sister had obtained, when she entered London to defend her adherence to her mother's faith. Elizabeth, at this period, was rigidly simple in her dress, in conformity to the mode of the church of Geneva, to which the sterner Protestants looked as an exemplar in doctrine and discipline. Did she ever lay aside her plain attire, it was at the command of her sister. Aylmer would have us believe, "that then she so wore it, that all men might see that her body carried that which her heart disliked." When we remember the pictures of the maiden Queen, it is difficult to believe, with the learned Doctor, that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time, made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks;" or that, when, in 1551, the court of Edward was, for a short season, gay with the brilliant *cortège* of Mary of Lorraine, "all the ladies went with their hair frounced, curled, and double curled, except the Princess Elizabeth,

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who altered nothing, but kept her old maiden shamefacedness." Miss Strickland's remarks on the conduct of Elizabeth at this period are bitter to excess. Our readers must form their own opinions of their truthfulness.

"At a later period of life, Elizabeth made up, in the exuberance of her ornaments, and the fantastic extravagance of her dress, for the simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of sweet seventeen. What would her reverend eulogist have said, if, while penning these passages in her honour, the vision of her three thousand gowns, and the eighty wigs of divers coloured hair, in which his royal heroine finally rejoiced, could have risen in array before his mental eye, to mark the difference between Elizabeth of seventeen and Elizabeth of seventy. The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer, and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress, which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame which had been sullied by the cruel implication of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures in the proceedings against the Lord Admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court.

"The part which she was ambitious of performing, was that of heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the catholic portion of the people. That Elizabeth was already so considered, and that the royal sisters were early placed in incipient rivalry to each other, by the respective partisans of the warring creeds which divided the land, may be gathered from the observations of their youthful cousin, Lady Jane Grey, when urged to wear the costly dress that had been presented to her by Mary; 'Nay, that were a shame to follow my Lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 59, 60.

The king was on his death-bed, when Northumberland, under the specious name of conscience, persuaded Edward to set aside his sisters from the crown. Of the conduct of Mary, should she succeed to the throne, Edward could not doubt; she had never concealed her religion, or hesitated to express her determination of effecting its restoration, should God give her power. Elizabeth, "his sweet sister Temperance," as Edward was wont to call her, would doubtless have been preferred to the succession, had not the arguments of Northumberland biassed him. True it was, she was of the Protestant faith, but might she not marry a foreign prince, and so bring papistry into the land? The court preachers aided Northumberland. Latimer preached against Elizabeth equally with Mary, and Ridley hesitated not to follow the lead of Latimer. Edward died; the sisters, warned by their respective friends, escaped the wiles of Northumberland. Mary threw herself on her people, received the reward of her confidence, and cast the puppet of the Dudleys from her usurped throne. Elizabeth refused the bribe of Northumberland; and, deeming discretion the better part of valour, and regarding her defenceless position in the neighbourhood of London, and within the power of the Dudleys, she prevented them from either forcing her into opposition to Mary, or imprisoning her in the Tower, by a convenient fit of sickness. In nine days the

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Queen of the Dudleys was dethroned, and Elizabeth was free to side with her sister. She now came with two thousand armed men in her train, to assist Mary, when assistance was needless; and failed not, in her public entry with her sister into the metropolis, to show to the populace the disadvantageous contrast of the sickly Queen with the youthful Princess; of the practised condescension of the protestant heroine, with the pride and reserve of the Romish sovereign.

As soon as Mary restored the ancient forms of religion, Elizabeth expressed her determination not to attend the service of the mass, to the great delight of the reformers, and the grave offence of Mary and her council. The Spanish advisers of Mary would have resorted to compulsion. Mary refused, at least until every means of argument had been tried. For two days she was preached to, but without success. The opponents of Mary took courage, regarding the resoluteness of Elizabeth as a sign of her disaffection to the Queen. In this they were disappointed. Elizabeth, as soon as she learnt their hopes, hastened to Mary, and casting herself at her sister's feet, assured her of her affection, charging her resolute adherence to the reformed religion to the nature of her early education, and praying of her sister such controversial works, and such a learned tutor as might enable her to come to a right conclusion on the subject of religion. Mary was appeased; and the more so when Elizabeth attended her to the mass of the nativity of the Virgin, and wrote to Charles V. for the ornaments of a chapel she intended to open in her own house. By these expedients Elizabeth obtained her proper place in the court of her sister, and in the ceremonial of her coronation. It was of no little importance to the Princess to be thus publicly recognised as the heiress presumptive of Mary; and while she was thus placed she stood between the throne and the wiles of the French party, and of the ambition of the house of Suffolk; between the Lady Jane, and the young Queen of the Scots, now put forward by Henry of France as legitimate heir to the crown.

"Henry II. made the most liberal offers of money and advice to Elizabeth, while, in fancy, he exulted in the idea of her disgrace and death, and the recognition of his royal daughter-in-law as the future sovereign of the Britannic isles, from sea to sea, under the matrimonial dominion of his eldest son. The brilliancy of such a prospect rendered the French monarch and his ministers reckless of the restraints of honour, conscience, or humanity, which might tend to impede its realization; and Elizabeth was marked out, first as its puppet, and finally, as the victim of a plot, which might possibly end in the destruction not only of one sister, but of both.

"The protestant party, alarmed at the zeal of Queen Mary for the re-establishment of the old catholic institutions, and detesting the idea of her Spanish marriage, were easily excited to enter into any project for averting the evils they foresaw. A plot was devised for raising the standard of revolt against Queen Mary's government, in the joint names of the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, to whom they proposed to unite her in marriage. That Courtenay, who had been piqued at Mary's declining to accept him for her husband, entered into a confederacy, which promised him a younger

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and more attractive royal bride, with the prospect of a crown for her dowry, there is no doubt; though the romantic tales in which some modern historians have indulged, touching his passion for Elizabeth, are somewhat apocryphal. The assertion that he refused the proffered hand of Mary, on account of his disinterested preference for Elizabeth, is decidedly untrue. It was not until convinced of the hopelessness of his suit to the Queen, that he allowed himself to be implicated in a political engagement to marry Elizabeth, who, if consenting to the scheme, appears to have been only a passive agent, cautiously avoiding any personal participation in the confederacy till she saw how it was likely to end. It is therefore difficult to say how far her heart was touched by the external graces of her handsome but weak-minded kinsman."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 72, 73.

It is difficult to decide how far Elizabeth was implicated in that plot, which Noailles and Wyatt were at this time concocting against the Queen. Among those protestant writers who do not deem the religion of Mary a full and sufficient defence for an act of rebellion against her government, it is strongly denied that Elizabeth even knew of the designs of the conspirators against her sister; whilst, by the ultra-protestants and Romanists her supposed share is as greatly increased, and considered by the former as a work of true religion, by the latter as rebellion, heightened by the relationship of the Queen and the Princess. When we consider how Elizabeth was at this crisis distrusted by Mary, her every action and speech watched by the spies of the ambassador of Philip, and calumniated by him to her sister, how she was being urged on by the crafty French king and his able servant Noailles on the one hand, and by the injudicious flatteries and enthusiasm of the high protestant party on the other, we must be prepared to ascribe to Elizabeth such caution and strength of mind as is seldom to be found in one of her age, before we can believe that she escaped all the snares that sisterly distrust, foreign enmity and craft, and the injudicious enthusiasm of friends were strewing in her path.

The weakness of Courtenay was not proof against the cleverness of Gardiner; the plot was speedily unravelled, and after many ineffectual attempts at delay and reconciliation, Elizabeth was eventually consigned to the Tower.

"Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed; and they lay hovering on the water in extreme danger for a time; and at length their caution was overpowered by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty, and much peril, succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses which at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of that boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the traitors' gate; 'neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe,' she said. One of the lords told her, 'she must not choose;' and as it was then raining, offered her his

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cloak. 'She dashed it from her with a good dash,' (says our author;) and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed, 'Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs! Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!' To which the nobles who escorted her, replied, 'If it were so, it were the better for her.' When she came to the gate a number of the wardens and servants belonging to the Tower were drawn up in rank, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and 'prayed God to preserve her grace;' for which they were afterwards reprimanded. Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering the prison so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, 'Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely.' 'Better sit here than in a worse place,' she replied, 'for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 92—94.

In this much-applauded conduct of Elizabeth the unbiassed reader may perhaps discern so great an amount of show and intentional appearance of fear, as to lessen his admiration of the conduct of the Princess. It looks a little as if she spoke and acted for effect, and wished to impress upon her auditors the idea, so harped upon by Foxe, that she had been prejudged by her sister and her council, and summoned from Ashridge solely to commence a life of imprisonment, or perhaps to die on the scaffold. Yet, when we come to consider it, there was enough in her situation that was appalling, nor has a young woman often been more tried. The Queen's council burned for the death of Elizabeth, and the Spanish envoy let no opportunity slip of ensuring her death before the coming of his master Philip. To his advice may be attributed the unnecessary severity of the commissioners. With many of them, his wishes seem to have been consistent with their own. One nobleman refused to be the tormenter as well as gaoler of his sovereign's sister. He was no favourer of rebellion, even in the royal blood, and as firm a friend to Mary as afterwards to Elizabeth, in despite of the coldness with which the latter regarded him. Sussex was disgusted at the unmanly conduct of his associates in the commission. "Let us take heed, my lords," said he, when he found that no argument but that of fear would avail with the creatures of the Spanish king, "Let us take heed, my lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our king's daughter, and is, we know, the princess next in blood; wherefore, let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter." Fear for the consequences, it may be said, was the groundwork of the compassion of Sussex; no such accusation can be brought against the old Earl of Arundel, once the foremost in the death-cry against Elizabeth, the constant instigator of her trial and execution. With Gardiner, and eight of the lords of the council, Arundel sought the chamber of the royal prisoner, and questioned her on her motives for leaving her house at Donnington during the late revolt. "Might not I go, my lords," replied Elizabeth, after some further questions, "to mine own houses at all times?" His religion, his devotion to his party, had led Arundel to regard Elizabeth as the necessary sacrifice for the safety of Mary's throne and his faith. Now that he saw her visited in her lonely cell by the

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crafty churchman, the politic noble, the wily adversary, to see if perchance they might entangle her in her talk, and find occasion, from her own words, to take away her life, he could not repress his conviction of her innocence; he felt grieved at the cruel part he had taken against her, and he knelt before her, and witnessed to his conviction of her innocence, and his remorse at the injurious treatment to which she had been subjected. Renaud and Gardiner worked together against Elizabeth; but the sisterly affection of Mary, and her determination to proceed by legal means alone, effectually disconcerted their plans.

"In a letter of the 3d of April, Renaud writes the particulars of two successive interviews which he had had with the Queen and some of the members of her council, on the necessary measures to be adopted for the security of Don Philip's person, before he could venture himself in England. His excellency states 'that he had assured the Queen that it was of the utmost importance that the *trials and executions of the criminals, especially* those of Courtenay and Elizabeth, should be concluded before the arrival of the Prince. The Queen evasively replied, 'that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.' Gardiner then remarked, 'that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil; but if every one went on as soundly as he did in providing remedies, things would go on better.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 100, 101.

Renaud, finding that Elizabeth was not to be done to death but by legal condemnation, seems to have turned his views towards getting her out of England by a marriage with the Prince of Piedmont, under the hope that, when once away from the country, and out of sight of her friends, Philip would have less difficulty in ousting her from the succession, and putting her out of the minds of her people. This plan failed. Still Elizabeth remained a close prisoner, denied the exercise of her religion, the society of a friend, or even that air which was necessary for her health. As soon, however, as Wyatt had retracted, on the scaffold, all that the hope of escape had prompted him to say against Courtenay and the Princess, the imprisonment of Elizabeth was rendered less rigorous, and the royal captive was allowed to breathe the fresh air, under the surveillance of her gaolers, whilst every other imprisoned denizen of the Tower was forbidden to look from his window "whilst the Lady Elizabeth walked." The following anecdote illustrates the strictness of the surveillance to which Elizabeth was subjected:—

"Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children; and her natural affection for them was doubtless greatly increased by the artless traits of generous sympathy and feeling which she experienced in her time of trouble from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her, and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the Emperor Charles V.:—'It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the Lady Elizabeth by a child five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there.' This passage authenticates the pretty incident related in the life of Elizabeth, in Foxe's Appendix, where we are told that, at an hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden of the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers, and to receive at her hands such

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things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor that by this child letters were exchanged between Elizabeth and Courtenay; and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth, and confess who sent him to the Lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her Grace, which nevertheless he attempted next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the Princess, who was walking in the garden, 'Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now.'"—*Elizabeth*, p. 104.

Such is the incident which a late writer of a so-called historical novels has converted into the disgusting story of Xit, in order doubtless that he might heighten the cruelty of the scene, by the deformity of the tormented dwarf.

Among the many prisoners with which the Tower was at that time crowded, was the courteous Dudley. It may have been that he employed the artless child as the medium of conciliating Elizabeth, and explaining away the part he had taken in attempting to raise the Lady Jane to the throne, as much to the hurt of his future mistress, as of his present sovereign. The short week, after her accession to the throne, which elapsed ere Elizabeth raised Dudley to high and important stations about her person, seems to require some explanation. True it was, he had been a prisoner in her sister's reign, but still as much her enemy as Mary's. His "fair personne" doubtless tended to lessen the term of his probation, but some previous intercourse may well be believed in, between the prisoner Dudley and Elizabeth the Princess. As soon as he was liberated we know he was employed in France, and would have but rare opportunities of intercourse with Elizabeth. Courtenay, too, was both too timid to have originated a secret correspondence, and too weak not to have revealed it to the wily Gardiner, had such a correspondence ever existed.

Irresolute as Mary was as to what should ultimately be done with her sister and Courtenay, it was evident that the cruel counsels of Renaud and Gardiner would never be followed by the Queen. The lawyers, as the ambassador admitted, could find no matter for the condemnation of the Princess. On this Mary was determined to act; and she was now supported by a powerful party in her own council, for Arundel's Earl, Pembroke, Sussex, Petre, and the Admiral, advocated clemency. It was in vain that the chancellor and his prompter, Renaud, endeavoured to bring Elizabeth to the scaffold. Disappointed at the opposition which his schemes met with in the council; deeply sensible that he had gone so far against the heiress to the throne, that were death to take Mary, forgiveness could never be accorded to him by the new sovereign, Gardiner made a bold and a false stroke for success. Mary was confined to her bed with sickness. With his own hand he signed the death-warrant of

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Elizabeth, and commanded her immediate execution. But it was not to be so. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, remarked the suspicious absence of the Queen's signature, and refused "to do the Lady Elizabeth to death," until he had communicated with Mary herself. The delay was fatal to the plots of Gardiner, and preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her cruel foes. Mary, angry at the deception that had been attempted, was all the more turned towards her imprisoned sister, and led to regard the advice of friends, foes, and foreign kings, against Elizabeth, with disgust. Nature resumed its full sway over her heart, she provided for the safety of her sister's person, she replaced her portrait next to her own in the gallery, she began once more to call her "sister."

But a short time now elapsed ere Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and sent to Woodstock, under the care of the good old Norfolk knight, Sir Henry Bedingfield. Foxe and his followers have not failed to enlarge on the conduct of Sir Henry towards his prisoner, both on the journey to Woodstock, and during Elizabeth's restraint in that palace. Every querulous complaint of the Princess has been chronicled, and every refusal of "the harsh jailer" to delay on the road, or turn away to some neighbouring house, that Elizabeth might re-arrange her veil or her kerchief, been written down and dilated on. But was there no reason for these precautions, these restraints? No sooner was Elizabeth outside the Tower-gates, than Noailles was at his old plots; sending secret messages to the Princess, and exciting the distrust of those who were bound to defend her sister's throne. On the other side, Gardiner, though for the one time foiled by the firm honesty of Bridges, was still plotting the death of Bedingfield's charge. Sir Henry had, on more than one occasion, reason to suspect the Spanish party; and in despite of the harsh language with which Elizabeth remonstrated with him, stinted not in his watchful care over her. Elizabeth was walking in the palace gardens, when Bedingfield deemed it advisable to close the iron gates; the Princess turned upon the knight, and in passionate language, called him "her jailer." Sir Henry knelt before her; "Call me not by that harsh name," said he to Elizabeth, "I am one of your officers, appointed to serve your grace, and to guard your grace's person from the dangers with which it is beset." It was with some reason that Sir Henry Bedingfield spoke of the dangers with which the Lady Elizabeth was beset.

"Among the incidents of Elizabeth's imprisonment, a mysterious tale is told of an attempt made by one Bassett, a creature of Gardiner, against her life, during the temporary absence of Sir Henry Bedingfield. This Bassett, it seems, had been, with five-and-twenty disguised ruffians, loitering with evil intentions at Bladenbridge, seeking to obtain access to the Lady Elizabeth, on secret and important business, as he pretended; but Sir Henry had given such strict cautions to his brother, whom he left as his deputy castellan in his absence, that no one should approach the royal prisoner, that the project was defeated. Once a dangerous fire broke out in the quarter of the palace where she was confined, which was kindled, apparently not by accident, between the ceiling of the room under her chamber and her chamber floor, by which her life would have been

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greatly endangered, had it not been providentially discovered before she retired to rest. The lofty spirit of Elizabeth, though unsubdued, was saddened by the perils and trials to which she was daily exposed, and in the bitterness of her heart she once expressed a wish to change fortunes with a milk-maid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail, while milking the cows in Woodstock Park, for she said, 'that milk-maid's lot was better than hers, and her life merrier.'" —*Elizabeth*, pp. 112, 113.

On the shutter at Woodstock Elizabeth wrote the following lines, which Hentzner has preserved; tradition assigns them to a period when even pen and ink was denied her, and she was compelled to record her feelings through the medium of charcoal.

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
But freeing those that death had well deserved;
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have brought;
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

Elizabeth was in a more humble tone of mind when she made the following quaint but pleasing entry in one of the books with which she beguiled her solitude at Woodstock. The blank leaf of a black-letter edition of St. Paul's Epistles is thus inscribed:—

"August—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that, so having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

It was during her confinement at Woodstock, that Elizabeth was questioned by the order of her sister, regarding her views on the sacrament of the Eucharist; her ingenious reply is too well known to need repeating here. But the present biographer's notions on that mystery must not pass unnoticed. To Miss Strickland, transubstantiation and the real presence seem one and the same thing. Whether equally to be condemned, or equally to be believed, no reader of her work can perceive. "The Queen," says Miss Strickland, "doubting her (Elizabeth's) sincerity, caused her to be questioned as to her belief in *transubstantiation*, on which Elizabeth, being pressed to declare her opinion, as to the *real presence* of *the Saviour in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, replied in the following extempore lines." It may be that our authoress thinks transubstantiation and the real presence to be the same. It may be, that, like other charming women, who write and talk about things they do not understand, for the sake of avoiding the repetition of the word "transubstantiation," and in order to perfect an euphonious sentence, she has used the two expressions, without a thought of what they really do import. In her eyes, Elizabeth's extempore definition of the eucharist is a "simple scriptural explanation of one of the sublimest

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mysteries of the christian faith." Is it any explanation at all? or at the utmost, is it not a statement with respect to but one element of the eucharistic sacrifice?

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread, and brake it;
> And what his word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

But the time was rapidly approaching for Elizabeth's deliverance from her solitude. Mary, towards the autumn of the year, deluded herself that there would be a representative of the crowns of Spain and England. An heir was expected to England, and consequently Elizabeth was no longer regarded with the same devotion by her friends, or the same distrust and hatred by her sister, and her more violent enemies. Philip, too, was desirous of courting popularity, and as kindness to the Princess was at one and the same time a safe and a certain way, he had no great difficulty in persuading Mary to summon her sister to share the Christmas festivities at Hampton Palace. Philibert of Savoy, Philip's friend, was that year present at the English court, seeking this occasion of pleading, in person, his love-suit to Elizabeth.

What might not have been the state of this country, had Elizabeth yielded to the suit of the accomplished Savoyard? Her mind was yet flexible, and her character far from formed. Abroad, she would have been separated from her own Church, and had ever presented to her the errors of Rome on the one side, of Geneva on the other; few can doubt to the which the mind of Elizabeth must eventually have turned. In the one case, with a people as yet hankering after the errors of the old religion, and obedient, even to slavery, to their sovereigns, Elizabeth would have perpetuated among us the errors of the Roman Church. In the other case, had she imbibed the principles of Geneva, she could not but have held out the right-hand of fellowship to the Calvinistic reformers of Scotland, and the skull-cap of Geneva would have soon exalted itself over the English Church. Happily she was spared this trial. Persuaded of the danger of leaving England, or rendered indifferent to the graces of Philibert by the superior beauty of the person of Courtenay, Elizabeth could not be brought to sanction the proposed alliance, and Mary yielded to the wishes of her sister and of her parliament, and refused to compel Elizabeth to the marriage.

From the Christmas festivities of Hampton, Elizabeth returned to Woodstock, no longer a prisoner; her own people were in attendance on her, and no particular restraint seems to have been imposed upon her. Early in the spring of the following year (1555), the folly of her own people once more brought Elizabeth into trouble, and caused her conveyance to Hampton as a state prisoner. Had she but borne in mind the advice of her favourite Horace to Leuconoe—

> "Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi,
> Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
> Tentaris numeros,"

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Elizabeth would never have become the dupe of the necromancer Dee, or permitted his pretended skill in divination to acquire that influence over her mind which he retained as long as she lived. The secret consultations which the Princess held with the "cuning clerke of Oxenforde," brought her into trouble in April, 1555.

"A curious letter of news from Thomas Marten, of London, to Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, then travelling in Italy, was lately discovered at the State Paper Office, which was doubtless intercepted; and, considering to whom it was written, and the facts in which Elizabeth's name is implicated, it must be regarded as a document of no common interest. 'In England,' says he, 'all is quiet; such as wrote traitorous letters into Germany be apprehended, as likewise others, that did calculate the king's, the queen's, and my Lady Elizabeth's nativity, whereof one Dee, and Cary, and Butler, and one other of my Lady Elizabeth's, are accused, that they all have a familiar spirit, which is the more suspected, for that Ferys, one of the accusers, had, immediately on the accusation, both of his children stricken—the one with death, the other with blindness.' "—*Elizabeth*, pp. 120, 121.

From this temporary restraint, to which the share borne by her maternal relatives, Cary and Butler, in these divinations, seems to have subjected Elizabeth, the Princess was released by the intercession of Philip. According to Elizabeth's own declarations in after years, it was love which actuated Philip in his conduct towards Elizabeth. It may have been that the good looks of the younger sister were advantageously contrasted with the sickly features of his Queen. But it must be remembered that the greatest failing of Elizabeth was that unbounded admiration of herself which made her deem every one to be her devoted lover. Philip must at this time have been aware that Mary could never, in all human probability, have an heir to the crown. There remained, then, but Elizabeth between the crown and Mary of Scotland, the daughter-in-law of his constant opponent, the king of France. Everything was to be sacrificed to prevent so great a preponderance of power as the annexation of the crowns of England and Scotland to that of France. Philip, therefore, both during the latter part of his stay in this country, and when returned to Spain, manifested great interest in Elizabeth; and it is but fair to suppose that he was now deceived by Elizabeth's conduct, and regarded her constant attendance at mass with her sister, and her frequent austerities, as a sign of a real change in her religious opinions. In after years it suited Elizabeth's policy to forget her temporary adherence to the forms of Romanism, whilst her personal vanity induced her to ascribe to personal interest, that which, most probably, was solely political foresight in her brother-in-law.

The spring and summer of the ensuing year once more subjected Elizabeth to trouble. Injudicious friends made her name the rallying point of insurrection; two of her chief officers were concerned in the attempt of Sir Henry Dudley against the throne and life of Mary. Lingard would have us believe that had not Philip commanded Mary to overlook the imputed share of her sister in the plot of Peckham and Warne, she would have taken this occasion to secure her throne by her sister's death. It was the policy of the Spanish court,

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after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, to accuse her of ingratitude towards Philip, and to represent him as the constant and effective intercessor for her with his wife. In this case it is a mere question of evidence. In favour of Philip and his boasted intercession for Elizabeth, Dr. Lingard cites the MS. life of Jane Dormer, duchess of Feria, a memoir of great value, and constantly referred to in our former article on Queen Mary. For every act in which Jane Dormer was herself present, and which tells against her royal mistress, there is sufficient reason to credit her testimony. But when did she first assert that, to Philip, Elizabeth owed her life on this occasion? At the time when she was resident in Spain, the subject of Philip, and was deeply engaged in the Ridolphi plot, on behalf of Mary of Scotland, and when Elizabeth was officially denying the accusation of ingratitude. This looks suspicious, to say the least.

But, again, Miss Strickland quotes from the Lansdown manuscripts a letter from Elizabeth to Mary, in which the Princess thanks her sister for her kindness in being the first to communicate to her the silly insurrection headed by the fictitious Earl of Devonshire, and in which Elizabeth was actually proclaimed queen. Any one who reads Elizabeth's letter, cannot but feel that there is great inconsistency in believing that Mary pardoned her sister in the matter of Sir Henry Dudley's plot by compulsion, and sent her the ring as a token of amity, against her own inclination, if, only a few weeks after, she wrote the letter to her sister concerning Cleobery's insurrection, to which the answer has been gleaned from the Lansdown manuscripts.

Philip had greatly at heart the union of Elizabeth with his fellow-soldier, Philibert of Savoy. As soon as Courtenay was dead, the council, at the instigation of the king, renewed the question, and Mary summoned Elizabeth to London, in hopes of bending her mind to the wishes of Philip and her counsellors. The Princess was inflexible in her refusal of the Prince of Savoy, protesting her devotion to celibacy as her reason. The annoyance to which she was subjected on this account seems to have tempted Elizabeth to harbour the impolitic thought of taking refuge at the court of France.

"Such was the disgust," says Miss Strickland, "that Elizabeth had conceived during her late visit to court, or the apprehensions that had been excited by the intimidation used by the Spanish party, that she appears to have contemplated the very impolitic step of secretly withdrawing from the realm, that was so soon to become her own, and taking refuge in France. Henry II. had never ceased urging her, by his wily agent Noailles, to accept an asylum in his court, doubtless with the intention of securing the only person who, in the event of Queen Mary's death, would stand between his daughter-in-law and the crown of England. Noailles had, however, interfered in so unseemly a manner in the intrigues and plots that agitated England, that he had been recalled, and superseded in his office by his brother, the Bishop of Arques, a man of better principles, and who scrupled to become a party to the iniquitous scheme of deluding a young and inexperienced princess to her own ruin. With equal kindness and sincerity, this worthy ecclesiastic told the Countess of Sussex, when she came to him secretly in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the Lady Elizabeth to France, 'that it was an unwise project; and that he would advise the princess to take example by the conduct of her sister, who, if she

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had listened to the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to take refuge with the emperor, would have remained in exile.' The Countess returned again to him on the same errand, and he then plainly told her, 'that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm.' A few years after, he declared, 'that Elizabeth was indebted to him for the crown.' "—*Elizabeth*, pp. 130, 131.

It was but a temporary cloud, that soon passed away; and in a few weeks the Princess returned from Hatfield to London, and bore her part in the gaieties which Philip's temporary return to England restored to the lugubrious court of Mary.

Before November, 1558, it was evident that Mary was smitten with a fatal malady; and Philip, embroiled in a war with France, and fearful lest Mary of Scotland should succeed to his wife's throne, solicited Mary to nominate Elizabeth as her successor. Mary had already done so, and exacted and obtained from her sister a confession of the Roman Catholic faith. According to Jane Dormer and Strype, Elizabeth "prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her alive, if she were not a true Roman Catholic," acknowledged the real presence in the Eucharist—which, in Miss Strickland's eyes, is pure Romanism—and confessed that "she did now and then pray to the Virgin Mary." Those most wonderful documents, the Zurich Letters of the Parker Society, give a true protestant version of the conversation between Elizabeth and the messengers of Mary. The wonderful story is conveyed in a letter from Sandys to Bullinger.

"Mary, not long before her death, sent two members of her council to her sister Elizabeth, and commanded them to let her know, that it was her intention to bequeath to her the royal crown, together with the dignity that she was then in possession of by right of inheritance. In return, however, for this great favour conferred upon her, she required of her three things: first, that she would not change her privy council; secondly, that she would make no alteration in religion; and, thirdly, that she would discharge her debts and satisfy her creditors. Elizabeth replied in these terms: 'I am sorry to hear of the queen's illness; but there is no reason why I should thank her for her intention of giving me the crown of this realm, for she has neither the power of bestowing it upon me, nor can I lawfully be deprived of it, since it is my peculiar and hereditary right. With respect to the council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my councillors as she was to choose hers. As to religion, thus much I promise, that I will not change it, provided only, that it can be proved by the word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion. Lastly, in requiring the payment of her debts, she seems to me to require nothing more than what is just, and I will take care that they shall be paid, as far as may be in my power."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 139, 140.

This is all very pretty, but is it probable? First, it comes by hearsay. Dr. Sandys was out of England; who his correspondent was he does not inform us. Is the lofty tone like the usual dissimulation of Elizabeth's previous replies to Mary on the subject of religion? How does the declamation about the word of God being the only foundation and rule of her religion agree with the humble supplication of Elizabeth, in earlier years, for some learned doctor to instruct her in the Roman faith? Was not Elizabeth at this time at least outwardly a Romanist? Attending the service of the mass,

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did she not continue to observe Romanist practices for a full month after her accession, ay, until she saw that the protestant party was the most powerful, and then God's word was to be the only foundation of her religion? If Sandys be true, we must believe that Elizabeth was for once, bold—for once, honest, when boldness and honesty were sure to meet with immediate punishment from the zealous Romanists who surrounded the death-bed of her sister, and swayed the power of the crown.

Mary's life was drawing to a close. A few days before her death, she sent Jane Dormer to Elizabeth with the crown jewels. With these symbols of coming greatness, the worshippers of the rising sun deserted the palace of the dying Queen, and sought the groves of Bishop's Hatfield. Already were the new courtiers contending for future favours, before the source of honour was dried up at the old fountain head. At length Mary died. Some hours before the report of her decease had reached Hatfield, Throckmorton had ridden to London, by Elizabeth's orders, to fetch the black enamelled ring, which the Queen wore day and night, as a token of her sister's death. The following account Miss Strickland has extracted from the Metrical Chronicle of the Life of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton :—

" Then I, who was misliked of the time,
Obscurely sought to live scant seen at all,
So far was I from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well to 'scape a fall;
Elizabeth I visited by stealth,
As one who wished her quietness with health.

" Repairing oft to Hatfield, where she lay,
My duty not to slack that I did owe,
The queen fell very sick, as we heard say,
The truth whereof her sister sought to knowe;
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find.

" She said, (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
Who still do dread some baits of subtlety,)
' Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty,
The which the king of Spain in spousals gave,—
If ought fall out amiss, 'tis that I crave.

" ' But, hark, ope not your lips to any one
In hope as to obtain of courtesy,
Unless you know my sister first be gone;
For grudging minds will soon coyne treachery;
So shall thyself be safe and us be sure;
Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.

" ' Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
That all will forward be to pleasure thee,
And none at all shall seek thy suit to let,
But go and come, and look here to find me.'
Thence to the court I galloped in post,
Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

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" The ring received, my brethren, which lay
In London town with me, to Hatfield went,
And as we rode, there met us by the way
An old acquaintance hoping avancement,
A sugared bait, that brought us to our bane,
But chiefly me, that wherewithal was ta'en.

* * * * *

" When to the court I and my brother came,
My news was stale, but yet she knew them true;
But see how crossly things began to frame,
The cardinal died, whose death my friends may rue,
For then Lord Gray and I were sent, in hope
To find some writings to or from the pope."

Before Sir Nicholas could return, the council had come to Hatfield, and tendered their homage to the new Queen. Well prepared as Elizabeth was for the announcement, she failed not to express astonishment, and to regard the occurrence as a special providence of God in her behalf. " Eight-and-twenty years afterwards," says Miss Strickland, " in a conversation with the envoys of France, Chasteauneuf and Believre, she spoke of the tears which she had shed on the death of her sister Mary, but she is the only person by whom they are recorded."

A System of Logic; Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. *By* JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker. 1843.

THIS is by no means a mere elementary work; but requires some previous acquaintance with the ordinary treatises on Logic and on Mental Philosophy; among which Mr. Mill recommends the Logic of the Archbishop of Dublin, and Brown's Lectures, or his treatise on Cause and Effect. Although distributed into six Books, it consists, strictly, of three parts: the first of which relates to Logic, as commonly understood; the second to the Logic of Induction; and the third to the Logic of the Moral Sciences. Laying no special claim to originality, this treatise professes to be simply an attempt to embody and systematize the best ideas, which have been either promulgated on the subject of our intellectual operations by the most approved speculative writers, or have been conformed to by accurate thinkers in their scientific inquiries.

In a short introductory chapter, Mr. Mill discusses the definition and province of Logic. Since to define a thing is to select from among the whole of its properties those which are ultimate and exclusive, or, at least, discriminating, it is clear that a definition of anything so complex as a *science*, must be the end rather than the outset of

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our inquiries; and we must therefore be content, at the commencement of our study, with a merely approximate provisional definition, to be hereafter enlarged or contracted as the progress of the science towards perfection may require. Now Logic, in general terms, is usually regarded as the Art of Reasoning. Archbishop Whately defines logic to be the science, as well as the art of reasoning; embracing the analysis of the mental process which takes place whenever we reason; as well as the rules, grounded upon that analysis, which must be observed by those who would reason correctly. But again; the word Reasoning is ambiguous, and must be defined. By technical logicians, it is understood to mean syllogizing. In a more general sense, to reason is to infer any proposition from propositions already admitted; and it is in this sense that the word Reasoning is taken by Mr. Mill throughout the present treatise. But such a definition of logic would be too narrow. Both by the scholastic logicians, by the Port-Royalists, (who employed the term as equivalent to the Art of Thinking,) and in current acceptation among educated men, Logic is considered to include several operations of the intellect, besides those directly belonging to the theory of reasoning or argumentation.

"These various operations might be brought within the compass of the science, and the additional advantage be obtained of a very simple definition, if, by an extension of the term, sanctioned by high authorities, we were to define Logic as the science which treats of the operation of the human understanding in the pursuit of truth. For to this ultimate end, Naming, Classification, Definition, and all the other operations over which Logic has ever claimed jurisdiction, are essentially subsidiary. They may all be regarded as contrivances for enabling a person to know the truths which are needful to him, and to know them at the precise moment at which they are needful. Other purposes, indeed, are also served by these operations; for instance, that of imparting our knowledge to others. But viewed with regard to this purpose, they have never been considered as within the province of the logician. The sole object of Logic is the guidance of one's own thoughts: the communication of those thoughts to others falls under the consideration of Rhetoric, in the large sense in which that art was conceived by the ancients, or of the still more extensive art of Education. Logic takes cognizance of all intellectual operations, only as they conduce to our own knowledge, and to our command over that knowledge for our own uses. If there were but one rational being in the universe, that being might be a perfect logician; and the science and art of logic would be the same for that one person, as for the whole human race."—Vol. i. p. 6.

But if the former definition was too narrow, the present is too wide.

"Truths are known to us in two ways: some are known directly, and of themselves; some through the medium of other truths. The former are the subject of Intuition or Consciousness; the latter of Inference. The truths known by Intuition are the original premisses, from which all others are inferred. Our assent to the conclusion being grounded upon the truth of the premisses, we never could arrive at any knowledge by reasoning, unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning."—Vol. i. p. 6.

Hence one of the most important inquiries in the science of the human understanding is: What truths are intuitively known; and

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what are those which we merely infer? But this inquiry, however important, does not fall within the province of logic; and we must content ourselves with observing, that many truths which are supposed to be known intuitively, are acquired by reasoning only. They are the results of inference, and nothing more. This is a caution by no means to be neglected; since we are all of us but too prone, through ignorance, impatience, and pride, to lay down as ultimate data fenced round from investigation, propositions which rest upon a basis of argumentation only, and which, in many cases, if closely examined, would prove to be untenable.

"The province of logic must be restricted to that portion of our knowledge which consists of inferences from truths previously known; whether those antecedent data be general propositions, or particular observations and perceptions. Logic is not the science of Belief, but the science of Proof, or Evidence."—Vol. i. p. 10.

To draw inferences has been said to be the great business of life. While each pursuit or science furnishes its own peculiar data, Logic furnishes the rules for constructing and testing conclusions from those data.

"It is in this sense that logic is, what Bacon so expressively calls it, *ars artium*; the science of science itself. All science consists of data and conclusions from those data, of proofs, and what they prove: now logic points out what relations must subsist between data and whatever can be concluded from them, between proof and everything which it can prove. If there be any such indispensable relations, and if these can be precisely determined, every particular branch of science, as well as every individual in the guidance of his conduct, is bound to conform to those relations, under the penalty of making false inferences, of drawing conclusions which are not grounded in the realities of things. Whatever has at any time been concluded justly, whatever knowledge has been acquired otherwise than by immediate intuition, depended on the observance of the laws which it is the province of logic to investigate. If the conclusions are just, and the knowledge sound, those laws have actually been observed."—Vol. i. p. 12.

It is not unusual for superficial thinkers, and popular writers, to question the utility of a science, on the ground that the operations, of which that science is an analysis, have been correctly performed by unscientific men. Thus we all naturally perform many mechanical actions, although ignorant of mechanics as a science. But even without insisting upon the dignity and value of science, simply for its own sake, the history of all scientific arts shows that they can pass from their ruder and feebler states only under the guidance of philosophy. In like manner, logic as an art, derives all its strength, and growth, and certainty, from logic as a science.

"Logic, then, is the science of the operations of the understanding, which are subservient to the estimation of evidence: both the process itself of proceeding from known truths to unknown, and all intellectual operations auxiliary to this. It includes, therefore, the operation of Naming; for language is an instrument of thought, as well as a means of communicating our thoughts. It includes, also, Definition and Classification. . . .

"Our object, therefore, will be to attempt a correct analysis of the intellectual process called Reasoning or Inference; and of such other mental

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operations as are intended to facilitate this: as well as, on the foundation of this analysis, and *pari passu* with it, to bring together or frame a set of rules or canons, for testing the sufficiency of any given evidence to prove any given proposition."—Vol. i. p. 14.

And, further on, Mr. Mill defines the nature and province of Logic, in the following terms:—

"The object of logic is to ascertain how we come by that portion of our knowledge (much the greatest portion) which is not intuitive; and by what criteria we can, in matters not self-evident, distinguish between things proved and things not proved, between what is worthy and what is unworthy of belief. Of the various questions which the universe presents to our inquiring faculties, some are soluble by direct consciousness, others only by means of evidence. Logic is concerned with these last. The solution, by means of evidence, of questions respecting the universe and the things contained it, is the purpose of logic."—Vol. i. p. 20.

Now the answer to every such question is contained in a *proposition;* a proposition being, according to the common definition, "discourse in which something is affirmed or denied of something." One object is not sufficient for an act of belief. The simplest act of belief has to do with two objects; two names; or, more correctly, two *nameable things.* Hence the import of Names is one of the first subjects of consideration in logic, as an essential preliminary to an investigation of the import of propositions. "A Name," says Hobbes, "is a word taken at pleasure to serve for a mark, which may raise in our mind a thought like to some thought we had before, and which, being pronounced to others, may be to them a sign of what thought the speaker had before in his mind."*

Names may be either general or singular; concrete or abstract; connotative or non-connotative; positive or negative; relative or absolute; univocal or æquivocal. On most of these distinctions we need not dwell, as they are sufficiently considered in the ordinary treatises. The distinction between general and individual, or singular names, is fundamental; since it is by means of general names,—that is, of names capable of being truly affirmed, in the same sense, of *each* of an indefinite number of things,—that we are enabled to assert general propositions. On the second general division of names, Mr. Mill, after defining a concrete name to be a name which stands for a *thing*, and an abstract name to be that standing for an *attribute of a thing*, observes:—

"I have used the words 'concrete' and 'abstract' in the sense annexed to them by the schoolmen; who, notwithstanding the imperfections of their philosophy, were unrivalled in the construction of technical language; and whose definitions, in logic at least, though they never went more than a little way into the subject, have seldom, I think, been altered but to be spoiled. A practice, however, has grown up in more modern times,—which, if not introduced by Locke, has gained currency chiefly from his example,—of applying the expression, 'abstract name,' to all names which are the results of abstraction or generalization, and consequently to all general names; instead of confining it to attributes. The metaphysicians of the Condillac school,—whose admiration of Locke, passing over the pro-

* Computation or Logic, chap. ii.

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foundest speculations of that truly original genius, usually fastens with peculiar eagerness upon his weakest points,—have gone on imitating him in this abuse of language, until there is now some difficulty in restoring the word to its original signification. A more wanton alteration in the meaning of a word is rarely to be met with; for the expression 'general name,' the exact equivalent of which exists in all languages that I am acquainted with, was already available for the purpose to which 'abstract' has been misappropriated, while the misappropriation leaves that important class of words, the names of attributes, without any compact distinctive appellation. The old acceptation, however, has not gone so completely out of use, as to deprive those who still adhere to it of all chance of being understood. By 'abstract,' then, I shall always mean the opposite of 'concrete;' by an abstract name, the name of an attribute; by a concrete name, the name of an object."—Vol. i. p. 35.

The third great division of names is into "connotative" and "non-connotative;" an important distinction, and one of those, says Mr. Mill, which go deepest into the nature of language. As we shall have frequent occasion to use these terms, we subjoin Mr. Mill's definition of them.

"A 'non-connotative' term is one which signifies a subject only, or an attribute only. A 'connotative' term is one which denotes a subject and implies an attribute. By a subject is here meant anything which possesses attributes. Thus 'John,' 'London,' 'England,' are names which signify a subject only. 'Whiteness,' 'length,' 'virtue,' signify an attribute only. None of these names, therefore, are connotative. But 'white,' 'long,' 'virtuous,' are connotative. The word 'white' denotes all white things, as snow, paper, the foam of the sea, &c., and implies, or, as it was termed by the schoolmen, *connotes** the attribute 'whiteness.' The word 'white' is not predicated of the attribute, but of the subjects, snow, &c.; but when we predicate it of them, we imply or connote that the attribute 'whiteness' belongs to them. . . .

"Whenever the names given to objects convey any information, that is, whenever they have properly any meaning, the meaning resides not in what they *denote*, but in what they *connote*. The only names of objects which connote nothing, are proper names; and these have, strictly speaking, no signification. . . .

"When we predicate of anything its proper name; when we say, pointing to a man, this is Brown or Smith; or, pointing to a city, that is York; we do not, merely by so doing, convey to the hearer any information about them, except that those are their names. . . . It is otherwise when objects are spoken of by connotative names. When we say, 'the town is built of marble,' we give the hearer what may be entirely new information, and this merely by the signification of the many-worded connotative name, 'built of marble.' Such names are not signs of the mere objects, invented because we have occasion to think and speak of those objects individually; but signs which accompany an attribute; a kind of livery in which the attribute clothes all objects which are recognised as possessing it. They are not mere marks, but more; that is to say, significant marks; and the connotation is what constitutes their significance."—Vol. i. pp. 37—44.

There is considerable uncertainty in the connotation of names; an uncertainty which seriously affects the value of language as an instrument of philosophical speculation, and renders it, indeed, even

* "*Notare*, to mark; *con*notare, to mark *along with*; to mark one thing *with* or *in addition to* another."

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less useful for the ruder purposes of ordinary social intercourse than it would otherwise be. The custom of using connotative terms without a distinctly ascertained connotation, is one chief source of lax habits of thought. Our first knowledge of our mother-tongue is acquired by a loose observation of the objects which words are used to denote; and as few persons possess analytical habits of mind, the majority of men continue through life to use words in an *unreal* way; they attach to names no precise meaning; that is, in Mr. Mill's philosophical phraseology, they use names without any recognised connotation. They talk vaguely and at random. They see as though they saw not; they hear as though they heard not; they utter words without meaning. And one great business of Education, as a practical process, is to train men to use words *livingly;* with a knowledge of their meaning; as coins, and not as counters; as realities by which we shall be judged at the Last Day. To give a definite and fixed connotation to general concrete names, which will also obtain general acceptance by not departing too widely from the looser meaning already current among thinking men, is one of the most difficult problems in mental moral philosophy.

"This desirable purpose, of giving a fixed connotation where it is wanting, is the end aimed at, whenever any one attempts to give a definition of a general name already in use; every definition of a connotative name being an attempt either merely to declare, or to declare and analyze, the connotation of the name. And the fact, that no questions which have arisen in the moral sciences have been subjects of keener controversy than the definitions of almost all the leading expressions, is a proof how great an extent the evil, to which we have adverted, has attained."—Vol. i. p. 50.

As the word "connote" has been used in a sense very different from that for which Mr. Mill here pleads, it is necessary to dwell a little longer upon this part of the subject.

"Before quitting the subject of connotative names," says the writer of the work before us, "it is proper to observe, that the only recent writer who, to my knowledge, has adopted from the schoolmen the word 'to connote,' Mr. Mill, in his *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, employs it in a signification different from that in which it is here used. He uses the word in a sense coextensive with its etymology; applying it to every case in which a name, while pointing directly to one thing, (which is, consequently, termed its signification,) includes also a tacit reference to some other thing. In the case of concrete general names, his language and mine are the converse of one another. Considering (very justly) the signification of the name to lie in the attribute, he speaks of the word as 'noting' the attribute, and 'connoting' the things possessing the attribute. And he describes abstract names as being properly concrete names with their *con*notation dropped: whereas, in my view, it is the *de*notation which would be said to be dropped; what was previously connoted becoming the whole signification.

"In adopting a phraseology at variance with that which so high an authority, and one which I am less likely than any other person to undervalue, has deliberately sanctioned, I have been influenced by the urgent necessity for a term exclusively appropriated to express the manner in which a concrete general name serves to mark the attributes which are involved in its signification. This necessity can scarcely be felt in its full force by any one who has not found by experience, how vain is the attempt

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to communicate clear ideas on the philosophy of language without such a word. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that some of the most prevalent of the errors with which logic has been infected, and a large part of the cloudiness and confusion of ideas which have enveloped it, would, in all probability, have been avoided, if a term had been in common use to express exactly what I have signified by the term 'to connote.' And the schoolmen, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of our logical language, gave us this also, and in this very sense."—Vol. i. p. 51.

From the consideration of Names, Mr. Mill passes to a consideration of the Things denoted by names: and after glancing at the imperfections of the Categories or Predicaments of the great founder of logic, proposes and discusses a classification of nameable things, which he thus sums up.

"Our survey of the varieties of Things which have been, or which are capable of being, named—which have been, or which are capable of being, either predicated of other Things, or made themselves the subject of predications, is now complete.

"Our enumeration commenced with Feelings. These we scrupulously distinguished from the objects which excite them, and from the organs by which they are, or may be supposed to be, conveyed. Feelings are of four sorts: Sensations, Thoughts, Emotions, and Volitions. What are called perceptions are merely a particular case of Belief, and belief is a kind of Thought. Actions are merely volitions followed by an effect. If there be any other kind of mental state not included under these subdivisions, we did not think it necessary or proper in this place to discuss its existence, or the rank which ought to be assigned to it.

"After Feelings we proceeded to Substances. These are either Bodies or Minds. Without entering into the grounds of the metaphysical doubts which have been raised concerning the existence of Matter and Mind as objective realities, we stated, as sufficient for us, the conclusion in which the best thinkers are now very generally agreed; that all we can *know* of Matter is the sensations which it gives us, and the order of occurrence of those sensations; and that while the substance Body is the unknown cause of our sensations, the substance Mind is the unknown percipient.

"The only remaining class of Nameable Things is Attributes; and these are of three kinds—Quality, Relation, and Quantity. Qualities, like substances, are known to us no otherwise than by the sensations or other states of consciousness which they excite; and while, in compliance with common usage, we have continued to speak of them as a distinct class of Things, we showed that in predicating them no one means to predicate anything but those sensations or states of consciousness, on which they may be said to be grounded, and by which alone they can be defined. Relations, except the simple cases of likeness and unlikeness, succession and simultaneity, are similarly grounded upon some fact, or phenomenon; that is, upon some series of sensations or states of consciousness, more or less complicated. The third species of attribute, Quantity, is also manifestly grounded upon something in our sensations or states of feeling, since there is an indubitable difference in the sensations excited by a larger or a smaller bulk, or by a greater or a less degree of intensity, in any object of sense or of consciousness. All attributes, therefore, are to us nothing but either our sensations and other states of feeling, or something inextricably involved therein; and to this even the peculiar and simple relations just adverted to are not exceptions. Those peculiar relations, however, are so important, and, even if they might in strictness be classed among our states of consciousness, are so fundamentally distinct from any other of those states, that it would be a vain subtlety to confound them under that common head, and it is necessary that they should be classed apart.

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"As the result, therefore, of our analysis, we obtain the following as an enumeration and classification of all Nameable Things:—

"1. Feelings, or States of Consciousness.

"2. The Minds which experience those feelings.

"3. The Bodies, or external objects, which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them; these last being included rather in compliance with common opinion, and because their existence is taken for granted in the common language from which I cannot prudently deviate, than because the recognition of such powers or properties as real existences appears to me to be warranted by a sound philosophy.

"4. The Successions and Co-existences, the Likenesses and Unlikenesses between feelings or states of consciousness. Those relations, when considered as subsisting between other things, exist in reality only between the states of consciousness, which those things, if bodies, excite; if minds, either excite or experience.

"This, until a better can be suggested, must serve us as a substitute for the abortive Classification of Existences, termed the Categories of Aristotle."—Vol. i. pp. 99—102.

Mr. Mill has an interesting section on the nature and office of the *copula;* to confused notions of which he attributes much of the mysticism which has overspread logic, and perverted its speculations into logomachies. The copula has sometimes been thought to signify *existence* as well as to be a sign of predication: whereas Mr. Mill contends that it is a sign of predication and nothing more. The truth is that the word "to be" has a double meaning. It not only performs the function of the copula in affirmations, but has also a meaning of its own, in virtue of which it may itself be made the predicate of a proposition: and the error in question has arisen out of the attempt to find a *single* meaning for the word "to be," in all cases.

"The fog which arose from this narrow spot diffused itself at an early period over the whole surface of metaphysics. Yet it becomes us not to triumph over the gigantic intellects of Plato and Aristotle, because we are now able to preserve ourselves from many errors into which they, perhaps inevitably, fell... The Greeks seldom knew any language but their own.... One of the advantages of having systematically studied a plurality of languages, especially of those languages which philosophers have used as the vehicle of their thoughts, is the practical lesson we learn respecting the ambiguities of words, by finding that the same word in one language corresponds, on different occasions, to different words in another."—Vol. i. p. 105.

The import of propositions is an important subject of inquiry, and may now engage our attention. According to the conceptualists, a proposition is the expression of a relation between two *ideas:* according to the nominalists, it is the expression of an agreement, or disagreement, between the meaning of two *names.* Conformably to the former of these two doctrines, almost all the writers on logic during the last two hundred years, whether English, German, or French, have made their theory of propositions, from beginning to end, a theory of judgments. On this doctrine, Mr. Mill observes:—

"The notion that what is of primary importance to the logician in a proposition, is the relation between the two *ideas* corresponding to the subject

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and predicate (instead of the relation between the two *phenomena* which they respectively express), seems to me to be one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy of logic; and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the last two centuries. The treatises on logic, and on the branches of mental philosophy connected with logic, which have been produced since the intrusion of this cardinal error, though sometimes written by men of extraordinary abilities and attainments, almost always tacitly imply a theory that the investigation of truth consists in contemplating and handling our ideas, or conceptions of things, instead of the things themselves: a process by which, I will venture to affirm, not a single truth ever was arrived at, except truths of psychology, a science of which Ideas or Conceptions are avowedly (along with other mental phenomena) the subject-matter. Meanwhile, inquiries into every kind of natural phenomena were incessantly establishing great and fruitful truths on the most important subjects; but by processes upon which these views of the nature of Judgment and Reasoning threw no light, and in which they afforded no assistance whatever. No wonder that those who knew by practical experience how truths are come at, should deem a science futile, which consisted chiefly of such speculations. What has been done for the advancement of logic since these doctrines came into vogue, has been done not by professed logicians, but by discoverers in the other sciences; in whose methods of investigation many great principles of logic, not previously thought of, have successively come forth into light; but who have generally committed the error of supposing that nothing whatever was known of the art of philosophizing by the old logicians, because their modern interpreters have written to so little purpose respecting it."—Vol. i. pp. 118—120.

At the head of modern nominalists stands Hobbes: and his answers to the question—"What is the immediate object of belief in a proposition? what is that to which, when I assent to a proposition, I give my assent?"—is this: "In every proposition what is signified is, the belief of the speaker that the predicate is a name of the same thing of which the subject is a name; and if it is really so, the proposition is true." That this is *one* property of all true propositions; that this analysis is the only one that is rigorously true of *all* propositions, is indisputable; but it does not hence follow that a proposition means nothing more.

"Though the mere collocation which makes the proposition a proposition, conveys no more meaning than Hobbes contends for, that same collocation combined with other circumstances, that form combined with other matter, does convey more, and much more.

"The only propositions of which Hobbes' principle is a sufficient account, are that limited and unimportant class in which both the predicate and the subject are *proper names*. . . . Hobbes' doctrine exhausts the meaning of such propositions as—'Hyde was Clarendon:' 'Tully is Cicero:'—but it is a sadly inadequate theory of any others. That it should ever have been thought of as such, can be accounted for only by the fact, that Hobbes, in common with the other nominalists, bestowed little or no attention upon the *connotation* of words; and sought for their meaning exclusively in what they *denote*."—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Mr. Mill further objects to the common theory of predication—according to which, predication consists in referring something to a *class*—that it differs from the theory of Hobbes in language only: "for a *class*," he says, "is absolutely nothing but an indefinite

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number of individuals denoted by a general name." This theory is the basis of the celebrated *Dictum de omni et nullo.*

"When the syllogism is resolved, by all who treat of it, into an inference that what is true of a class, is true of all things whatever that belong to the class; and when this is laid down by almost all professed logicians as the ultimate principle to which all reasoning owes its validity; it is clear that, in the general estimation of logicians, the propositions of which reasonings are composed, can be the expression of nothing but the process of dividing things into classes, and referring everything to its proper class."—Vol. i. p. 125.

This theory, says Mr. Mill, is a signal example of the logical error of ὕστερον πρότερον.

"When I say that snow is white, I may and ought to be thinking of snow as a class, because I am asserting a proposition as true of all snow; but I am certainly not thinking of white objects as a class; I am thinking of no white object whatever except snow. . . . When, indeed, I have judged, or assented to the propositions, that snow is white, and that several other things are white, I gradually begin to think of white objects as a class, including snow and those other things. But this is a conception which followed, not preceded, those judgments, and therefore cannot be given as an explanation of them. Instead of explaining the effect by the cause, this doctrine explains the cause by the effect, and is, I conceive, founded upon a latent misconception of the nature of classification."—Vol. i. p. 126.

It is often supposed that classification is an arrangement and grouping of definite and known individuals: but so far is this from being the case, that we may frame a class without knowing the individuals, and even without believing that any such individuals exist. The *meaning* of a general name is independent of the things of which it is the name.

"The only mode in which any general name has a definite meaning, is by being a name of an indefinite variety of things, namely, of all things, known or unknown, past, present, or future, which *possess certain definite attributes.* When by studying, not the meaning of words, but the phenomena of nature, we discover that these attributes are possessed by some object not previously known to possess them, (as when chemists found that the diamond was combustible,) we include this new object in the class; but it did not already belong to the class. We place the individual in the class because the proposition is true; the proposition is not true because the object is placed in the class."—Vol. i. p. 128.

Mr. Mill resolves all propositions, with the exception of those which are merely verbal, into five classes. Every proposition asserts or denies one of five different kinds of matters of fact; namely, Existence, Coexistence, Sequence, Causation, Resemblance.

Verbal propositions occupy a conspicuous place in philosophy. They include not merely those comparatively unimportant propositions, of which both subject and predicate are proper names, but also those which have been called *essential* propositions; and which were supposed to go deeper into the nature of the thing, and to convey more information respecting it, than any other proposition could do. By the *essence* of a thing was understood that without which the thing could neither be, nor be conceived to be. Thus,

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rationality was of the essence of man, because without rationality, man could not be conceived to exist. To this doctrine, Mr. Mill replies, that while it is true that *man* cannot be conceived without rationality, nothing more is meant by this proposition, than that rationality is involved in the meaning of the word "man;" it is one of the attributes connoted by the name. We can easily conceive the existence of a being possessing all the other attributes connoted by the word man, with the exception of the attribute of rationality; but the conventions of language would forbid us to call such a being *man;* that name being already appropriated to a being possessing the further attribute of rationality.

"The scholastic doctrine of essences," Mr. Mill observes, "long survived the theory on which it rested, that of the existence of real entities corresponding to general terms; and it was reserved for Locke, at the end of the seventeenth century, to convince philosophers that the supposed essences of classes were merely the signification of their names."—Vol. i. p. 150.

Yet the iconoclast himself was a secret worshipper of images: the deliverer's own hand could not quite shake off the manacle; a broken fetter impeded his march.

"A fundamental error is seldom expelled from philosophy by a single victory. It retreats slowly, defends every inch of ground, and often retains a footing in some remote fastness after it has been driven from the open country. The essences of individuals were an unmeaning figment arising from a misapprehension of the essences of classes; yet even Locke, when he extirpated the parent error, could not shake himself free from that which was its fruit. He distinguished two sorts of essences, Real and Nominal. His nominal essences were the essences of classes, explained nearly as we have now explained them. Nor is anything wanting to render the third book of Locke's Essay a nearly perfect treatise on the connotation of names, except to free its language from that assumption of what are called Abstract Ideas, which unfortunately is involved in the phraseology, although not necessarily connected with the thoughts, contained in that Book."—Vol. i. p. 154.

In a note attached to this passage, Mr. Mill refers to a proposed emendation of Locke's phraseology.

"The always acute and often profound author of *An Outline of Sematology*, (Mr. B. H. Smart,) justly says, 'Locke will be much more intelligible if, in the majority of places, we substitute "the knowledge of" for what he calls, "the idea of."' Among the many criticisms on Locke's use of the word Idea, this is the only one which, as it appears to me, precisely hits the mark; and I quote it for the additional reason that it precisely expresses the point of difference respecting the import of Propositions, between my view and what I have called the conceptualist view of them. Where a conceptualist says that a name or a proposition expresses our Idea of a thing, I should generally say (instead of our Idea) our Knowledge, or Belief, concerning the thing itself."—Vol. i. p. 154.

And he goes on to state that non-essential propositions alone are those which convey real information, and may therefore be justly designated Real Propositions; whereas the essential propositions of the schools are merely Verbal.

"An essential proposition is one that is purely verbal; which asserts of a thing under a particular name, only what is asserted of it in the fact of

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calling it by that name; and which therefore either gives no information, or gives it respecting the name, not the thing. Non-essential, or accidental propositions, on the contrary, may be called real propositions, in opposition to verbal. They predicate of a thing some fact not involved in the signification of the name by which the proposition speaks of it; some attribute not connoted by the name. Such are all propositions concerning things individually designated, and all general or particular propositions, in which the predicate connotes any attribute not connoted by the subject. All these, if true, add to our knowledge: they convey information not already involved in the names employed. When I am told that all, or even that some objects, which have certain qualities, or which stand in certain relations, have also certain other qualities, or stand in certain other relations, I learn from this proposition a new fact; a fact not included in my knowledge of the meaning of the words, nor even of the existence of things answering to the signification of those words. It is this class of propositions only which are in themselves instructive, or from which any instructive propositions can be inferred."—Vol. i. p. 156.

A laborious chapter on the nature of Classification and the five Predicables, with another on Definition, complete the first book of Mr. Mill's treatise. The second book is devoted to the subject of Reasoning. Hitherto we have prosecuted a merely preliminary though indispensable inquiry; an inquiry into the *import* of propositions; without entering into the criteria which distinguish true propositions from false; and we have found that,—

"Whatever be the form of the proposition, and whatever its nominal subject or predicate, the real subject of every proposition is some one or more facts or phenomena of consciousness, or some one or more of the hidden causes or powers to which we ascribe those facts; and that what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or those powers, is always either Existence, Order in Place, Order in Time, Causation, or Resemblance. This is the theory of the Import of Propositions, reduced to its ultimate elements."—Vol. i. p. 216.

We now proceed to the peculiar problem of logic; namely, how the assertions of which we have analysed the import, are proved or disproved: such of them, at least, as, not resting upon direct consciousness or intuition, are appropriate subjects of proof. Most propositions are believed, not on their own direct evidence, but because they are *inferred*, or *follow*, from other admitted propositions.

Now, there are several cases of merely apparent inference, the principal being those considered in the ordinary manuals, under the head of the conversion and æquipollency of propositions. These are well worthy of the study of the young logician; there being no more important intellectual habit, nor one more effectually cultivated by the art of logic, than that of detecting, with promptitude and certainty, the identity of a proposition under various disguises of language. But, without dwelling on these cases, in which the progress from one truth to another is merely apparent, (the logical consequent being a mere repetition of the logical antecedent;) let us proceed to those in which we really progress, by the way of inference, from a known truth to an unknown.

Reasoning or Inference is by no means confined to Ratiocination,

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or the process of inferring a proposition from other propositions *equally* or *more* general. It also includes the process of inferring a proposition from propositions *less* general than itself, or the process of Induction. But at present we will speak of Ratiocination or Syllogism only; though not at any great length, since this part of our subject is most fully treated in the common manuals of logic.

It is well known that syllogisms may be divided into four figures, according to the position of the middle-term; but that all correct ratiocination admits of being stated in syllogisms of the first figure alone. At the same time; there are cases in which the argument falls more naturally into one of the other three figures; and Lambert, a German philosopher referred to by Mr. Mill, has pointed out, in his *Neues Organon*, (published in the year 1764,) what sorts of arguments fall most naturally and suitably into each of the four figures. "The first figure," he says, "is suited to the discovery or proof of the properties of a thing; the second to the discovery or proof of the distinctions between things; the third to the discovery or proof of instances and exceptions; the fourth to the discovery or exclusion of the different species of a genus." Lambert regards the reference of syllogisms in the last three figures to the *Dictum de omni et nullo*, as strained and unnatural. He claims for each figure a separate axiom, co-ordinate with that dictum. That for the second figure he calls the *dictum de diverso*; for the third, the *dictum de exemplo*; and for the fourth, the *dictum de reciproco*.

Mr. Mill enters into a very interesting discussion as to the value of the great logical axiom—the *dictum de omni et nullo*—that whatever can be affirmed (or denied) of a class, may be affirmed (or denied) of everything included in the class.

"This maxim, when considered as a principle of reasoning, appears suited to a system of metaphysics once, indeed, generally received, but which for the last two centuries has been considered as finally abandoned, though there have not been wanting in our own day attempts at its revival. So long as what were termed Universals were regarded as a peculiar kind of substances, having an objective existence distinct from the individual objects classed under them, the *dictum de omni* conveyed an important meaning; because it expressed the intercommunity of nature, which it was necessary, upon that theory, that we should suppose to exist between those general substances and the particular substances which were subordinated to them. That everything predicable of the universal was predicable of the various individuals contained under it, was then no identical proposition, but a statement of what was conceived as a fundamental law of the universe. The assertion that the entire nature and properties of the *substantia secunda* formed part of the properties of each of the individual substances called by the same name; that the properties of Man, for example, were properties of all men; was a proposition of real significance when Man did not *mean* all men, but something inherent in men, and vastly superior to them in dignity. Now, however, when it is known that a class, an universal, a genus or species, is not an entity *per se*, but neither more nor less than the individual substances themselves which are placed in the class, and that there is nothing real in the matter except those objects, a common name given to them, and common attributes indicated by the name; what, I should be glad to know, do we learn by being told, that whatever can be

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affirmed of a class, may be affirmed of every object contained in that class? The class *is* nothing but the objects contained it: and the *dictum de omni* merely amounts to the identical proposition, that whatever is true of certain objects, is true of each of those objects. If all ratiocination were no more than the application of this maxim to particular cases, the syllogism would indeed be, what it has so often been declared to be, solemn trifling. . . . . To give any real meaning to the *dictum de omni*, we must consider it not as an axiom but as a definition; we must look upon it as intended to explain, in a circuitous and paraphrastic manner, the meaning of the word *class*."—Vol. i. p. 236.

The old scholastic dogma, that general substances alone are permanent, while the individuals comprehended under them are in a perpetual flux, though seven times banished from philosophy, has seven times returned, lurking under various disguises; at one time under the abstract ideas of Locke; at another, under the ultra-nominalism of Hobbes and Condillac; and again, under the ontology of the later Kantians.

"Once accustomed to consider scientific investigation as essentially consisting in the study of *universals*, men did not drop this habit of thought when they ceased to regard universals as possessing an independent existence: and even those who went the length of considering them mere names, could not free themselves from the notion that the investigation of truth consisted entirely or partly in some kind of conjuration or juggle with those names. . . . . The culminating point of this philosophy is the noted aphorism of Condillac, that a science is nothing, or scarcely anything, but *une langue bien faite*: in other words, that the one sufficient rule for discovering the nature and properties of objects, is to name them properly: as if the reverse were not the truth, that it is impossible to name them properly, except in proportion as we are already acquainted with their nature and properties."—Vol. i. p. 237.

Mr. Mill has devoted a chapter of considerable length to a discussion of the functions and logical value of the syllogism. Is the syllogistic process a means of arriving at a knowledge of something we did not know before?

"Logicians have been remarkably unanimous in their mode of answering this question. It is universally allowed that a syllogism is vicious, if there be anything more in the conclusion than was allowed in the premisses. But this is, in fact, to say, that nothing ever was or can be proved by syllogism, which was not known, or assumed to be known before. . . . . Yet the acknowledgment, so explicitly made, has not prevented one set of writers from continuing to represent the syllogism as the correct analysis of what the mind actually performs in discovering and proving the larger half of the truths, whether of science or of daily life, which we believe;—while those who have avoided this inconvenience, and have followed out the general theorem respecting the logical value of the syllogism to its legitimate corollary, have been led to impute uselessness and frivolity to the syllogistic theory itself, on the ground of the *petitio principii*, which they allege to be inherent in every syllogism."—Vol. i. p. 245.

We shall now endeavour to compress into a smaller compass than it occupies in the text, Mr. Mill's own account of the functions and value of the syllogism, in reply to these two opinions.

In the first place, it must be granted that in every syllogism, considered as an argument to prove the conclusion, there is a *petitio*

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principii. If the whole syllogism hangs on the major premiss; and the major premiss cannot be true unless every individual case included under it be true; and the evidence of the truth of these is derived *aliundè;* and the conclusion is nothing more than one of these individual cases;—what is there left for the syllogism to prove? But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the conclusion may, to the person to whom the syllogism is presented, be really and truly a new truth. From what, then, do we infer it? From the major premiss? To this question, Mr. Mill answers "No;" and after adducing a variety of familiar instances of our ordinary processes of reasoning, arrives at the following conclusions:—

"All inference is from particulars to particulars. General propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more. The major premiss of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description: and the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the formula, but an inference drawn *according to* the formula: the real logical antecedent, or premisses, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction."—Vol. i. p. 259.

And he thus concludes as to the value of the syllogistic form of reasoning, and of the rules for using it correctly:—

"The value of these," he says, "does not consist in their being the form and the rules according to which our reasonings are necessarily, or even usually made; but in their furnishing us with a mode in which those reasonings may always be represented, and which is admirably calculated, if they are inconclusive, to bring their inconclusiveness to light."—Vol. i. p. 267.

But what is the universal type of the reasoning process, since syllogism, it appears, is not? This question, says Mr. Mill, resolves itself into an inquiry as to the nature and functions of the minor premiss: for, as regards the major premiss, it has been shown that it is no real part of the argument, but an intermediate halting-place for the mind, interposed, by way of security, between the conclusion and the real premisses, namely, the individual facts or observations, of which the major is merely the record in general terms. Mr. Mill has not answered the question so distinctly as we could desire; but the following is a tolerably clear statement of the whole case. Let the syllogism, taken by way of example, be—

All men are mortal,
Socrates is a man,
therefore
Socrates is mortal.

"In the argument which proves that Socrates is mortal, one indispensable part of the premisses will be as follows: 'My father, and my father's father, A, B, C, and an indefinite number of other persons, were mortal;' which is only an expression in different words of the observed fact that they have died. This is the major premiss, divested of the *petitio principii*, and cut down to as much as is really known by direct evidence.

"In order to connect this proposition with the conclusion, 'Socrates is mortal,' the additional link necessary is such a proposition as the following: 'Socrates resembles my father, and my father's father, and the other individuals specified.' This proposition we assert when we say that Socrates is a man.

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By saying so, we likewise assert in what respect he resembles them, namely, in the attributes connoted by the word man. And from this we conclude that he further resembles them in the attribute mortality."—Vol. i. p. 272.

Here then, says Mr. Mill, we have an universal type of the reasoning process. We find it capable of resolution, in all cases, into the following elements:—Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute.

This type of ratiocination differs in one remarkable respect from the syllogism as defined by technical logicians: it does not claim to be conclusive from the mere form of the expression. When two propositions, as the major and minor premisses of a syllogism, assert facts which are *bonâ fide* different, the mere form of expression cannot show whether the one proves the other. This is the province of Induction; and must be decided by the canons which regulate this great mental operation.

From the foregoing analysis of the syllogism, it appears that the minor premiss always affirms a resemblance between a new case and some cases previously known; while the major premiss asserts something which, having been found true of those known cases, we consider ourselves warranted in holding true of any other case resembling the former in certain given particulars. If the minor premiss were always as simple as it generally is in the examples given in the ordinary manuals of logic, an elaborate science, like that now treated of, would be unnecessary; indeed, could not exist: and we should be led to ask, in surprise, how it comes to pass, that there exist Deductive or Ratiocinative Sciences; such, for example, as Mathematics, that noblest of sciences, one requiring the highest scientific genius in those who have contributed to its creation, and calling for a most continued and vigorous exertion of intellect, in order to master and appropriate it when so created. But when we come to deal with *trains* of reasoning, this difficulty vanishes. Taking, for instance, the science of geometry: our majors are furnished by the axioms and definitions, and the whole remaining business of the science consists in proving the minors necessary to complete the syllogisms. Out of these grow the deductions, or trains of reasoning, which form the whole difficulty of geometry, and constitute, with a trifling exception, its whole bulk; and hence geometry is a deductive science.

The process by which a science becomes deductive is thus traced by Mr. Mill. He first observes that the opposition is, not between the terms Deductive and Inductive, but between Deductive and Experimental.

"A science is Experimental, in proportion as every new case, which presents any peculiar features, stands in need of a new set of observations and experiments, a fresh induction. It is Deductive, in proportion as it can draw conclusions, respecting cases of a new kind, by processes which bring those cases under old inductions; by ascertaining that cases which cannot be observed to have the requisite marks, have, however, marks of those marks."—Vol. i. p. 289.

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The generic distinction between sciences which can be made deductive, and those which must as yet remain experimental, consists in our having been able, or not yet able, to discover marks of marks. In an experimental science, the inductions remain detached; as when *a*, for instance, is a mark of *b*, *c* of *d*, and so on. Such a science becomes deductive when it has been ascertained that *b*, for example, is a mark of *c*; which enables us thenceforth to prove deductively that *a* is a mark of *c*. Sometimes we may succeed in proving that *a* is a mark of (say) *f*; thus throwing the intermediate inductions, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, into a mere subordinate and dependent position. This was done, for instance, when,

"Newton discovered that the motions, whether regular or apparently anomalous, of all the bodies of the solar system, (each of which motions had been inferred by a separate logical operation, from separate marks,) were all marks of moving round a common centre, with a centripetal force varying directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance from that centre. This is the greatest example which has yet occurred of the transformation, at one stroke, of a science which was still to a great degree merely experimental, into a deductive science."—Vol. i. p. 291.

It was thus, again, that the science of Sound rose from a low rank among merely experimental sciences to a high rank among deductive sciences, when its phenomena were traced to the propagation of oscillations through an elastic medium; a discovery which grafted it upon the stock of dynamics, a science which had long before been rendered deductive. In like manner, other experimental sciences, as they are brought under the dominion of older or more exact sciences than themselves, and more especially under the Science of Number, become deductive. They obtain certainty; and being well-rooted, they quickly begin to throw out vigorous shoots.

"If it comes to be discovered that variations of *quality* in any class of phenomena, correspond regularly to variations of *quantity*, either in those same or in some other phenomena; every formula of mathematics applicable to quantities which vary in that particular manner, becomes a mark of a corresponding general truth respecting the variations in quality which accompany them: and the science of quantity being (as far as any science can be) altogether deductive, the theory of that particular kind of qualities becomes, to this extent, deductive also."—Vol. i. p. 293.

Mr. Mill concludes his Book on Reasoning with a discussion of the nature of demonstration and necessary truths. His object, throughout the whole treatise, is to prove that Induction is the foundation of all sciences; even of those which are deductive and demonstrative.

But if every step in the ratiocinations even of geometry is an act of induction, wherein lies that peculiar certainty which leads us to confer upon these subjects the name of *exact* sciences? This question is thus answered by Mr. Mill. Geometry rests upon definitions and axioms. Geometrical definitions differ from purely logical ones, in that they tacitly assume the real existence of the thing defined. But this assumption is false: there exist no points without magnitude; no lines without breadth; no circles with all their radii exactly

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equal; no absolutely rectangular squares. The relations of geometrical to real truths is only an asymptotic one. But though no such thing exists as a line without breadth, there not only are lines whose breadth is inappreciable to the senses, but the mind has the power, when a perception is present to our senses, or a conception to our intellects,—not indeed of *conceiving* a line without breadth,—but of *attending* to a part only of that perception or conception, instead of the whole. It is an error to suppose, because we resolve to confine our attention to a certain number of the properties of an object, that we therefore conceive of that object denuded of its other properties. All that we do, is to disregard all other properties except those we expressly wish to contemplate. And hence Mr. Mill concludes, with Dugald Stewart, that geometry is built upon hypotheses; and owes to these alone that peculiar certainty which is supposed to distinguish its first principles from those of other sciences, especially such as are non-mathematical. He defends this doctrine against Mr. Whewell.

"The important doctrine of Dugald Stewart, which I have endeavoured to enforce, has been contested by a living philosopher, Mr. Whewell, both in the dissertation appended to his excellent *Mechanical Euclid*, and in his more recent elaborate work on the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences;* in which last he also replies to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, (ascribed to a writer of great scientific eminence,) in which Stewart's opinion was defended against his former strictures. Mr. Whewell's mode of refuting Stewart, is to prove against him, that the premisses of geometry are not definitions, but assumptions of the real existence of things corresponding to those definitions. This, however, is doing little for Mr. Whewell's purpose, for it is these very assumptions which we say are hypotheses; and which he, if he denies that geometry is founded on hypotheses, must show to be absolute truths. All he does, however, is to observe, that they at any rate are not *arbitrary* hypotheses. . . . . And this is true; but this has never been contradicted. Those who say that the premisses of geometry are hypotheses, are not bound to maintain them to be hypotheses which have no relation whatever to fact. Since an hypothesis framed for the purpose of scientific inquiry must relate to something which has real existence, (for there can be no science respecting non-entities;) it follows that any hypothesis we make respecting an object, to facilitate our study of it, must not involve anything which is distinctly false, and repugnant to its real nature: we must not ascribe to the thing any property which it has not; our liberty extends only to suppressing some of those which it has; under the indispensable obligation of restoring them, whenever, and in as far as, their presence or absence would make any material difference in the truth of our conclusions. Of this nature, accordingly, are the first principles involved in the definitions of geometry. In their positive part they are observed facts; it is only in their negative part that they are hypothetical."—Vol. i. p. 302.

Again; geometry rests on axioms as well as on definitions. Attempts have been made to get rid of these, and to build geometry on definitions only. But although some of Euclid's axioms may be cast into the form of definitions, and others may be deduced from more elementary propositions, there will still remain, as Mr. Whewell has conclusively proved against Stewart, some fundamental truths which are incapable of demonstration: such as that,—"Two straight

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lines cannot enclose a space," or its equivalent, "Straight lines which coincide in two points coincide altogether;" and again that, "Two straight lines which intersect each other, cannot both of them be parallel to a third straight line." And now comes the inquiry;—What is the evidence on which axioms rest? To this, Mr. Mill replies,—They are experimental truths; generalizations from observation; inductions from the evidence of our senses.

This opinion is so directly opposed to that commonly accepted among philosophers, that Mr. Mill naturally anticipates a more unfavourable reception for this proposition, than for any other enunciated in his work. In the valuable treatise already referred to, Mr. Whewell has maintained the exactly opposite doctrine. Let us marshal the opposing arguments. Now, in the first place, Mr. Whewell admits that the truths which we call axioms are originally *suggested* by observation; so that if, for example, we had never seen a straight line, we should never have known that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. But, at the same time, he contends that it is not experience which *proves* the axiom; but that its truth is perceived *à priori*, by the constitution of the mind itself, from the first moment when the meaning of the proposition is apprehended. Mr. Mill rejoins, that whether geometrical axioms, as the above, *need* confirmation or not, they *receive* it in almost every instance of our lives. Where then, he asks, is the necessity for assuming that our recognition of these truths has a different origin from the rest of our knowledge; when its existence is perfectly accounted for by supposing its origin to be the same? To this it is replied,—That if our assent to the above axiom were derived from the senses, we could be convinced of its truth only by actual trial; whereas we are convinced of its truth by merely *thinking* of straight lines. Besides, the axiom affirms not merely that two straight lines *do* not enclose a space, but that they *can* not: and how can observation prove this? Mr. Mill's answer to these arguments is, that geometrical forms possess this characteristic property; that our ideas (as we call them) of form, *exactly resemble* the sensations which suggest them; so that our mental pictures of straight lines, with their various combinations, are just as fit subjects of geometrical experimentation as the realities themselves.

"Without denying, therefore, the possibility of satisfying ourselves that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, by merely thinking of straight lines without actually looking at them; I contend, that we do not believe this truth on the ground of the imaginary intuition simply, but because we know that the imaginary lines exactly resemble real ones."—Vol. i. p. 310.

But the great argument against Mr. Mill's position is, that axioms are conceived by us not only as true, but as universally and *necessarily* true. Now, experience cannot possibly give this character to any proposition. "Experience," says Mr. Whewell, "cannot offer the smallest ground for the *necessity* of a proposition. She can observe and record what has happened; but she cannot find, in any case, or in any accumulation of cases, any reason for what *must*

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happen." And this Mr. Mill is disposed to grant. But what is meant by a necessary truth? It is a proposition, the negation of which, is not only false, but inconceivable. This, then, is the principle asserted: that propositions, the negation of which is *inconceivable*, must rest upon evidence of a higher and more cogent description than any which experience can afford.

"Now I cannot but wonder," says Mr. Mill, "that so much stress should be laid upon the circumstance of *inconceivableness*, when there is such ample experience to show, that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself; but is in truth very much an affair of accident, and depends upon the past history and habits of our own minds. There is no more generally-admitted fact in human nature, than the extreme difficulty at first felt in conceiving anything as possible which is in contradiction to long-established and familiar experience, or even to old and familiar habits of thought. And this difficulty is a necessary result of the fundamental laws of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never in any one instance seen or thought of them separately; there is, by the primary law of association, an increasing difficulty, which in the end becomes insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart . . . so that the supposition, that the two facts can be separated in nature, will at last present itself to our minds with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon."—Vol. i. p. 314.

We agree with Mr. Mill in thinking that Mr. Whewell himself has furnished some of the strongest reasons against regarding experimental truths as necessary ones. In his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, he says:—"We now despise those who, in the Copernican controversy, could not conceive the apparent motion of the sun on the heliocentric hypothesis; or those who, in opposition to Galileo, thought that a uniform force might be that which generated a velocity proportional to the space; or those who held that there was something absurd in Newton's doctrine of the different refrangibility of differently coloured rays; or those who imagined that when elements combine, their sensible qualities must be manifest in the compound; or those who were reluctant to give up the distinction of vegetables into herbs, shrubs, and trees. . . . So complete has been the victory of truth in most of these instances, that at present we can hardly imagine the struggle to have been necessary. The very essence of these triumphs is, that they lead us to regard the views we reject as not only false, but inconceivable." *

"This last proposition," says Mr Mill, "is precisely what I contend for; and I ask no more, in order to overthrow the whole theory of Mr. Whewell on the nature of axioms. For what is that theory? That the truth of axioms cannot have been learnt from experience, because their falsity is inconceivable. But Mr. Whewell himself says, that we are continually led, by the natural progress of thought, to regard as inconceivable what our forefathers not only conceived but believed, nay, even (he might have added) were unable to conceive the contrary of."—Vol. i. p. 320.

There cannot be, continues Mr. Mill, a more complete admission than this, that—

* Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 174.

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"Inconceivableness is an accidental thing, not inherent in the phenomenon itself, but dependent on the mental history of the person who tries to conceive it."—Vol. i. p. 320.

Mr. Mill supports his views by reference to the able review of Mr. Whewell's two great works, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for June, 1841; and then, in the following chapter, proceeds to sum up his results.

"In the examination which formed the subject of the last chapter, into the nature of the evidence of those deductive sciences which are commonly represented to be systems of necessary truth, we have been led to the following conclusions. The results of these sciences are indeed necessary, in the sense of necessarily following from certain first principles, commonly called axioms and definitions; of being certainly true if those axioms and definitions are so. But their claim to the character of necessity, in any sense beyond this, as implying an evidence independent of and superior to observation and experience, must depend upon the previous establishment of such a claim in favour of the definitions and axioms themselves. With regard to axioms, we found that, considered as experimental truths, they rest upon superabundant and obvious evidence. We inquired, whether, since this is the case, it be necessary to suppose any other evidence of those truths than experimental evidence, any other origin for our belief of them than an experimental origin. We decided, that the burden of proof lies with those who maintain the affirmative, and we examined, at considerable length, such arguments as they have produced. The examination having led to the rejection of those arguments, we have thought ourselves warranted in concluding that axioms are but a class,—the highest class,—of inductions from experience; the simplest and easiest cases of generalization from the facts furnished to us by our senses, or by our internal consciousness.

"While the axioms of demonstrative sciences thus appeared to be experimental truths, the definitions, as they are incorrectly called, of those sciences, were found by us to be generalizations from experience, which are not even, accurately speaking, truths; being propositions in which, while we assert of some kind of object some property or properties which observation shows to belong to it, we at the same time deny that it possesses any other properties; although in truth other properties do in every individual instance accompany, and in most, or even in all instances, modify the property thus exclusively predicated. The denial, therefore, is a mere fiction, or supposition, made for the purpose of excluding the consideration of those modifying circumstances, when their influence is of too trifling amount to be worth considering; or for the purpose of adjourning it, when important, to a more convenient moment.

"From these considerations it would appear that Deductive or Demonstrative Sciences are all, without exception, Inductive Sciences; that their evidence is that of experience; but that they also, in virtue of the peculiar character of one indispensable portion of the general formulæ according to which their inductions are made, are Hypothetical Sciences. Their conclusions are only true upon certain suppositions, which are or ought to be approximations to the truth, but which are seldom, if ever, exactly true; and to this hypothetical character is to be ascribed the peculiar certainty which is supposed to be inherent in demonstration." — Vol. i. pp. 328, 329.

Mr. Mill concludes this discussion by proving these positions with regard to Arithmetic and Algebra.

The road is now clear for our entrance upon the general subject of Induction. This subject having been more than once touched upon

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in our pages, we hope to treat it, in our next number, with the fulness which it justly demands.

If the Logic of Induction bore only on the natural sciences, we should still feel ourselves justified in pursuing it; since every portion of truth ought to be subsidiary to that which is divine. But it also bears, not indirectly, upon subjects of the highest order; and an acquaintance with it will assist us in our express ministrations in the service of the LORD of all. This, indeed, is a satisfaction peculiar to the devout and enlightened student. He finds GOD in all things. He walks abroad into the haunts of nature, not to catch the echo of only one utterance of the mighty oracle, but to hear the myriad voices, which bear each its own special testimony to the attributes of HIM, in whom the whole creation lives and moves and has its being. Science is the interpretation of the book of nature. The logic of induction furnishes the rules for this interpretation, and when we have concluded our survey of them, we shall find that they involve great moral principles, no less than such as are purely intellectual.

A Plea for National Holidays. By LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P. *Second Edition.* London: Painter. 1843.

A Letter to Lord John Manners. By a Minister of the Holy Catholic Church. London: Longman. 1843.

IT is impossible to meet the crowds which pour forth from our larger towns on such days as Easter-monday, Whit-monday, &c. without seeing one of two characters stamped on the countenances of the majority,—care unrelaxed, or a pseudo-mirth, as distinct from true joy as the assumed sorrow of the hireling mourner differs from the sufferings of the bereaved. We see either that there is no enjoyment, or a false enjoyment—either that the heart is dulled to pleasure, or alive only to perverted and unnatural joys. Men are pretty generally conscious of this sad state of things, and they remark upon it, and bestow their pity, and there is an end of the matter with them. Few, even though that few are an increasing band, consider the fact which we have mentioned, as it most truly is, a sign and seal of moral evil manifesting itself in *everything* throughout the poor of England; a moaning and warning of the hidden fire of that volcano, on the crater of which we are sporting and playing, until the outburst be prepared. To us these things are full of overwhelming and most painful interest, especially when the words of Hooker recur to us:—"They which joy and grieve as they ought, cannot possibly otherwise live than as they should; and they, therefore, who do not and cannot joy aright, cannot possibly live otherwise than contrary to God's will."*

* Hooker, lib. v. c. 72.

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What, we ask ourselves, can become of these joyless ones? Where shall they gather strength for the future? Where shall they renew their growth, to bear up against the toil of mind and body which weighs upon them? How, too, shall they hear the voice of the preacher, when he speaks of rest, and joy, and refreshment? They do not know that these things are. There is no chord in their souls which can respond to a touch of happiness. But care and the world are bowing down their minds and their bodies with a heavier and more unrelaxing chain each day of their existence. And then the joy of those who are ignorant of true natural happiness falls upon our ears, as we think of it, in loud laughs and shouts so strange, that we are startled at the memory of them. No one, of any observation, can mistake this false mirth of theirs for true joy. No one who has ever walked down the street of a country village, on the morning of the Lord's-day, and has heard the boisterous merriment of those who would appear to be happy in their sin, and has marked the rude, hustling walk, and the attempted practical joke of the mistrustful reveller, can forget the signs of this false merriment. Still less easily can any one, who has once heard it, forget the hellish laugh, the hollow mocking sound of mirth, which echoes along the streets at night, from one or another knot of the most miserable of abandoned women. They who have once noticed these things, will be ready enough to believe in the moral nature of joy, and know well that there is a mirth which is no mirth, even as there is a peace which is no peace. And such, alas! is the merriment of the great majority of the crowds which we have been describing. There is no happiness nor enjoyment in their sounds, but evidence of license, and of levity without lightheartedness, and of a mirth put on to vices which are not assumed.

Well, the world says, in answer to all this, These facts are incontrovertible, and the only conclusion that can be drawn from them is, that the working classes must be altogether working classes, and that they have become incapable of using leisure either happily or worthily. They abuse the few holydays they have, or at the least do not profit by them,—why, then, seek to give them more?

Oh! if England did but know herself, and the miserable sops with which she satisfies the occasional cravings of her conscience, surely she would turn, even in this her day, and cast away the cloke of selfishness which is not her own! How will the children of the world dare to urge this plea, when they are judged for their share in the misery of millions? When their own amusements were seen to pass into extravagance, and debt, and vice, were they renounced because they were abused? When society became all false and hollow with assumed appearances, and men were robbing their dependents and their poor to keep up their own luxuries and show, was a pause made; was a cry heard, Stop entirely, for you have gone too far? No; the course of amusement and of luxuries went on and on, and is still proceeding, in spite of all their curses.

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For all the poachers who have been transported, and all the vices of the race-course, and all the ruin of betting, "whole treatises," (says Lord J. M.) "have been written during the last ten years on every imaginable sport; every county in England possesses its pack of fox-hounds, or its harriers. Shooting may be said to have reached the pitch of perfection; more game is probably slaughtered now-a-days on a first of September, with all imaginable ease, than was used to be killed with difficulty in a whole year, under good Queen Bess; and our breed of race-horses is the admiration of the world."—P. 5.

Let us hear our author in his answer to the argument from above.

"If it is true that, at these occasional cessations from work, the English labourer breaks loose from propriety, is it not because he has been so long bound to one unvarying course of toil that he knows not rightly how to appreciate or use the unwonted holyday? It would be as logical to argue against holydays for school-boys, from their pea-shooting, and making faces at all the good folks they meet in their wild glee on their road home, as to conclude that because, as things now are, an election or a coronation produces a debauch, the fewer holydays the people have, the better it is for their morals. Indeed, it is a strange contradiction to aver that the English labourer is so steady and plodding, that he does not want a holyday; and then, that when he has one, he loses all his steadiness, and runs riot in dissipation. The truth is, as in many other matters, the abuse springs from the non-use."—P. 11.

So, also, Mr. Southey, who is quoted page 13: "The want of holydays breaks down and brutalizes the labouring class, and when they *occur seldom* they are uniformly abused."

But, besides all the moral consequences resulting from the *de facto* denial of recreations to the poor, the moral consequences of deadness to true joy, insensibility to good emotions, liability to be allured by vicious pleasures, and abuse of all the little leisure left, there remain some fearful evils, which have a *direct* influence upon our national prosperity; an influence, that is to say, the certainty and sequence of which the world is ready to perceive.

I. There cannot but be a *growing* chasm between the producer and the consumer of luxuries. It cannot be, that on one side every luxury should be abundant, every recreation frequent; field sports, and balls, and fêtes, and the round of visiting, and travelling, and the hundred pastimes, or *consumption of time*, which are at the command of the rich, should stand year after year and side by side with the unremitting toil, the unrealized anxiety, the uncheered poverty of the labouring classes, without increasing dissatisfaction on the one part, and suspicion on the other. The two classes must, under such a system, become more and more widely separated, until from mutual independence they pass into mutual hostility, and one or other fall.

II. The physical energies of the country are being rapidly impaired. In one regiment,

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"So great and permanent is the deterioration, that out of six hundred and thirteen enlisted, almost all of whom came from Birmingham and five other neighbouring towns, only two hundred and thirty-eight were approved for service. Dr. Mitchell, in his 'Report of the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers,' (Spitalfields,) adduces evidence on this point. One witness, well acquainted with the class, states: 'They are decayed in their bodies: the whole race of them is rapidly descending to the size of Lilliputians. You could not raise a grenadier company among them all."—P. 21.

Such are some of our evils; and much may be done to alleviate them by schools and churches, and still more by a larger supply of faithful ministers; for all the moral improvement which is effected will tend to the happiness and bodily health of those benefited. But, even with all these means, *(supposing us to possess them,)* it will be an uphill journey, if we do not add *visibly* and *directly* to the enjoyments of the poor; for we have seen how little hope there is of moving hearts which have become insensible to natural desires through long depression, and the continued callousness of toil and trouble; and how hard it will be to turn the affections of the people towards those who are enjoying themselves, whilst they make no attempt to contribute to the happiness of their less-favoured countrymen.

Wisely, then, does Lord J. Manners recommend the *adoption* and *promotion* of sports and pastimes for the labouring classes; and we go with him heart and soul in his principle. But we shall have something to suggest hereafter, as to the time and nature of those sports. For the *when* and the *how* make all the difference sometimes in such things; and we know the vanity of the pugilistic argument, that the knife having come in, the fist must expel it again. It by no means follows, because the people have become what they are, very much through the want of sports, that, therefore, the amusements of their ancestors must be revived in these days; or that Greenwich Fair, or the "Wooden Horse" of Woodstock are laudable and useful now, because they may have been harmless once. *Something* is to be done. Let this be granted, and we shall gradually work out what that something is.

One more objection will be urged, which we must answer, viz. the *expense*. How are the labourers to spare their wages, or the employers their hire? It is all very true that there may be an *eventual* saving to the country by an increase of the happiness and energies of our people. It is admitted that "holydays among an overworked people do not always hinder business," (*Spectator*, quoted page 34;) but who is to *begin*; how is the *first* difficulty to be got over; how is the *present* to be provided for? Let the manufacturer, and, still more, the consumer, think over these questions, until they find some answer for their conscience. We have stated them very much in order to occasion reflection. Let them think whether they cannot forego somewhat of their abundance, something from that show and glitter, which should not be attractive to the well-educated; something from the incessant round of pleasures which have ceased to be recreations, and have turned to toils; something which

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may give joy and rest to the weary hearts of their brethren, in order that they may be feasting the poor as well as rich, and may rejoice with those whom they have enabled to rejoice; else as fellow-members of one body, they should cease to rejoice themselves, if the poor are sad thus hopelessly, and should weep with those who weep.

Such being our view of the necessity of national holidays and of sports to the mind and bodies of our careworn people, we are quite as thankful to Lord J. Manners for his careful avoidance of the Sabbath question as we are for his earnest plea on behalf of the poor. Nothing can be imagined which is more calculated to arm our enemies with an effective weapon, and to excite the fears of many of our friends beyond all remedy, than a revival like that contained in the second of the pamphlets wherewith we have headed our remarks. We have, indeed, enough of that warfare around us which disturbed the days of Whitgift and Laud, without adding to our troubles a second rebellion against the Book of Sports; and another practical difference between the heads of our Church. A friend of ours, who is a zealous—perhaps the most zealous—member of a Diocesan Board for Education, has been led of late, through conscientious scruples, to sell out all his railway property, because of the Sunday-trading of these bodies. A very considerable number of the proprietors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad have refused to receive any of the profits which are made upon the Lord's day: and we know well the opinions of that large and zealous body of our fellow-churchmen who are commonly designated Evangelical. In the name, then, of charity and common prudence, let the experience of the past profit us, and let us most carefully avoid anything which would so unnecessarily and irremediably estrange others from our communion, as would a revival of sports directed and encouraged by ministers of the Church upon the Lord's-day.

The Sabbath question will probably always remain an open question to a very considerable extent. We are inclined to think that it always has been so. No one at least can rise from reading Heylin and Bingham, without perceiving that these two learned men thought very differently upon the subject, and that each had good grounds for his opinion. Few, it may be added, would rise from the perusal of these authors, without finding considerable doubts in his own mind, and without a conscious uncertainty as to what is the testimony of antiquity upon the subject. It is very true that, in the early ages, we do not find the *why* made a question with regard to the observation of the day, but only the *how*; but when we consider the influence which synodal decrees and apostolic practice possessed over the minds of men in those days; and the horror of Judaical observances and the dislike of the Jews, which were so prevalent as to lead great men into error, we need not be surprised when we do not find the institution of the Lord's day so much a subject of discussion as the

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varieties of its observations might have led us to expect.* Surely, then, the difference between the authorities quoted by Heylin and Bingham justify us in our assertion, that the question was an open one, to a great extent, from a very early period. But, with respect to one thing, it appears that there was no difference of opinion, and that one thing is, that games and sports, in the common sense of the terms, are things unsuited to the Lord's day, festival though it be. (See Bingham, lib. xx. cap. ii. sec. 4.)

Few people are aware that the Jewish Sabbath was properly a feast-day, a day on which men might innocently entertain their friends and exercise a proper hospitality; and that our Lord sanctioned this view of the observance of the day by His own presence at a banquet: and many would be still more surprised to see how differently the Jews kept the day from what they had been accustomed to suppose; to read of their revelries and dances and excessive mirth, and of the instruction which christian bishops took occasion to give from the evil example of the Jews as to the true nature of the christian festival. (See Bingham, lib. xx. cap. ii. § 4.) In old times, the Christian kept the Lord's day more holy than the Jew his Sabbath, and they who would have sports and public spectacles on Sunday, do, in truth, *Judaize* more than those who would devote it wholly to God's service.

This consideration does not, indeed, encourage a *rigid* observance of the day, nor the conversion of a time of rest into a time of mental labour, nor such an exclusive attention to religious subjects, as to make the festival, through very wearisomeness, lapse into a fast. We have already warned the managers of Sunday Schools of the great risk under the present system of making the Lord's day and all religious exercises an object of dislike to the young; and the same remarks are good of all men in various degrees. But, assuredly, if other holy-days besides those of the Lord's day, and other times of public worship were observed, there would be neither so much impatience of the religious duties of the Lord's day, nor so great a need of them, as is too frequent among those to whom this day is the only time of relaxation from incessant toil of mind or body. The more the other holy-days are kept as seasons of rejoicing, the more our Sundays will be reverenced and improved.

Admitting, then, the necessity of holidays and sports, and that it is incumbent upon us to furnish them, from time to time, out of the six days which are left to our own disposal, there yet remains a question as to the nature of the sports and recreations which should be encouraged amongst the poor.

In the country there is not much difficulty in this subject either

* Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Theodoret, and Cyril, all concur in pronouncing the divine institution of the Mosaic sacrifices to have been an accommodation to the prejudices of the Jewish people. See Magee on the Atonement.

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to the squire or the parson. Old customs have not so died away from amongst the rural districts, and reverence for the authority of the master or clergyman is not so extinct, as to preclude the revival of many of the more harmless of our old English sports, such as the maypole, football, running, leaping, &c. &c. Wrestling and single-stick, and such games, are now hardly compatible with the preservation of good temper and harmony. But in the dense populations of our towns, mines, and potteries, the case is widely different. These places are inhabited by a *new* people, a people who have no sympathy with, or knowledge of, the past, nothing in their minds which would respond to English sports *because* they are English.

And it is on this account chiefly that we look upon all fair visions like our author's, such as that of shooting at the butts, and of other ancient and manly sports held around the walls of our churches, as little more than visions. Independently of the expense and other difficulties connected with these sports, there is this one insuperable objection to them, that they have died away out of the hearts of the people. When the club was the weapon of the apprentice, and the bow the glory of our English yeomen; when the memory of Flodden was fresh, and a king thought it not beneath him to excel in bowmanship, there was that in the minds of men which gave an interest to the sport and which endeared it to them. This is gone, and to attempt to go back to the habit without restoration of the impulse, is worse than vain. We have before now had occasion to observe that we may not endeavour to live out of our age; that we must work out of the materials which we have, that which will supply our wants. Nor is it more unnatural and out of taste for the present to despise and destroy all remembrance of the past, than it is to force upon the unwilling present the institutions of former days. There is great danger of this error, or we would not say so much upon it: and we entreat all who feel dissatisfied with these remarks, to remember the temporary revival of old times towards the end of the history of Sparta, or the more obvious absurdities of the French Revolution in its republican masque, if they would see how utterly vain it is to restore in, or engraft upon, any people that which is not congenial to its spirit. Free institutions, said the immortal Niebuhr, cannot make free men; nor can any institution benefit any man unless it be adapted to his state. All attempts to impose upon us bare customs for which we have lost our sympathy, are but to re-enact the Eglinton tournament on a larger scale, and to masquerade the nation for the short time during which it will endure the disguise.

Another reason against the encouragement of such sports in populous districts, and even of those games which are more in unison with men's feelings, but are liable to produce disturbance, is the total absence of all check except that of physical force. It

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cannot be in such places as it was once, and still may be, in the country, where the squire's presence is a law to his tenantry.

> "When there the youthful Nortons met,
> To practise games and archery:
> How proud and happy they! the crowd
> Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!
> And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
> From showers, or when the prize was won,
> They to the Tower withdrew, and there
> Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
> And the stern old lord of Rylston-hall
> Was happiest, proudest, of them all."

These scenes, and such as we read of in Old Mortality and the Forest of Arden, cannot be found in that population for which we are most anxious to furnish amusements, because they stand most in need of them; and for this one single and sad reason, that there is no moral bond between those who should direct and those who should enjoy such pastimes. The richer man, be he what he may, in most cases does not even know the poorer. Whilst this is the case, it will be at a risk of all their influence, of the peace of their neighbourhood, and of great moral evils, if the clergy attempt to direct the boisterous sports of a holiday crowd in one of these districts.

One way, however, is so open to us, and presents so cheerful a promise, that we feel bound to call attention to it. The national schools are in the power of the parochial clergy. At a small cost, either of time, money, or thought, the parish priest may cause every "diviner morn" of the Church to dawn with the promise of some recreation to the young of his flock. To them, too, he has means which are in great measure denied to him as regards others, of explaining the meaning of the festival, and leading them to associate their pleasure with its sacred occasion. Who can calculate the amount of religious elevation, the catholic temper, which such proceedings, with God's blessing, might be the means of imparting? But to return to the subordinate, though highly important object, which has been before us at present; such communication of pleasure to their children might well be counted on as a road to the hearts of their parents; a kindness done to the former would be felt as a kindness to the latter also; the joy of a holiday would not stop with the former, but would pass through them on to the latter. The benevolent and right-minded of the aristocracy could hardly fail to take a hint at once so practical and so pregnant: there would be found little limit to their means of carrying it out; visible and conspicuous results would then ensue, and even the middling classes of employers would discern the advantages of a line of action, conducive not merely to the pleasure, but to the bodily and mental health, the cheerfulness, the energy, and the patience of their labourers: and we have but to suppose the ex-

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tension of such practices into our manufacturing districts, to find ample materials for re-creating our country—for, with God's blessing, healing her sore disease—and rendering her once again the merry England which God eminently designed her to be.

A Tract upon Tombstones; or Suggestions for the Consideration of Persons intending to set up that kind of Monument to the Memory of deceased Friends. By a MEMBER *of the Lichfield Society for the Encouragement of Ecclesiastical Architecture.* Rugeley, J. T. Walters. London: Burns. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 8vo. pp. 25.

Churches of Yorkshire. No. IV. Bolton Percy. Leeds: J. W. Green. London: Rivingtons, &c. Imp. 8vo. pp. 18.

EXPOSED in the open field to the undistinguishing tread of men and cattle, in an extra-parochial and remote nook of Northamptonshire, the curious observer of records of by-gone days may perchance stumble upon (for no one cares enough, and perhaps few know enough about the matter to direct him to it,—but he may perchance stumble upon) the top of a stone coffin, bearing on its surface a budding cross* of Calvary, and an abbot's crosier. The stone is as silent as it is unnoticed. There is no legend to tell whose bones rested beneath it; only the Christian is indicated by the cross, and the spiritual office by the crosier. And this stone is the only remaining memorial of a whole fraternity, of a family noble as the noblest among men: it is all that remains of an abbey at whose gate the poor of the neighbouring villages were fed, and from whose

"high monastic tower,
The bells rang out with gladsome power"

at matins and at even-song, to tell of a GOD to be worshipped, and of a holy service to be offered. This one stone, nameless and speechless, (and yet how eloquent, how venerable!) is all that remains of *Sulby Abbey*, and of one of the Fathers of that religious house.

Let us turn to a far different memorial of frail mortality.

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* Or a cross of Calvary, *botonè*, as a herald would describe it; but for our present purpose we prefer the word that tells of hope and vitality springing from the cross; and finds a type of the emblem of our salvation in Aaron's rod that *budded*. Even the ecclesiologist may, however, thankfully borrow from the herald the name of the cross of Calvary, to designate the cross set on steps, as of painful ascent, which represents that on which our blessed Redeemer was suspended.

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One of the sides of the chancel arch in the beautiful church of Bolton Percy in Yorkshire, is mutilated to receive the following inscription, on a tablet of wretched taste:

MS.
Amplissimi, desideratissimique
Ferdinandi Domini Fairfax, Baron de Cameron.
Quem Britannica virtutis et fidei theatrum
Ager Eboracensis edidit,
Majorum splendore clarum,
Curatorem pacis studiosissimum.
Irarum (si quas peperit vicinia) sequestrum,
Æqui bonique tenacissimum.
Quippe summa domi forisque auctoritate,
Parique apud omnes ordines gratia,
Publicæ quietis amans,
Sed bello insuperabilis
Dextra gladium sinistra stateram tenens
Utriusque laudis trophæa retulit;
Religionis cultor,
Literarum patronus,
Humanitatis repumicator:
Nobilissimæ prolis numero, et pietate felix,
Qua virum Maria Edmondi Comit. Mulgrave filia
novies beavit.
Quid igitur novi? Si (quos singularis amor tamdiu
Tamque multiplici pignore sociavit)
Mors ipsa non dirimet."
"Obiit anno { Ætatis 64.
Salutis humanæ 1647."*

Surely no one can help being struck by the contrast between these two monuments. The first utterly merges self in a spiritual office, sanctified by union with Christ, under the form of deepest abasement; the name is not seen, the crosier and the cross alone appear—the cross upon the toilsome steps which our divine Redeemer ascended, and on which we, too, must follow Him, if we would arise to glory; the crosier, the ensign not of the reward but of the ministry of the pastor. The other swells the name with superlative epithets, and gives the titles and offices for the sake of the individual who reflects glory on whatever he touches. England is happy in the services of Fairfax, Baron Cameron, and Yorkshire is rendered illustrious by his birth. He enjoyed every earthly blessing, performed every secular office, was glorious in peace, and in war invincible: he was even "*Religionis cultor*;" but it was just as he was "*literarum patronus*," as if he gave more than he received: and he was "*pietate felix*," but by a kind of joint-stock company of piety and a noble progeny, as if her ladyship were one of his children: but with all this not one word to show that the man himself, throughout his life, and those who erected this monument in his pompous memorial, had a thought of Christ and of true religion. Yes, we forget; they do not date his being by Lustrums, or Olympiads, or the Hegira

* Churches of Yorkshire.

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or the Avatar, but by the Christian era. Lo, the only mark of Christianity on the whole tomb in the bracketing the year of our redemption with his own age.

Obiit Anno { *Ætatis* 64 / *Salutis Humanæ* 1647.

Perhaps it may be said that we have taken extreme cases, and that the monuments of the middle ages are not often so exclusively Christian as that of the abbot of Sulby, nor those of later days often so secular, irreligious, and vainglorious, as that of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax. But we maintain that there is no exaggeration of either side of the contrast. Many are the cases in which far greater men, even in a secular sense, than my Lord Cameron, laid their bones beneath a nameless stone, marked only with a cross, or some sign that sank the individual in the religious; many, innumerable, are the boastful and profane monumental inscriptions of later days, of which that given above is rather a mild than exaggerated specimen. And very few, if any, are the cases in which what is said on the older tombs does not at least imply that *a Christian* rests beneath *in Christ;* while that is too often the only thing forgotten to be said, or inferred, on the pompous inscriptions erected to the memory of barons, esquires, magistrates, surgeons, and apothecaries, &c. &c., now, and for some generations past.

Indeed this seems the pervading spirit of our modern inscriptions—intense egotism: while in those of the middle ages self was almost wholly merged in religion. The earth which had gathered over the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey has preserved all the tombs on the floor of the nave of the once splendid conventual church, and they have been laid bare, and every letter is legible; walk over them all, and note the inscriptions and devices; you shall see none without the cross, none with more about the individual recorded than his name. The usual form of inscription is that most humble one, "Orata pro anima," &c. or "Cujus animæ Deus propitietur:" as if the very stones would cry out, not in boastings, but in a *miserere*, if all human voices should be mute. It is not our present business to touch on disputed points of doctrine; for inscriptions must be judged according to the doctrines of the times to which they belong: we must grant them their theology to judge fairly of their merit; but Thorndike, no slight authority among true churchmen, did not hesitate to write an inscription for his own tomb, in the same strain, though with a little too much mixture of self:—

"Hic jacet corpus Herberti Thorndyke,
Præbendarii hujus Ecclesiæ;*
Qui vivus veram Reformatæ Ecclesiæ rationem
Ac modum precibusque studiisque prosequebatur.
Tu Lector, Requiem ei,
Et beatam in Christo Resurrectionem, peccare."

* Westminster.

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But the usual tone of later inscriptions is that of claiming reward as due to the merits of the departed, without thought of prayer, or any intercession, even of the Great Intercessor. Protestants are loudly disclaiming the doctrine of human merit as Popish, but they are blazoning it in letters of gold on their sepulchral tablets; while the older inscriptions most feelingly disclaim it. But what is there in all the Popish inscriptions that were ever framed, to be compared with the following more than canonization of Alicia Brookes, with the concluding allusion to the Popish doctrine of a stock of merits irreverent beyond all parallel.

"Hic jacet Alicia Brookes, filia unica
Et hæres Ricardi Brookes, pietatis
Et modestiæ exemplar insigne, cujus
Innocentia candorem famæ
Calendario rubris notatum literis,
Hic tamen præ nostro luctu nigris
Quæ . . . . obiit 1660.
Thus Nature summoned her best treasure in,
As if the maker's [. . . . R*] *had bankrupt been.*"

And again, how dreadful the way in which the life of Hervey, the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," is made an example, and his works almost a gospel of life:

"Reader, expect no more to make him known,
Vain the fond elegy, and figured stone;
A name more lasting shall his writings give;
There view displayed his heavenly soul AND LIVE!" †

This most presumptuous and unscriptural tone of epitaphs crept in soon after the Reformation. As early as the year 1567 we find the form "*on whose soul God have mercy,*" converted to "on whose soul the Lord *hath taken* mercy;"‡ and indeed the judgment, and every other solemn change that is to take place between the time of death and that of glory, with all the hopes and fears attending them, are continually leaped over in a word, which raises the departed at once to heaven. The affectation of the first of these epitaphs, and the astronomy of the second, are swallowed up by the presumption and false doctrine of both.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

And again:

"Elizabetha, Dorothea, et Gulielmus, E— et A— uxoris ejus liberi, a lacte materno depulsi, lacteam viam aspirantes cælesti habitaculo commigrarunt."

There is, however, a sad confusion in the minds of epitaph-

* We do not pretend to fill up the *lacuna* which time or accident has made here.

† We think it necessary to assure the reader that in all cases we have transcribed real inscriptions, and not invented ill-natured parodies of the abominations which are admitted into our churches.

‡ Michael Pulteney, Esq. Misterton, Leicestershire.

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writers concerning the nature and desirableness of that heaven to which they summarily dismiss their subjects; nor does it always seem quite clear that earth is not the better place. Thus immortality on earth is represented as the best reward for exalted virtue:—"She whom, if either intensive piety to her God, or extensive charity to her neighbours; if faithfulness to her celestial, or fidelity to her terrestrial spouse; if either the prayers of her friends, or the tears of the poor, could have preserved against the common frailty," &c.

But this confusion is most happily expressed in the following lines; for, though it be absurd enough to talk of being *banished home*, yet the ill-sorted words exactly represent the confusion of ideas which suggested them:

> "You upon this earth was my delight,
> But now my soul is *banish'd* quite,
> *Unto its everlasting home.*"

Passing from the simple absurdity to the unscriptural character of such expressions, it is enough to observe that they anticipate the judgment, and wholly deny the separate state of spirits, and the final resurrection. Others, again, as grossly pervert or contradict other doctrines. What remembrance could the author of an epitaph which says of one Robert Catelin, "Si vitam spectas intaminatus erat; ipsa a quo potuit virtutem discere virtus," have of the doctrine of original sin, and of the divine declaration, "The just man sinneth seven times a day?" What strange conviction that there is no truth in the word of God, and that "an accomplished mind" is the true sign of sanctification, could have dictated the words "whose fine endowments, joined with a sweet disposition of nature, make any further character needless?" Again, whence, but from the world's estimation, are the tokens of greatness and virtue gathered, when we find beauty, wit, conviviality, eloquence, renown in war, or political struggles, not only recorded on the tablet in the Lord's house, but made to sanctify however much of infidelity and vice, they may perchance have been blended with? One or two instances are more than sufficient. Harrington "was endowed with great quickness of wit, and a most facetious temper." T. P. "displayed on all occasions the active zeal, the intrepid gallantry, and the invincible spirit, of a true British officer. He was shot through the body on the 25th of August, 1801, near the gates of Alexandria; but, like the immortal Abercrombie, he refused to quit his post so long as he could stand. His death—to himself was glorious, as his life had been honourable." Strange, in a christian church, to read of the active zeal and intrepid gallantry of a true British officer! strange to christian ears the notion thus attached to words—*zeal, spirit, immortal, glorious, honourable.* But, in fact, the introduction of a Mohammedan medal into the tablet from

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which this is taken, shows that no degree of incongruity could shock the minds of those who erected it.

Close to the inscription last mentioned is another, which sins almost equally in the same kind—that in its language—utterly uncongenial to a christian church. We give it at length, only omitting names:—

"Sacred to the Memory of . . . . .
Twenty-seven years a member of the Corporation
And a strenuous supporter of the Institutions of the borough of . . . .
He was a warm advocate of the Established Church, an uncompromising Defender
Of the glorious Constitution of 1688, a consistent Patriot, and a faithful friend.
During the general Election of the year 1831,
Whilst engaged in the exercise of his franchise as a burgess of . . . . his native place,
He was so severely injured by an excited populace, that he died at . . . .
May 13, 1831. Aged 52 years.
As a memorial of their high esteem
And in admiration of his inflexible public integrity, and private worth,
His numerous friends have caused this monument to be erected.

What can *a Christian* know, as such, of *a general election*, of *franchise*, of a *burgess*, and of *election riots?* Are these among the steps of the cross of Calvary which used to appear upon the tomb? And what can *a churchman* know of *a warm advocate of the Established Church*,* *and of an uncompromising defender of the glorious constitution of* 1688? Is the Establishment our charter, and the glorious Revolution† our peculiar boast?

Mr. Paget has alluded to the ill-placed accounts of death-bed sufferings often found on tombstones, and justly observes, that "there is something very disgusting and painful in the want of delicacy which sometimes publishes to the world, and perpetuates on their gravestones the bodily ailments, or unusual diseases of deceased persons." He gives a most disgusting instance. The following is even worse, for it is profane. It describes one of the most painful diseases that man is subject to, and therefore one of the greatest trials of faith and patience to the Christian, as Orestes might describe the lash of the Eumenides, and the Almighty is painted as a tormenting fury. "Vesicæ doloribus, vel spectatore distrahentibus, distorta potius quam soluta natura, defunctus pœnarum calcaribus et flagellis Deo incitante, stadium exegit miserrimum." The author of such an epitaph would probably represent his hero praying in his pangs, not "If it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done," but

Ὦ Φοῖβ', ἀποκτενοῦσί μ' αἱ κυνώπιδες
Γοργῶπες, ἐνέρων ἱέριαι, δειναὶ θεαί.

* Yet a clergyman is thus designated on his tomb as "Priest of the Church of England, as by law established."

† One can better sympathize, as Christians, with "Mr. John Adams, who was coachman to King James the Second, at his departure out of this kingdom." For this at least tells of fidelity to a crowned head even to the last.

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or,

Μέθες· μ' οὖσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐριννύων
Μέσον μ' ὀχμάζεις, ὡς βάλῃς ἐς Τάρταρον.*

The record of death-bed "experiences," is perhaps still worse than the record of death-bed sufferings. We have not met with any nearer approach to this in the olden times than the following, which is at any rate simple and unobtrusive, and which is, we should judge, only another way of saying that the deceased departed in the communion of saints. "Orata pro anima, &c. qui *feliciter* obiit XIII. die mensis Junii, anno D'ni Mili'mo CCCCLXVII." Compare this with the following: "Here lieth, &c. who departed this life on Ash-Wednesday, ——, 1757.

"He made a fine exit,
Nay, a glorious end;
For which God no doubt
To heav'n his soul will send;
We ought not then the loss,
Of him on earth lament,
As he died a sincere
And hearty penitent."

Strange that Ash-Wednesday should be remembered in such an inscription!

Some tombs are, and even profess to be, in utter forgetfulness of the place where they stand, mere pedigrees, and records of births and marriages, and descent of honours and property. In an inscription of no great length in Brington Church, the word "married" occurs eight times, and "issue" four times. In Otley Church is a huge brass on which a genealogical tree is engraved, giving the whole pedigree of the family of Palmes of Leathley. Even the executors are often named on the tombstone, as if there could be no limits to the extent to which the secular and the individual is interesting and important to the Churchman, and to the casual reader, the *viator* of inscriptions.

And truly it is very interesting to be told, with all the veracious and sententious wordiness of a tomb-stone, that T. W. was "an officer of Excise," and though born in London died at Dunton Basset

"Far from his kindred and his friends,
His business brought him down:
A tradesman once of good repute,
And lived at London town."

Posterity will be thankful to learn that A. B. was many years surgeon and lieutenant in the —— militia: and that C. D. was a magistrate for the county of ——: and E. F. twice pricked as sheriff for ——: that "Brian Jansen, Esq. was sometime citizen and draper of London, and fined for alderman and sheriff

* Eurip. Orestes, 250, 254.

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of the same city, and afterward high-sheriff of the county of Buckingham, and was the first purchaser of this manor of Ashby Legers, with the parsonage and vowson of the vicarage." It is indeed as difficult to see the merit of having purchased a vowson and a parsonage, as of having been a draper of London: yet we often find this good deed mentioned, and many a squire who little knows the iniquitous origin of the tenure is recorded on his tomb as an impropriator.

But you shall find the trade of the departed not infrequently made the subject of coarse jest, and we are called upon to laugh over the sad memorials of unsanctified mortality. William Clark thus addresses us from the grave:—

> " My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
> My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
> My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
> And in the dust my voice [sic] is laid;
> My coal is spent, my iron gone,
> My nails are drove, my work is done:"

And the grave writer himself, returning to his dust, finds an apt memorial:

" Hic jacet Rob. Hudson de Leedes, *lapicida* (si quis alius) ingeniosus, geometriæ, sculpturæ, cœlaturæque peritissimus. Qui dum aliis nomen ære ac marmore duraturum quæsivit, sibi comparavit. Obiit Sep. A.D. MDCXCI. ætat. XXXV."

We have descended so low, that unless we close the list altogether, we must needs take at least a little step upwards; but little it is to the following, which we give as a literary curiosity. It is a dialogue between the stone, and the visitor of the grave:

" Anno 1640.

AMICUS. LAPIDES.

A. Necne loqui possunt lapides? *L.* Nos posse fatemur.
Quod muti pueri sunt, et iniqui homines.
A. Quos tegitis? *L.* Fratres; si fratres comprobat ortus,
Ora, fidus casus, nomina, terra, domus.
A. An puerive senes fuerant? *L.* Ah, neutrum et utrumque,
Nam pueri in annis, in pietate senes.
A. Quid nunc hi pueri? *L.* Cineres. *A.* Quid et amplius? *L.* Ossa.
Si magis arridet, sunt cinis, ossa, nihil.
A. Horum qui lacrymis decorarunt funera? *L.* Multi.
Nos lacrymas urnis his quoque sæpe damus.
A. Solve, anima, in lacrymas, si vos lacrymare soletis,
Cæci oculi aut sicci sint lacrymando mei."

How degraded must have been the taste of an age in which even the slender latinity requisite for the composition of a few hexameters and pentameters could be commonly associated with such *intolerabiles ineptiæ*, and that on so sacred a subject as the religious memorials of departed saints.

We had noted many other epitaphs, which, for their rudeness,

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absurdity, false doctrine, impiety,* presumption, conceit, or for language totally unfit to be seen in the Lord's house, might exemplify the wretched character of monumental inscriptions in the last ages; but, however instructive it may be, the accumulation of such painful absurdities is tedious, both to ourselves and our readers, and we rather turn from the dispraise of inscriptions to the commendation of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article.

Mr. Paget's "Tract upon Tombstones" is a thoroughly practical essay upon the subject, and is calculated to do much good among the classes to whom it is addressed; those, that is, who are more likely to record the memory of their friends on a simple tomb in the churchyard than by an elaborate and expensive tablet, or monument, in the church. The faults which he exposes are touched with that playful satire which distinguishes Mr. Paget's writings; and the remedies which he proposes are all of them most worthy of attention. Two or three of his designs are very excellent, and to say that many more might be given, is only to say that a little tract might become a large and elaborately-illustrated volume with great advantage; but the increased price would take it out of the very field of usefulness to which it is so well adapted.

"The Churches of Yorkshire" is among the most beautiful works of its class, and is conducted in a manner, and with an ecclesiastical spirit, which give it a value beyond the limits of the county to which its descriptions are confined. Little, in general, is done in such works, in the description of the greatest beauties of architecture, to recommend them to imitation, or to interest the reader in the spirit which they embody; and little in the notice of painful blemishes, to indicate where the blame falls, and why the defect is so intolerable: but "The Churches of Yorkshire" aims, and we think successfully, at something beyond this, and is really calculated to raise the tone of church architecture in the present day. We give an instance in which the usual method of simple description and stupid indiscriminate praise is justly departed from. After describing the monument of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax, before adduced, the author observes:—

"It would be wasting words to offer any formal proof that such a monumental inscription as this, on a tablet of cinque-cento design, destroying, not merely disfiguring, but actually breaking in upon, component parts of the church's structure, is worse, both in taste and religious feeling, than the

* As, for instance, that of Judge Raynsford, which is a plain breach of the third commandment:

"M. S.
Ricardi Raynsford militis
Nuper de Banco Regis capitalis Justiciarii
Quantus vir, *bone Deus!*"
&c.

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unobtrusive inscription or the figure harmonising with the design of the church, of ages which we are accustomed to call degraded in religion and in taste. Blame of course is not cast on individuals; but on the age which produced such perversions blame really should be cast. The truth is that a subtle spirit of paganism has embued the taste and feelings, and almost the religious creed of the mass of professing Christians during many generations; and in nothing has it been more painfully exemplified than in the sepulchral monuments of our immediate ancestors. They did not in fact desert the obsequies consecrated by our Lord's tomb; but while they buried their dead, they introduced the cinerary urn into the symbolical language of the monument, expressing the Christian's grief in language borrowed from heathen cremations: they did not actually invoke heathen deities in any religious service, nor promise to heroes and statesmen an immortality with Mars or Minerva; but they freely introduced mythological figures on the tombs of those whom they would immortalize; they did not actually worship the departed dead, nor celebrate their apotheosis; but such inscriptions as that we have just recorded, are, in their spirit, not very far removed from hero-worship. And sad it is to say, yet true, that the greater part of our most noble ecclesiastical edifices are partially paganised in character, by the obtrusive introduction of such sepulchral devices."—P. 16.

We have spoken hitherto only of the monumental *inscription*. May we be allowed to pass to the form of the tablet, and to put an important question to architects and architectural societies? What should be the design of a tablet to receive an epitaph in a Gothic church? The question is really important, and demands a better answer than it has yet received. There is a large class of persons who cannot afford the altar tomb, or the recumbent figure, who wish for, and will have, some other record than the stone in the churchyard, or the simple covering of the vault. The square tablet, with Grecian entablatures, &c., and with the usual proportion of urns and Death's heads, must take flight before something of more pretensions to harmony with the church in which they are erected; but what is to supply their place? The favourite plan at present is to magnify *ad libitum* some niche or piscina, and to suspend it, without any reference to propriety of place, just where the tablet may be best read. This contrivance has been adopted in a church which has attracted, and deservedly, much attention of late, on which very account we should be more cautious lest anything done there, merely because it is done there, should pass into a precedent.

"The ancient cover of the piscina of the fourteenth century is placed in the south-east wall of the chancel, and is converted into a monument to Thoresby, the antiquary; and in the north-east corner of the chancel is a monument to the memory of the Rev. Richard Fawcett, M.A., the late respected vicar of the parish. Both these monuments show the superior effect of monuments in harmony with the building over the Vandal chimney-piece monuments, contrived at an enormous expense by modern marble masons."*

* Introduction to the Seven Sermons preached at the Consecration of the Parish Church of Leeds.

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Now the comparative praise here awarded may readily be granted; but it is not so fully admitted that by putting up anywhere a fragment of Gothic design, one gets a Gothic tablet in harmony with the church in which it is erected. The niche, the piscina, the sedile, had each a particular use, and a particular place in the Gothic church, and there each is beautiful and appropriate; but it might be as congruous to imitate an altar-tomb for a priest's seat, as to imitate a piscina for a monumental tablet. This is, indeed, to speak strongly; but to keep within limits: there are three places to which these fragments of Gothic design, or imitations of them, are likely to be promoted, as sepulchral memorials;—to the surface of a pier, to the blank wall between two windows, and to the space above the capitals of pillars, and between the spring of the arches. Now all these places are above the eye, whereas the piscina was rather beneath it; and the niche for a figure * could never occupy any such place, without destroying the general character of the church. Only take out your pencil and draw a mock piscina, of however beautiful proportions, and then arrange about it any part of any church you know likely to be fixed upon for an inscription, and you will at once perceive the want of harmony between the adopted design and everything around it.

The real truth is that we must first recover the feeling which made inscriptions but slight accessories to a tomb; and which taught those who laid their dead in consecrated ground, awaiting the last day for their *true* greatness, to direct the eye downwards to the pavement for their meek memorials, and not upwards for their blazoned pretensions. Yet, in the meanwhile, something perhaps may be done to find an appropriate device for such tablets as are so frequently erected at the present day. We speak not as suggesting a remedy, but as longing to give due thanks and praise to any who shall find one.

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* We do not forget that at Malham, in Yorkshire, and one or two other churches in the same district, there are niches in the pillars; but they are so small as not to break in upon the perpendicular lines, and would not suffice to receive an inscribed tablet.

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THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

PART II.—FROM 1565 TO 1577.

When Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara, he found every one so engrossed by the preparations for the approaching festivals, that he had some difficulty in obtaining an audience of the cardinal. At last, however, he was admitted to his presence, and was favourably received, the cardinal telling him that he should be entirely master of his time, and that he only wished for his attendance at court when his inclination might lead him thither. The ensuing month was almost entirely occupied by successive entertainments, and we may imagine the effect produced on the mind of the young student by the dazzling scene. Versed as he was in the annals of chivalry, and naturally disposed to delight in magnificence, the concourse of nobles, princes, and ambassadors from various states; the pomp with which the bride made her entrance to Ferrara; the banquet, the music, and, above all, the tournaments, in which a hundred illustrious Ferrarese entered the lists, and combated in presence of the duke and the whole court, realised all that he had read or imagined of days of old. The festivals were interrupted by the sudden death of Pius IV., and the cardinal departed for Rome, to assist at the conclave, leaving Tasso at Ferrara.

Two sisters of the duke then adorned the court. Though not in the first bloom of youth, both were lovely and accomplished. Their mother, the princess Renée of France, had cultivated their taste for letters, for poetry, and music. The eldest, Lucretia d'Este, had shone in the recent galas. Indisposition had either prevented Leonora from appearing, or, as she had little taste for such amusements, had served as an excuse for her absence. Tasso was presented to the Princess Lucretia, and the favourable impression he made on her, led her to introduce him to her sister. He had celebrated them both in his Rinaldo, and he soon ingratiated himself with each. They recommended him to the notice of their brother, the Duke Alphonso, who paid him flattering attentions; and, knowing that he had commenced a poem on the subject of the conquest of Jerusalem, exhorted him to complete the undertaking. He accordingly resumed the work, which had been suspended for two years, and resolved to dedicate the poem to Alphonso, and to consecrate it to the glory of a family who showed so much disposition to befriend him.

In a few months the first six cantos were completed; during the progress of their composition, he read them to the two princesses, and their applause excited and sustained his poetical ardour. He also addressed to them occasional poems, which, from their nature, often cease to interest when the circumstance that called them forth is gone by. Some that Tasso wrote at this time are, however, valuable, both for their intrinsic beauty, and because they throw some light on the nature of his attachment for the two sisters. It is well known that a great controversy exists on this subject, perhaps not more futile than many others which have occupied learned men. It cannot be unim-

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portant to ascertain what the feelings were, and how far they influenced the destiny of a man whose genius and misfortunes alike claim our interest. We shall return to this subject hereafter; at present it would interrupt the course of the narrative.

Tasso, finding that the cardinal intended to prolong his stay at Rome, made an excursion to Padua in the spring of 1566. His friends, especially Scipio di Gonzaga, were overjoyed to see him. He consulted them on the part he had completed of his Goffredo, and was encouraged by their approbation to proceed. From Padua he went to Milan, to Pavia, and lastly to Mantua, to see and embrace his father. He then returned to the court at Ferrara, where his favour increased with his reputation.

A new field now opened for his talents. Love, in those days, was not only a sentiment and a passion, it was also considered a science. Tasso piqued himself on his proficiency in it—a very excusable pretension in a poet and a philosopher of twenty-two, who had experienced the passion from infancy, as he himself informs us in one of his dialogues. "*La mia giovenezza fu tutto sottoposto all' amorose leggi.*" His first verses, composed at Bologna and Padua, were inspired by love. His homage and his poems were now addressed to Lucretia Bendidio, a lady celebrated for her wit and beauty; but he had a formidable rival in Pigna, secretary to the Duke Alphonso. Pigna sighed and rhymed for Lucretia. Tasso, whose verses far surpassed his, had need of caution to avoid exciting the jealousy of a man who might lessen his credit with the duke. His protectress, Leonora, suggested to him a means of escaping this embarrassment. Pigna had composed three canzoni on the fair object of his affections, which he named the Three Sisters, thus presumptuously comparing them to the three celebrated canzoni of Petrarch on the eyes of Laura, which are known by that name. Tasso employed himself in writing a commentary on these canzoni, and dedicated these "Considerazioni," as he called them, to the princess, with whom the idea originated. The vanity of the author, flattered by the praises of his young rival, did not detect the irony which lurked in the comparison Tasso drew between the poetry of the secretary and that of Petrarch, and thus, though rivals, they continued on amicable terms. Soon afterwards, Tasso, wishing to give Lucretia, Leonora herself, and all the court, a still higher idea of his proficiency in this science than they would entertain from his "Considerazioni," sustained publicly, in the academy of Ferrara, a thesis composed of fifty conclusions. This exercise lasted three successive days, and Scrassi gravely observes, that the talent, subtilty, and learning which he displayed in defending such difficult propositions were wonderful at so early an age. None of his opponents were able to cope with him, except one named Samminiato, and a lady, La Signora Orsina Cavaletti, who combated his twenty-first proposition—"That it is the nature of man to love more ardently and more constantly than woman." Perhaps this was one of the difficult propositions that Scrassi thought required all his learning and subtilty to maintain. The lady attacked it with the warmth of a woman who supports the cause of her sex, while the young philosopher bravely defended his.

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He was interrupted in these pursuits in September, 1569, by t news of his father's illness. The duke of Mantua had made hi governor of the small town of Ostiglia, on the Po. Shortly after h arrived there he fell ill. Torquato hastened to him, and the old ma had the comfort of breathing his last in the arms of one of the mo affectionate of sons, who deplored his loss as acutely as if it had be premature. The duke commanded his remains to be brought t Mantua, and erected a monument of costly marble to his memory, wit this simple inscription—

"Ossa Bernardi Tassi."

Some time afterwards, an order having been issued by the pope t destroy every monument in churches, that was above the level of th pavement, his son removed his ashes to Ferrara.

Bernardo Tasso's portrait may yet be seen in the Council Hall a Bergamo. It represents him with a high and open forehead, expres sive eyes, a spare but well-proportioned form, and a pleasing aspect His character was frank and sincere, mild, and disposed to love and friendship. In prosperity, he betrayed no pride or ambition; in adversity, his fortitude was unshaken. When his fortune permitted, he was liberal, and inclined to expense. Few men have been more free from the base passion of envy—a passion generally originating in an exaggerated estimate of our own merits and importance. He had early cultivated habits of business, and thus escaped a common error of literary men, who imagine their own pursuits are alone worthy to occupy attention. In short, he was blessed with that elastic frame of mind which misfortune may disturb, but can never wholly subdue. His lyric poetry is remarkable for a sweetness which often resembles that of Petrarch. Amadis procured him a high reputation in his time; it is now little read, its extreme length deterring most readers. Dolce, a contemporary, and a rival poet, says that the versification is admirable, the similes true and ingenious; that, in description, he sets objects before us with the skill of a painter; that in delineating the pleasures and pains of love he has never been equalled; and, in his accounts of battles and single combats, scarcely surpassed. There is a truth and reality in them unattainable by any but those who, like himself, were familiar with the shock of arms and the tumult of battles. Nor must we omit to praise the purity of his compositions, a rare merit in the poetical romances of that time, and one to which Ariosto can lay no claim.

Torquato, after he returned from paying the last duties to his father, gave himself up for some time to his grief. The marriage of Lucretia d'Este with the Prince Francesco Maria, son of the duke of Urbino, first roused him from his melancholy. He had, notwithstanding, diligently continued his poem, and had added two cantos more to the six first, when commanded to prepare to follow the cardinal to the court of France.

Before he undertook this long journey, he placed in the hands of a friend a testamentary paper. The first clause related to his works: his love verses he wished to be collected and published; those he had

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written for "the service of his friends," to be destroyed, except one, beginning—

"Or che l'aura mia dolce altrove spira."

It is in truth worthy of being preserved: but was it really written for a friend? Is it not rather one of those in which he addresses, under the name of Laura, her he dared not name? and was it not to prevent any suspicion of the object of his aspirations that he classed it among those written for the use of his friends? Another clause refers to the portion he had finished of his Goffredo; a third proves either that he was improvident, or his patron illiberal; it relates to some tapestry, and other effects, which he had pledged to different Jews for the trifling sums of twenty-five liri and thirteen scudi. In case of his death, he directs all his property to be sold and the money to be laid out on a monument for his father, for which he gives an inscription. Should his friend meet with any obstacles in fulfilling his wishes, he directs him to have recourse to the excellent Princess Leonora, "who," he adds, "will, I hope, lend him her aid for my sake." Thus, in this moment of serious preparation, the care of his poetical fame, his filial piety, and his reliance on the kind interest of Leonora, were the three objects that occupied his thoughts.

At the first visit which the cardinal made to the king of France, he introduced Tasso to him, saying, "This is the poet who is now engaged in celebrating Godfrey of Boulogne and the other French heroes who assisted him to conquer Jerusalem." Charles the Ninth—his name could then be pronounced without horror; he had not as yet rendered himself unworthy of being the patron of literature, and of poetry, which he loved—Charles the Ninth received him graciously, frequently conversed with him, and always treated him with distinction. He pardoned, at his request, an unhappy poet, whom the muses thus rescued from the penalty of death, though they had not restrained him from the commission of the crime that incurred it. It is said that the king had resolved on his death, and had declared with an oath he would reject every petition that might be made on his account. Tasso, nothing daunted, presented himself before him, saying, "I come, Sire, to entreat you *not* to extend your royal clemency to the unfortunate man who has shown that human frailty cannot be overcome by the power of philosophy." The king, amused at the ingenuity with which he had contrived to evade the consequence of his vow, gave orders that the criminal's life should be spared. He would have bestowed rich presents on Tasso, say both French and Italian historians, if he had not declined his bounty. The nobles followed the example of the king, and vied with each other in their eagerness to see and converse with him.

In the midst of this court favour, can we credit the accounts that are given of his poverty? Balzac and Guy Patin both assert that he was reduced to borrow a crown of a friend for his subsistence. Scrassi thinks it impossible that a gentleman in the suite of so rich and magnificent a cardinal could feel the want of money, or that he who had refused the presents of a king, could stoop to ask a trifle from a friend.

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But Scrassi's own narrative enables us to understand this; the favour shown to Tasso excited the envy of the courtiers. Perhaps he gave his opinion too freely on subjects which then heated every mind, and this pretext was seized upon to calumniate him. The cardinal withdrew his favour from him, stopped his pension, and even treated him with personal incivility. Less than this would have determined this highminded man to quit his service, and he asked and obtained leave to return to Italy. It is true that the expenses of his journey were defrayed by Manzuoli, the cardinal's secretary, whom he accompanied to Rome; but, under these circumstances, it is not surprising that at the time of his departure he should find himself in urgent want of money, nor that he should prefer laying himself under this slight obligation to a friend rather than have recourse to the cardinal, who had so unjustly disgraced him.

Their separation, however, took place without any open rupture. The cardinal stood in awe of the censure or the ridicule of the court of France. Tasso wished to be received into the service of the Duke Alphonso. The mission of Manzuoli afforded a convenient opportunity of saving appearances. As the cardinal was sending his confidential secretary to Rome, it could excite no surprise that he should also send the most distinguished gentleman in his suite. They left Paris the end of December, 1570, having remained there a year.

Tasso was welcomed at Rome by his father's friends, and his acquaintance was eagerly sought by men of letters. At the same time he engaged the princess of Urbino and her sister to solicit the Duke Alphonso to nominate him one of his household. The request was granted as soon as made, and Tasso repaired to Ferrara. Alphonso expressed great pleasure at his arrival, appointed him a liberal pension, besides making arrangements for his table and accommodation. His services were entirely dispensed with, and he was able to give himself up to the composition of the poem which had been so long projected, and was now expected with impatience by the literary world.

He had hardly recommenced his work when he was interrupted by a melancholy event. The duchess of Ferrara, whose nuptials were celebrated at the time of his first coming to the court, died shortly after his return. Her death plunged the duke and all the family in affliction, and Tasso shared the general grief. He addressed to the duke a consolatory discourse, in imitation of the ancient philosophers, and composed a very eloquent funeral oration, besides some admirable verses on the same occasion.

When some time had elapsed, the duke made an excursion to Rome, and Tasso, being now more at liberty, before he resumed his great work, composed one which forms an epoch in the history of literature. Six years before, he had seen a kind of pastoral fable, divided into scenes and acts, performed in the university of Ferrara, entitled, "Lo Sfortunato." This piece, which was the work of Agostino degli Argenti, was afterwards printed and much applauded. Tasso himself had commended this new species of dramatic representation; and doubtless immediately perceived the scope it would give to his genius. It is not, therefore, true, as Manso and other writers assert, that Tasso was the inventor of the pastoral drama; but, in his Aminta, he perfected

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what had been only attempted before, and left a model which has never been surpassed, or even equalled, in later times.

The subject, the plan, and the characters of the Aminta had been long arranged in his mind, and he only waited for leisure to complete it. He profited by that which the duke's absence afforded him. Devoting himself entirely to this delightful composition, he finished it in the course of two months. Alphonso, on his return, was enchanted with it, and gave orders for its representation as soon as the cardinal should arrive. The universal applause it excited considerably raised him in the duke's estimation, but, at the same time, it provoked the envy of many powerful courtiers, who now resolved on his ruin.

This is not a place to criticise this gem of modern poetry, which differs so totally in style from his epic poem, that it seems almost inconceivable they should have been composed at the same time, and by the same person. Tasso was much gratified by the success of his work, but refused to listen to any solicitations to print it. This seems to have proceeded from his unwillingness to make more public some satirical allusions to Speron Speroni, whom the duke had been induced, by Tasso's commendations, to invite to Ferrara. Being present on one occasion when Tasso recited part of his Goffredo, instead of joining in the praises bestowed upon it, he criticised it so severely, that Tasso lost all heart, and was on the point of abandoning the work; but, on reflection, perceiving the sophistry of the objections, suggested either by an envious disposition, or the wish to display critical acumen, he took a poetical revenge in some lines in the Aminta, plainly alluding to this circumstance.* His gentle nature could not long nourish feelings of resentment; he soon repented of having satirised a man who was the friend of his father, and from whom he had himself received instruction; and in a corrected copy, preserved at Ferrara, these lines are omitted. It was, probably, his intention to publish it at some future time in this form; but copies of the piece as originally written were obtained. One fell into the hands of the younger Aldo, who printed it for the first time at Venice, eight years after it had been represented at the court of Ferrara. The success it had then met with now extended throughout Italy. Editions were multiplied, and an infinite number of imitations made their appearance; but the

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* Vidi Febo, e le Muse, e frà le Muse
Elpin seder accolto; ed in quel punto
Sentii me far di me stessa maggiore,
Piên di nuova virtù, pieno di nuova
Deitate; e cantai guerra ed eroi
Sdegnando pastoral ruvido carme.
E sebbèn poi (come altrui piacque) feci
Ritorno a queste selve, io pur ritenni
Parte di quello spirito, nè già suona
La mia sampogna umil come soleva.
Ma di voce più altera, e più sonora,
Emula della trombe, empie le selve.
Udimmi Mopso poscia, e con maligno
Guardo mirando affascinommi; ond' io
Roco divenni, e poi gran tempo tacqui:
Quando e Pastor credean ch' io fossi stato
Visto dal lupo; e'l lupo era costui.

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Pastor Fido of Guarini, and the Filli di Sciro, by Bonarelli, are the only two that have at all approached, and that only at an humble distance, to their admirable model. It was soon translated into French, Spanish, German, English; in short, into every European language, and in each met with the same applause. It may, therefore, be said that this little work would have immortalized him, if the Gerusalemme Liberata had never been written.

Lucretia, the princess of Urbino, was not present at the representation of the Aminta, which was now the universal theme of conversation. Her curiosity was excited, and she invited the author to Pesaro. He was rejoiced to revisit a place where he had passed two happy years of his childhood; to see again his kind protector, the duke Guidubaldo, and the prince, formerly his fellow-student, and, above all, to oblige the princess, to whom he was mostly indebted for his favour at the court of Ferrara. His reception was most gratifying; he read his Aminta, and several cantos of his Goffredo, to circles composed of all the illustrious persons in that court, who listened with enthusiasm. As summer approached, Lucretia and her spouse retired to Castel' Durante, a delightful country residence. There the prince abandoned himself to the two amusements of which he was passionately fond, hunting in the large forests, and swimming in the lakes. Lucretia being consequently left much alone, wished for Tasso's society, and he passed some months in this agreeable retirement, continually occupied with compositions in which Lucretia took great interest. She was then thirty-nine, ten years older than Tasso, and probably relied on this difference of age to silence any remarks on the favour she showed him. The young poet and the princess were, however, almost inseparable, and the authors who deny Tasso's attachment to Leonora, assert, that at this time his preference was manifestly for her sister. Scrassi quotes in favour of this opinion two sonnets, one on the hand, the other the bosom, of his mistress, which are written with a freedom he would not have dared to address to Leonora. In another, and one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, he ingeniously praises the maturity of her charms, and alludes to the bloom of youth which she had lost as no subject for regret. But this, as we shall take occasion to prove, was addressed, not to Lucretia, but to her sister.*

He returned to Ferrara, loaded with presents, jewels, and chains of gold, given him by the duke and his sons, and a costly ruby by the princess. Fortune seemed to smile upon him; but the moment

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* Nei anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa
Sembravi Tu, che ai rai tepidi, all' ora
Non aprè 'l sen, ma nel suo verde ancora
Verginella s'ásconde, e vergognosa.
O piùttosto pàrei (che mortale cosa
Non s'assomiglia a te) celeste Aurora
Che le campagne imperle e i monti indora.
Lùcida in ciel sereno e rugiadosa,
Or la men verde età nulla a te toglie,
Nè te, benchè negletta, in manto adorno
Giovinetta beltà vince o pareggia:
Così più vago è'l fior poi che le foglie
Spiega odorate, e'l sol nel mezzo giorno
Vie più che nel mattin, luce e fiammeggia.

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approached when he was to experience her fickleness. Soon after his return, Alphonso, accompanied by a numerous suite, went to Venice to meet Henry III., who was then leaving the throne of Poland for that of France. He invited the monarch to his court at Ferrara, and entertained him magnificently. Tasso was obliged to forego the occupation of a poet for that of a courtier. The fatigue of the journey, and the excitement of these royal festivities, brought on a quartan fever, which kept him in a state of languor and suffering till the following spring. It was during his convalescence, in April, 1575, that he at last completed his poem, the fruit of so much labour, and the source of so much misery.

Before he printed it, he wished to submit it to the judgment of his most enlightened friends. He sent a copy to Scipio di Gonzaga, who was then at Rome, requesting him to read it carefully, and criticise it, and to lay it before those whose judgment and taste might be depended upon. Scipio seconded his wishes with all the zeal of friendship, and the most profound scholars, at his request, employed their skill and attention in considering it; but what was the result? they differed in their opinion as to the subject, the plan, the style, the episodes. What one considered defects, others looked upon as beauties. Tasso received their opinions with unwearied patience and docility, and either followed their counsels, or gave reasons at length for not doing so. He also consulted his friends at Ferrara, and even went to Padua for the same purpose, and returned with fresh contradictory opinions, to hesitate, correct, and defend.

The effect of this sort of occupation on the mind is directly opposite to that of composition, in which it becomes absorbed and fixed on one object. In correction, on the contrary, the mind is compelled to pass from one minutiæ to another, and is distracted by being often called to attend to objects quite foreign to each other. The first produces a contemplative frame of thought, in which the poet, wrapped up in his own creative faculty, is almost inaccessible to external impressions. The second, a feverish emotion, alive to all that passes around, open to doubts, suspicions, forebodings, especially when assailed by contradictory opinions, forced to decide hastily, and rendered doubtful by the modesty that usually accompanies true genius. This was precisely the case with Tasso. He had long known he had enemies at the court, but now, for the first time, he began to fear them. Some letters he wrote to Rome were delayed on the road. They all related to his poems. He imagined that his enemies had intercepted them, in order to discover the objections started against it, and to use them against the work when it should be published. Perhaps the agitation of his mind helped to bring on an attack of illness, which, though short, was considered very alarming. Though he recovered in a few days, and resumed his work with the same industry as before, his mind seems to have received a shock of which the sad effects soon became apparent.

The conduct of the duke at this time might have calmed his fears. He showed him more than usual favour, was never weary of hearing him recite his verses, and took him with him, whenever he went to Belriguardo, a retreat in which he passed the violent summer heats.

Lucretia d'Este now become duchess of Urbino, by the death of her

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father-in-law, had consented to a separation from the duke, who was considerably younger than herself, and retired to the court of her brother, Alphonso, by whom she was tenderly beloved. In her Tasso had always found a friend and a powerful protectress. She now engrossed him entirely. During an illness, he was the only person who was allowed access to her. Alphonso, against his inclination, was obliged to dispense with his company, in his excursions to Belriguardo. Lucretia required amusement during her convalescence. She kept Tasso with her, and he spent many hours each day reading his poems to her in private.

But his excited imagination impelled him to go to Rome. He wished his friends there to undertake a new and thorough revision of his poem, and was bent upon going there himself, to hear their opinions. In vain the duchess used all her influence to dissuade him; he could not rest till he had obtained Alphonso's permission. This ill-advised measure added to the suspicions which already prevailed at the court, that he proposed to withdraw from the duke's service, and gave a handle to his enemies' accusations.

His chief motive in undertaking the journey was to see his friend Scipio di Gonzaga, on whose judgment he relied, and on whose kind and active efforts in his service he had so much reason to depend. Scipio presented him to the Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, and who shortly afterwards succeeded him. Ferdinand, aware of the causes he had for being dissatisfied with his present position, hinted to him that whenever he quitted the family of Este he would gladly receive him into his, or introduce him into that of the duke, his brother.

Tasso had, in fact, entertained the idea of retiring from the service of Alphonso, and of establishing himself, if possible, independently at Rome; or if not, in some powerful family where he should be less exposed to intrigues and enmity than at Ferrara. But before he took this step, he wished to acquit himself of the obligations he owed to the family of Este, by the publication of the poem which was to immortalize them. He therefore did not attempt at this time to profit by the offers of the cardinal. He was also introduced to the cardinals, nephews of the pope, Gregory XIII., and to the general of the Church, Buoncompagno, who received him with every mark of attention and regard. But after remaining a month with his friend, and conferring with the sort of committee which Scipio had established for the final revision of his poem, he no longer delayed his return to Ferrara.

Though occupied in this manner, he did not neglect the duties of religion. One of the reasons he had assigned to Alphonso for his anxiety to go to Rome was his wish to be present at the jubilee; and, during its celebration, he scrupulously fulfilled all the appointed observances. His religious impressions, as we have seen, were strong even in childhood, and the passions of youth had not diminished his piety. He seems at this time to have experienced an increased degree of fervour. It is interesting to follow all the workings of so pure and elevated a mind; and we shall soon see him in a state which it is important to trace to its different sources.

Tasso returned to Ferrara by Sienna and Florence, being anxious

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to see two towns so celebrated for arts and literature. He formed in each new friendships, and was surrounded by admirers, to whom he read parts of his poem.

The winter following, Leonora Sanvitali, the young and beautiful bride of Giulio, count of Scandiano, arrived at Ferrara, with the countess de Sala, her mother-in-law. These two princesses, equally renowned for their beauty, their talent, and their taste for poetry, formed the chief ornament of the galas at Ferrara. Tasso's complimentary verses soon obtained him access to them, and he was assiduous in his attention to the countess di Scandiano, the second of the three Leonoras to whom he is said to have been attached.

His poem being now completed, he was on the point of going to Venice to print it, when the plague broke out in that city, and forced him to defer his journey. He received, through his friend, Scipio di Gonzaga, the most pressing invitations and liberal offers from the house of Medici. On one hand, he was swayed by his attachment to Alphonso, to his sisters, perhaps to the young countess di Scandiano; on the other, by his wish for a more independent and tranquil life than he could lead at Ferrara. At this time Pigna, the historiographer of the house of Este, died, and Tasso asked and obtained the appointment. It appears from one of his letters that he calculated upon being refused, and intended to avail himself of that pretext to quit Alphonso, and attach himself to the house of Medici. However that might be, he now became more fettered than ever, and speedily repented having sought the office.

As his reputation increased, his enemies redoubled their intrigues. He had before suspected them of intercepting his letters; he had soon a proof of their perfidy. During an excursion he made to Modena, he left with one of the officers of the duke's household, who professed a friendship for him, the keys of all his apartments except that in which he kept his books and private papers. On his return, he found that this chamber had been opened, and his papers searched and examined. This, and some other similar circumstances, inspired him with melancholy, which became apparent in spite of his efforts to conceal it. The Princess Leonora, in the hope of dissipating it, took him with her to a villa on the banks of the Po, at some distance from Ferrara. Though the excursion only lasted eleven days, this short period of peaceful happiness restored his serenity, and he eagerly applied himself to the few corrections he had still to make in his poem, especially to some important additions to the charming episode of "Herminia," which then received the high degree of finish for which it is remarkable.

On his return, another Leonora again became the object of his poetical homage. The countess di Scandiano, though described as virtuous as she was beautiful, could not be insensible to the attentions and the poetry of Tasso. She displayed her preference in a manner that increased the envy of which he was already the object. The celebrated Baptiste Guarini was one of those who had experienced it in secret, and could now no longer conceal his feelings. He had been one of his most intimate friends; but to rivalry in poetry, was now added rivalry in love, and Tasso eclipsed him in both. He could not

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endure to witness the estimation in which he was held by the two princesses and the beautiful stranger. Some severe sonnets were produced on both sides. It is said that this jealousy gave rise to the composition of the "Pastor Fido," too beautiful a production, one would have thought, to have originated in so base a source.

About this time an adventure happened, which is differently related by Manzo and Scrassi. According to the first, Tasso had confided all his secrets, even that of his love, to a pretended friend, who, either from indiscretion or malignity, repeated one of the most confidential of these communications. Tasso, on being made acquainted with this, sought him instantly in one of the ducal halls, and gave him a blow. Not daring to draw his sword on the spot, his adversary retired, and sent a challenge to Tasso, which he accepted, and having repaired to the appointed place, the duel was scarcely commenced, when two of his enemy's brothers attacked him at the same moment.

Scrassi relates, that Tasso, having received proofs of the treachery of a pretended friend in a matter of much delicacy, accosted him in the palace, and wished to enter into an explanation with him. His false friend, instead of excusing himself, replied insolently, and even gave the lie to Tasso, who resented the indignity by a blow on the face. His opponent, cowardly as insolent, retired without another word; but, some days afterwards, being in company with his two brothers, he saw Tasso pass in the open street. They all three attacked him from behind at the same instant. Tasso had both the skill and courage of a cavalier. He turned, drew his sword, and put the three assassins to flight, and they all hastily made their escape from Ferrara.

It is not true, as Manso has said, that he wounded two of them, nor that the duke caused him to be arrested under pretext of protecting him from a fresh attack, and that this unjust detention produced the disorder in his mind which soon manifested itself. Tasso's wrongs were but too real; but we must neither exaggerate them or anticipate their date; and his own letters prove, that, on this occasion, Alphonso evinced increased regard and esteem for him. It follows that, if the secret betrayed related to love at all, neither Leonora, nor any of the family of the duke, were compromised.

This affair was much talked of, and celebrated in a dull couplet, which was sung through the city of Ferrara—

"Con la penna e con la spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato."

Tasso appeared little affected by this occurrence. He only required of the duke the satisfaction he had a right to expect, and he spoke of his adversary, in his letters, as a coward and a traitor. Another circumstance disturbed him much more. He received certain intelligence that a surreptitious edition of his poem was printing in some Italian city. We may conceive the fears and agitation which this information excited in his mind. Not only would he be prevented from bringing his poem to the perfection he desired, but he saw the fruits of years of labour, and the means of obtaining the independence for which he sighed, on the point of being snatched from him. He implored the duke to interfere, who immediately wrote, with much solicitude, to the duke of Parma, the republic of Genoa, and even to the Pope, to prevail

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on them to prohibit the publication of any edition of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" in their states, unless authorized by Tasso himself.

His melancholy increased daily, and some other subjects concurred to give him uneasiness. A letter from Rome gave him cause to fear a coolness on the part of his best friend, Scipio di Gonzaga. Horace Ariosto, nephew to the great poet, had addressed him in some stanzas so highly panegyrical, that he imagined they were intended as a snare to his vanity, and concealed some purpose of injuring him. His enemies found means to corrupt his servants, or to persuade him that they were faithless, and at length he gave way to the imagination that he had been accused to the duke, and denounced to the inquisition.

The following account is taken from Scrassi, who gives it with a simplicity that proves his sincerity. Tasso, as he afterwards confessed, being accustomed to employ his mind on the subtleties of the ancient philosophers, had experienced some doubts on the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God. He felt uncertain whether God had created the world, or whether it only depended upon him from eternity; and, finally, whether he had or had not endowed man with an immortal soul. It is true he had never voluntarily given way to these doubts, but the fear of being wanting in orthodoxy agitated him so much that he went to Bologna to present himself to the inquisitor. He returned satisfied, and furnished with instructions tending to strengthen his faith. But he dreaded that he might have let fall some expressions before persons who were on the watch to injure him, which might cast a doubt on the soundness of his religious opinions. He persuaded himself they would use the power this put into their hands for his ruin, and to all his other terrors he added that of being poisoned or assassinated. His imagination became so heated, that he could speak of nothing else, and it was impossible to persuade or calm him. The duke, the lady Leonora, and the duchess d'Urbino, did all they could to quiet these vain fears, but their efforts were fruitless.

One evening, in the apartments of the duchess, he drew a knife to strike one of his domestics whom he suspected. The duke immediately gave orders that he should be confined in one of the small rooms that surround the court of the palace. It is said this was to prevent any danger, and to induce him to allow himself to be properly attended to, and not as a punishment. This might be the case, but the same effects might surely have been produced by more gentle means. His imprisonment completed his dismay. He wrote the most supplicating letters that he might be restored to liberty. The duke was at last softened, and allowed him to return to his own apartments; he only insisted on his being attended by the best physicians; their treatment appeared to succeed. Alphonso, to efface the recollection of his harshness, took him to Belriguardo, and neglected nothing that could console and amuse his mind. But he was so well aware of the source of his greatest disturbance, that before they left Ferrara, he caused Tasso to present himself before the holy tribunal, where he was carefully examined on the subject that occasioned him uneasiness. The inquisitor, who perceived that his doubts were only caused by a disturbed imagination, treated him with kindness, certified that he was a good catholic, and

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declared him free and absolved from all suspicion. The duke, on his part, gave him the strongest assurances that he did not entertain the least displeasure against him; that he was assured of his fidelity, and that if he had ever committed any fault in his service he forgave him with all his heart.

In spite of all these assurances, and in the midst of the amusements of Belriguardo, Tasso began to argue in the most extraordinary manner on the decision of the inquisitor, maintaining that it was not valid, and that he was not properly absolved, because the ordinary and prescribed forms had not been observed. He imagined, too, that the duke was more prejudiced against him than he would allow, and on these two topics, but especially the first, he reasoned in a manner that was distressing to hear. Alphonso, therefore, determined to send him back to Ferrara, and Tasso having expressed a wish to be placed with the Franciscans, he was conveyed thither, and recommended by the duke to their attention and kindness. His first care was to draw up a petition to the cardinals who composed the supreme tribunal of the inquisition at Rome, stating his doubts on the validity of the decision of Ferrara, and requesting permission to present himself before them, and thus to redeem his honour, and obtain repose. He wrote to the same effect to Scipio di Gonzaga. Notwithstanding all his precautions, these letters were intercepted, and at this time it was well for him that they were.

He submitted to medical treatment, however, but reluctantly, and in constant fear that poison would be mixed with his medicines. His great source of disquietude was still the fear of not having been fully acquitted by the inquisition. He wrote incessantly to the duke, and at last exhausted his patience. In one of his letters he confessed that he had suspected the prince, and had talked openly of his suspicions; that this was a sign of madness, he admitted; but he protested that he was less mad than the duke was deceived. Alphonso, offended with this, and some expressions that appeared to him too familiar, not only ceased to reply to him, but strictly forbade him to write either to himself or the princess d'Urbino. This increased his agitation and terrors; he seized a moment when left alone, and escaped from the convent, and soon afterwards from Ferrara. He left this city, where his name was so honoured, the court in which his talents excited so much admiration, where he was, perhaps, the object of more tender feelings, and where his favour had caused so much envy, at night, without money, without a guide, almost without clothes, but, above all, without his manuscripts, without a copy of his "Goffredo," his "Aminta," or any of his other poems, content to escape with life from the perils with which he fancied himself surrounded.

(To be continued.)

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, &c. Nos. I.—IX. London: Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH sufficient progress has not yet been made in this, Mr. Dickens' present work, to enable us at all to guess at the probable conduct of the story, or the destiny of its personages, we have had enough to warrant us in forming some judgment on its merits. These are very considerable; indeed, far above any that were to be found in *Barnaby Rudge*, and not a whit behind those of Mr. Dickens' other tales. The characters of the Misses Pecksniff, of Mr. Tigg, of Martin Chuzzlewit, and of Mark Tapley, are all admirable in their way; though the last is the only one—of those, at least, of whom we see much—that relieves the dreariness of such an assemblage of base and heartless people as Mr. Dickens has thought proper to introduce to our acquaintance. To do him justice, however, he has always hitherto brought us, sooner or later, into the company of loveable people; and therefore we look forward to by and by finding Mr. Tapley relieved from his solitude in goodness. Mr. Pinch might serve that purpose; but, though obviously a great favourite with the author, we cannot think his character a happy conception. Such gullibility as his is altogether incompatible with the intellectual power and accomplishments which he is described as possessing; for, although goodness be ready enough to believe in the pretence to goodness, intellect and information cannot be similarly misled, as regards a similar pretence to them. Such a man as Pinch could not have lived for years with such a man as Pecksniff without discovering him to be an ignorant quack; for the perception or non-perception of that could not have depended on temper. It must have been a fact too daily obvious to admit of his shutting his eyes to it.

The most humorous portions of the tale, as far as it has yet gone, are the scenes at Todgers's, and in America. The former display all that power with which the author usually works up his pictures of what is at once most pretending and least estimable in the lower regions of the middling classes. It is from the latter, however, that the work will take its character. Nothing can well be more odious than our author's pictures of men and manners in the United States; and we cannot help suspecting that nothing can well be more true, though we rejoice to know that is not the whole truth. Indeed, Mr. Dickens admits as much himself; admits that there are people in America as unlike his Colonel Divers and Jefferson Briks, as the most fastidious aristocrat on this side of the Channel could possibly be; and such it has been our happiness to fall in with. That it would be well for America were they more in number, and possessed of the weight to which their intelligence and character entitle them, is assuredly true; and that being so, we have a right to dwell on the baser many, who, standing between them and their true position, are the bane and disgrace of their nation. Whether it is wise, or even

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justifiable, in Mr. Dickens, to deal forth, at present, such exasperating wounds as these pictures of his must necessarily be, is another question, and one which can be answered only by the event.

To one point, however, we are anxious to call attention. Nothing is more complete, surely, than the extinction of the American party among English politicians. The causes, indeed, of such extinction are obvious enough, and on them we need not dwell; all that we wish noticed is, that whereas twelve years ago English radicalism was enamoured of the American character and American institutions, all such enthusiasm for the other side of the Atlantic seems now to have disappeared from within our borders. But has all friendship gone with it? Far from it. They who will look in the pages, not of the Radical Mr. Dickens, but of the Tory *Christian Remembrancer*, will find that when all political sympathy has failed, there remains yet an affectionate concern for each other, between such Englishmen and such Americans as feel that they belong to one Church; that the brotherhood involved in that gets the better of a thousand prejudices; and that an English and an American Churchman, when they fall together, feel that thay have in common all that is most precious to each. Nor do such find any material difference between the one and the other in respect of manners and refinement. Such American prelates and clergy as we have recently seen, have been men as high bred as any European court could have produced. More might be added on this subject; but what we have said is enough to suggest serious reflections on both sides of the Atlantic. The Church may prove the basis of national friendship when every element of political alliance shall have been blown to the winds; and all unestablished though she be, America no less than England may discover that she is the main stay, the constitutive and conservative principle, the very life and soul of the nation.

Two Treatises on the Church: the first by THOMAS JACKSON, D.D. *the second by* ROBERT SANDERSON, D.D. *formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln; to which is added, a Letter of* BISHOP COSIN, *&c. Edited, with Introductory Remarks, by* WILLIAM GOODE, M.A. *&c.* London: Hatchards.

WE never shall do otherwise than thank those who render any portions of the thoughtful and rich theology of other days more generally accessible than they had previously been; and therefore are we grateful to Mr. Goode for the present reprint. His introductory remarks are not much to our mind, being both needlessly angry, and more than a little unfair. We cannot feel implicated in any charges which Mr. Goode may substantiate against the *Catenæ Patrum*, which are to be found in the Oxford Tracts, but we honestly own our inability to see what, in this instance, he has substantiated. If we remember aright the documents in question, they were each testimonies of high authorities in favour of some one specific point—the Apostolical succession, the rule of Vincent, and the like. We have no recollection of its ever being pretended by the compilers that all the writers cited in the *Catenæ* coincided with every sentiment they might themselves have advocated in the Tracts or elsewhere. The pretence would have

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been too absurd even for minds that would not have recoiled from its dishonesty. We may refer Mr. Goode to the Clarendon edition of Hooker to satisfy him how far Mr. Keble is from making it. In his able and admirable preface to that edition, he distinctly admits that the first generation of high-Church divines did not complete the scheme of their successors; nor do we imagine that he was ignorant of what, not being ignorant of it, he certainly would never have denied, that among those successors all were not equally exclusive in their opinions of the channel of ordination.

Again, when Mr. Goode speaks as follows—

"The favourite phraseology now is, that it is through our union with the visible Church, that we become united to Christ, and that all grace is derived to us through the Church. Dr. Jackson's language is, that the Church 'is a true and real body, consisting of many parts, all really, though mystically and spiritually, united into one Head; and *by* their real union with one Head, all are truly and really united amongst themselves.' 'Every one is so far a member of Christ's Church, as he is a member of Christ's body.'

"The difference is of no little importance. In the Tractarian view the prime question is, What constitutes a man a member of the Church? In Dr. Jackson's, What unites a man to Christ, and constitutes him a member of Christ's body? According to Tractarian notions, a man becomes united to Christ only by becoming a member of the Church. According to Dr. Jackson, a man becomes a true and real member of the Church only by being united to Christ."

he is surely very unfair. He cannot be so ignorant as to imagine that the question he here raises is one between himself, Jackson, or any other, and the *Tractarian*. He ought to know, if he does not, that there have been, and that there are, many upon whom he has no right to confer that appellation, who would, on the whole, accept the statement which he denounces; not, perhaps, in the bald, crude way in which he has presented it, but in this sense, that the Church is not a mere general term for the multitude of believers, but a divinely-endowed society, holy in essential constitution and character, whatever be her members at any given time, and exercising a formative power over them, rather than they over her. In truth, this is a large, grave question, which, in one shape or other, is always rising up among men; and it is to be profitably discussed, not by giving each other nicknames, or by hinting at dark suspicions, or by trying to aggravate an alienation between brethren already far too great, but by the wisdom of brotherly love exercising itself in meditation and prayer.

Finally, has not Mr. Goode dealt with reckless cruelty by the memory of the departed, in his citations from Panzani's accounts of his progress and prospects in England? He admits that Montague, probably, was deceived by his wishes in his estimate of his brethren. May not Panzani have had, at least, equal inducements for misrepresenting even Montague? An agent would, probably, wish to be considered as successful as the facts could, by any possibility, make him out to be. To implicate Laud and his school in the charges insinuated by this reference to Panzani, (and if not to implicate them, for what conceivable purpose was it made?) is a proceeding of which, happily, the unfairness is only equalled by the extreme absurdity. Rome knew better what was in the author of the Conference with Fisher than to be very sanguine of gaining him, or any much influenced by him.

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Hymns for the Young; a Second Series of Hymns for Children. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. London: Burns. 1843.

SACRED verses are, indeed, a perilous adventure; in none do more people make shipwreck, and in none is a shipwreck more to be dreaded. Has Mr. Neale split upon any of the numerous rocks in his way? We cannot say that he has. There is nothing in the little collection of hymns before us that one wishes had not been written; nothing that is rescued from insignificance only to be rendered offensive by its connexion with religion. The tone of his hymns is devout and reverent; their thoughts are graceful and just, and their *structure*, so to speak, very like that of the ancient metrical devotion. As was the case in the latter, so here, each hymn winds up with a reference, if not always a doxology, to the Eternal Trinity—a catholic feature, to which we recommend the attention of all who purpose writing hymns in any degree congregational, or liturgic.

We doubt whether Mr. Neale has kept within the range of children's understanding; but, perhaps, he has gone somewhat above it on principle, a point on which, as our readers know, we are not likely to quarrel with him. A worse charge against him is, a want of music in his verse, a serious deficiency in any metrical compositions, and especially in such as are designed for the young, in whom the enjoyment to the ear bears a very large proportion to their whole enjoyment in poetry. And, perhaps, we may venture on a doubt how far Mr. Neale is endowed for his present task beyond fine feelings, taste, temper, and principles. We are not quite sure as to the validity of his call to serve the muses in this way. Still we thank him for what he has done, and, amid much which we desiderate, have great pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the following specimens of his powers, of which they may thereby be led, perhaps, to form a higher estimate than we have been able to do:—

CONFIRMATION.

ACTS VIII. 15, 16.

Blessed Saviour, who hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
All these years Thy Hand hath brought me
Since I first was made Thine own;
Safely brought me, though so often
I have wander'd from Thy fold;
Striving thus my heart to soften,
And as Thou wouldst have it, mould.

Others vow'd and promis'd for me
That Thy law I should obey;
They have warn'd me, sorrowing o'er me,
When I wander'd from Thy way:
But Thy holy Church commandeth
Me myself to take that vow;
And Thy faithful Bishop standeth
Waiting to receive it now.

Many foes will straight assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know, before I die;

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Keep me from mine own undoing;
Let me turn to Thee when tried:
Faint, if needs, yet still pursuing,
Never venturing from Thy side.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
O my only Guard from harm!
Meet me now with Thy Salvation,
In Thy Church's ordered way;
Let me feel Thy Confirmation
In Thy Truth and Fear to-day:

So that might and wisdom gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and evermore remaining
In the Catholic Belief;
Resting in my SAVIOUR'S Merit,
Strengthen'd with the SPIRIT'S strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my FATHER'S joy at length!

"An Order of Morning and Evening Prayer for the Use of Schools," (Burns,) extracted from the Prayer-Book, will be found useful. It is got up, too, in a convenient and attractive form.

"How shall I understand the Bible, &c." (Burns,) is a tract on the value and use of Tradition. From our own experience,—and that of our readers will bear it out,—since all theological questions are ultimately landed in this question, we have long felt the need of a plain and short statement of Church doctrines upon it: and the lack is in the present tract adequately supplied; should its outline seem hard, we must remember that the times are captious and querulous.

And probably it is from a half-defined feeling, that prayer, under present circumstances, will prove a stronger weapon than controversy, that we especially recommend, from the same publisher, "An Act of Humiliation for Prevailing National and Parochial Sins." It is cheering to find that these beautiful devotions are "used in the author's parish in private by communicants early on Friday mornings." Bishop Andrewes is the author's model, and one richer and more suitable to present needs it were impossible to select.

"Devotions for the Sick Room," (Burns,) is a sequel to "The Companion for the Sick Room," which was lately announced; composed originally for the benefit of the patients of the (*medical*) Editor, we can safely state that we are acquainted with no single manual of the doctrine and practice of the higher christian graces, more acceptable for the use of a *clergyman's* patients. Notorious as are the deficiencies of a high religious practice which a sick room exposes, the lamentable ignorance in christian doctrine which the clergy find in it, is, if possible, even more appalling.

"The Two Kingdoms," (Seeley and Burnside,) is an allegory of some merit. There are features in its theology which we think very unsound, but one of the principal ideas is by no means unimportant, that Christians are not to be contented with an entrance into their Master's Kingdom, but are to labour after an *abundant* one. The late Mr. Irving somewhere described the so-called Evangelical preaching around him, as a continual keeping *on the edge* of Christ's fold and the world; and without entering on questions as to where that edge lies, or when and how it is generally crossed, we must pronounce the incessant harping on the mere transition from danger and wrath, to a justified state in Christ, to merit his strictures.

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An interesting number of the "Ecclesiologist" has just appeared, in which we desire especially to direct attention to an able paper on Organs and Choral Music. We observe that the writer alludes to several publications as having given an impulse to the study of Ecclesiastical Music. We cannot help mentioning, however, our own conviction, that the papers on that subject, which appeared in the volumes of the "*Christian Remembrancer*" for 1841, were among the most efficient—as they certainly were among the earliest—aids to the revival of this branch of ecclesiastical art, in the English Church.

"The Statutes of the Fourth General Council of Lateran, &c." by the Rev. J. Evans, M.A. (Seeley,) is an interesting and erudite discussion of no unimportant question, the authenticity of the Canons of that Council, a question which Mr. Evans decides in the affirmative.

We see little to censure in what we have read of "The Patriarch; or, Oral Tradition; and other Poems," by the Rev. Richard Gascoyne, (Hatchards,) though we strongly suspect the author might find better things to do than writing verses on religious subjects.

We cannot see how young men are to be the better for No. 43 of "The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts" (Clark, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London). It consists of a little work, entitled, "Sketches of Modern Philosophy, especially among the Germans," by J. Murdoch, D.D., of whom we gather from these pages that he is an American writer. The book seems to us much more likely to produce smatterers than anything else; nevertheless, its account of the state of philosophy among the American Unitarians will repay perusal.

We warmly recommend a little treatise which has just appeared, bearing the title, "What is the Church of Christ?" (Rivingtons.) We have seen nothing on the subject which either exhibits so much depth of thought, or contains so much truth within the compass. It is thoroughly adapted to the lay readers of the upper or middling classes, to whom we especially commend our author's distinction between *a class* and *a society*, which he illustrates very happily, and which meets some of the prevalent fallacies on the subject of the Church.

"The Three Questions, What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" (Macmillan,) are a fresh contribution to our stock of *evidences;* a stock already too large. Religion, we can assure this well-meaning and right-minded author, the force of some of whose observations we acknowledge, does not gain by being thus incessantly apologised for. What part of the work is not taken up with evidences consists of practical considerations set before the sceptic.

We call attention to two excellent Tracts, one, (a Cover as well as a Tract,) entitled "Reasons for Daily Service;" the other, "A Few Plain Reasons why Churchmen ought to keep the Festivals and Fasts of the Church." (Burns.)

Archdeacon R. Wilberforce's recent Charge, (York, Sunter,) is so interesting and important, that we should have liked to see a London as well as a provincial publisher's name on the title page.

We need scarcely call attention to Dr. Hook's beautiful and seasonable sermon, "Mutual Forbearance recommended in Things Indifferent," (Rivingtons.) We have also to announce "Acceptable Sacrifices," by Mr. Gresley, with a preface by Mr. Watson, of Cheltenham, in whose church the sermon was preached, (Burns;) "The Liturgy, a Bond of Brotherhood," preached in All Souls' Church, Langham-place, by the Bishop of Glasgow, (Burns;) "The Church itself the True Church Union Society," by Mr. Dodsworth, (Burns;) and "The Coming of Christ," by the Rev. William Henn, M.A. Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, (Grant and Bolton, Dublin; Burns, London,) a favourable specimen, we may mention, of the theology of the sister island and Church.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.*]

ON THE TENDENCY OF MR. CARLYLE'S WRITINGS.

To the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer.

My dear Sir—The Reviewer of Mr. Carlyle's Hero Worship, in your number for August, complains that the author whom he denounces is read by many Churchmen, because they hope that his voice will, in some way or other, "swell the battle-cry of the Church." This hope he tells us is fallacious: Mr. Carlyle's shout is the shout of an enemy; as such it is hailed by dissenters and liberals. Surely we ought to silence it, if we can; not to listen to it, or be pleased by it.

Sir, I am a reader of Mr. Carlyle's works, and I think that I am under very deep obligations to them; I hope, also, that I am a Churchman; but I quite agree with your contributor, that if I, or any man, have studied these books from a notion that they would swell the battle-cry of the Church, our motive has been a very indifferent one, and our reward will be disappointment. I am aware that Mr. Carlyle's works afford some temptation to the feelings which the reviewer attributes to us and our opponents. He indulges in many bitter censures upon Churchmen—these may be read with infinite delight by liberals; he indulges in many bitter censures upon liberals—these may be read with infinite delight by Churchmen. He has written a number of passages which seem to indicate that he regards ecclesiastical institutions with as much respect as his countryman, Mr. Joseph Hume; he has written others, from which it might be gathered that he entertains an affection for them like that of Mr. Newman, or Mr. Kenelm Digby. One party has only to term the latter the unaccountable inconsistencies of an ingenious thinker, the other to welcome them as glorious concessions from one who was led by his education to curse, and had been forced by his honesty to bless: and Mr. Carlyle has a class of admirers from each. What is either party the better for its admiration? I grant you, nothing whatever. It only gets another vote in favour of resolutions which it had carried by acclamation already; it only acquires a new stock of self-complacency and dislike to its opponents, with both of which articles the market was already glutted.

I do not know how it may be with liberals, but it seems to me, sir, that a Churchman may act upon a principle very different from this; nay, as nearly as possible the opposite of it. Judging from his professions, one would not suppose that he would be always on the search for that which is pleasing or flattering to himself; for that which would make him easy, or comfortable and contented. One would fancy that he would have learnt to regard that which is painful and mortifying as exceedingly profitable, and, with his better mind, to welcome it. Sharp reproofs must be prized, one would think, by him, if they are by no one else; he may often say, "I do not like this, it frets me and torments me;" but he would not dare to say, "Therefore, as a Churchman, I feel it my duty to reject it, and turn away from it;"

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rather he would say, "There is a presumption in its favour, *cæteris paribus*, this is the thing I ought to choose." If it be asked why we do not, upon this principle, love all the attacks which are made upon us in radical or dissenting journals, my answer is, The main reason for not loving them is, that they are not really attacks upon us, but rather excuses and apologies for us. Most of them say, in terms, "We do not attack these poor, innocent, and well-meaning clergymen, we only abuse the principles which they are supporting, the body to which they belong; apart from these they are well-behaved, even useful, members of society." These are evidently apologies; circumstances have made us the poor creatures we are—the worst of these circumstances is, the Church itself. I hope we do all honestly, and from our hearts, hate the men who use such language as this, because they utter what we know to be lies; because they treat that which is innocent as guilty, and that which is guilty as innocent. But such feelings do not the least bind us to hate those who abuse us in a real, manly way; those who abuse us, not for suffering our high virtues to be dwarfed by connecting them with that which is in itself vile and contemptible, but who tell us that the Church was good and glorious till we had to do with it, and that we have made it ignominious. This is, at all events, plain, straightforward language; there is no shuffling in it; there is no doubt whether it is directed against some abstract notion, or against persons. If our consciences say "Not guilty" to it, well and good; then they must be glad that they were put upon their trial; if they confess their sin, they must be glad, too, for what can be worse than keeping it within us unconfessed?

Now it seems to me, sir, that Mr. Carlyle's attacks upon us are of this character: he likes the Church in the middle ages dearly; he has not the slightest respect for the Church in his own day. Yet he does not prefer the one because it was unreformed, or dislike the other because it is Protestant; he looks upon Knox and Luther as heroes and deliverers; he has an intense hatred, hereditary and personal, to Romanism. The reason is, then, that he thinks our forefathers were better and truer men than we are, even under circumstances on the whole less advantageous. I am aware that he sometimes seems to use different language from this; that he talks of the thing which they believed, in being sound and true in their day, and being worn out in ours. I know, also, that he often imputes virtues to Churchmen and statesmen of the middle ages, which they did not possess, and conceals the evidence that they had the same class of vices as ourselves, even when that evidence is contained in the documents to which he appeals.* But, if we look a little closer, we shall find that these very facts only show that Mr. Carlyle does mean something, and something very true, against us. Our own selves granted that the middle ages did not realize the Church ideal as he would pretend they did, but they acknowledged the ideal; they felt it; and it is from our not feeling it, not showing it forth in our lives, but rather merely talking and debating about it, that he concludes the thing has ceased to be,

* For instance, he has unaccountably passed over an awkward story respecting a certain fish-pool belonging to Abbot Samson, (the middle-age hero of his late fools,) which fish-pool the abbot permitted to deluge the meadows of neighbouring farmers, in spite of their repeated remonstrances, much as any preservers in our day might have done.

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and that what remains is only a sham and counterfeit. Do I think so? God forbid; I believe that the forms which he declares to be dead are witnesses that there is a mind of God which is permanent and everlasting, amidst all the varieties and inconsistencies of human faith and feeling; not dead, but witnesses against our death; witnesses alike against those who say that everything is true only as man makes it true, and against those whose own lives are untrue, even while they acknowledge these testimonies, and profess to receive these helps. But Mr. Carlyle's words only tell the more bitterly upon me because I have these convictions; for we have caused that an earnest man—one who really loves the idea of the Church—should believe that what we feel and know to be everlasting belonged only to an age which has passed away. What greater offence could we have committed? what more salutary, though more painful, than to have our offence brought home to us?

It seems to me that he has done us an equally good service, by warning us that we shall not recover what we admire in past times, by reproducing the costume and habit of past times; I say, a good service, because I fear we are many of us inclined to fall into this notion, and because I cannot conceive one more at variance with the truth which we profess, or more in accordance with that which is false in Mr. Carlyle. He thinks the Church was alive in the middle ages, and is not alive now. We say it is a kingdom which shall have no end; but do we not practically admit its limitation to one, when we acknowledge that only the circumstances of one age can agree with it, and that we must fetch back those circumstances in order to keep it in health, or to restore its suspended animation? What, sir, did our Lord establish his Church, its sacraments, and its ministry, with no foresight of the changes which should take place in the world of which he is the author and ruler? Did he mean that they should be fit only for dainty times and a regulated atmosphere? Did he not mean that they should dwell in all times and create their own atmosphere? And are we to stand wailing and puling because a middle class has grown up among us; because the age of chivalry has departed; because the days of working men have begun? Are we to repine against Providence for these arrangements in the same breath with which we boast of our piety and reverence, and talk about the permanence of the Church? Are we to sigh and cry because opinion and conventions will soon be no protection to ecclesiastical ordinances; nay, very soon will be no protection to domestic life, to marriage, to any one moral principle or practice? No; if God wills that these should depart, let us not wish that we could preserve them. Let us rejoice, though with trembling, for ourselves and for others, that the time is come when we cannot rest on these weak defences—when all human life and human institutions, all morality, must ground themselves upon an eternal truth and mystery, or must be left to perish; when the question will be between faith in a Living Being, or universal selfishness and anarchy.

He who shows us that this is the issue to which things are tending may be called an enemy of the Church; he may even fancy himself an enemy of it; he may lead some to become enemies who were ready to be so before; but he is, in the truest sense, our friend, and I maintain that Churchmen have a right to make use of his friendship. Now,

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no writer of the day, in this sense, has been so truly our friend as Mr. Carlyle; no one has given us so much help, if we will use it, in understanding what kind of battle we have to fight, what manner of time we have fallen upon, what are its wants and cries, what abysses lie beneath our feet. That his History of the French Revolution, his Chartism, and his Past and Present, make out a very bad case for Churchmen, as to their actual doings, I admit; they can raise no battle-cry of favour on that ground; but if there be any books in English literature which prove that unless there be a Divine order—a heavenly society—in the world, it must become an anarchy and a devilish society, they are these. Your reviewer may say that he knew that before: perhaps he did, and perhaps he may not need to have the fact impressed more deeply upon him by the evidence of history, and of those who have studied it in an earnest and impartial spirit; but there are some of us who feel that they want the help which he can dispense with; some of us who are conscious of a continual tendency to be trifling, in the midst of the most tremendous realities, and who do not find that clever Church novels, or clever newspaper articles, are at all sufficient to check this tendency. Such unfortunates, of whom I acknowledge myself to be one, are deeply grateful to any author, who does not merely echo back to them their own notions and opinions, who forces them to listen rather to the awful echoes of the Divine voice in the actual events of the world, and the doings of men; who frightens them out of the lethargy and stupefaction of customary convictions, and shows them that they must learn to mean what they say, and must strive to act as they mean.

But your reviewer will tell me, that there is in Mr. Carlyle a positive leaven of Pantheism. Sir, I believe there is in all of us, in your contributor, and in me, a great leaven of Pantheism, which often hides itself under decorous church-sounding phrases. If he will show me where it lurks in me, and how I may rid myself of it, I shall be grateful to him; and if he will help me to deepen in myself that conviction which is the antagonist one to Pantheism, and the corrector of it—the belief in a personal God, in an actual Living Judge, in a Being who is not one with the world, but its author—my obligations to him will be infinite. To Mr. Carlyle I owe much for driving this last thought home to me, often by strange, always by stern and effectual, methods. That evil must bring forth evil; that there is an eternal difference between right and wrong; that the world was not made by an evil spirit, but by one in whom might and right are eternally and necessarily coincident; that all evil is the counterfeit of something good; these are truths which are continually repeated in his pages, and which only make themselves the more felt from the struggle which they are maintaining with other notions seemingly more universal—really, I believe, far narrower; seemingly more dear to the writer—actually, I believe, only floating on the surface of his mind. That it is easy to adopt these notions, as if they were especially and characteristically Mr. Carlyle's, I acknowledge: it is always easier to take off the scum of a book, than to enter into its spirit; always easier to observe that which either harmonizes with our own theories, or contradicts them, than to receive those practical lessons which might serve for our help and our correction. I doubt not that some may have suffered a certain amount of moral loss from the passages

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in his works which embody these notions; that is to say, they may have been led by them entirely to abandon certain loose, fragile sentiments, or rather sensations, which were the relics of truths they had learned in their nursery, and which habitual worldliness and insincerity had already reduced to mere shadows. I doubt not, again, that some honest persons have been frightened from reading him by such passages; but I believe that if they had read humbly and honestly they would have found the antidote in himself; the more they appreciated his manliness and truthfulness, the less they would have been affected by his vagueness and bluster; the more they learnt from him to hate all affectation, and cant, and incoherency of every kind, the less harm they would have received from his own.

Your reviewer's remarks on Mr. Carlyle generally are derived from his book on Hero-worship. I willingly grant, that, if his object was to make out a case against the writer whom he undertook to criticise, he has chosen his example well. That which is objectionable in this book lies on the surface. Ordinary readers do not trouble themselves to inquire whether there is anything beneath which is sound and healthy. I do not, indeed, suppose that your reviewer's complaints of the principle of the book, as not new, and the book itself not logical, can much affect even the most inconsiderate. It professes to illustrate one of the oldest and most acknowledged principles in human nature. It is Mr. Carlyle's boast, and his greatest honour, that he dares to bring out the life and meaning of common-place, instead of for ever seeking, like diners-out and journalists, some new thing. And, somehow, one is affected by sundry influences which one does not well know how to divide into categoricals and hypotheticals, by bright sunsets and churchyards, and the faces of children. It may be very wrong to be overcome by anything but a syllogism. Various persons have put in their protest against the weakness, in other days, and in our own; but it has continued, and will continue till the present race of human beings is superseded by one manufactured according to the maxims of Mr. Bentham. But there are other indications in the work which apparently afford a much more just ground of complaint. A writer who speaks of Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau, as heroes, seems, *prima facie*, guilty of a rude insult to the feelings and judgment of his readers. Your reviewer thinks that the evidence of his guilt is increased, not diminished, by the fact that he has joined with these other names, such as that of Dante, with which it is proper and catholic to have sympathy; for he argues, that the quality in the good men which calls forth Mr. Carlyle's admiration must be one which they have in common with the evil men—must be, therefore, itself evil, something which detracts from the worth and completeness of their characters: and, by an ingenious analytical process, he arrives at the conclusion, that the essentially-heroical element, according to Mr. Carlyle, is a radical contempt and defiance of authority. How very satisfactory this conclusion will appear to those who read the review, and who do not read the book reviewed, I can well understand. What can be so satisfactory as an elaborate analysis, leading to a definite, tangible, and, what is still more delightful, a documentary result? Those who do read the book will be tempted to ask themselves whether the reviewer's determination as to what Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the

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heroical *must be*, or his own declaration of what it is, has most claim to attention and belief; for it so happens that the two statements entirely disagree. Mr. Carlyle says that, in his judgment, (I quote from memory, not having the book at hand,) a hero is one who *looks straight into the face of things, is not content with second-hand reports of them, and does not submit to receive semblance for realities. This* quality, not radical defiance of authority, he discovers, in different measure, in all the men of whom he speaks; to this he attributes the power which they exercised and the reverence which they commanded. Now, sir, I believe it will not be denied that Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau did, in their respective ages, exercise a considerable influence; so considerable that the name of the first is inseparably associated with a system of religion which has lasted 1200 years; of the second, with a civil war which has affected the political and religious life of England ever since; of the third, with a revolution which forms the most memorable of all the epochs in European history. Granted, that there was in them a radical defiance of authority; granted, that there was in them a leaven of imposture, of hypocrisy, of sentimental libertinism, of any other evil quality you please, does this explain the secret of their power? I believe it explains the secret of their weakness; I believe that there is a weakness in the results of their proceedings requiring to be accounted for, and that in one of these ways, or in some similar way, it may be accounted for. But the strength requires to be accounted for, too; and I do maintain that the indignation which Mr. Carlyle expresses against those who refer this to an evil, and not to a good, origin, is a just, a moral, a godly indignation. I do not think that there is anything which has so perplexed history, which has been so much at once the fruit and the cause of infidelity, as the opposite notion; or one which it is so much the duty of every christian man who seeks to read history, under the teaching of the Divine Spirit, manfully, and in every form, to encounter. The doctrine of Mr. Carlyle, that good brings forth good, that from evil comes nothing but evil, is, I think, one of the very most precious ever enunciated; one which we should never have lost sight of if we had believed the Bible; one which is itself the real cure for those pantheistic notions respecting the faith and morality of different ages which the work on Hero-Worship, and others of the same kind, seem occasionally to encourage.

If, then, we do want to know why Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau, exercised a power which no mere impostors or charlatans, no mere defiers of authority, ever could exercise, the question remains, whether Mr. Carlyle has rightly expressed the cause and the nature of this power in the words to which I have referred. My own strong conviction is that he has. I conceive Mahomet was able to do what he did, because he felt the will of God to be a reality; because he had ascertained it to be so, not by tradition, but by inward conflicts; and because he was willing to act upon the strength of this conviction. I believe that Cromwell was able to do what he did, because he felt spiritual life to be a reality, and was ready to stake his own existence and reputation, and to destroy whatever stood in his way, for the sake of that conviction. Once more: I believe Rousseau was able to do what he did, because, in a day when conventions alone were worshipped, he discovered, from his own miserable experience, that ther

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is a deep ground of fact below all these, and that they must perish if they set themselves against it. Here is Mr. Carlyle's explanation: I ask, is it not one which throws a brilliant light upon the records of these men's lives, and of the time in which they lived? I ask, again, does it not throw a brilliant light upon our own lives and upon our own times? Do we seriously believe that any man will ever assert a great truth in our day, or bring back one which has been lost; that he will ever work any great reformation in the state of society; that he will ever be anything himself,—if he merely speaks that which he has got by hearsay—if what he speaks is not that which he has wrestled for in his chamber; that which he has a thousand times lost, and which has a thousand times been given him again; that which he continually stammers out in the most ignorant way, which he can seldom utter to others, or even to himself, but which haunts him, and pursues him, and will not let him go; which he knows that the devil is ever plotting to take from him; which he trusts in God shall not be taken from him? Sir, if we mean by standing up for the Church and for tradition, anything which is inconsistent with this, I am sure we shall be knocked down. If any tradition is precious to us, it must be precious because it links itself with our own eternal being; if the Church is precious to us, it must be because it reveals itself to us as that which alone can satisfy the wants of that being. We may fight for it well enough upon other terms, when half the world is on our side to hold fast to it, when no party is cheering us on. When without are fightings and within are fears, when there is a scoffing spirit in the heart repeating the scoffs of wise, and wily, and religious men: This is another work altogether, for which I tremble, lest we should be found very ill prepared when the day comes that demands it of us.

I have admitted that there is one-half of the problem respecting the men treated of in Mr. Carlyle's book which he has not worked out. He has told us, I believe, truly, wherein the strength of Mahomet, of Cromwell, and of Rousseau, lay; he has not told us the cause of their weakness. I am as little inclined to overlook one portion of the facts as the other. But it seems to me that the person who sets us right about one-half of the case when we were going very wrong, puts us in a better road for finding out the other half than we could possibly be in before. When I have fully acknowledged the might of Mahomet's truth, I am able to account for the vigour, the heart, the magnanimity of the early Mussulmans, for the love of truth and the many noble qualities which are in them still. Reverence for an absolute Being, a belief in His will, as the law of human action and of the world's, are enough to interpret all that was ever great in them—the decay of this belief interprets all the loss they have sustained. But why did these qualities never secure to them freedom, sympathy with men as men—all the qualities which belong to humanity simply as such, and that self-respect which keeps men from the most beastly crimes? To answer this question in Mr. Carlyle's spirit, we should look at what Mahomet denied, as before we looked at what he asserted. We shall find he denied that there ever had been a man in the world who could say, "I am one with the absolute Being: he that hath seen me hath seen Him." I say, admit Mr. Carlyle's doctrine as to the secret of what Mahomet was, and what he could do, and you

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have cleared the road to the discovery of that which he was not—that which he could not do. It is nothing to me whether Mr. Carlyle admits the second position or not—nothing to me whether he would utterly repudiate it, and call me a quack or a sham for proclaiming it: I care nothing for that. He may not be the least obliged to me, but I may be deeply obliged to him for delivering me from an error which I had before, and for enabling me to see a truth, which I had before, more clearly. So, again, in respect to Cromwell: I believe the right acknowledgment of his power is the clue to understand the cause of his impotence. "He could not execute the christian religion," says Mr. Carlyle, in his last book, "and therefore his body swung at Tyburn." Just so, the thought that the spiritual life in man was everything; that everything which was not this, was not the christian religion; that everything that was not this, was to be taken away. And he found that he could not execute this idea, for it was not the idea of Him who promised to send the Spirit to guide men into all truth, and who said that the Spirit would not testify of itself, but of Him. He never set the spiritual life in man above that fixed and eternal truth of which the man who had the life becomes a partaker. He had appointed fixed and permanent ordinances, to be the witnesses of this truth. The man who would have the life without these, could not "execute" his religion. The phrase may be strange, but it is a happy and significant one. So, lastly, is it with Rousseau. He did exercise a mighty influence over the minds of men; but we have Mr. Carlyle's testimony, that the constitutions which were based upon the Social Contract "could not march." He has shown us—no one so well—what kind of thing that nature proved itself to be, which Rousseau would have made the lawgiver of the universe. These facts, too, have need to be accounted for; and having learnt that Rousseau's strength consisted in asserting that there is something which is above artifice or convention, we are driven to conclude that this something must be a higher order, a higher life; this higher order, this truer life, being that which is indeed intended for man, and proper to man, but which ceases to be his when he becomes a worshipper of nature, instead of a worshipper of God—when he sets up himself, instead of crucifying himself.

Sir, these conclusions seem to me not at all less valuable because they evolve themselves quietly and naturally out of facts not produced for the purpose of establishing them—out of principles apparently remote from them; and I believe, in like manner, that no statement which the reviewer, or which I could make, of our conviction that the different sides and forms of faith are all contained in the one faith which the Church embodies or the Bible sets forth; that the different Heroes of the world demand a central Hero, who shall be an actual historical Person, who shall concentrate the scattered rays of goodness and power, who shall be one with Humanity and above it; could equal, in moral force, the evidence which a book like Mr. Carlyle's affords, of the necessity of some truth in which all truths shall find their meeting-point and reconciliation; of that truth being not an abstraction, but one which has been embodied in a person; not a congeries of notions, but the foundation of the bond of human life and human society. Not only in those words which indicate the continual

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feeling after such a centre, but quite as much in those which seem to deny the existence of it, or to substitute some vague, unreal centre for it, does this necessity make itself apparent. And this, I conceive, may be the *Præparatio Evangelica* of our day. To one who has passed through it, we may present our Gospels as they stand, and say, Here is He in whom we believe; here is One who actually lived and suffered; here is strength perfected in weakness; this is He that should come—we need not look for another.

It seems to me, sir, a very serious question, whether it is a safe or light thing to check, by any influence of ours, this kind of evidence from finding its way into the minds of our countrymen. Other kinds of evidence, it is quite clear, have worn themselves out; they are not only ineffective, they actually destroy the effect of that which they profess to recommend to us, and force upon us. And yet I do not think that mere Church authority—the mere saying "So it is," can be felt by any one to be a substitute for this evidence. The question always recurs, *What* is? Not, surely, these words which you utter, but that which these words speak of: and how to get men to feel this, to know this, is the difficulty. What a difficulty! Oh! if by any process of doubt or despair it might be overcome; if we might be goaded into realities, compelled to grapple with them, by feeling this solid earth, and the goodly canopy of heaven, nothing but a congregation of vapours! This will be worth our while; but it is better, surely, to meet with one who does not lead us into mere scepticism, who is always looking for something solid; always promising himself, and encouraging others, to believe that it does exist, and may at length be found. What if he does not say confidently that it has been found—if he sometimes insinuates the contrary? The state of mind into which he brings us—it is at least charitable and comfortable to suppose the state of mind in which he is himself—is not one which will quarrel with the source whence the light came, provided it be the light he needs; not one which could say the light must be a delusion, because it looks out from the stars or the sun, not from a glass mirror or a gas lamp. And it is a sad thought to many of us, that, being confident we do know of a light shining from the heavens, which is just what the pilgrim over the earth needs, we have not made it manifest to him, by walking in it, rejoicing in it, proclaiming it; but have led him to think it was no better than some flickering farthing rush candle kindled by ourselves.

Sir, I know well the ready answer to this statement: "It is all very fine to talk of discovering these truths, or helps to truths, in Mr. Carlyle's writings; but does one in six readers discover them? and are not reviews written for the five in six, not for the one in six? And have not these five need to be warned of a teacher who will assuredly deceive them, whatever benefits he may be fancied to confer on the lucky transcendental individual?"

There is one point in this argument of a delicate nature, which I would rather pass over; but, as I have committed myself so far, I will speak my mind upon it—I mean the office of christian reviewers. What the office of the worldly reviewer is we all know; to detect all the faults which he can in a book or a man; to show how little good can be said of him—especially, if he be a man of thought, or

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genius, or moral influence, to show how much evil is in him. I should have ventured to think that the christian critic was not merely to apply these same principles to a different class of writings or persons, but to act upon entirely different principles. I should have thought that he was especially bound to use the loving powers with which he is endowed, for the purpose of bringing to light that which is good in every work or person who is able to exert any influence over his countrymen, for the very purpose of making that influence beneficial — of confounding and discomfiting anything that is evil in it. I should have thought (and here I do not wholly speak from guess; I am not simply casting stones at others less guilty than myself,) that any one who had failed in doing this, who had been tempted to write or speak upon any other maxim, would find cause for frequent and repeated self-reproach and repentance; would feel that he had wronged his own mind, and not only the minds of others, because perchance he had few or no listeners. But, waiving these points, upon which I have been over bold in touching, I should like to inquire who those five in six readers are, for whose especial benefit Churchmen think it needful to adopt the practice of the world. Are they, in this particular case, persons who are already readers and admirers of Mr. Carlyle? The probable effect of such criticism will be to convince them that Churchmen have no sympathy with that which they have felt to be true and useful to themselves; whatever, then, they have heard which is disadvantageous to the Church and its ministers, will be strengthened and deepened in their mind. To this part of their author's creed they will cling: what qualifies it they most likely reject. Or are they persons already disposed to be afraid of this author, with a very sufficient and reasonable horror of him; these are the very men to whom he could not do mischief—to whom he might do much good; men who, if they are to be worth anything as Churchmen, require to be sifted and winnowed, lest haply, in the day when a mightier winnower appears, they shall be found chaff and not wheat. So that this kind of reviewing, which is studiously contrived for the majority, and not for the minority, has the merit of discountenancing the best, encouraging the worst in every class of that majority.

As far as my own experience has gone, the warmest admirers of Mr. Carlyle are to be found among very simple people, women especially, who love their Bible above all other books, and would hate any which did not lead them to love it more. Such persons, with that faculty of love which so far excels the merely judicial faculty in subtlety and discrimination, have detected something at the heart of his writings which reached into their deepest faith and convictions, and have thrown aside, as wholly extraneous, or at all events as unintelligible, what seemed to contradict them. You may tell such readers that they have been all wrong—that you know better; but you will not easily convince them. Not pride, not self-will, but genuine humility, self-distrust, affectionate charity to that which has imparted wisdom, are enlisted against you. Your arguments, and criticisms, and sneers, will not seem to them the least in accordance with the spirit of the Bible or the Church; they will still obstinately declare that Mr. Carlyle has done more to give them a delight in what is

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living and true, and, threrefore, into the Bible and the Church, than you have. Might it not be well to enter into such prejudices a little; to inquire the meaning of them; to see whether they are wholly monstrous.

But I must conclude this long letter. I hold no brief from Mr. Carlyle; he would not thank me for my advocacy. I am jealous, not for his honour, but for that of the body to which I belong; I am sure that it is the body in the world which ought to acknowledge and love truth wherever it manifests itself; the one body which, if it understand its own rights and persons, could afford to do so. How long will its members treat it as a sect, while they boast of it as a Church? how long will they hold that its power is shown in rejecting and denying, not in embracing and harmonizing?

I am, my dear Sir, your obedient servant,

F. MAURICE.

[Every thing from Mr. Maurice's pen is sure to be both interesting and important; and therefore we rely on our readers at once justifying us for such a departure from our rules, as is involved in admitting into our pages anything like discussion upon our articles, and acquiescing in the declaration which we now make, that the proceeding is not to be regarded as a precedent. It appears to us, we own, that Mr. Maurice over-rates the difference between his and our estimate of Mr. Carlyle. In most of what he has said we cordially coincide; and he admits that there are elements in Mr. C.'s mind and speculations, which he will not deny to be very dangerous ones. If so, are we not to point out the dangers? Do none of the admiring readers of "The History of the French Revolution," "Chartism," "Hero-Worship," &c. with whom he comes in contact, require to have it pointed out to them that fine religious sentiment is not Faith; and that while we are indulging in the one, we are under a very peculiar danger of forgetting the other? Are there no hero-worshippers in whose eyes Genius is all but infallible, and who must be made to see that there is but one Law for man, whether richly or poorly endowed; that the richest gifts of Genius are turned into curses by those who use them as means of separation from their brethren, and that the differences between man and man are as nothing compared with the links which ought to unite them? Is it safe to allow hero-worship to be turned in the direction of a Rousseau, without one word of protest?

We entirely agree with Mr. Maurice, that it is the office of a christian reviewer rather to seek for and draw out the good there may be in a writer, than to show up all the evil: but he has probably not seen our former article on the Hero-Worship, in which we endeavoured, however unsuccessfully, to discharge this duty. He, however, has done it far better than we have, and, cordially thanking him for his interesting and valuable observations, we leave them to take the place of our former article, and, instead of that, to be combined by our readers with our latter one on Carlyle, which we still think to have been much called for; as we do not believe the number of persons who have "a very sufficient and reasonable horror" of this author, to be nearly so great as Mr. Maurice imagines.]

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF LONDON, *Oct.* 1. | BP. OF ELY, *Dec.* 3.
BP. OF RIPON, *Dec.* 17.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BP. OF WINCHESTER, *at St. Heliers, Island of Jersey, on Thursday, Aug.* 24.

DEACON.

Of Oxford.—L. M. Humbert, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—P. Le Maistre, B.A. Pem.
Of Cambridge.—W. Braithwaite, B.A. Jesus.
Of Dublin.—F. A. Vincent, B.A. Trin.; J. C. F. Vincent, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, *at Exeter, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—G. G. Hayter, B.A. Oriel; C. J. A. Padby, B.A. Exet.; T. L. Rich, B.C.L. New Inn H.; T. Renwick, B.A. Ch. Ch.; W. Savage, B.A. Queen's.
Of Cambridge.—J. B. Chalker, B.A. St. John's; T. O. Feetham, B.A. Trin.; R. G. Maul, B.A. St. John's; G. H. Parminter, B.A. Trin.; P. V. Robinson, B.A. Ch. Ch.; J. W. Ward, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—C. H. Archer, B.A. Ball.; R. L. Bampfield, B.A. Trin.; F. E. B. Cole, B.A. St. Edm. H.; J. Harris, B.A. Pemb.; W. E. Vigor, B.A. Worc.; C. H. Walker, B.A. Worc.

By the LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, *at Peterborough, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. White, B.A. New Inn H.
Of Cambridge.—J. P. Goodman, B.A. Emm.; W. Hildebrand, B.A. Clare H.; D. M. Mackintosh, B.A. Corp. Chris.; W. W. F. Murray, B.A. Corp. Chris.; S. K. Swann, B.A. Christ's; J. Taylor, B.A. Trin.; J. Blackburn, B.A. Pemb. (*l. d.* Abp. of York.)
Of Durham.—H. M. Short, Univ. (*l. d.* Bp. of Ripon.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—F. W. W. Martin, B.A. Ball.
Of Cambridge.—J. W. Ayre, B.A. St. Peter's; W. Bennett, B.A. St. John's; R. Bryan, B.A. Trin.; C. Charlton, B.A. St. John's; W. Dusantoy, B.A. Sid. Sus.; W. L. Towke, B.A. Queen's; W. Twynne, B.A. Magd. (*l. d.* Abp. of York;) W. M. Kerr, B.A. St. John's; J. Sutherland, B.A.

By the LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD, *at Hereford, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Cambridge.—H. Homer, B.A. Jesus; W. Nuttall, B.A. Queen's; R. Burgess, B.A. Christ's; J. F. Macmichael, B.A. Trin.; S. B. Taylor, M.A. Trin.; T. Evans, B.A. St. John's; J. H. Roberts, B.A. Clare H.
Of Dublin.—T. J. Avard, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—W. Taylor, B.A. Trin.; R. Merewether, B.A. St. Alb. H.
Of Cambridge.—S. C. Brown, B.A. St. John's; R. Hey, B.A. St. John's; J. Winter, B.A. Jesus; C. H. Ramsden, B.A. Trin.; J. B. Webb, B.A. Corp. Chris.
Of Dublin.—T. Gawthrop, B.A. Trin.; C. A. Graham, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY, *at Salisbury, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—R. Simpson, B.A. Oriel; G. F. S. Powell, B.A. Wad.; E. Bradley, B.A. Magd. H. (*l. d.* Bp. of Chichester); C. F. Lowder, B.A. Exet., T. H. Ravenhill, B.A. Worc., R. A. H. Stroud, B.A. Wad., and R. H. Taylor, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* of Bath and Wells.)
Of Cambridge.—D. E. Domville, B.A. Christ's; J. Crofts, B.A. Queen's; G. Stallard, B.A. St. John's; L. F. Thomas, B.A. Queen's (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells).
Of Dublin.—W. Fry, B.A. Trin. (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. B. Edgill, B.A. Ball.; B. B. Astley, B.A. St. Alb. H.; E. A. Ferryman, B.A. Univ.; T. H. House, Worc.; R. Cooper, B.A. Wad.; W. Jackson, B.A. Queen's; T. D'Oyley Walters, B.A. Ch. Ch. (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells.)
Of Cambridge.—G. C. Gordon, B.A. Corp. Chris.; J. Beck, M.A. Corp. Chris.; E. R. Prother, B.A. Magd. (*l. d.* Bp. of Bath and Wells.)
Of Durham.—M. Brown, B.A. Univ.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Abraham, T. E....	{Trinity Ch., Bickerstaffe, P.C. .....}	Chester.....	Earl Derby.....	...	...
Adamson, E. H....	St. Alban, Heworth, P.C.	Durham.....	{Rev. M. Plummer, P. C. of Heworth...}	£150	2009
Anson, T. A.....	Billingford, R.	Norwich	Rt. Hon. E. Ellice	...	...
Arthur, G.	Rowington, V.	Worcester..	Lord Chancellor.....	116	933

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PREFERMENTS—*Continued.*

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Bean, J. P.	St. Mary, Alderman-bury, P.C.	London	Parishioners	£255	789
Bradford, Wm. K.	Weeke, R.	Winchester	Bp. of Winchester	234	182
Brown, E.	Monkton Farleigh, R.	Sarum	Bp. of Salisbury	169	396
Burrows, S.	Sheinton, R.	Lichfield	Late Rev. J. Hodgson	288	133
Chapman, T.	Radford-Semele, V.	Worcester	H. Greswolde, Esq.	136	478
Cockerton, J.	Turweston, R.	Lincoln	D. & C. of Westminster	300	371
Coles, J. J.	St. Barnabas, Bristol, P.C.	G. & B.		...	...
Courtenay, F.	St. Sidwell's, Exeter, P.C.	Exeter	Vicar of Heavitree	252	6602
Cox, J.	Palgrave, R.	Norwich	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	317	760
Cripps, J. M.	Gt. Yeldham, R.	London	Mrs. J. M. Cripps	395	673
Cumberlege, J.	Egginton, P.C.	Ely	Parishioners	45	348
Drury, H.	Alderley, R.	G. & B.	R. H. B. Hale, Esq.	140	300
Evans, E. C.	Hope-under-Dinmore P.C.	Hereford	Bishop of Hereford	82	555
Figgins, J. L.	St. Clement, Manchester, P.C.	Chester	Trustees	...	...
Fisher, J. T.	Uphill, R.	B. & W.	John Fisher, Esq.	184	366
Freeland, H.	Hasketon, R.	Norwich	Rev. H. Freeland	290	517
Fullerton, A.	Thriberg, R.	York	J. Fullerton, Esq.	329	332
Gilby, F. D.	St. James, Cheltenham, P.C.	G. & B.	Trustees	250	...
Hill, H. T.	Wolverley, V.	Exempt	D. & C. of Worcester	250	1840
Hippisley, R. W.	Stow-on-the-Wold, R.	G. & B.	H. Hippisley	525	1810
Hodgson, J.	Hoxne *cum* Denham, V.	Norwich	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	456	1519
James, H.	Willingdon, R.	Chichester	D. & C. of Chichester	67	603
Jenkins, R.	Christ Church, Turnham Green, P.C.	London		...	...
Kennaway, C. E.	Trinity Ch., Brighton, P.C.	Chichester	Late Rev. R. Anderson	150	...
Larken, E. R.	Burton, R.	Lincoln	Lord Monson	419	177
Lindley, W.	Thirsk and Sandhutton, P.C.	York	Abp. of York	143	3829
M'Gill, T.	St. John, Evangelist, Liverpool, P.C.	Chester		...	...
Marsham, H. P.	Brampton, R.	Norwich	R. Marsham, Esq.	160	207
Marychurch, H. W.	St. John's, Weston, P.C.	B. & W.	Lord Chancellor	468	2566
Mayhew, —	Laneham, V.	Lincoln	D. & C. of York	56	347
Montgomery, S. V.	Upper Gornal, P.C.	Lichfield	Vicar of Sedgeley	...	...
Moore, C. A.	Kerry, V.	St. David's	Bishop of St. David's	330	2199
Morgan, D.	Ham, R.	Sarum	Bp. of Winchester	457	205
North, J. H.	Herringfleet, V.	Norwich	John Leathes, Esq.	...	183
Robson, J. U.	Winston, V.	Norwich	D. & C. of Ely	169	398
Symonds, T. M.	Hanwick	York	— Fullerton, Esq.	...	...
Temple, W.	Seasalter, V.	Canterbury	D. & C. of Canterbury	130	945
Todd, E. J.	Sherborne *cum* Windrush, V.	G. & B.	Lord Sherborne	194	1058
Topham, J.	St. Nicholas, Droitwich, R.	Worcester	Earl Somers	...	...
Trollope, E.	Leasingham, South & North, R.	Lincoln	Sir J. Thorold	924	358 ...
Waud, S. W.	Rettenden	London	Bp. of Ely	765	761
Weddall, W. L.	Dunwich, P.C.	Norwich	Lord Huntingfield & J. Barne, Esq.	40	232
Whitworth, T.	Thorpe, St. Peter, V.	Lincoln	W. Hopkinson	313	498

APPOINTMENTS.

Elliott, G. ..... Head Master of Solihull Grammar School.
Grenside, C. ..... Chaplain to the British Residents in Archangel.
May, C. J. ..... Rectory of St. George's in the East, Jamaica.
Medwin, T. R. .... Head Mast. of the Gram. Sch., Stratford-upon-Avon.
Milner, J. ..... Chaplain of St. Anne's Hospital, Appleby.
Saunders, J. C. .... Evening Lect. at St. John's, Southwark.
Weldon, J. I. ..... Mast. of Tunbridge School.

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CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Abdy, C. B., at Coopersole Rectory.
Bridges, T. E., D.D., President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
Dalton, J. H., at Hetherside, Cumberland.
Deighton, W.
Dennis, J., Vicar of White Notley.
Hale, J., Rector of Holton and Rector of Buslingthorpe, Lincoln.
Hare, M., at the Rectory, Liddington.
Jones, E., Vicar of Colwinstone.
Levett, R., at Milford Hall.
Marshall, F. J., M.A., of New Coll. Oxford, 31.
Myddelton, C. P., Inc. of Heaton Norris Chap., and Chaplain to the Earl of Tyrconnel.
Pratt, H., of Wartling.
Prior, Dr., Vice-Provost of Trin. Coll., Dublin.
Ramshaw, C., Vicar of Fewstone.
Rosbotham, W.
Shaw, F. W., Min. St. Ann's Chap., Wandsworth.
Tate, J., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's and Vicar of Edmonton.
Taylor, W. R., Rector of Town Barningham, & Perpetual Curate of West Beckham.
Tomlin, J., A.M., Dom. Chap. to Earl Grey.
Verner, Dr. G. O., at Croydon.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SCOTLAND.

DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN.—We understand that the Rev. Alexander Allan has lately resigned the cure of Monymusk in this diocese. At the synod of the diocese of Aberdeen, which was held on the 9th current, the Bishop directed the attention of his clergy to a lecture preached by Mr. Allan, in the month of March last, to the congregation of St. Mary's, Inverary, which was subsequently published under the title of "A Lecture on the Distinctive Characters and Relative Bearings of Theological Parties in the Christian Church." The Bishop went on to state, that various points of heretical doctrine seemed to be promulgated and set forth in said lecture, with the apparent approbation of the author, which must be denounced and entirely disclaimed by the Church, whether they are to be considered as the opinions of the "Parties" to whom Mr. Allan ascribes them, or of the writer and preacher himself. The Bishop produced his correspondence with Mr. A. on this painful subject, and appointed a select committee of the members of synod to take the case into their consideration, and report to the synod accordingly.

After serious deliberation, the committee reported to the synod that they had come to the conclusion that the lecture in question contains much that is highly censurable, as being at variance with the teaching of the Holy Catholic Church in general, and with that branch of it which exists in Scotland in particular. But that, as it was rather difficult to determine precisely how far the lecturer means the various statements upon which they had occasion to remark, to be an expression of his own opinions, or merely a narrative of the doctrinal views of the "parties" which he avers have always been found in the Christian Church, the committee contented themselves with expressing their conviction, that Mr. Allan was guilty of very great indiscretion (to give it the mildest term), in making subjects of such grave importance the matter of a discourse to a christian congregation, while, at the same time, he expressed himself so vaguely as necessarily to leave the minds of those who heard him in great doubt as to what he recommended to them as truths worthy of all acceptation, and what he gave merely as the opinions of sects and parties, and of something even much more censurable, if any importance is to be attached to the notice prefixed to his lecture, which appeared to the committee to implicate the writer as *individually maintaining* certain views set forth in it.

The committee, in conclusion, stated, that they could not fail painfully to remark that the entire discourse is founded on the denial, or non-recognition, of that Article of the Creed—"I believe One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church;" because it supposes the Catholic Church to consist of all sects and parties, however discordant from the truth and from one another, and to have no unity of faith or sacraments.

The report of the committee was unanimously approved of by the synod, and adopted by the Bishop as his judicial decision on the case.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Mr. Hare, of Langham-place, for the interesting document he has sent to us.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

A Selection of Latin Stories from MSS. of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. A Contribution to the History of Fiction during the Middle Ages. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. F.S.A. London: Printed for the Percy Society. 1842.

Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories. Translated from the Latin, with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes. By the REV. CHARLES SWAN. 2 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1824.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of the chapters of his delightful Sketch-Book, describes a curious scene which he witnessed during an afternoon reverie in the library of the British Museum. Whilst the authors of the day were bepluming themselves with the feathers of the great writers of old, and parading their borrowed ornaments as the creation of their own minds and their own hands, on a sudden the trumpet of alarm was sounded, and from all sides rushed the resuscitated champions of old, eager to tear from the backs of the impostures the various plumes and patches they had appropriated. Those who had borrowed a gem from some old author, and heightened its splendour by its new setting, the original possessors not only spared, but applauded; the rest of the crowd fared but poorly.

First and foremost among these men of old, thus summoned to reclaim their treasures, must have been the author or authors of those Latin stories which the monks of the middle ages composed as recreations at the refectory, or exhortations from the pulpit. Innumerable must have been the purloiners of gems from their treasury; and many, very many, those celebrated writers and poets who had heightened and improved the splendours of the gems they had borrowed from the didactic fiction of the monks. Gower, Lydgate, Boccace, Shakspere—nay, the list would be as long as a chancery-roll—have drawn their best plots and most attractive stories from this monkish mine, as the monks themselves drew many of their stories from the legends of far-off countries, still traditionally remembered in their convent, and here and there enshrined in the older chronicle of some

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elder brother of the monastery. In the middle ages, even more than in any other, did almost every effort of the human mind assume the primitive and simple form of fable—a form at all times most attractive, and in that age the only medium by which the untutored mind could realize its conceptions.

The History of Fiction has ever been involved in much perplexity, and formed the most agreeable debateable land of our leading antiquaries. The more mysterious an investigation bids fair to be; the less we have to depend on fact; and the more we are at the mercy of conjecture, so much the more does the mind love to grasp at the mystery, and delight in the dim perspective and intricacies of the way. Each successive adventurer finds it more easy to pull down the various bridges, and break in the various cuttings by which his predecessor has endeavoured to make the way straight, than to throw his own bridge over the river or the morass of time that intervenes between the traveller and the goal. Four distinct sources have been contended for: the Scandinavian bards, the Arabians of the Spanish peninsula, the Armoricans, or Bretons, and the classical authors of Greece and Rome. Mallet and Bishop Percy come forward as the advocates of Scandinavia; Dr. Wharton writes himself the champion of the Spanish Arabians; Wilson is rather inclined to the Breton theory; and Dr. Southey and Mr. Dunlop come forward as the advocates of the classical and mythological authors; whilst Sir Henry Ellis would reconcile all differences by a quiet jumble of Breton scenes coloured by Scandinavia, and worked by Arabian machinery.

The poems of the northern Scalds, the legends of the Arabians of Spain, the songs of the Armoricans, and the classics of the ancient world, have doubtless been the *mediate* sources of the most prevalent fictions. The *immediate* source must be sought in even earlier times and more eastern climes. In some instances perverted notions of Scripture characters furnished the supernatural agency of the legend; in the majority the machinery came direct from the East, already dilated and improved. In many parts of the old Scriptures we learn how familiar the nations of the East were with spells; and the elevation of Solomon Daoud to the throne of the Genii, and to the lordship of the Talisman, proves the *traditional* intercourse between God's own people and the nations of the far East. We can easily conceive how the contest of David and Goliath may have formed the foundation of many a fierce encounter between knight and giant, and the feats of Samson been dilated into the miracles of the heroes of chivalry. In the book of Tobit, which is indeed referred to in the application of the tale of "The Emperor Vespasian and the Two Rings," we find an angel in the place of a saint, enchantments, antidotes, distressed damsels, demons, and nearly all the recognised machinery of fiction. The vagaries of the Talmud, clearly derived from eastern sources, were no small treasure on which to draw for wonders and miracles. And when we find all the

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machinery of the East in the poems of the Scalds, we cannot but perceive how much more reasonable it is to suppose the cold conceptions of the Northern bards to have been fed from the East, than the warm imaginations of the East to have drawn their inspiration from the North.

Two objections must not be neglected—the ignorance and misrepresentation of the religions of the East, shown through every page of the popular legends of the chivalric age. May it not have been the aim of the Christian writers to represent the infidels in the worst possible light, to pervert their creed, to exaggerate their vices? The charge of idolatry, and the adoration of the golden image of Mahomet, may have been mere pious frauds. Again, the Romans adopted the legends of Greece, and naturalized them. With the mythology came the religious rites appendant to it. How did it happen that the Scalds adopted the one without falling into the other error? Was there no difference of predisposition in the Romans and the Scalds as to the adoption of the mythologies of the East and Greece? Had not long intercourse in the one case prepared the Romans to receive, did it not agree with their preconceived notions? Such was not the case with the Northern nations. Children, and rude children of nature, they were in no way prepared for a similar effect; but, seizing on the prominent features of the legends presented to them, they engrafted them on their own wild and terrible stories, adding to the original matter in some cases, and rejecting portions of it in others.

That the Arabians, who entered Spain from the opposite shores of Africa about the beginning of the eighth century, "disseminated those extravagant inventions which were so peculiar to their romantic and creative genius," is in no way refuted by the absence of Moorish subjects from the earliest tales of chivalry, for when they arrived, the legends of Charlemagne and his peers had already taken root in the minds of the people; and however the Arabians may have introduced some portion of eastern fiction to mingle with the already popular legends, they could not introduce it as a whole, so powerful is the tendency of a conquered country to graft its own character, legends, and customs, on its conquerors. Is there anything very monstrous in believing that the introduction of judicial astrology, medicine, and chemistry, sciences so connected with the supposed operations of the magician, as to give that name to the possessor of them, would fail of extending their influence to the legendary stories, as well as to the habits and life of the Western world, described in these legends? And thus the introduction of eastern invention would be gradual, and therefore more natural; would be the growth of times and of ages, not the sudden birth and growth of a night; and would be gradually augmenting until it attained to perfect maturity.

The writer to whom we are indebted for the translation of the "Gesta Romanorum," has put forward another theory to account for the introduction of romantic fiction into the Western world. In his

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idea the banishment of the primitive Christians to the East, by the persecutions of the pagan rulers, would account for the use of these fictions when the cessation of the persecutions enabled them to return to their native land.

"Full of the mysterious wonders of the Apocalypse, not less than of the miraculous records of the Holy Gospels, imbued with all the Old Testament narratives, and probably anticipating similar interposition from heaven in their own persons; their minds wrought up by many causes to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and their hearts glowing with a fervour that no other ages can boast—the primitive Christians were well prepared to receive the impressions naturally made upon a heated fancy, and to put credit in tales which the distress of their situation prevented them from investigating, and their ignorance and credulity debarred from doubt. Hence, with the lives of the Fathers of the Church, they interwove prodigies of another land; and being further willing to address the prejudices of those they might hope to convert, adorned their martyrologies with fictitious incidents of oriental structure, even as, to conciliate the heathen, they introduced into their religious buildings the statues of pagan worship, dignifying them with novel names, and serving them with novel ceremonies."

Mr. Swan's returning fugitives may certainly have had their share in introducing the fictions of the East into the Western world, equally with the natural interchange of habitations between the East and the West which was consequent on the settlement of Constantinople, and the great influx of the West into the East. During the same century much was undoubtedly effected in the transmission of romantic fiction by the monks, who were at that period wandering over every part of the habitable world. We have the evidence of Gibbon that the progress of monachism was not more rapid or universal than that of Christianity itself. Every province—nay, almost every city in the empire, had its ascetics, to whom no way was impassable; no sea a barrier to their copying in the most distant climes the model of monastic life.

"The roving character of the monks, therefore," says Mr. Swan, "is another link of the chain by which I introduce oriental fiction into the West; and it is utterly impossible (maturely weighing the habits and propensities of this class of people) that they should not have picked up and retained the floating traditions of the countries through which they passed. Some of the early romances, as well as the legends of the saints, were undoubtedly fabricated in the deep silence of the cloister. Both frequently sprung from the warmth of fancy, which religious seclusion is so well tended to nourish; but the former were adorned with foreign embellishments."

It were almost superfluous to allude to the Crusades as further sources of romantic and didactic fiction. No one will dispute their right to a place in the system. About the period of the third crusade this kind of writing was at its height. That age was the full tide of chivalry. Twenty years elapsed between that and the fourth and fifth expeditions into the East; and nearly a generation elapsed before, for the sixth and the last time, the wealth and blood of Europe was poured upon the plains of the East. Enough of money and life had been now spent to satisfy the most enthusiastic of the

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crusading body, and to check, if not to stem, the tide of popular feeling which had formerly run so strong in favour of the restoration of the sepulchre and the holy city to the guardianship of the faithful. A juster and more rational mode of thinking was now beginning to be introduced, and time was at last beginning to allay the Anti-Saracenic passion. With the decline of these savage expeditions romantic fiction began to be regarded. For though originally extraneous and independent, romantic fictions had of late years become incorporated with chivalry and its institutions, and, with them, they naturally fell into decay.

The selection of Latin stories which Mr. Wright has edited for the Percy Society, as a contribution to the history of fiction during the middle ages, are, he tells us, chiefly taken from two works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Some are from the Summa Predicantium of an English Dominican of the fourteenth century, named John of Bromyard; whilst the Promptuarium Exemplorum of the early part of the next century supplies the remainder of his stories.

The "Gesta Romanorum" is the most famous collection of didactic fiction, for which we are indebted to the imagination, knowledge, and literary labour of the monks of the middle ages. In the refectory, whilst the monks ate their meals, one, the youngest generally, of the society, read from some such collection as this, a tale at once amusing and instructive. Nor was the use of these fables confined to the refectory. The success which has always attended instruction by fables, and the popularity ever consequent on this form of teaching, led the monks to use this medium to illustrate their public dicourses, as well as for their own daily relaxation. An argument, however clear, a deduction, however logical, operates but faintly except on trained intellects; but an apposite story at once arouses the attention, and makes a more durable impression on illiterate auditors. Knowledge in the garb of verse is soonest appreciated by an uneducated mind, and remains there far longer than in any other form. A ballad will descend from generation to generation without a *fault* or an interpolation. Next to poetry comes poetic prose, at the head of which class stands didactic fiction. Many a clever man has confessed, that he was more indebted to Shakspere and Scott for his English and Scottish history, than to the standard historians of either land.

The title of the work must not lead us to believe that to the Roman nation these tales are confined: the substance corresponds but little with the heading; oriental, legendary, and classical fables, contribute about equal shares in the formation of this singular composition. "It is," says Wharton, "a multitude of narratives, either not historical, or in another respect, such as are totally unconnected with the Roman people, or perhaps the most preposterous misrepresentations of their history. To cover this deviation from the promised plan, which, by introducing a more ample variety of matter,

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has contributed to increase the reader's entertainment, our collector has taken care to preface almost every story with the name or reign of a Roman emperor, who, at the same time, is often a monarch that never existed, and who seldom, whether real or suppositious, has any concern with the circumstances of the narrative."

Among the many pretty little disputes with which the learned antiquarians are wont to employ their leisure moments, the question of the difference or identity of the Gesta Romanorum and its English counterpart, has ever been a favourite. With this quarrel we shall have but little to do; we shall side neither with the differentiarians, under the banners of Douce and Ellice, nor with their identiarian opponents; we shall take the work such as we find it; nothing more nor less than a collection of ancient stories, many of which might naturally be the same, and many of which might naturally vary in various countries, according to the taste of the collector. Nor shall we determine whether Wharton is warranted in giving the original authorship to Pierre Bacheur of Poitou, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi, at Paris, in the year 1362, or whether Mr. Douce is nearer right in handing over the authorship to a German, on the authority of a German proverb in one tale, and a few German dogs in another. There is so much better food in the plains of the book itself, that our readers will not thank us for leading them astray to the barren heaths of antiquarian squabbles.

In the days of Elizabeth and James, the English version of the Gesta seems to have formed the popular story-book of the reading classes. In the comedy of "Sir Giles Goosecap," which was printed in 1606, one of the characters says, "Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests, why Gesta Romanorum were nothing to them;" and in Chapman's "May-day," of some five years' later date, one of the characters is astonished that "one who has read Marcus Aurelius, Gesta Romanorum, and the Mirrour of Magistrates, should be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing." These tales were evidently the popular fictions of that day, and we fear, like the numerous brood of didactic fictions which now overspread our tables, very often read more for the sake of the story, than for the moral to be deduced from it. There was something straightforward and honest in the plan of these old tales, in which the moral stands separate from the story, as an appendix, and not so mixed up with its adventures as to cheat the reader into a sermon during a rowing-match or a dinner-party. Messrs. Warren, of blacking notoriety, and Moses, of tailoring fame, are both professors of didactic fiction, through the medium of their advertisements. The taking title of the "Hamburg Conflagration," leads on the reader to the price of "particular jet," and "Dr. Pusey's suspension" ends in the prices of clergymen's habiliments. The advertisement sheet of the Times has nearly as much right to be regarded as teaching by didactic fiction the science of political economy, as Messrs. Gresley and Paget that of theology.

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The chief merit of the tales of the Gesta is the curious light they throw upon the manners and habits of the middle ages. In these vivid and strongly delineated fictions, we fight, we tilt, we make love and war, perform penances and witness miracles, with the world of the middle ages. We laugh at the fantastic regulations of a chivalry with which we have now no associated feeling. We smile at the absurd penances with which imaginable crimes were visited, and regret the utter carelessness with which enormous sins were committed. Marriage, of course, is the staple incident of every tale, as it is in the present day, and the affections of ladies are disposed of in more extraordinary ways than even in the nineteenth century. When the buying and selling system of marriage broke in upon the old, but not unpleasant fiction of love matches, and brought back civilized society to the customs of the savage, who buys his wife as he would a slave; the few who had a hankering after the old delusion, were wont to solace themselves with the thought that things were not so in the good old times; policy, power, and wealth were not supreme —so we thought—in the days of knights errant, and ladies that lived in high towers, and sang ditties on the guitar. In these tales we find more efficacious methods than even the common system of these days: a lady's affections are given to the resolver of some hidden mystery, the expounder of a riddle, or in accordance of some inexplicable vow. How absurd is all this, we are inclined to say; as absurd to us, as the number of unnecessary refinements which civilization has introduced would appear to our simpler ancestors. But laugh as we may at the customs of by-gone days, we must not characterise the writings of those times as absurd and useless, because they have not the same effect on us now, as they had on those to whom they were addressed, and for whose amusement and instruction they were written. Few qualities shift more with time, and are more dependent on manners, than probability and improbability. In regarding the construction of a fable, we must consider not its abstract probability, nor indeed its relative probability, (if the fable be old, or for another class of people,) to ourselves; but we must consider how it was calculated to impress the minds of those for whom it was invented, and to whom it was told. If the writer contrived to give pleasure and instruction to his readers or hearers, he deserves as much praise as if he suited our minds, and influenced our imaginations. If a giant in a castle, or a magician, were as credible to the monks, and their auditors, as electricity or magnetism to us; the writer who communicated pleasure to the imagination and knowledge to the understanding of his hearer, by such incidents, has proportionable merit with the writer of our time, who teaches a belief in God through the wonders of nature and science. Add to this the natural tendency of the human mind to the marvellous; and from the constant recurrence of the barely probable, to the ultimate belief in the most extravagant fiction. These circumstances must be considered in forming our judgment on the merit of these tales.

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Doubtless, they vary in point of execution, but many are eminently beautiful, and in description of manners, are valuable, and perhaps unrivalled. We may doubt the prudence of expending a thousand florins on three prudential maxims, as Domitian does in one of these tales; but we cannot fail to regret the loss of that never-failing virtue of hospitality, so prominent in these fables, and of that eagerness with which the wayfarer or the pilgrim was invited to the castle of the knight, or to the house of the citizen.

Many of the moralizations attached to these tales are characterised by a most eccentric spirit of refinement and abstraction. From very early times a secondary meaning was commonly attached to every important work; it progressed from the sacred writings through the poetic fictions of the classics, to compositions professedly allegorical. The want of discrimination, which in our eyes assumes much of the appearance of profane levity, with which the fictions of the classics were interpreted to signify the great truths and mysteries of religion, was, perhaps, hardly reprehensible in the simple state of knowledge which prevailed at the time when these attempts at secondary interpretation were made. In the early ages it might seem to partake of little levity to prefigure our Saviour's birth in that of Bacchus; his sufferings and death in that of Actæon, or his resurrection in the legend of Hercules, as related by Lycophron; as late as the thirteenth century the Franciscan Walleys wrote a moral and theological exposition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. To these expositions succeeded compositions professedly allegorical, and which the spirit of refinement of that age resolved into further allegories, for which they were never intended. It was not enough that the writer of the "Romaunt of the Rose" had allegorized the difficulties of an ardent lover in the accomplishment of his object, under the mystery of the rose which was to be gathered in a fair but almost inaccessible garden. Every profession saw in this allegory the great mystery of their craft. To the theologian it was the rose of Jericho, the New Jerusalem, the B. Virgin, or any other mystery to which obstinate heretics were unable to attain; to the chemist it was the philosopher's stone; to the lawyer it was the most consummate point of equity; to the physician the infallible panacea, the water of life; and does not this spirit of allegory extend to the present day, only in a somewhat different form? As soon as a poet has attained to any great reputation, and death has sealed up his writings, then comes the host of annotators and critics, each one more intent than his predecessor to develop the mind of the writer, to discover with what hidden intentions, with what feelings, this or that passage was written, and to build on some stray expression a mighty theory, for some more clever writer to overthrow, and raise a new fabric on its ruins. And in these attempts it is not the old author whose glory is sought to be heightened, but the new man who would ascend the ladder of reputation on the labours of "man of old." Such was not the spirit which prompted the fashion of resolving every thing into allegories in

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the middle ages; nor, indeed, is it to be solely charged to an unmeaning and wanton spirit of refinement. "The same apology," says Wharton, "may be offered for cabalistic interpreters, both of the classics and of the old romances. The former, not willing that those books should be quite exploded which contained the ancient mythology, laboured to reconcile the apparent absurdities of the pagan system with the Christian mysteries, by demonstrating a figurative resemblance. The latter, as true learning began to dawn, with a view of supporting for a time the expiring credit of giants and magicians, were compelled to palliate those monstrous incredibilities, by a bold attempt to unravel the mystic web which had been wove by fairy hands, and by showing that truth was hid under the gorgeous veil of gothic invention."

The first tale which we shall extract, exhibits the not uncommon mixture of feudal manners and oriental incidents during the reign of a Roman emperor, to whom the name of Pompey is given. The Romans have, however, little to do with the matter, and king Pompey, whether the Great, or some namesake of his, will not assist us in assigning an A.U.C. date to the story.

"Once upon a time, there lived a great and good king, whose name was Pompey. He had an only danghter, of remarkable beauty, and he loved her greatly, so he charged five of his knights that they guarded her day and night, and commanded them, on their lives, to preserve her from all injury. Day and night did these brave men keep watch and ward before the lady's chamber. A lamp burned before the door, that the approach of an enemy might be detected; and a faithful mastif lay on her threshold, whose watchfulness was as unremitting, as his bark was loud and shrill. But all these precautions were in vain. The princess loved the world, and its pleasures, and sighed to mingle in its busy scenes, and gaze upon its gorgeous pageants. So it came to pass, that as she looked one day from the window of her bower, a certain duke passed by, and he looked upon her beauty, and loved her with an impure love. Day after day did this duke endeavour to withdraw the princess from her guardians, and numerous were the devices by which he sought to accomplish his designs upon her and upon her father's throne, for she was the king's heiress. At last, by the promise of unbounded pleasure, the duke persuaded the princess to overturn the lamp, that burned at her chamber door, and to poison the dog that lay on her threshold. And when the night came, the duke stole upon the guard, and bore away with him the princess. On the morrow, the lady was sought for, far and near, and no one knew whither she went. Many were they that took horse and rode after the fugitives, and many were the ways they went. But one alone found them, a great and terrible knight, the king's champion, who came upon them in their flight, slew the seducer, and brought back the princess to her father. And the emperor was sore wrath with his child, and left her to bewail her sins in solitude. Time and misery brought repentance, and the princess bewailed herself bitterly. Now there was a good old man at her father's court, who ever interceded with the king for penitent offenders, and to whose words Pompey willingly gave heed. This lord came to the king, and told him of his daughter's repentance, and the king was reconciled to his child, and she was betrothed to a nobleman of worth and power. Many were the bridal gifts which the princess received. The sage lord gave her a robe of the finest and richest woof, on which was worked these

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words, 'I have raised thee up, beware lest thou fall again.' He gave her also a ring, and the legend was, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' Her father gave a golden coronet, on which was written, 'Thy dignity is from me.' From the champion who conquered for her, she received a ring; the legend was, 'I have loved thee, do thou return that love.' The king's son, too, gave a ring, and on it was written, 'Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility;' whilst on that which she received from her own brother, the motto was, 'Approach, fear not, I am thy brother.' The last gift which the penitent princess received, was from her bridegroom, a golden signet that confirmed her inheritance, and on which was written, 'Now that thou art espoused, be faithful.' And the princess kept all these gifts, and thought upon the mottoes which they bore. Day by day she regained the favour and the love she had alienated, and at last, she slept in peace."

Such is the simple tale. The moral, especially in the interpretation of the several marriage presents, will astonish many of our readers. The emperor is *our Heavenly Father*, and his daughter, the *human soul*, which he delivers to the *five senses*, armed by the powers of baptism, to guard from injury. The burning lamp is the *will*, shining brilliantly in good works, and dispelling the gloom of sin. The watchful dog is *conscience;* as often as the soul breaks any of the commands of God, it may be said to look abroad on the world and its dangers. Then comes the devil, the great seducer, whose triumph over the soul is easy, when the lamp of the will is extinguished, and the barking of conscience is silenced. Then God arises as our champion, and fights for us against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and leads back the sinning soul to the palace of the heavenly king. The sage Lord, the Mediator, is our Saviour: "for He is our peace who hath made both one."

"From Him," continues the moral, "we received the aforesaid gifts; first a cloak descending to the ancle, that is, his most precious skin; and said to be of delicate texture, because it was woven with stripes, blood, bruises, and other various instances of malice; of which texture nothing more is meant than this, 'I have raised thee up, because I have redeemed thee; do not throw thyself into further evil.' That same Christ, our king, gave to us a glorious crown, that is, when he submitted to be crowned for our sakes. And of a truth, 'thy dignity is from me,' even from that crown. Christ is our champion, who gave us a sign—that is, the hole in his right hand; and we ourselves can see how faithfully it is written, 'I have loved thee, do thou also love.' He gave us another ring, which is the puncture in his left hand, where we see written, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' 'What have I done?' I have despoiled myself, receiving the form of a servant. 'How much?' I have made God and man. 'Why?' To redeem the lost. Concerning these three, Zachary xiii. 'What are the wounds in the middle of thy hands?' and he answered, saying, 'I am wounded by these men in their house, who loved me.' Christ is our brother, and son of the Eternal King. He gave us a third ring,—to wit, the hole in his right foot; and what can be understood by it, but, 'Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility?' In like manner, Christ is our brother-german. And he gave us a fourth ring, the puncture in his left foot, on which is written, 'Approach, fear not, I am thy brother.' Christ is also our spouse; he gave us a signet, with which he confirmed our inheritance: that is, the wound made in his side by the spear, on

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account of the great love with which he loved us. And what can this signify, but, 'Thou art joined to me through mercy; sin no more?'"*

Old Gower, in his "Confessio Amantis," has versified the quaint story which is found in the Gesta, under the head of "False Allegations," and in which the story of Dionysius and the Golden Beard and the Golden Cloak of the god, is strangely manufactured into a story in which an emperor Leo, three images, and a poor thief, figure. Among the variations introduced by Gower, is that of placing the occurrence in the reign of Cæsar, and condensing the three female statues into one of Apollo. According to the Gesta, a certain Roman emperor Leo was so fond of looking upon a pretty face, that he made three fair female images, and placed them in a temple, that all his subjects might look on them and worship. One statue stood with its hand extended towards the worshippers, and bore on its finger a golden ring, on which was the legend, "My finger is generous." The second finger had a beard of beaten gold, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third figure had a cloak of gold and a purple tunic, and on its breast was written, "I fear no one." With so many temptations came a law, that whosoever stole either the ring, the beard, or the cloak, should surely die. A thief was soon found. According to the poet:—

> "There was a clerk, one Lucius,
> A comlier, a famous man;
> Of every wit some what he can,
> Out-take that him lacketh rule,
> His own estate to guide and rule—"

So he took to riotous living, "and was not wise in his doing;" *ergo*—

> "After the need of his desert,
> So fell this clerkè in poverte."

The thief, whether poor man or ruined clerk, removed the treasures, was seen by the people, and brought before the emperor, on the charge of breaking the royal edict.

"But the thief said, 'Good my lord—suffer me to speak.' And the emperor said, speak on. Then said the man, 'Lo, as I entered the temple of the three images, the first image extended to me its finger, as though it would say, 'take this ring;' but yet I doubted of its wishes, until I read the superscription, 'my finger is generous;' then knew I that it was the pleasure of the statue to give the ring, and I obeyed and took it. Then came I to the image with the beard of gold. Methinks the maker of this had no beard; shall the creature be better than the creator? that were a plain and manifest wrong. But still I was modest, and hesitated, until the words of the inscription, 'Let he that is beardless come to me, and I will give him one,' forbad me to refuse to supply my own wants by the statue's gift. As for the golden cloak, it was in pure charity that I took it away. Stone is

* Gesta Rom. translated by Stone, vol. i. pp. 6—8.

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cold, and metal is cold; the image is of the former, the cloak of the latter. In winter it was adding cold to cold, in summer it was too heavy and warm for the season. Still should I have forborne to rob the statue of its cloak, had I not seen the words, 'I fear no one.' Such intolerable arrogance, in a woman too, was to be punished. I took the cloak to humble the statue's pride. But all these excuses were useless. 'Fair sir,' replied Leo, 'do you not know the law, that he who robs the statues shall die?—let the law be obeyed;' and it was as the emperor said."

The moral of this tale is the least strained, and perhaps the best of all the applications attached to the legends. The emperor is God the Son; the three images, the three sorts of mankind in whom God takes delight. The first image, with its extended hand and proffered gift, is no bad symbol of the poor and simple of this world, who prevail little among the great and powerful, unless the gift is ready in the extended hand. "Why fleecest thou the poor?" asks conscience. "May I not receive that which is freely offered?" replies the judge; "did I not take the proffered gift, men would laugh at me; to curb their tongues I take it." We seldom want for a good excuse. The second image is the symbol of those who are raised to wealth by God's especial blessing, and from whom the wicked seek to take away their wealth by every pretext. "We are bald," cry they; "we are poor, let us divide his riches among us." The image with the golden cloak is the good man in power and authority, who fears no evil person, the cultivator of virtue, the rooter out of vice. "He is proud—he is tyrannical," cry the people; "we will not have him to reign over us." But the end of these men is according to the law of the Lord, and they die miserably.

In another tale, the scene of which is laid in the reign of a certain emperor Otho, we have a most poetical defence of the principle enunciated in the twenty-sixth article of our Church, that the effect of the ordinance is not taken away, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished, by the ministration of evil men—according to the composer of this legend, there were priests and the mass in the days of the emperor Otho. The following is Mr. Stone's version of the tale:—

"In the reign of Otho there was a certain slippery priest, who created much dissatisfaction among his parishioners, and many were extremely scandalized. One of them in particular always absented himself from the mass when it was this priest's turn to celebrate it. Now, it happened on a festival-day, during the time of mass, that as this person was walking alone through a meadow, a sudden thirst came upon him, insomuch that he was persuaded, unless present relief could be obtained, he should die. In this extremity, continuing his walk, he discovered a rivulet of the purest water, of which he copiously drank; but the more he drank, the more violent became his thirst. Surprised at so unusual an occurrence, he said to himself, 'I will find out the source of this rivulet, and there satisfy my thirst.' As he proceeded, an old man, of majestic appearance, met him, and said, 'My friend, where are you going?' The other answered, 'I am oppressed by an excessive drought, surpassing even belief. I discovered a little stream of water, and drank of it plentifully; but the more I drank, the more I thirsted. So I am endeavouring to find its source, that I may drink there, and, if it be

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possible, deliver myself from the torment.' The old man pointed with his finger, 'there,' said he, 'is the spring-head of the rivulet. But tell me, my honest friend, why are you not at church, and, with other good Christians, hearing mass?' The man answered, 'Truly, master, our priest leads such an execrable life, that I think it utterly impossible that he should celebrate it so as to please God.' To which the old man replied, 'Suppose what you say is true; observe this fountain, from which so much excellent water issues, and from which you have so lately drunk.' He looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld a putrid dog, with its mouth wide open, and its teeth black and decayed, through which the whole fountain gushed in a surprising manner. The man regarded the stream with terror and confusion of mind, ardently desirous of quenching his thirst; but apprehensive of poison from the fœtid and loathsome carcass, with which, to all appearance, the water was imbued. 'Be not afraid,' said the old man, observing his repugnance, 'thou hast already drank of the rivulet, drink again; it will not harm thee.' Encouraged by these assurances, and impelled by the intensity of his thirst, he partook of it once more, and instantly recovered from the drought. 'Oh, master,' cried he, 'never man drank of such delicious water!' The old man answered, 'See, now, as this water, gushing through the mouth of a putrid dog, is neither polluted, nor loses aught of its natural taste or colour, so is the celebration of the mass by a worthless minister; and, therefore, though the vices of such men may displease and disgust, yet should you not forsake the duties of which they are the appointed organ.' Saying these words, the old man disappeared; and what the other had seen, he communicated to his neighbours, and ever after punctually attended mass. He brought this unstable and transitory life to a good end, and passed from that which is corruptible to inherit incorruption."

There is but one fiction in this legend which deserves further explanation—why the stream of the fountain of life is made to flow through the rank jaws of a putrid dog, rather than that of any other animal. An old couplet ascribes to the dog four special qualities—a healing tongue, a distinguishing sense of smell, a perfect love, and unremitting watchfulness:—

> "In cane bis bina sunt, et lingua medicina,
> Naris odoratus, amor integer, atque latratus."

These four qualities, say the old writers, ought to be diligently cultivated by a priest. By his tongue he should heal the sick at heart, and probe the wounds of sin, careful not to heal with roughness the soul's wounds, but to lick them as the dog does those of the body. His keenness of perception should be able to distinguish the true confession from the false one; to see what is due to cunningness, what to internal struggles, what to reckless contempt of consequences. He, too, should have as unshaken a love for the Church and the faith, as the dog for its master or its charge; ready to lay down his life for his flock. As the watch-dog of the great King, his warning voice must be raised against enemies from without, preventing by his diligence in his calling the machinations of the world and its master against the soul.

According to Gough, among the epitaphs in the church of

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Doncaster, is the following quaint epitaph on the tomb of Robert Byrkes:—

Howe, Howe, who is heare;
I Robert of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare, (wife)
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost,
A.D. 1579,
Quoth Robertus Byrkes,
Who in this worlde
Did reygne thre
Score yeares and seven
And yet lived not one.

If we can suppose that Byrkes or his epitaph writer had ever read the Gesta, we might reasonably conclude that he had borrowed the three centre lines of his epitaph from the story of the Roman emperor who discovered the golden sarcophagus with the three circlets. On these circlets were written these words:—"I have expended—I have given—I have kept—I have possessed—I do possess—I have lost—I am punished;" whilst on the front of the sarcophagus appeared, "What I have expended, I have; what I gave away, I have." The emperor who found the tomb was as much puzzled to understand the legend, as the old sexton that of Robert of Doncaster. So he called the nobles and bid them fag it out amongst them. We present our readers with the same task.

The tale which bears the unalluring title "Of the Suggestions of Satan," has been at least twice borrowed; once by that veritable traveller Sir John Mandeville, and secondly from the first borrower, by Dr. Southey. This story of the Enchanted Garden of the Magician, where all the pleasures of an eastern paradise were imitated by the black art, and whither numbers were led, as it were to heaven, never to return, but die after a life of debauchery and sin, appears in Sir John, chapter xc., under the story of "the man that was called Catolonapes, who was ful rich, and had a fair castle on a hill, and strong, and who made a wal all about y^e^ hill with which was a fair garden." In the poet's hands, it forms the ground-work of the gorgeous scene of the seventh book of Thalaba, the Enchanted Garden of Aloaddin. With the original transcriber, for the monk could have been little more, of so evidently an eastern legend, the garden and its magician prefigures the world and its wealth, which, when men have obtained it, they close their hands upon it, and believe themselves rich; anon they open their hands, and lo! the treasure is gone. Again, the charlatan produces his dish, putting nothing therein,—

"He spreads his fingers, nothing there,"

he prates, he mocks his hearers, and a number of corns appear; he gives them to the company, they close their hands on them, and believe that they hold them fast,—by and by they open their hands,

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and find nothing: "postea aperientes manus," says the Latin, "nihil inveniunt;" or, as Gay sings—

> "A purse she to the thief exposed;
> At once his ready fingers closed:
> He opes his fist, the treasures fled,
> He sees a halter in its stead."

To the curious in coincidences, or plagiarisms, the two following may seem worthy of note: the one from the Merchant of Venice would rob Shakspere of one of his sweetest similes. In the story of the Three Kings, the clemency of the sovereign is thus apostrophised: "Sicut ros herbam irrigat ut crescat; sic dulcis clementia regis usque sydera provehit et exaltat." This, we are told, is the original of Shakspere's simile in the Merchant of Venice:—

> "The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
> Upon the place beneath."

If so, Shakspere has almost as much credit in the improvement as in the origination of the idea. Pope's "See how the world its veterans reward," is certainly a liberal translation of the old monk's reflection, "Ecce quomodo mundus suis servitoribus reddit mercedem."

The fable which the poet Parnell has rendered so well-known in his Hermit, is found among these legends of the monks. In a collection of Latin apologues in the Harleian MSS. it appears under the title "De Angelo qui duxit Heremitam ad diversa hospitia;" and in the Gesta as a legend, "of the cunning of the Devil, and of the secret judgments of God." Parnell's originality and taste is shown in the alterations he has introduced into the monk's story, as well as by his masterly touches of the poetic colouring. His delaying the discovery of the angelic nature of the visitor to the close of his tale, is the happiest amongst the alterations he has introduced; affording the opportunity of introducing the beautiful description of the angel's change of form,—

> "When the strange partner seemed no longer man,
> His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
> His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
> Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
> Celestial odours breathe through purple air;
> And wings whose colours glittered on the day,
> Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
> The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
> And moves in all the majesty of light."

According to Wharton, Parnell followed the story, as told by the Platonic theologist, Dr. Henry More, in his Divine Dialogues. It appears in the Gesta in the following form:—

"Once upon a time, a hermit of great age and piety, lived in a cell, which he had raised for himself on the edge of an open down, on which the shepherd of a neighbouring lord was accustomed to feed his master's flock. One day the shepherd fell asleep, and a robber came and stole the lord's

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flock. When he awoke, he discovered the loss, and stoutly maintained that the sheep had been stolen, but the lord would not believe the shepherd, and commanded him to be put to death. The hermit saw the deed, and thus communed with himself:—'Merciful God, seest thou what this man hath done, and how the innocent suffers for the guilty? Why permittest thou these things? If injustice is to triumph, why remain I here? Verily I will re-enter the world, and do as other men do.'"

Impressed with these thoughts, the hermit left his cell, and wandered back to the world and the abodes of men, and on his way, an angel, sent from God, met him, and being in the form of a traveller, he joined himself to the hermit, and asked him which way he journeyed. "To the city that lieth before us," rejoined the hermit. "I will accompany you," replied his companion; "I am an angel sent from God, to be the associate of your wanderings." So they walked onwards to the city. When they entered the city, they sought the house of a soldier, and entreated him, by God's love, to give them harbourage during the night. The veteran complied with cheerfulness, and spared not of the best of his substance, for the entertainment of the travellers. The hospitable soldier had but one child, an infant in the cradle. And so it happened, that when supper was ended, the veteran lighted the guests to his best chamber, and the angel and the hermit retired to rest. About midnight the hermit awoke, and saw the angel rise from the bed, enter the chamber where the infant slept, and strangle it with his own hands. "Surely," said the hermit to himself, "this cannot be an angel of God; did not the good soldier give us every thing that we required, and now, lo, the only child that he had, is slain by this, his guest." And yet he feared to reprove his companion.

With the morning, the hermit and the angel arose, and sought a neighbouring city, where they found a hospitable reception in the house of one of its chief persons. This man had a valuable drinking cup of gold, which the angel purloined during the night, but the hermit yet was silent, for he feared more than he doubted. On the morrow, the travellers continued their journey, and on their way, they came to a river, over which was a bridge thrown. They ascended the bridge, and met, midway, a poor and aged pilgrim. "My friend," said the angel to the old man, "show us the way to yonder city." As the pilgrim turned him to show the angel the road, he seized him by the shoulders, and cast the old pilgrim headlong into the river that ran beneath. "Alas! Alas," cried the hermit to himself, "it is the evil one himself. Why? what evil had the poor man done?" and yet, with all his thoughts, the hermit feared to give utterance to his fears. About the hour of vespers, the travellers reached another city, in which they sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house refused them rudely. "For the love of heaven," said the angel, "spare us of thy house for shelter against the wolves and other wild beasts." "That," rejoined the man, "is my pigstye, lie ye there if it so please ye; for ye come no other whither." "Necessity," replied the angel, "forces us to

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accept your ungracious offer." On the morrow, the angel called the host, and said, "Friend, I give you this goblet," presenting to him the cup he had stolen from his former host. "Now," said the hermit, "know I that this is no angel; doth he not reward evil for good, and good for evil? No longer will I travel with you: fare thee well, I commend thee to God." "Dear friend," rejoined the angel, "hear me ere you depart. Whilst thou wert in thy hermitage, the lord of the flock unjustly slew his careless, but innocent, servant. For his innocence he will be in a fit state to enter another world; but had he lived, he would have fallen into sin, and died before repentance could have followed. Eternal punishment shall follow them who stole the sheep; but repentance and acts of faith shall repair the error which the owner of the flock committed in his ignorance. Truly the soldier was hospitable, but he loved his son overmuch; ere then, he was charitable and merciful, but on the birth of his child, he grew parsimonious and covetous, that he might leave a fortune to his son. With his child's death hath returned his christian virtues to his parent. Before that cup was made, which I stole from our host who owned it, there was not a more abstemious person in this world; but with that cup came the love of indulgence and inebriety. I took away the temptation, and our host is once more abstemious. Again, I cast the poor pilgrim into the river. He whom I drowned was a good Christian; but had he proceeded further, he would have fallen into mortal sin: now he is saved and is reigning in heaven. Neither did I bestow the cup on the unhospitable citizen without reason: he gave us his swine's house; he has received his reward—the temptation of gluttony and pleasure. Guard, therefore, thy lips; detract not from the Almighty; to him all things are known." At these words, the hermit fell at the feet of the angel, and besought his pardon. It was acceded to him, and he returned to his hermitage a wiser and a better Christian.

Since these remarks were first projected, two of the most interesting of these stories have appeared in another publication, and therefore we can only refer to the pages of the Englishman's Magazine for August and October, for the instructive stories of "Guido, the Perfect Servant," and "Jovinian, the Proud Emperor." In the previous specimens of the legends of the middle ages, we have endeavoured to express, in our own language, the fictions of our ancestors. The next specimen shall be from a better hand. Some ten years since, in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine, appeared three stories of the middle ages, translated from the work of Massenius, a German Jesuit, who lived in Cologne, somewhere about 1657. The work was entitled, Palæstia Dramatica; and it was from one of the stories in this Jesuit's work that the accusation of plagiarism against Milton was founded by Lander. The story of "The Ungrateful Man" is, we are told by Wharton, to be found in the Arabian story book, "The Cahlah-u-dumnah." That it is of eastern origin no one can doubt. It is retailed by Matthew Paris, under the year 1195, as a favourite

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story of our lion-hearted Richard, by way of reproof to those ungrateful princes who had deserted him in his crusade. It next appears in the Gesta Romanorum; and after that, is versified by Gower, in his Confessio Amantis, and enlarged and ornamented by the Jesuit of Cologne, whose version we subjoin.

"THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

"Vitalis, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, 'Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!'

"A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called.

"'A poor huntsman,' answered Vitalis, 'who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely.'

"'I will do what I can,' replied the peasant.

"Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedge-bill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—'Listen, huntsman,' said he, 'to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison.'

"'Good,' answered Vitalis; 'ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted.'

"'I ask for nothing,' said the peasant, 'but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride.'

"'So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and a moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. 'It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit,' said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"'Do you abandon me, then?' cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; 'my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit.'

"Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"'Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard,' said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"'Oh God, oh God,' cried he, 'to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only.'

"Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could

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think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

" 'Will no one help me?' said he. 'Ah, then, I must die. Oh God, oh God!' and he wept and sobbed in a heart-breaking manner.

" 'It is certainly the voice of a man for all that,' said Massaccio.

" 'Oh, if you are still there,' said Vitalis, 'in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours; I give them all; and may I die here if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life.'

" Massaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

" 'Ah, here you are at last,' said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

" 'Yes,' said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

" Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, 'Let us,' said he, 'quit this forest;' but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

" Eat this piece of bread,' said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

" 'My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel,' said Vitalis, 'how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?'

" 'You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself,' said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

" 'Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?'

" 'At Capalatta in the forest: but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me.'

" Here we are out of the forest,' said Vitalis; 'I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio.'

" 'But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?' returned the peasant.

" 'When you will,' said the other, and they separated.

" Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

" The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis,—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

" 'Let him be turned out immediately,' said Vitalis; 'I know him not.'

" The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fire-place was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. 'The man has driven me from his door,' thought he; 'the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit.' But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

" 'Poor animals!' said he, 'they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he

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drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!'

"Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage, where he saw an enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. 'And you then,' said he to the serpent, 'have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?' The serpent glided rapidly under a heap of dried leaves, and reappeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. 'A diamond!' cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

"Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"'How much do you ask for it?' said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, 'To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you!'

"'If it is not worth so much, give me less,' said Massaccio; 'I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond.'

"But the police now arrived and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"'Relate to us your history,' said one of the inquisitors, 'and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal.'

"Massaccio related his adventure.

"'So,' said the inquisitor, 'you saved the Signor Vitalis?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'And he promised you a marriage-portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'And he drove you like a beggar from his door?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'Let the Signor Vitalis appear,' said the same inquisitor.

"Vitalis appeared.

"'Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis?' said the inquisitor.

"'No, I know him not,' replied Vitalis.

"The inquisitors consulted together. 'This man,' said they, speaking of Massaccio, 'is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted.' Then, making a sign to an officer of police, 'Take that man,' said he, 'to prison.'

"Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. 'Noble signors, noble signors,' said he, 'it is possible that the diamond may have been

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stolen; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion, and the serpent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis,' (turning to him,) 'I ask you not for the marriage portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit.'

"'Noble signors,' said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, 'I can only repeat what I have already said; I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?'

"At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey sputtered, and the serpent hissed.

"'Ah! these are the animals of the pit,' cried Vitalis in alarm.

"'Signor Vitalis,' resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, 'you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you,' continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, 'since a Venetian had promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You,' said he to the secretary of the tribunal, 'draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous.'

"Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent."

Few persons would expect to meet with, among the tales of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a couple of veritable Joe Millars. To the ninety-second legend, which Mr. Wright has gathered in his Latin stories, every imitator and amender, from the days of Archibald Bell the Cat, to those of Mr. Joseph Millar, have been indebted for the ground-work of that story, which gave the cognomen to the Earl, and enriched the pages of the jester with the story of the mice, and the proposition for "belling the cat." From the pages of the Gesta comes the story of the Three Black Crows, which has been long known in every jest-book, if not perpetuated in the logical version of Dr. Byrom:—

> "Tale, that will raise the question I suppose,
> What can the meaning be of three black crows?"

The legend is nearly in the popularly-received form, though now generally cited as an instance of the geometrical progression naturally incident to scandal, whilst in the thirteenth century it was to warn us of "women, who not only betray secrets, but lie fearfully."

"Once upon a time, there lived two brothers, the one a cleric, the other a layman. The former was always saying that no woman could keep a secret,

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and as his brother was married, he bad him test the truth of this assertion on his own wife. The layman agreed; and one night, when they were alone, he said, with a sorrowful face, to his spouse, 'My dear wife, a most dreadful secret hangs over me; oh that I could divulge it to you; but no, I dare not; you never could keep it, and, if once divulged, my reputation is gone.' 'Fear not, love,' rejoined the wife; 'are we not one body and one mind; is not your advantage my benefit, and your injury my loss?' 'Well, then,' said the husband, 'when I left my room this morning, a deadly sickness came upon me, and after many a pang, a huge black crow flew out of my mouth, and, winging its way from the room, left me in fear and trembling.' 'Is it possible?' asked the wife; 'yet why should you fear, my life? be thankful rather that you have been freed from so noxious and troublesome an occupant.' Here the conversation ended. As soon as it was day, up got the wife, with her thoughts full of the black crow, and hastened to a neighbour's house. 'Dearest friend,' said she, 'can I trust you with a secret?' 'As with your life,' rejoined the confidant. 'Oh, such a marvellous accident happened to my husband!' 'What? what?' asked the anxious friend. 'Only last night, he felt deadly sick, and, after a great deal of pain, two black crows flew out of his mouth, and took wing from the room.' Away went the wife home, with her mind disburthened of the awful secret; whilst her friend hastened to her next neighbour, and retailed the story, only with the addition of one more crow. The next edition of the legend rose to four; and at last, when the story had gone round the gossips of the village, a flock of forty crows were reported to have flown from the poor man's mouth; and there were not a few who remembered seeing the black legion on the wing from the man's window. The consequence of all this was, that the poor husband found himself saddled with the very questionable reputation of a wizard, and was obliged to call together the village, and explain to them the true origin of the fable. On this his wife and her confidants were overwhelmed with ridicule and shame, and the men of the village were the more impressed with the truth of the cleric's maxim."

It was not overstraining of an interpretation for the writer of this legend to explain the unfortunate husband as symbolical of the worldly-minded man who, thinking to do one foolish thing without offence, falls into a thousand errors, and has to purge his conscience by confession, as the originator of the legend, by declaring its purport to the assembled villagers. Boccacio is indebted for very many of his stories to the writers of the Gesta. The Demon Hunter is found in the legend of "the Execrable Devices of Old Women;" the novel of the Three Rings, in the story of "The Triple State of the World;" and that of the King and Signor Rogiero, and the Three Caskets, from one version of which Shakspere formed his Merchant of Venice, in the middle-age legend of The Carpenter and the Three Cakes. Two tales of middle age, if not of far earlier origin, were worked up by Shakspere in his drama.

The story of "Selestinus, the Wise Emperor of Rome, who had a fair Daughter," which is found in the English Gesta, furnished the bond and the pound of flesh; as that of the Carpenter and the Cakes did the casket scene. In the spiritual romance of Balaam and Josaphat, which dates back to the ninth, or perhaps the end of the eighth century, we have the most remote source of the casket scene. A king tests the wisdom of his nobles by filling two chests of gold with rotten bones, and other two with gems, gold, and oint-

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ments, but overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords, and takes the choice of his nobles as his text for a lecture on the deceitfulness of outward appearances. Again, we discover this legend in the tale of King Anselm, as related in the English Gesta, and in the legend in the older work; where a carpenter discovers the proper use of some treasure he had found, by making three cakes for the entertainment of the owner, whose search after his money had led him to the finder's cottage. One cake is filled with earth, another with bones, the third has a piece of the gold within it. Led by the weight, the greedy traveller chooses the cake heavy with the enclosed earth, and, claiming a portion of that with the bones, should his hunger not be satisfied with the first, gives the lightest cake to his host. Convinced by these means that God willed not that the man should have his treasure again, the host gives it to the poor, and drives away the traveller from his house.

The story of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, and the fortunes of himself and his child, are taken *verbatim* from the tale of "Temporal Tribulation," in the Gesta, with but one exception—the omission of the strange questions by which Tharsia endeavours to excite the interest of the heart-broken prince, when the enchantments of her music had failed to rouse him from his despondency.

"'If you are determined, Prince Apollonius, to remain in that squalid state, let me reason with you. I will propose a question: if you can answer it, I will depart; if not, I will return your present.' 'Keep my gift,' rejoined Pericles to Tharsia: 'I will accede to thy request. My evils, indeed, admit not of a cure, yet will I hearken to you. Put your question, and depart.' 'Hear me,' replied the maiden. 'There is a house in the world, which, though closed to us mortals, yet bounds and rebounds. Loudly does it echo, though its inhabitants are ever silent, and both the house and its inmates move together. Now, O king, if you are wiser than I am, read this riddle.'*

"'To prove to you that I am no impostor, thus will I reply,' said the king: 'Is not the house the ever-bounding wave, its mute inhabitant the silent fish, gliding along with its residence?'

"'Again reply,' said Tharsia: 'rapidly am I borne onward by the tall daughter of the grove, along with an innumerable company. Various are the paths over which we glide, and leave no track behind.'†

"'When I have answered your enigmas,' rejoined the prince, 'I will show you much that you know not of; yet do I wonder that one so young should be so keen of wit, and so penetrating of understanding. Doth not the tree, when made into the ship, enclose a host, and pass through the waves without a track?'"

The next enigma which the lady propounds to the king is, along with its solution, so very unintelligible, that we rather pass on to a very short sketch of the, to adopt a new term, dangerous classes of

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* Est domus in terris quæ nobis clausa resultat
Ipsa domus resonat, tacitus sed non sonat hospes
Ambo tamen currunt, hospes simul et domus una.

† Longa feror velox formosæ filia silvæ,
Innumera pariter comitum stipante caturvâ
Curro per vias multas, vestigia nulla relinquo.

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society. Five men St. Peter deemed to be madmen. One ate the sand of the sea so greedily that it ran out of his mouth. Verily he was the covetous man of this world. The next madman stood over a pit filled with sulphur and pitch, and strove to inhale the noxious vapour that rose from the burning mass. He was the glutton and the debauchee. A third lay on a burning furnace, and endeavoured to catch the sparks that rose from it, that he might feast on them; for he was rich, and would have fed on gold, though it would have been his death. The next lunatic sat on the pinnacle of the temple, with his mouth open to catch the wind, for he was a hypocrite; whilst the last madman devoured every finger and toe of his own he could get into his mouth, and laughed at others; for he was a calumniator of the good, and devoured his own kind.

Passing over the very puzzling description of the game of Sacchi, and its forced application in the appended moral, we feel inclined to select the short legend, which has been versified with much sweetness as the Lay of the Little Bird:—

"It chanced that an archer caught a nightingale in a snare, and was about to kill the little bird, when God opened the beak of the nightingale, and she spake unto her keeper. 'What will it advantage you to kill me? canst thou satisfy thy hunger from my small body? Let me go, and I will tell thee three maxims, from which, if you observe them straightly, much benefit will accrue to you.' Astonished at the speech of the songstress, the archer granted her request. 'Hear then, and understand,' rejoined the bird: 'remember never to attempt that which is impossible—never to lament that which is irrevocable—never to believe that which is incredible.' With these words the nightingale took wing, and rising high in the air, commenced her beautiful song. Her strain ended, she flew towards the archer, and thus twitted him: 'Silly fellow that thou art, to give me up for three maxims—thou hast lost a treasure; in my body is a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich. Silly, silly fellow.' Vexed at the bird's escape, and stung with her reproaches, the archer began to set his nets, and delude the nightingale once more into his power. 'Come,' said he, 'come, sweet bird, to my home, and I will show thee every kindness. I will feed thee with mine own hands, and let thee fly abroad and return again at thy pleasure.' 'Nay,' rejoined the bird; 'now know I that thou art a fool, and payest no regard to my counsel. Lament not that which is irrecoverable. Thou canst not take me again. Why spreadest thou thy snare in vain? Believe not that which is incredible. Dost think that my little body could contain a pearl as large as the egg of an ostrich when I am but half that size? A fool thou art, and a fool thou shalt remain, if thou despise the three maxims.' Away flew the bird, and the archer returned in sorrow to his house, and never saw the bird again."

In the version of the poet, the maxims assume this form:—

"First, then, lest haply in the event it fail,
Yield not a ready faith to every tale.
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know
What's lost, 'tis wise in prudence to forego.
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast;
What good thou hast, ne'er lightly from thee cast."

In both the same lesson is read to the covetous:—

"Such was the meed of Avarice:—bitter cost,
The carle who all would gather, all has lost."

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Pass we on now to the wonders which Pliny believed in without seeing, and Sir John de Mandeville tried to persuade the world he believed in from seeing,—

> "The Anthropophagi,
> And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;"

for no creature is so monstrous, no fable so incredible, but that the monkish writers could give it a moral phase, and extract from its crudities and quiddities some moral or religious lesson. These writers seemed never to have doubted the truth, in later days enshrined in the lines of the ballad:—

> "Reason sure will always bring
> Something out of everything."

Pliny's dog-headed race, whom Sir John places in the island of Macumeran, and at the same time gives to them a *quasi* pope for a king, who says three hundred prayers per diem before he either eats or drinks, were naturally regarded by the middle-age writers as symbolical of priestly preachers of faithful hearts and frugal habits; whilst of those other islanders, who "have but one eye, and that in the middest of their front, and eat their flesh and fish raw," the monk says, "These be they that have the eye of prayer." The Astomes, who have no mouths, "are all hairie over the whole bodie, yet clothed with soft cotton and downe, that cometh from the leaves of trees, and live only on aire, and by the smelling of sweet odours, which they draw through their nose-thrills," are the abstemious of this world, who die of the sin of gluttony, even as an Astome by the accidental inhalation of bad odour. Humility is signified by the absence of the head, and the placing of the face in the breast; and a tendency to sin is foreshadowed by a desire and habit of walking on all fours, or pride by short noses and goats' feet. The Mandevillean Islanders, who had flat faces without noses, and two round holes for their eyes, and thought whatsoever they saw to be good, were earth's foolish ones; as those foul men, who have their lips so great, that when they sleep in the sun, they cover all their face therewith, are the just men, the salt of the earth.

Aristophanes, among the wonders seen by the clouds, in his comedy of that name, records the Sciapodes, whom Sir John after Pliny describes thus: "There ben in Ethiope such men as have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a great marvel; and that is a large foot, for the shadow thereof covereth the body from sun or rain, when they lie upon their backs." It may, with some reason, be doubted that Aristophanes and his humble followers would be no little surprised to learn that their Sciapodes, or parasol-footed mortals, were nothing more nor less than the charitable. It is not always the case, that he that runs, even on one foot, can read his own destiny. The pigmies of the East, who measure two cubits in stature, and ride upon goats, and wage fierce and never-ending wars on the cranes, are those mortals who begin well, but cease to do well

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before they are perfect; whilst their neighbours, with six hands, who despise clothes in favour of long hair, and inhabit rivers, are the hard-working and laborious among men. It is not easy to decide why those who have six fingers and six toes are the unpolluted, and why virtuous men are represented by a race of women with bald heads, and beards flowing to their breast; nor is it very clear that virtue is well represented by a double allowance of eyes. But one curiosity remains—the beautiful men of Europe who boast a crane's head, neck, and beak. These, says the author of the Gesta, represent judges, who should have long necks and beaks, *that what the heart thinks, may be long before it reach the mouth.* We have heard of a man who accounted for the fact of his laughing at a joke when the rest of the company were making sorrowful faces at some solemn story which had succeeded the pleasantry, by his great height preventing the joke from acting on his midriff so soon as on that of his shorter friends; but we never did, as yet, hear of the length of a judge's neck being cited as the cause of his judicious awards, or of measuring equity by the chancellor's beak.

Time and space is the only limit which we can discover to this article, so numerous are the fables which we might select from those collections which are before us; but let us pause here. Infantine as these fables are, it is not from their morals that this quality arises, but solely from the credulousness of their machinery, from the preposterous nature of the facts by which these lessons are conveyed. We have doubtless advanced in the structure and materials of didactic fictions, but we have left morals where we found them. "This," says a late writer, "is one of the reasons why we recur with so much pleasure to ancient legends and stories. We find the same general notions, which we acknowledge at present, prevailing in them under a somewhat different aspect. This is, no doubt, as far as it goes, highly satisfactory. But have we built thereon, have we added thereto? We think not. The political revolutions of society have made some change of application in this primitive notion; philosophy has corrected some errors, and analyzed *ad infinitum.* But, after all, we go back to the fable or the proverb, and there find contained in a nut-shell what we have been reading of in volumes.

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The Mechanics of Engineering; intended for Use in Universities, and in Colleges of Engineers. *By* WILLIAM WHEWELL, B.D. *Fellow of Trinity College, &c. &c.* Cambridge: Deightons. 1841.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition. Articles, *Roof, and Carpentry.*

THE study of such works as the above, would, we cannot but think, be more profitable just now, than the heaps of publications daily issuing from the press in the form of tempting and pictorially inviting "Treatises on the Styles of Gothic;" "Helps to the Acquirement of Architectural Knowledge;" "Enquiries into the Principles of Pointed Architecture," &c. &c. We do not object to such works —very far from it; but they are not enough, and it is highly important that those who aspire to directing the progress of architecture, should feel the necessity of a scientific insight into the real principles of construction, in addition to mere taste and antiquarian lore.

Among the difficulties which stand in the way of those who build churches in the styles of pointed architecture, no inconsiderable one relates to the roofing. Since it has been ruled, by general consent, that stone vaulting is too expensive, and in consequence of a preference of abundant precedent over æsthetic propriety, that it is by no means a necessary mode of covering buildings of any style, wood and plaster is all that is left us for that purpose, if we are to work from the ancient models. At the dawn of modern Gothic, a tolerably successful attempt was made to roof one of the new churches with a stone vault, the architect being of opinion, no doubt, that that was the only true way of developing the most striking feature in the revived style: and it seems that most of his brethren in the same art were much of his opinion, from the almost universal botchment they made in the roofs of their churches; for their performances lead us to suppose that they must have despaired of producing any good effect in wood. Perhaps they thought that people's eyes need not wander in search of any beauties beyond the clerestory; and that all architectural effect might very well end at the wall-plate. Indeed, the poverty of roofs became at last the constant subject of complaint, and the result was, that church builders directed their more especial attention to this weak point. Ancient examples, no doubt, were more carefully examined than ever, but they were found wanting in what was then very generally supposed to be an essential property; they were without a tie-beam. Moreover, it had been decided by the commissioners for building churches, that no grants of money should be made from the funds at their disposal in any cases where a substitute for tie-beams should be proposed. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that tie-beamed imitations of untie-beamed roofs continued in vogue, until within the last year or two, when there were found men bold enough to cover churches with the old open roof of the fifteenth century, apparently with no other principle of construction than what the

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ancient examples afforded; and thus have the commissioners, at length, been induced to withdraw their prohibition, principally, as we understand, at the suggestion of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Whether or not this be any great advance which we have made in the method of constructing the roofs of churches—whether the improvement be a real and substantial one, is, perhaps, more questionable than many persons might suppose. Our masons and carpenters are in no degree inferior to those of the fifteenth century; and if to the massive work of the former, the latter were to apply a roof formed after the fashion of some approved ancient model, and of the same material, their work would bid fair to stand as long, very possibly longer, than the original from which they copied; but, unhappily, the same cause which has banished stone vaulting, has also substituted, in too many cases, fir for oak. Now, these deal imitations of oak roofs, are, in many respects, highly objectionable. The material of which they are formed is not adapted to curves of large dimensions, especially those which appear in the constructive portions of the roof. Let any person observe the fir-tree as it grows in the forest, or as it lies sawn up in a timber-yard, and he will at once perceive how very unsuitable that sort of timber is for forming curves of any considerable magnitude. If he happens to be in the neighbourhood of Leicester, he will find in that town a church which illustrates the above remark. It consists of a chancel, transepts, and nave, without aisles; the walls are of brick, substantial, and well buttressed. The roof is somewhat high pitched, and formed after the fashion of a fifteenth-century roof, without any tie; having hammer-beams at the foot of the principal rafters, and other characteristics of that style of roof. The curved pieces which rest on corbels in the wall, and support the hammer-beams, are in three lengths (!) the portions being carefully fitted into each other, and made to look as much as possible like one entire piece. Now the most obvious form for a member so placed, would be, if of deal, as straight as possible, and of one entire length; but then the appearance of that would have been objectionable. Hence the botchment to make it appear what it really is not, and cannot be. And besides this, the general impression which it gives one, is, that the church has been built for the roof, instead of the roof for the church; and the whole of the interior has the appearance of a mass made up of roof and pews, with a small interval of bare wall between them.

It must, one would suppose, be evident to the architects who have such tasks imposed upon them, that they are building upon false principles of construction: but it is not so to others, who consider the open roof the perfection of roofs, and one that cannot be too closely followed. The British Critic (1842) has a long article on the subject, illustrated with wood-cuts of some of the best specimens of that kind of roof, with a descriptive account, together with some judicious remarks upon the peculiarities of each. But the writer appears to have overlooked, or not thought it worth while to notice, the principle upon which these roofs

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were, one and all of them, constructed, and which is the very opposite of the ordinary tie-beamed roof of the present day. Where stone vaulting was used to finish the building internally, the external roof, though an important feature in the outline of the building, was, in fact, a mere protection to the vaulting, and nothing more; but the open roofs which succeeded them, took the place of the vaulting quite as much as it did that of the outer roof, and were constructed on the same principles, as far as their connexion with the side walls is concerned. They required a similar, though, for obvious reasons, not so strong an abutment; and all the mass of wood-work connecting the principal rafters with each other in pairs, so far from acting as ties, only served to increase the thrust. Even were there room for doubting this, it is well known to every builder, that, in practice, a tie can only act as such when placed at the very feet of the rafters; even placed a short distance up, the strain becomes too great to make it a desirable position for a tie. The collars, therefore, which connect the principal rafters from purlin to purlin, so far from acting as ties, only serve to keep the rafters sufficiently apart, and to prevent them from bending inwards by their own weight, and what they have to carry. Some examples, which have two purlins on either side, have but one collar, and that so placed as to connect the principal rafters at the top pair of purlins only. In others, where, as before, there are two purlins, on either side, with a collar to each, to connect the principal rafters to each other, the lower one might be supposed, theoretically, to act as a tie; but many have not even that, and the principal rafters have but one collar, and that placed at their junction with the higher purlins. The side walls may, therefore, be said to receive the whole weight and thrust of the timber roof, just as they used to do the stone vaulting, the weight in most instances being applied to the walls by the spandrils below the hammer-beams, abutting against them between every two windows of the clerestory. Flying buttresses were dispensed with only because the walls themselves were thought to be sufficiently massive to form an abutment; the timber roof, heavy, as in many instances it was, being incomparably lighter in its application to the walls than the stone vault. But to suppose that there was any resisting power in this form of roof to counteract the thrust, is acting on an assumption which has been disproved in every case where the side walls have at all given way. Westminster Hall has had flying buttresses built in places where the side wall has bulged fearfully. In Castle Headingham church, Essex, the walls have been thrust out sufficiently to spoil the effect of a roof which once must have been very beautiful. In other roofs of this kind, it has been found necessary to connect the hammer-beams with iron ties from side to side of the building; all this tends to prove how completely this form of roof is dependent upon the side walls for support.

Some appear to think that a roof of this character, when applied to a short building, (one of two bays only, for example,) requires less abutment than the same would if applied to a long building.

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Now, except in so far as the ridge and purlins could not sink at the ends, being supported by the gable underneath, and so could not at that point thrust out the side walls, the abutment is not stronger in a short than in a long building. For example, the east end of a chancel has usually a large window so placed that the impost of the arch is very little below the top of the side wall; and the space between the window jambs and the side wall being a very small portion of the entire distance between the angles of that part of the building, it is clear that those portions of the wall have enough to do to resist the thrust of the arch of the east window without having to act as a tie to keep the roof from thrusting out the side walls. Of course, the angle can be well buttressed, but then it is the buttress and not the wall that does the work of resistance. Be this as it may, however, it would hardly be safe to overload the side walls, because they happened to be short in the direction from east to west. In vaulted buildings, where the side walls rose above even the apex of the east or west window, the wall might, and doubtless did, act as a tie, to a certain amount; but in open roofs of a high pitch, the case is usually otherwise. It seems that this particular kind of roof became less common for churches, but was retained for halls, the low-pitched roof having been adopted very generally in the later perpendicular churches. The safety and durability of this style of roof, the lapse of nearly four centuries goes far to prove; and though it may be demonstrated to the satisfaction of some persons that they are altogether unfit for our climate, and incapable of bearing the weight of snow that in winter must often rest upon them, yet they have most provokingly stood firm four hundred winters, more or less, and promise to last for many more. The structure of this kind of roof is extremely simple, and well adapted to a small church. Here, the side walls do not usually form abutments to the roof, which, in most cases, merely rests its weight upon them, and in theory connects them with each other after the manner of a tie. The mode of construction may be thus described:—Strong stiff beams are laid across, at intervals from wall to wall; and across these, and at right-angles to them, are laid others, the middle piece acting as ridge piece, the side pieces as purlins. Upon these are laid the rafters, which receive sufficient inclination downwards to the side wall, by the ridge piece having a block, or a short length of timber, laid between it and the beam below it. On the rafters are laid, longitudinally with the building, the boards upon which the lead cover is laid. On this simple principle the roofs of a large portion of our village churches are constructed. It is not always easy to discover what the use, real or intended, of the spandril is; whether it be to stiffen the beam above it, or the walls against which it is applied. Where it is very large, and the clerestory wall very lofty, as is the case at St. Mary's, Oxford, in the roof of the nave, it may very well act as a stay to the side walls; in this particular instance the spandrils meet each other midway below the beam; but this is not one of the class we are describing.

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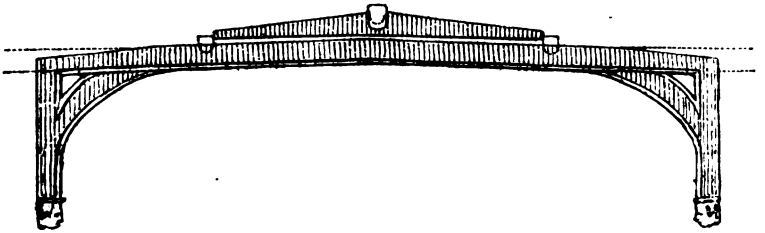
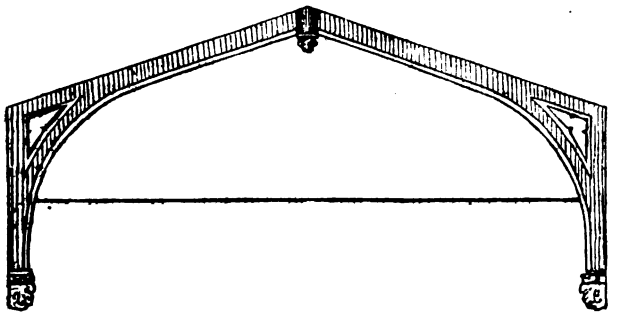
In general, however, the spandrils do not extend beyond the purlin. We may take as an example the roof of the nave of All-Saints' church, Stamford. It has to cover a considerable space, the distance between the walls being twenty-three feet.



From a slight deviation from the original form, perceptible in some of the principals, it would appear that there the spandrils serve, as it were, to help out the length of the beam, rather than to combine with it the form and use of an arch. If the latter were the case, it would act as a powerful lever against the walls to thrust them outwards. But this, if we may so say, is the proper office of the spandril, and therefore the wall should always, in these cases, be of sufficient thickness to resist the thrust. In the chancel of this church, that office seems in a fair way of being performed. There, the pitch of the roof is much higher than in that of the nave, and the span less by seven feet, yet it has been found necessary to furnish the principals with an abundant supply of iron bolts and plates, and to connect the side walls near the east window with an iron tie.



But if the spandril does not combine with the beam above it the form and purpose of an arch, it is in the wrong place to stiffen it merely. A better arrangement may be seen in the chapel on the south side of the chancel. The space covered is, as in the last example, only sixteen feet, which is not much; but the beam does its work effectually.

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In the chancel roof of Cherry-Hinton church, Cambridgeshire, the beams are constructed on this principle, on a much larger scale. It is in the middle of the beam, not at the ends, that the greatest substance is required. In the majority of instances, however, whether with or without spandrils, the principle of construction seems to be the simple one of connecting the side walls to each other by strong beams, and crossing them with others so arranged, as to carry the entire covering of the building. There is no attempt at mechanical contrivance. The principle of the modern truss-beam seems to have been unknown* to the architects of those days. They made no attempt to place each piece in such a manner that it might act to the greatest advantage, that its dimensions would admit of. The strain upon it was mostly in a transverse direction, not in that of its length. But the waste of material is, perhaps, more than compensated, by what is gained through its depressed form, and the capability of oak to resist lateral pressure.

As far as decoration is concerned, the interior may be made very beautiful, at a comparatively trifling cost; trifling, when we take into the account the quantity of timber and workmanship to make an equally handsome high pitched roof, and the increased thickness of the walls to aid the abutment. But such roofs are usually too flat for blue slate, and lead is too expensive an article for modern church builders. But if lead of sufficient thickness be found impracticable, on the ground of expense, zinc has the advantage of being both lighter and cheaper, considering the thickness sufficient to form a covering; and its temper and ductility are better known now than when it was first brought into use.

The flat roof has not been a favourite of late years, owing to the rage for early English, the prevalence of which seems to have been, and to continue to be, almost universal. Perhaps some persons may be bold enough to suggest the possibility of this roof being as suitable to early English, as are the roofs now usually placed upon such buildings. Many, perhaps most of the early English churches that remain, are covered with them, and what kind of roof they might have had originally seems difficult to determine.

In Rickman it is stated (and he still continues to be an authority in these matters) that "there do not appear to be any early English wooden roofs, which can clearly be distinguished as such." The south transept of Castor church, near Peterborough, is early English, with a high pitched roof, very possibly the original one;† but it may

* To whatever age the introduction of the truss-beam may belong, it will be admitted that the general character of roofs constructed before the sixteenth century, would lead us to the above conclusion. Even the tie-beam, as such, does not appear to have been thought of any great advantage.

† We speak of this roof from recollection. It was one of those called by Britton, in his Architectural Dictionary, a compass roof. The whole of this church is very interesting, and will repay the trouble of a visit. The greater portion of it is Norman, but with the exception of that of the south transept, the roofs are, if we remember

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be doubted whether an architect could be found who would be willing to copy it; and it is unlike any of the productions of the present age. Mr. Rickman, though he mentions this church in his Northamptonshire list, could not have visited it. In many a village church of that period, the low pitched roof harmonizes well with the massive Romanesque-like character of its masonry; and we can scarcely fancy the internal view would be improved by its having a new open roof substituted for the old one. However, such examples of the architecture of the thirteenth century are never copied now-a-days, be the church to be built great or small. Nothing but fragments of Beverley or Westminster will satisfy the age in which we live. The miniature cathedral has superseded the rectangular box with which we were contented ten years ago, and will, in its turn, it is to be hoped, give place to something as different ten years hence. Of all the styles of pointed architecture, that of Westminster Abbey may justly be considered as the most complete; and perhaps for that very reason, it is the worst to follow, unless we are prepared to use it in all its glory, with its noble and graceful proportions mounting upwards from base to boss. It is the last of all to bear mutilation. Much is said in these days of the importance of producing a fine development of the style, but this appears to be forgotten when the building is to be covered in. From a pier of elegant, and at the same time sufficiently massive proportions, flanked with four graceful detached and banded shafts, capped with the most correctly copied foliage—from such a pier, there spring arches which carry a meagre clerestory wall, from the top of which rises a roof, made after the fashion of those of the fifteenth century; a style of roof, moreover, which was far more common for halls than for churches:* every thing in character till you are half way up the pier arches, when you are gradually prepared for the disappointment of not finding a splendid vault, crowning a building, which in many respects might be worthy of it.

Whatever may be the improvement which the attentive study of the principles of pointed architecture has produced within the last few years, it can scarcely be said to have extended to roofs. Much ingenuity may have been displayed in some cases, and very successful copying in others, but hitherto, early English in the hands of the moderns may be said to have fairly withstood every effort to make it accommodate itself harmoniously to an open roof. The later the style of pointed architecture, the more does the timber roof become it. It seems almost a question whether the peculiarities of the

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correctly, all of perpendicular date. The author of the Glossary of Architectural Terms, speaks of early English roofs, as though there were some still existing, and he instances Old Shoreham church, Sussex. He may be, and probably is right, but we have not heard of any attempt being made to investigate the question, with a view to building roofs in the true early English style, whatever that may be.

* This may, however, be partly attributed to the comparatively smaller width of churches.

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perpendicular style would not, in many cases, lead us to prefer wood to stone, for the internal covering, especially where the form of the depressed arch is predominant. Almost every pattern of timber roof which antiquity presents to our notice, has been applied to buildings of that age; and with those who profess an adherence to principles, this should be a powerful argument in favour of the perpendicular style. The examples of it are most numerous, from the cathedral to the humble village church; and it is certainly the most manageable of all the styles.

We now come to the modern trussed roof. It might be interesting to trace the progress which this kind of roof made, from its origin to the present time, when it is exhibited, in every conceivable form, and of every available material, especially in railroad architecture. But a few examples are all which will be required to illustrate our subject. A question may here be asked, which involves principles belonging to architecture generally, and may, therefore, very well affect particulars; namely, whether it be right to exclude from church architecture, every useful discovery or invention, whether in the materials or construction, or in the method of applying them to the purposes of building, which the experience of three centuries may have brought about.

And this suggests another, somewhat more practical—whether it be not as objectionable even on the ground of architectural propriety, in an eminently constructive department, such as that of the roof, to try how much useless timber we can put into a building by way of ornament, as to endeavour to ascertain the smallest quantity that will be sufficient for the purpose, and build accordingly. The question may be put in a variety of ways, but whatever be the proper answer, it cannot be denied that the system lately introduced, of copying the old high pitched open roof, requires that we should increase the solidity of our walls, merely to make them bear a heavier description of roof! If this be really necessary, must it not serve as an argument against the use of a style that requires such a sacrifice?*

But to return to the tie-beamed roof. The principle of the flattened timber roof is here brought into operation, only with this difference, that in the place of a solid beam in one length, we have a beam formed of many pieces, and the ingenuity of the builder is exercised in placing these pieces to most advantage. It becomes in fact a large piece of frame-work. The whole beam thus constructed is technically termed a truss-beam. These are made to rest upon the

* It has been said that the average increase of the population of the whole kingdom, is one thousand a day! This is unhappily not so far from the truth as some will perhaps suppose. But set down the increase at only half that, what are our means to meet the demand for more churches? We recommend this to the serious consideration of those who profess, and whose real object, we doubt not, is to build churches to the honour and glory of Almighty God. But see further, Christian Remembrancer, vol. v. page 89, and vol. iv. page 265. Article, "Styles of Church Architecture."

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walls at intervals, and so to bear up the covering laid upon them. The comparative strength and lightness of this kind of roof is enormous, and when contrasted with the old open roof, the difference of weight between them appears almost incredible. Take, for example, one section of Westminster hall and one of the theatre at Birmingham; the span of the latter, clear, between walls, is eighty feet. Compare the weight of the material of the latter with that of the former, and it is as nothing; not to mention the light upright walls of the one and the bulging buttressed abutments of the other. It is not here recommended, God forbid! to substitute in all cases, and in every particular, the former for the latter; but only, that by bringing these matters before the notice of amateurs, they may see what an amazing mechanical power they are spurning from that architecture, which ought to be, were it possible, perfect in every point of view. The truss-beam can be accommodated to any pitch, from the highest, to one which is not much steeper than the flattened roof of the fifteenth century. In favour of the old roofs, it may, however, be observed (as regards their constructive features, and not taking the appearance of either into account,) that they are better able to contend against neglect and other casualties, than the modern trussed roofs. The former owe their strength to the solidity and profusion of their parts; the latter to the form and position of theirs, on which every thing must depend. But as the one could be repaired as easily as the other, the old roof has no very decided superiority over the modern in this respect. Again; in churches with aisles, the thrust of the old high-pitched roof can be partially brought down within a few feet of the aisle roofs, which contribute greatly to increase the abutment required, and render a lighter wall sufficient. But these are small gains for the cost. No provision is made against the contingencies of defective masonry, settlements, insufficient abutments, and the like. The walls, instead of being held together as they would be by the modern truss-beam, are in continual danger of being pushed outwards, should any part of the building, which helps to form the abutment, fail. This is not the case with the old flattened roof, which, if constructed of sound well-seasoned oak, of sufficient scantling, would bid fair to last as long as the materials of which it is formed are capable of lasting. For small churches having aisles, it might still be found a convenient form of roof; and in the hands of an architect of genius and real taste, might serve to exemplify the capabilities of the later Tudor style. In large churches, the truss-beam might take the place of the massive oak-beam, and the inclination be thereby made sufficient to enable slate to be used instead of lead. Much would depend upon the taste and skill of the architect, in making his roof harmonize with the rest of the building. In nine churches out of ten which are now in progress, it becomes almost impracticable to cover the nave or the chancel with the old flattened roof: in these instances, therefore, the truss-beam might take the place of the old solid beam, and the attention of the architect would then be directed towards making it both effective

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and efficient. Although we do not profess to be designers of roofs, or indeed of any other portions of an edifice, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, we may still venture to suggest the principles upon which, as we think, they ought to be constructed. They should be what they appear to be, and not imitations of other kinds of roofs. The constructive features should be fully developed, and made the vehicles of decoration. Every piece should be clearly seen to do its work; and therefore no appended spandrils, or other curved pieces, should be admitted, except in entire subordination to the main features of the frame-work, and that only by way of ornamental filling up, should such decoration be thought advisable. Of course, the architect will keep in view the character of the building upon which he is engaged—that it is a church, and not a rail-road station; and it would be for him to consider well which material would be the more suitable, wood or iron, for ties and posts (king or queen posts). For many reasons we should give the preference to wood for such purposes; but as iron for such minor purposes as bolts, plates, stirrups, &c. is now so generally adopted, (in preference to the old mortise and tenon,) it might possibly be made in these the means of decoration, as it used to be in the hinges and fastenings of doors. In that case it would appear as iron, and not be painted that it may resemble the wood-work, as is usually done. Perhaps iron might be found available in many ways, both in the constructive and decorative features of the roof. As far as the appearance of such roofs is concerned, the main difficulty to be overcome seems to us to be, the extreme tenuity and general absence of massiveness in their several parts, as contrasted with those of the old styles. When we consider that a roof of this description would be something considerably less than half the weight of the old untied roof, it is evident that it must assume a new character. The old roof abounded in timber, and rose from the side as well as from the top of the walls which carried it. The hammer-beams and arches are often of vast proportions, and the interval between them and the principals are usually filled up with tracery or panelling. All this gives to this kind of roof an appearance of massiveness which the trussed roof could not have. To carry out the principle of lightness, the interval between the truss-beams must be short; but if the appearance of a stronger frame be desired, as it probably would, then the purlins might be trussed from the bottom of the queen posts, without the intervention of subordinate principals. Again, as the tie-beam would have nothing but itself to carry, it might be considerably reduced in bulk, in the interval between the queen posts. Even an iron rod of sufficient strength might do in that position, and then what remained would have the appearance of hammer-beams. In short, the ways and means of constructing such roofs, would be found to be at least not more limited than in any of the old styles of roofing. We do not, however, go so far as to affirm, that all the hints we have given might be advantageously acted upon; but having an opinion of our own as to the practicability of these roofs for churches, we have ventured to give it in detail, in

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the hope that when the rage for imitating the performances of the mediæval builders is somewhat abated, there may be found those who will be willing to make the experiment.

It will be said, perhaps, of the diagrams given at the end of this article, the models of the roof here recommended, that they are those of ceiled roofs, which were never intended to be seen from below, the builder's sole aim being to construct a strong, not a beautiful roof. Granted so far. But towards this most desirable end, one step is already gained in the mechanical power therein exhibited. Taken by themselves, the forms are not otherwise than pleasing; the constructive features are prominent, and the intent of every part is soon perceived. This never fails to produce a satisfactory impression on the eye of the beholder. But let us give a little further examination to the objection. In some of the earliest wood roofs that remain, the frame-timbers are carefully concealed by boarding. That of the nave of Peterborough cathedral is a well-known Norman example; and the old compass roof, such as we may suppose to have been in very general use in the thirteenth century, was usually boarded underneath the frame, and the construction of the roof thereby concealed. Examples of this may be seen in the choir of the chapel and in the library of Merton College, Oxford, in the old church at Yarmouth, and in some others. But these were the parents of the open roof of a later age. The picturesque effect of a frame so constructed was observed in the course of time: the boarding was omitted, the arrangement of the parts by degrees more and more accommodated to architectural effect, and by the close of the next century the style became thoroughly elaborated in the stupendous roof of Westminster Hall. Certainly the resemblance between roofs of that style and the old compass roof, is not by any means a perfect one; but that the latter was the parent of the former will not be denied: and why should not the same success attend the adoption of a more scientific method of construction? The objection we think sufficiently answered in the success which followed upon the removal of the boarded ceilings of the compass roof. Perhaps we shall here be met with another objection to our theory, namely, that the kind of roof we are advocating has been already tried, but without any success; and we shall be referred to our own account of the matter at the commencement of this article. Now, it is not exactly to the purpose, to say that because a scheme has been tried by one set of men and failed, the same fate must necessarily attend it in the hands of another. If they have failed it is because in endeavouring to accommodate the trussed roof to pointed architecture, they have rather sought to imitate the features of the old open roof, than to develop in Gothic characters the principle upon which the modern roof is constructed.

It must be confessed, however, that to mature such a scheme, or even to make a good beginning at the present time, is almost hopeless. The tide of fashion sets just the other way, and our architects are now fully occupied in calculations of the weight, not the strength of timber, and the capability of brick clerestories to resist lateral

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pressure. They will not therefore like to go back again to their former work, and reconsider it, with a view to its improvement. But we cannot tell for how short a period the taste which now prevails may last. Just now, the peculiar merits of the masonry of the thirteenth, and the carpentry of the fifteenth, centuries, engross all our attention: by-and-by we shall, perhaps, become tired of that occupation, and look for faults. To assert, or to attempt to prove, that the mediæval architecture is defective in principle is not our object. Indeed, many of the productions of that era prove the contrary; but there are instances, and those not few, which lead us to think it probable that the recognised principles of construction were not always fully understood by those who ought to have been guided by them. In most cases, where failure has taken place in the construction, it must be attributed either to this, or to their system of building; very possibly to both. The length of time which many of their works have stood, bear witness to the solidity of the workmanship, and the skill of the builders; and that some failures should have occurred in the lapse of centuries is not to be wondered at. But, upon examination, these failures are found to be almost always in one and the same direction: the side walls are thrust outwards; and this has taken place more or less in every building constructed on the principle of counterpoise, from the stone vault to the untied open roof of timber. Nor is this otherwise than what might be expected: a building always "settles" after, or at the time of, completion: struts and braces are compressed, and ties placed in a state of tension. Even masonry and brick-work are not exempt from the effects of "settling," however little their form may change in consequence. Now, it is only in bridges that the system of counterpoise is fully carried out, and the nearest approach to that in ecclesiastical architecture, is where the clerestory is dispensed with, and the aisle roofs are of equal height with that of the nave. When these are vaulted, as they are in the Temple church, the whole may be compared to a bridge of three arches;* only there is this important difference between the two, that the one finds a firm resistless abutment in the earth or bank which terminates it at either end; the other has not this advantage, and in practice it cannot have even an equivalent. In general the architects are content to provide against the thrust, so far as to prevent the walls being pushed down; but they do not appear to have gone much beyond that in the means they took to form their abutments. The Temple church is a case in point, and an exemplification of what has just been stated. Such buildings cannot be otherwise than affected by settling, in all parts where the system of counterpoise is not perfect. The same may be said of walls carrying wood roofs that are not tied. Where there is a clerestory, the aisle roofs push the walls inwards, while the nave roof pushes them outwards; and according as the lines of contact are near or far apart, in such proportion will the wall be affected in settling:

* See British Critic, 1842. vol. xxxi. p. 461. Article, "Open Roofs." But we differ with the writer on some rather important points.

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so rarely can the system of counterpoise approach anything like perfection in these buildings; nor indeed is it actually necessary that it should. Could it be proved to be so, then indeed would the whole system be defective in principle. It is as well, however, to keep in mind that it has these peculiarities, and that they may become, under some circumstances, serious drawbacks to the adoption of the pointed styles. The liability to alter in form is the same in all systems of construction; but it is far greater in the mediæval than in other systems, as has been exemplified in, perhaps, two out of three of the many productions of that period which still exist.* One great recom-

* On the assumption that the practical development of the mediæval system of construction was perfect, the whole theory of buttresses becomes involved in mystery. We are not now endeavouring to make out a case against Pointed Architecture, and therefore will not complain of buttresses being out of place in situations where they are obviously only ornamental, as in stall and screen-work, &c. If one uniform system had been acted upon we might reasonably have expected to find every oblique pressure on the walls counteracted by a proportionate abutment. In chancels without aisles, where the side walls have to carry a spandrilled roof, they are found to be quite as often without buttresses as with them, and we have seen instances in which, to all appearance, they are placed where they are not wanted, and omitted where they might be of service. Sometimes an abutment seems to be unnecessarily massive; and again, at other times, positively insufficient for its work. How often a buttress occurs at an angle of a building when the side is altogether without one. Surely if one was really required at the angle, it would be doubly so on the flank. Take fifty mediæval churches in their alphabetical order, and we will venture to maintain that it would be difficult to establish from them any satisfactory theory of buttressing, either with respect to their relative height and width, the thickness of their walls, or even date of erection; more particularly if we are to take them all as exemplifications of one uniform system of construction. Perhaps the most striking instances of what we cannot but regard as the capricious mode of applying buttresses, are to be found in towers. These have them, or they have them not, whether they are covered with spires or not: nor does the relative thickness of the walls appear in all instances to regulate this. A small slender spire that rests its base on the inner side of the tower walls, will, perhaps, have them double buttressed at the angles; while one which is more massive, and more obtuse, and spreads at its base to the very outer edge of the tower walls, will, perhaps, have none whatever. Supposing a spire to be circular at its base, like a dome, instead of polygonal, its usual form, the three lowermost courses of stone, if the material were good, and the joints of each course properly crossed in the course above it, would, taking friction into the account, act as a tie to the whole superstructure, and even to the tower on which it rested. Indeed, each succeeding course helps to tie the others, as the eye follows them downwards from the apex. Nor does the octagonal form of most spires cause them to deviate materially from this law, as may be noticed in some early English spires, where their alternate faces actually overhang the wall by about half their thickness. The system of counterpoise, therefore, can hardly be applied to these instances, otherwise than as it gives a firm base to a lofty superstructure. Of course it were an easy task, if we select our own examples, to build up by their medium almost any theory we may fancy ought to be maintained; but as far as our own investigations have carried us, we have come to the conclusion, that as regards buttresses, and indeed abutments generally, whether in the wall, or external to it, there could have been no fixed principles relating to them, generally recognised as such. Their abutments were usually sufficient for what they had to resist; often more than sufficient; too often unhappily the reverse of being sufficient, or only just enough to maintain a counteraction, and they have in consequence suffered from the effects of time.

Abundance of material rather than ingenuity of construction is what is most observable both in the wood-work and the masonry of that period; and when, for appearance sake, it became an object to use the smallest quantity that was sufficient for stability, the skill of the architects, it must be confessed, was often exerted in a wonderful degree, but they sometimes approached to the verge of absolute danger, as the experience of succeeding ages has proved.

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mendation in favour of it, is its massiveness—the strength that it has through sheer weight. Were it not for this property, a lofty narrow building, like Westminster Abbey, would be seriously affected by storms of wind taking it on the flank: even churches of greater proportionate width might suffer from this cause, were lightness of construction carried out to too great an extent. A church is not like a house, which though it may be built with thin and lofty walls, yet receives great strength from the floors and partitions within. We do not forget the destruction of certain methodist preaching houses, one having its front blown inwards, and another unroofed, during a hurricane. Such buildings, hideous as they usually are in appearance, and absolutely deficient in the quantity (often, no doubt, defective in the quality also) of the materials of which they are constructed, are no criterion of the probable disadvantages of the system we advocate. For the advantages of Romanesque, or rather of results learned from Romanesque, over the styles now usually adopted, our readers are referred to the articles on this subject which appeared in our magazine last year. Let the style be what it will, we think the age ought to have one which, if it must not take into its system all modern improvements, may at least be an expression of itself, and be sufficient, in some measure, to meet the spiritual wants of our increased and increasing population.

The following diagrams are taken from two articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the titles of Carpentry and Roof.

Fig. 1. is one of the trusses of the original roof of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by the architect, Inigo Jones. This roof was destroyed by fire, and the present one, fig. 4, put in place of the other, in 1796.

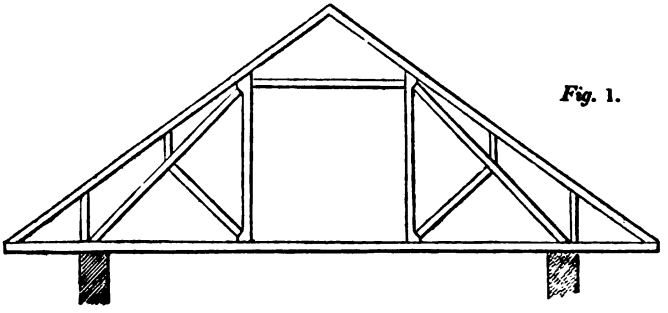

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2. is the celebrated roof of the Theatre at Oxford, by Sir Christopher Wren.

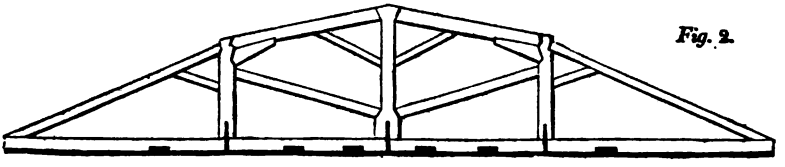

Fig. 2.

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"The span between walls is seventy-five feet. This is accounted a very ingenious and singular performance. The middle part of it is almost unchangeable in its form; but from this circumstance it does not distribute the horizontal thrust with the same regularity as the usual construction. The horizontal thrust on the tie-beam is about twice the weight of the roof, and is withstood by an iron strap below the beam, which stretches the whole width of the building in the form of a rope, making part of the ornament of the ceiling."

Fig. 3. is the roof of the chapel of Greenwich Hospital.

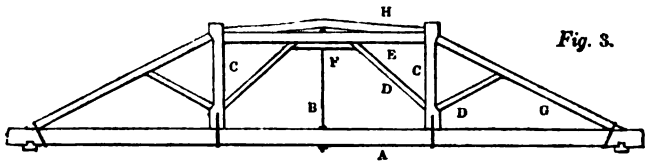

Fig. 3.

		In.	In.
A	Is the tie-beam 57 feet long, spanning 51 feet clear, and in bulk is . . .	14 by	12
C C	Queen posts	9 ×	12
D D	Braces	9 ×	7
E	Straining beam	10 ×	7
F	Straining piece	6 ×	7
G	Principal rafters	10 ×	7
H	A cambered beam for the platform .	9 ×	7
B	An iron string supporting the tie-beam	2 ×	2

"The trusses are seven feet apart, and the whole is covered with lead, the boarding being supported by horizontal ledges of six by four inches. This is a beautiful roof, and contains less timber than most of its dimensions. The parts are all disposed with great judgment. Perhaps the iron rod is unnecessary, but it adds great stiffness to the whole."

Fig. 4. The present roof of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

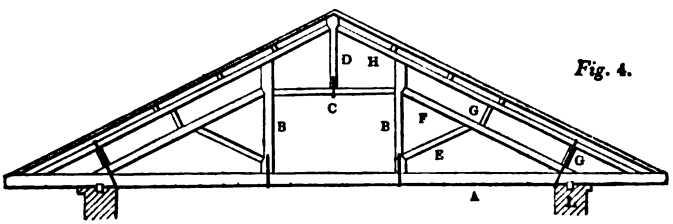

Fig. 4.

		In.	In.
A	The tie-beam spanning 52 feet 2 in. .	16 by	12
B B	Queen posts	9 ×	8
C	Straining beam	10 ×	8
D	King post (fourteen at the joggle) .	9 ×	8
E E	Struts	8 ×	7½
F F	Auxiliary rafters (at bottom) . . .	10 ×	5½
H H	Principal rafter (at bottom) . . .	10 ×	8½
G G	Studs supporting the rafter . . .	8 ×	5

"The trusses are about ten feet six inches apart. This roof far exceeds the original one put up by Inigo Jones. One of its trusses contains 198 feet of timber. One of the old roof had 273, but had many inactive timbers, and others ill-disposed,

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The internal truss, F. C. F., is admirably contrived for supporting the exterior rafters, without any pressure on the far projecting ends of the tie-beam. The former roof had bent them greatly, so as to appear ungraceful."

The difference of the pitch between the diagrams, representing the old and new roof, does not appear to be taken notice of by the writer.

Fig. 5. "The roof of the Birmingham Theatre, constructed by Mr. George Saunders. The span is eighty feet clear, and the trusses are ten feet apart."

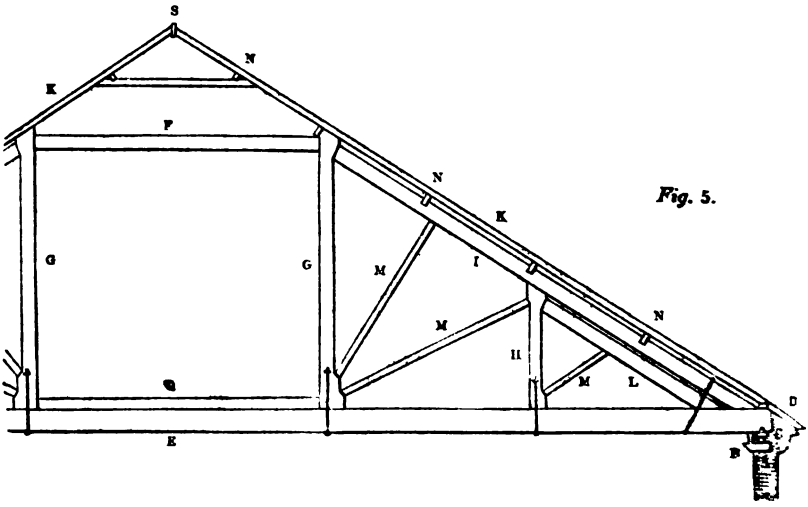

Fig. 5.

		In.		In.
A	Is an oak corbel	9	by	5
B	Inner plate	9	×	9
C	Wall plate	8	×	5½
D	Pole plate	7	×	5
E	Tie-beam	15	×	15
F	Straining beam	12	×	9
G	Oak king post	9	×	9
H	Oak queen post	7	×	9
I	Principal rafters	9	×	9
K	Common ditto	4	×	2½
L	Principal braces . . 9 and	6	×	9
M	Common ditto	6	×	9
N	Purlins	7	×	5
Q	Straining sill	5½	×	9
S	Ridge piece			

"This is a fine specimen of British carpentry, and is one of the boldest and lightest roofs in Europe."

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Mandement de S. E. Mgr. le Cardinal de Bonald sur la Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge, et en particulier sur le Culte de l'Immaculée Conception. Lyons: de l'Imprimerie d'Antoine Perisse, Imp. de N. S. P. le Pape et de S. E. Mgr. le Cardinal-Archevêque. 1842.

THOUGH we prefix this comprehensive title to the remarks we have to offer, we are far from supposing that one short paper can exhaust so great a subject. Continental Romanism is a system so vast, so complicated, so curiously mixed up of good and evil, that it would require much more space than we can spare, and much more knowledge than we can pretend to possess, in order to present it to the reader in its full and accurate proportions. Our present purpose is to say no good of it. Lest, therefore, we should be thought to take a narrow and one-sided view, we shall premise a few remarks on its favourable and honourable characteristics.

Now, in the first place, we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration to the noble christian virtues so often displayed by the religious orders. Easy, comfortable gentlemen, who roll through Europe in luxurious carriages, looking down contemptuously on monkish asceticism and austerity,—and talkative young ladies, who make themselves merry at the expense of silent and secluded nuns,—are, of all persons in the world, precisely those with whom we have least sympathy. It is not merely that we feel a farmer's gratitude towards the agricultural Cistercians, to whom St. Bernard said, "Believe me, you will find more lessons in the woods than in books; trees and stones will teach you what you cannot learn from masters:"—nor a scholar's gratitude towards the rich and aristocratic Benedictines, though we cannot speak without enthusiasm of the congregation of St. Maur. We confess a certain partiality for the wandering Franciscans, even the Capuchins; albeit we do not forget what rough work they did for the Jesuits, in the times that succeeded the Reformation. In regard to the Jesuits themselves, so justly feared and suspected, is there not much truth in what was said of them in the Quarterly Review, more than twenty years ago: "They were [are] an order of men of whom, considering them at different times and in different countries, it would hardly be possible to speak worse or better than they deserved, so heinous were their misdeeds, and so great were their virtues?"* But it is not to our point to recur to the mediæval orders, or to those which were elicited (as it were) by Protestantism. We refer rather to the institutions of St. Vincent de Paul; for these grew up in the midst of Continental Romanism in its modern, settled, and Tridentine form. Who can gainsay the christianlike devotedness of the Sisters of Charity? and what have we to show in comparison? We will use the remarks made at

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxvi. Jan. 1822. At that time eight years had not elapsed since their restoration, and they had attracted comparatively little notice.

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Lyons by a physician and observant traveller, one who has no love to popery, and who tells us that he "prefers the Quaker worship to the Catholic."* Dr. Cumming says of the great hospital in that city:—

"The whole duties are performed gratuitously by three hundred *Frères et Sœurs de la Charité*. . . . Some of the attendants were young girls of twenty. It was strange to see them in the sombre garb of *La Charité*. . . . In what other religion do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here are three hundred persons, male and female, voluntarily submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery, of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. . . . I can hardly conceive an office more irksome (unless to a mind overflowing with benevolence) than that of an hospital-nurse. In England it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, and, so far as my observation has extended, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick not elsewhere to be found."

Closely connected with the monastic orders, is the high honour which the Roman church pays to poverty. We all know how poverty is put forward in Scripture, as if it had almost a sacred character; and in that light it has always been held by Roman Catholics far more than by ourselves. It is not merely that the poor are cared for, that hospitals and schools are endowed, that bread and clothes are distributed.† It is that wealth has not usually that false position in the estimation of Continental Romanists, which it has with Englishmen. No man is necessarily despised because he is poor. A clergyman need not have an income sufficient to constitute him a gentleman. A Missionary Bishop can go to the ends of the earth without 1,000*l.* a year. To be *comfortable* is not the highest object of ambition; and being rich is not always the same thing with being *respectable*. Our social vocabulary does not *fit* the manners of the continent. We do not mean that there is no Mammon-worship there, no bribery, no cheating, no extortion. We are speaking of the religious system of Rome; and we do think, that in more ways than one, and in honourable contrast with our own, it may justly claim the high and distinguished honour of being the willing friend and ally of Poverty.

Whatever travellers may think on the last topic, they cannot fail to have been struck with the frequent prayers, the open churches, and

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* Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health. By W. F. Cumming, M.D.

† We should be sorry to have it supposed that we are depreciating the charitable works of our own island. Few places are more Protestant than Glasgow, and in few is there more liberality. London is proverbial for its hospitals and benevolent institutions, founded by private benefactions. And so many instances of noble self-denial in these latter days rise to our mind, that we almost feel as if we were guilty of injustice in writing the above paragraph. Nevertheless, there is no denying that *money* has had, and still retains, a most unnatural and unchristian prominence in our social system. Since these lines were written, we have seen an admirable letter in the *Times* (Oct. 12th) on this subject, so far as it relates to the Clergy. The same newspaper announces a gift from Sir Robert Peel of 4,000*l.* to the fund for the settlement of additional Clergymen.

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the constant worshippers, which they see in all the churches of the Roman obedience. As we write, we remember an incident which made a deep impression on us, some years ago, in a lone valley of the Alps. It was at Engleberg, near an ancient Benedictine convent, the bell of which awoke us at four in the morning: on looking out, we saw the peasants coming from all parts of the valley, and going towards the abbey-church; among them little children, walking alone and unattended towards the house of prayer, as if by a holy instinct. In half an hour the mass was over, and the people dispersed to their work. Who, in visiting foreign places, has not often witnessed such a spectacle? Who has not often had occasion to feel as a young poet and traveller felt, one market day at Liege?

> "The market-girls went in to church,
> To pray as they passed by:
> Alas! that such a sight should be
> So strange to an English eye."

Our churches are shut from Sunday to Sunday: and men who mean well, and might know better, rail against the notion of reopening the sanctuaries where the poor and afflicted may pray in peace, and the passer-by may at all times seek a refuge from restless and distracted thoughts.

These admissions, and more than these, we make cheerfully, willingly, and without reserve. Nothing is gained in controversy by an attempt to disguise the good points of the system we are called on to oppose, any more than by glossing over the defects of that which we wish to recommend. Nothing is gained unless our opponents see that there is something *real* in our accusations,—unless they see that they are not founded on mistakes and misrepresentations,—unless, in short, we can appeal to their consciences. Such an appeal we think we are able to make, in what we have to say on one great topic—the worship of the Blessed Virgin.

Roman Catholics frequently complain, that in regard to this subject, in common with others, local abuses and individual opinions are alleged, and that on these are founded accusations which are in no wise applicable to the church of Rome, as an organic body with a definite creed. Than this complaint, abstractedly considered, nothing can be more just. We, at least, should be very unwilling that detached sermons, or detached treatises, should be taken as expositions of the true doctrines of the Church of England: and what we demand for ourselves we ought in fairness to concede to others. Because we find an individual Romanist worshipping a wooden image, it certainly does not follow that the church of Rome is idolatrous: or because we find the peasantry of an ignorant district looking to indulgences as that which delivers them from eternal punishment, it does not follow that they are so put forward by the Council of Trent. Nevertheless, when we find certain doctrines and practices prevailing, not at this or that time, nor in this or that place, but at various periods, and in various countries, sanctioned and

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promoted by those in the highest offices, approved by authors of universal credit, and with no one venturing to protest against them: in such a case we do not see how we can be justly complained of for directly charging such doctrines and practices on the Church of Rome, and *for considering them, if not the necessary, at least the natural development of her creed as it stands.* At all events, no such complaint can be fairly urged against the document we are about to quote. It is not the composition of some obscure and superstitious friar, nor a foolish tract, taken up with keen controversial fingers, out of the hands of ignorant or deluded peasants. And this our readers will presently see for themselves.

The publication which is prefixed to this article is a charge issued by the Archbishop of Lyons, in the course of last year, to the clergy and laity under his spiritual oversight. It treats of devotion to the holy Virgin, with an especial reference to the festival of the Immaculate Conception, (December 8th.) About the time of that festival it might have been seen fastened, in the usual manner, upon the church doors in the city of Lyons. It was there that we first read it: and we subsequently purchased a copy of it at a place not unlikely to attract the steps of an ecclesiastical tourist, Allard's shop, nearly opposite the cathedral; where may be seen the popular theological books of modern France; the works of Gueranger, Le Maistre, and Chateaubriand; the translations from the German, (not always, it is said, to be implicitly relied on,*) such as Voicbt's Hildebrand, Hürter's Innocent III., and Neander's St. Bernard; and the *Bibliothèque de la Jeunesse Chrétienne*, approved by the Archbishop of Tours, or the *Bibliothèque Chrétienne*, under the editorship of M. de Genoude, issued periodically in attractive volumes, like Mr. Parker's reprints, or the Englishman's Library of Mr. Burns. But we must recollect ourselves; we have a more serious and solemn task than to expatiate over the fields of French Bibliography; and we proceed to quote from that copy of the charge which we purchased at Lyons, and which is now lying before us. It commences thus:—

"When the Christian religion was born on Calvary of the blood of Jesus Christ, she appeared to the world with a countenance austere as her language; and, daughter of the Man of sorrows, she received as her heritage only a crown of thorns; her hands bore no other sceptre than the cross. But this guise would have too much terrified the human heart, if the Saviour had not given to religion, even from her cradle, a companion whose sweetness was to temper her severity, whose charm was to cause the rigour of her law to be forgotten, and the weight of her yoke supportable. This faithful companion was, my dear brethren, *the devotion to the Holy Virgin.* United by the bond of a common origin and the same calling, these two sisters descended together, hand in hand, from the holy mountain, to go and work together the conquest of souls. Thenceforward, wherever was planted the standard of salvation, there were seen displayed the ensigns of Mary. Jesus, in taking possession of a heart, caused his mother to reign there with him: and these two sacred names became inseparable on the lips

* See Faber's Foreign Churches and Peoples.

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of the Christian,—as they are in the highest heaven, in the songs of the angels."*

Pausing here for a moment, we see, even in these words, in how perilous a manner the divine name of Jesus and the human name of Mary are consociated together, as the objects of a combined worship. And this is one of the ways in which the blessed Virgin is so constantly presented to the regards of continental Christians. It is not that men's minds are led to think with a peculiar reverence (as all who *literally* believe the Incarnation must think) on that human mother who bore our Saviour in her womb, and imparted her human substance to the Son of God. Men are taught to conceive of her as reigning with Christ now, as the ever-present Queen of Heaven, even as He is an ever-present King. It is impossible for any intelligent traveller not to see a thousand proofs of this in France and Italy. Jesus is the object of duty and stern obedience: Mary the source of love, tenderness, and compassion. They are equally put forward (can we say *equally?*) as Beings to be prayed to and trusted in. Life is to be devoted (to quote the exclamation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, with which the cardinal concludes his charge) life is to be devoted and consecrated "to God and to Mary:" † and the sinner is taught to believe that, *avec Jésus, avec Marie*, he has nothing to fear in life or in death.

The cardinal next alludes to a sanctuary, as well known to those whom he addresses,—the seat of a mother who watches over a dear family,—and a queen who once stopped the waves which threatened them,‡—"*et a arrêté* (he continues) *dans sa mission de colère, cette maladie mystérieuse, qui n'aurait traversé votre cité, qu'en levant sur toutes les classes et sur toutes les âges un affreux tribut de sang et de larmes.*" This is, no doubt, the chapel on the hill of Fourvières, a conspicuous object in Lyons, that most picturesque of manufacturing cities. It is a place of pilgrimage, and a scene of special devotion: for St. Mary, as worshipped there, is believed to have saved the city from the awful visitation of the cholera. He then proceeds to trace,

* "Lorsque la religion Chrétienne fut née sur le Calvaire du sang de Jésus-Christ, elle apparut au monde avec un front austère comme son langage; et, fille de l'Homme de douleurs, elle n'avait reçu en héritage qu'une couronne d'épines; ses mains ne portaient d'autre sceptre que la croix. Mais cet appareil eût trop épouvanté le cœur humain, si le Sauveur n'avait donné à la religion, dès le berceau, une compagne dont la douceur devait tempérer sa sévérité, dont le charme ferait oublier la rigidité de ses lois et supporter la pesanteur de son joug. Cette compagne fidèle fut N. T. C. F. *la dévotion à la Sainte Vierge.* Unies par le lien d'une commune origine et d'une même vocation, ces deux sœurs se donnant la main, descendèrent ensemble de la montagne sainte, pour aller faire ensemble la conquête des âmes. Dès-lors, partout où fut arboré l'étendard du salut, on vit se déployer les enseignes de Marie. Jésus, en prenant possession d'un cœur s'y fit régner sa mère avec lui; et ces deux noms sacrés devinrent inséparables sur les lèvres du Chrétien, comme ils le sont, au plus haut des cieux, dans les cantiques des anges."

† "Puisse notre dernier soupir s'exhaler avec ces dernières paroles de Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry, tombant sur le fer de ses assassins: *A Dieu et à Marie!*"

‡ "... Ce sanctuaire célèbre, d'où une tendre mère veille avec amour sur sa famille chérie, où siège une Reine puissante dont la main a posé une digue à l'impétuosité des flots, et a arrêté," &c.

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in the incidents of the marriage at Cana, proofs of the virgin's regard for men, and her compassion for the afflicted.

"We still love," he says, "to read in these words [John ii. 3—5] that the unhappy man, as well as the guilty man, will always find in Mary a comforter and an advocate; that from the abyss of sin, as well as from the abyss of tribulation, no cry will ever rise without avail towards her throne; and that, in the midst of the storms of the passions, or in the ruins of empires and of fortunes, she will always appear to us in the heaven, like a tutelary star."*

A passage follows, having in it much of truth and beauty, on the spectacle of St. Mary standing near the cross on Calvary:—*Stabat juxta crucem Jesu.* But we proceed to what is of a less general character. The passage will sufficiently introduce and explain itself; and we think it will almost give a shock of horror to our serious readers:—

"Why, in the times wherein we live, does the devotion to Mary spread in the christian world, with increasing splendour and rapidity? Why those burning invocations of the faithful to the *immaculate heart of Mary*, and that incessant reference *(ce recours à tous les moments)* to her mighty intercession? True Catholics no longer pray, in a manner, to Jesus except by Mary: they have no longer any festivals without her: one might say that apart from her they have no longer any hope. Her name is incessantly found on their lips, and her image in all their hearts. Far from opposing these transports *(élans)* of filial piety, the Church applauds them; and from his storm-tossed bark, Peter turns his eyes continually to the *star of the sea.* It seems as though God had handed over his omnipotence to his mother; as though the hands of this pure Virgin could alone dispense to the Jew and the Gentile, the rays of truth and the waters of grace.

"And doubtless, beloved brethren, it is because we are fallen on the evil days wherein we live, that the Spirit, who will aid the church even to the end of time, has re-animated among the faithful the trust in Mary, and propagated under a thousand different forms, and under so many denominations, the worship *(culte)* of the Queen of the Angels. Does it not enter into the economy of his providence touching religion, to send her more succour, in proportion as the dangers crowd with greater multiplicity on her steps, during her passage over this earth?"†

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* "Nous aimons encore à lire dans ces paroles, que l'homme malheureux, comme l'homme coupable, trouveront toujours en Marie une consolatrice et une avocate; que de l'abîme du péché, comme de l'abîme des tribulations aucun cri ne s'élèvera jamais inutilement vers son trône; et qu'au sein des orages des passions, où sur les ruines des empires et des fortunes, elle nous apparaîtra toujours dans les cieux, comme un astre tutélaire."

† "Pourquoi dans les temps où nous vivons la dévotion de Marie se propage-t-elle, dans le monde chrétien, avec plus d'éclat et de rapidité? Pourquoi ces brûlantes invocations des fidèles *au Cœur immaculé de Marie*, et ce recours de tous les moments à sa puissante intercession? Les vrais catholiques ne prient plus, en quelque sorte, Jésus que par Marie; pour eux il n'y a plus de fêtes sans elle; on dirait que loin d'elle il n'y a plus pour eux d'espérance. Son nom se trouve sans cesse sur leurs lèvres, et son image sur tous les cœurs. L'Eglise applaudit à ces élans de la piété filiale, loin de les contrarier: et, de sa barque agitée, Pierre tourne continuellement ses regards vers *l'étoile de la mer*. Il semble que Dieu ait remis à sa mère sa toute-puissance; et que les mains de cette Vierge pure puissent seules dispenser au Juif et au Gentil, les rayons de la vérité et les eaux de la grâce.

"Et sans doute, N. T. C. F., c'est parceque nous sommes arrivés aux jours mauvais où nous vivons, que l'Esprit, qui assistera l'Eglise jusqu'à la consommation des siècles, a ranimé parmi les fidèles la confiance en Marie, et propagé sous mille formes différentes et sous tant de dénominations diverses le culte de cette Reine des Anges. N'entre-t-il pas dans l'économie de sa providence sur la Religion, de lui envoyer plus de secours, à mesure que les dangers se pressent plus multipliés sur ses pas, pendant son passage sur cette terre?"

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After lamenting the profanation of the Lord's day, the prevalence of cupidity, and the laxity of education, he proceeds:—

"Who shall protect us against the strokes we have merited? We need nothing less, dear brethren, to implore our pardon, than the voice which gave commands so often to the Master of the earth, made a humble and little child for us ..... Accordingly see how the Spirit of God, who willeth not the death of the guilty, but his salvation, re-awakens from every side the trust in Mary; how he inclines the Catholic people to press to the heart of this mother, to seek there an asylum and a protection!"*

Now is this idolatry, or is it not? We confess we do not see how the question can be satisfactorily answered. At the close of the Charge, the cardinal-archbishop addresses a few words to his "separated brethren," and says, that the same worship is not given to the Son and the Mother,—that adoration is due only to the Being who is sovereignly independent,—that the heart of Mary is not the source of grace, but only its mysterious channel. But we do not see how these statements can be reconciled with the passages we have quoted, or with others we shall quote presently. Again, we ask the question, is this, or is it not, Idolatry? Is it, or is it not, a *New Gospel?*

How is it possible that the *extraordinary* discrepancy of all this with the whole tenor of the New Testament,—whether in the Acts, the Epistles, or the Revelation,—should not instantly strike the reader? Take the Acts of the Apostles: they do not even mention the name of the Blessed Virgin after the fourteenth verse of the first chapter. It seems as if, after the ascension of our Lord, she stept back at once into the privacy of a subordinate character. St. Peter preached Christ as in all things preeminent. The modern Gospel seems to say (we almost tremble to write it):—"HER (Mary) hath God exalted to be a queen and a saviour." Take the Epistles. How different are St. Paul's charges from those of the Bishop of Lyons! These are some of the Bishop's words: "The Christian cannot confide to her any sufferings which she has not experienced; he cannot recount to her any misfortune, but that she will be able to show him greater ones in the course of her life. . . . We fear not to say, that Providence was pleased to cause this incomparable Virgin to pass through all kinds of sacrifices . . . in order that she might have more compassion for the evils she had experienced."† Can we read these words without awful emotions,—our minds, instantly perceiving the parallel between them and those well-known words on the sympathy of Christ, in the Epistle to the Hebrews? Lastly, if

* "Qui nous protégera contre les coups que nous avons mérités? Il ne faut rien moins, N. T. C. F. pour implorer notre pardon, que la voix qui commandait, si souvent, au Maître de la terre, fait humble et petit enfant pour nous .... Ainsi, voyez comme l'Esprit de Dieu, qui ne veut pas la mort du coupable, mais son salut, réveille de toute parte la confiance en Marie, comme il incline les peuples catholiques à se presser sur le cœur de leur mère, pour y chercher asile et protection!"

† "Le Chrétien ne peut lui confier aucunes peines, qu'elle ne les ait éprouvées; il ne peut lui raconter aucune infortune, qu'elle ne puisse lui en montrer de plus grandes dans le cours de sa vie . . . Nous ne craindrons pas de dire, que la Providence s'est plu à faire passer cette Vierge incomparable par tous les genres des sacrifices . . . àfin que . . . elle eût plus de compassion pour des maux qu'elle aurait éprouvés."

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we turn to the Apocalypse (and there we have prophetic visions of the later history of the Church)—where does it speak of the Assumption of Mary? Where of her coronation? Where is she united with her Son as the object of "Angels' songs?"

But we have not finished with our quotations. We have to request attention to one passage more, and we present it without any commentary:—

"* It was not enough to revive among the faithful the devotion to the Holy Virgin; God, who seems to have made over our destinies into her hands, has pointed out to us the surest way to make our homage *(culte)* acceptable to her, and the secret of making her more favourable to our prayers. And what can be more pleasing to this *Virgin of Virgins*, than to celebrate her spotless purity, than to proclaim her exempt from every stain, even the original stain? Is not this entire innocence her most glorious privilege? Does she not place it far above the dignity of Mother of God, and of Queen of Heaven? Sets she not a greater value on her exemption from the very slightest spot, than on the immortal crown which surrounds her brow? To supplicate her in the name of the *Immaculate Conception*, is thus to be assured of finding access before her; and to behold her lend an attentive ear to our demands or our complaints.

"The Church of Jesus Christ has well understood this,—in that in her zeal for the honour of her heavenly protectress, she speaks to us unceasingly of her spotless purity. She invites all her children to recur to the *Immaculate Heart* of Mary. This heart she shows to the most guilty, as a sanctuary which, far from being forbidden them, is the refuge where the Divine mercy waits for them: and the name of our Mother, that name blessed of all generations,—she is unwilling, in a manner, that we should pronounce without recounting at the same time that the breath of the infernal serpent had never tarnished its brightness. By a happy inspiration, she has wished that Mary's exemption from original sin should be solemnly proclaimed in the midst of her liturgy, when the blood of the spotless Lamb, the source of all redemption, is in the act of flowing on our altar. Lastly,

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* "Ce n'était pas assez de ranimer parmi les fidèles la dévotion à la sainte Vierge; Dieu qui semble lui avoir remis nos destinées entre les mains, nous a indiqué la voie la plus sûre pour lui faire agréer notre culte, et le secret de la rendre plus favorable a nos prières. Et que peut-il y avoir de plus agréable à cette *Vierge des vierges*, que de célébrer sa pureté sans tache, que de la proclamer exempte de toute souillure, même de la souillure originelle? Cette innocence entière n'est-elle pas son plus magnifique privilége? Ne la met-elle pas bien au-dessus de la dignité de Mère de Dieu et de Reine du Ciel? L'exemption de la plus légère tache n'a-t-elle pas pour elle plus de prix que la couronne immortelle que lui ceint le front? La supplier au nom de sa *Conception Immaculée*, c'est donc être assuré de trouver accès auprès d'elle; et de la voir prêter une oreille attentive à nos demandes ou à nos plaintes.

"Elle l'a bien compri, l'Eglise de Jésus-Christ, puisque dans son zèle pour faire honorer sa céleste protectrice, elle nous parle de sa pureté sans tache. Elle invite tous ses enfants à recourir *au Cœur Immaculé* de Marie. Ce cœur, elle le montre aux plus grands coupables comme un sanctuaire qui, loin de leur être interdit, est le refuge où les attend la divine miséricorde; et le nom de notre Mère, ce nom béni de toutes les générations, elle ne veut plus, en quelque sorte, qu'on le prononce sans rappeler, en même temps, que le souffle du serpent infernal n'en a jamais terni l'éclat. Par une heureuse inspiration,* elle a voulu que l'exemption pour Marie de la

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* The Council of Trent is adduced below. "Plein de ces sentiments, le saint concile de Trente, écrivant un décret sur le péché original, s'arrête devant la sainteté de Marie, et proteste qu'il n'est point dans son intention de comprendre, dans ce decret, la Vierge bienheureuse et immaculée."

As regards the allusions made in the course of the charge to St. Irenæus and St. Augustine, we think it sufficient, at present, to refer to what Dr. Pusey has said on this subject in his recent letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

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she encourages the pontiffs to recur to the Apostolic See, to obtain power to celebrate, without restriction or hindrance, that festival so lovely for angels and men, that of the *Immaculate Conception* of Mary."

Thus we are brought to the practical end and purpose of the Charge; which is simply to announce that permission has been sought and obtained from Rome, to celebrate the Festival of the *Immaculate Conception* with high solemnities, on the second Sunday in Advent, and to insert the words *Regina sine labe concepta* in all Litanies of the Holy Virgin, whether privately or publicly recited; to give notice that no edition of the "Hours" of the diocese would be approved, unless this invocation were added to the Litanies; and to exhort all clergy with cure of souls to propagate in their parishes the worship (*culte*) of Mary of the Immaculate Conception, and to instruct the faithful in the spirit of this devotion. These notices are given in five articles* at the close of the document, which is dated from the Archiepiscopal palace, Nov. 21, 1842. The whole is concluded with the *Literæ Apostolicæ* previously received from Rome, signed by Cardinal Pedicini, secretary of the sacred rites, and dated June 10, 1842.

Now, who is the author of this publication, on which we have been so long employed? Is he an obscure priest in some unknown and superstitious hamlet? No. Lyons is not a city unheard of in the annals of ecclesiastical history. Who has not read of the famous martyrs, whose acts are so valued a record of the Primitive Church,—of the "poor men of Lyons," so notorious at the end of the twelfth century,—or of the council a hundred years later (Aquinas died on the road to join it, and Bonaventura during its session), when the Saone saw bishops from Greece and ambassadors from Tartary? Of this city the author is Bishop. He sits in the seat of the famous St. Irenæus. Nay more: he is the first Archbishop in the country which calls itself the most enlightened in the world,—the Primate of all the Gauls. He is also a member of the College of Cardinals, chosen within these three years by Gregory XVI. the reigning Pope. His title-page, as it lies before us, is conspicuously ornamented with the cardinal's hat, surmounted by a scroll bearing these words, "*Prima sedes Galliarum;*" and a paragraph which we

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faute originelle, fût solennellement proclamée au milieu de sa liturgie, lorsque le sang de l'agneau sans tache, source de toute rédemption, est au moment de couler sur nos autels. Enfin elle encourage les Pontifes à recourir au siège apostolique, pour obtenir de pouvoir célébrer, sans restrictions et sans entraves, la fête si belle pour les anges et les hommes, de l'*Immaculée Conception* de Marie.

* Art. 2.—A l'avenir, toutes les fois que l'on chantera ou récitera publiquement les Litanies de la sainte Vierge, on ajoutera à la fin, immédiatement avant le premier *Agnus Dei*, l'invocation, *Regina sine labe concepta, ora pro nobis.* Les fidèles ajouteront la même invocation aux Litanies, lorsqu'ils les réciteront en particulier. Désormais nous n'approuverons l'impression des *Heures* du diocèse, qu'autant que cette invocation sera ajoutée aux Litanies.

"Art. 4.—Nous exhortons tous les pasteurs des âmes à propager dans leurs paroisses le culte de Marie immaculeé dans sa conception, et à instruire les fidèles sur l'esprit de cette dévotion."

The 3d article proclaims a plenary indulgence in the usual manner: the 5th inculcates charity to the poor in connexion with this particular devotion.

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have just read in the *English Churchman*, containing extracts from some French journals, testifies to his importance in France.

On this high ground we build our accusations against Rome. In the face of this document, it cannot be said that a corruption, against which we Anglicans especially protest, is a floating and accidental one, having no connexion with the inner life of the Roman Catholic system. We find it authorized and sanctioned, promoted and propagated, by the very highest authority. Assiduous efforts are made to widen and deepen its influence, its present growth is hailed with pleasure, and its future advancement looked forward to with sanguine expectation. "Henceforward," says the Archbishop, "the city of martyrs, the city of alms, shall be more than ever, and for ever, the city of Mary."*

It was our intention to have added some extracts on this subject from a kindred work lately published at Rome; but at present we forbear; and, indeed, nothing further is required to strengthen our case. We conclude by pointing out two or three simple circumstances which it is very important for those to take into account who would rightly estimate the place which the worship of St. Mary occupies in the system; *and, let us be permitted to add, very important to be weighed and pondered by those who are tempted to join the church of Rome, and in danger of being involved, insensibly but irresistibly, in the most dangerous delusions, to the peril of their immortal souls.*

First, let us consider how entirely the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, and the Assumption, have passed into the *devotions* of the Roman Church. We do not merely allude to popular books of prayer, to images and representations in churches, or to the high ceremonial and religious zeal with which the festivals of the Virgin are ordinarily accompanied; though these things might be held sufficient proofs. We refer to the Roman Breviary, than which nothing can be more authoritative. Let any one examine the services for Dec. 8 and Aug. 15; or that appointed for the third Sunday in September, the Festival of the Seven Sorrows of Mary; and then say whether the surest methods have not been taken to rivet in the minds of the people the most perilous views of the honour due to the Virgin.

Another cause, of widest influence, leads to the very same result. Every one knows how largely *art* is intermixed with the religion of Roman Catholics. In ways far more manifold than can here be described, they act and react one on another. And no subject has been so inspiring to painters and sculptors, none has led to such noble artistic results, as the feeling of homage and devotion to the Virgin. So it was in times past. This feeling was full of inspiration for the early masters; and what the influence of their works may be on pure and imaginative minds, let those say who have seen the heavenly frescoes left by the hand of Fra Angelico on those convent

* "Et désormais la ville des martyrs, la ville des aumônes, sera plus que jamais et pour toujours la ville de Marie."

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walls at Florence. So again in later times, when art was more earthly and artists less religious. We may instance that glorious picture of the Assumption at Venice, which is like a blaze of light at the end of the gallery where it hangs, the grandest perhaps of all Titian's works. And, as we write of Italy, there comes back on our memory a picture symbolical of the Immaculate Conception, of a very different school from the former, but still of the same tendency. We forget where it is to be seen, but it is by Sassoferrata, and of softest and most impressive beauty. But we may say generally, that whenever a series of scenes from the Virgin's life are represented, in the highest or the lowest style of art, they always end in the Assumption and Coronation. So it is in those sculptures with which Borromeo surrounded the choir of Milan Cathedral. So it is in the rude wood-work of the old church at Sion, in the Valais. How are worshippers to separate the evil from the good, when they see them united in the aids and incentives to devotion?

Lastly, we must say a few words of another agency, which interpenetrates the whole Roman Catholic Church, and carries with it, through many imperceptible channels, the same unfortunate effects. The devotion to the Virgin seems to be especially practised among the *monastic bodies;* and these bodies are the sinews and arteries of the Church. This subject cannot now be entered into fully, and we content ourselves with an allusion to some of the orders which took their rise in that great revival of the thirteenth century, which left such important results behind it. One order, which came into being at Florence, adopted the devotion to the Virgin Mary as a characteristic principle, and assumed a title indicative of the same; and what the Servites did then, the Augustinians appear to do now, in a different way; if one may judge from the spectacle which is daily witnessed before the celebrated image in the Church of S. Agostino, at Rome. Nor is the case different with the Dominicans and Franciscans, those two magnificent communities, who waged the war of the Immaculate Conception. We believe that the success of the preaching of St. Dominic has been partly attributed to his frequent invocations of St. Mary; and we ourselves lately heard one of the preaching friars at Naples, labouring to prove that, of late years, peculiar holiness in members of his order had always gone along with a peculiar devotion to the mother of our Lord. And, as to the Franciscans, it is to their great doctor, Bonaventura, that the Psalter of the Virgin is ascribed, though falsely; and it was Haymo, an early general of the order, to whom the worst portions of the present Roman Breviary are mainly attributable.* And let it be remembered how important an office the first of these orders holds in connexion with the censorship of the press in Rome; and what copious supplies of missionaries (most devoted missionaries, it must be conceded) are yearly sent out by the second: and therefore, how that, by means of them, a corruption may at once be fostered at the centre of the Roman Church, and circulated to its remotest extremities.

* See the 75th Tract for the Times.

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The Rector in search of a Curate. By a CHURCHMAN. London: Hatchard. 1843. Post 8vo. pp. 381.

PART of our education consisted in a branch of literature now too much neglected, and which lives only in the recollection of such greybeards as ourselves, or in the healthy practice of dame schools; it was the "getting by heart" divers copies of verses. These pleasant poetical prolusions, we own, were of very diversified character; besides crude lumps of Watts and Cowper, some even took the undignified form of anonymous fables and apologues. Treacherous memory has displaced them by sterner, and often less profitable lore; but being addressed, at least in theory, to "the heart," we gladly own that some scanty traces of our youthful accomplishments remain. Of our pleasant confabulations of foxes and geese all traces have departed, save that which usually makes the least impression on the fancy; and contrary to the recognised laws of thought, we have preserved only that dull tag of a fable which youthful moralists usually make it a point of duty not to retain—we mean the sage and unpalatable "moral," which, from Æsop to La Fontaine, like the dose of rhubarb, which it is held right by all motherly dieticians to season our juvenile luxuries, points the otherwise too pleasant fiction. The homely couplet runs—

> "The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
> But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same."

We are reminded of this simple warning by the present state of the Religious Fiction. In the vulgar Low Church periodicals, one staple complaint against "the Tractarians" is, their use of tales of the imagination. "Mr. Paget's last novel," "The Reverend Novelist," "Mr. Gresley's Love Tales," are stock τόποι of reviling —stereotyped heads of declamation—common-places as stately and crushing as undeniable—useful alike to point a sneer, or to veil an inuendo. And yet, if our memory serves us right, the credit, however questionable, of inventing this class of works, is not quite attributable to the orthodox writers of the Church; but little acquaintance with what one of our contemporaries calls "Popular Religionism," will show that the Lichfield divines found this weapon ready forged—they are but humble imitators of their present critics. We have forgotten neither "Cœlebs in search of a Wife;" nor "The Velvet Cushion;" nor "Father Clement;" nor "The Siege of Londonderry;" and other, in every sense of the word, fictions, from the Charlotte Elizabeth scandal-shop. The Oxford writers here, at any rate, can substantiate but flimsy claims to originality; and the work which we are about to notice, shows, that if the "Evangelical" churchmen were not above opening this mine, neither are they prepared to relinquish its useful veins. Disdaining to quit what their organs would wish us to believe a preoccupied stage, they not

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only become play-wrights themselves, but steal our plots: they dress *our* lay figures in their own tinsel, and they not only condescend to be imitators, but plagiarists; and under their rather unscrupulous novel-craft, "Bernard Leslie" is travestied into the "Rector in search of a Curate;" and the Yoricks, if such they be, of Portman-street and Rugeley, must at least admit rivals on their throne, in the facetious jesters of Piccadilly or Fleet-street.

We, at least, can afford to call attention to a fact which other critics find it convenient to suppress; *we* have not been backward in owning our suspicion, whether mere fiction is a legitimate weapon in the Church's armoury. We own that it is a missile brilliant and effective, but like the Greek fire, it is one which is apt to burn the compounder's fingers; or, like its pyrotechnic substitute, it may amuse women and boys, but it is apt to explode with more sparks than shot. It is too showy and attractive to tell upon a serious contest; it suits Pekin rather than Salamanca; it is more of the fancy than of the heart; it does no execution. But good or bad—Church-like or emasculate—sound or trifling—dignified or the reverse—our adversaries have no right to complain, if—and we own it to be a questionable point—any respected writers who claim and receive our sympathies, if not our more cordial approval, choose to have recourse to it, they are far from standing alone in their tactics; others can imitate as well as abuse them.

The "Rector in search of a Curate," is a novel of the most approved type; it has several nice young men, and nice young ladies to pair off with them; it has the legitimate amount of declarations of attachment; a disappointed swain who never told his love, and a successful rival who did, and consulted papa first, which is pretty, and dutiful, and unusual; it has the prescribed quantum of tea-parties and smart dialogues. It has sweet glimpses of evangelical domesticities and charming families. It has the still life of rectorial conservatories, where the curate and the parson's daughter "walk for a few minutes before dinner," p. 160. Moon-light reveries; the damsel's dress, and the Corydon's hair, are duly chronicled; the brother jokes knowingly, and the sisters simper sympathizingly; the mother is prudent, and the father conciliating; the house is furnished, and the *fiancée* blushes—no; looking again, we think that she is of sterner stuff; the friends of the family congratulate and make presents:—

"Lo! two weddings smile upon the tale."

The happy pairs retire to their duties, parochial and connubial; and it all ends in smiles and happiness, just like the story-books: the bride's signature to the register is not forgotten; her "firm voice," and "scarcely perceptible tremor," (p. 364,) do credit to the heroine's nerve, though, by an unaccountable *gaucherie*, her chip bonnet and orange flowers are not described; and while "the ordination" of the selected curate heads the last chapter, lest the tale should terminate in anything like inconvenient and inconsistent solemnity, the new

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deacon is "married in the course of the week of his ordination," and "the same cathedral" (!) (p. 381) is the witness of his vows, clerical and hymeneal, which is all, we presume, according to the canons, both of the Church and the Minerva Press, in such cases made and provided. All is decorum and regularity—the unities of the novel are strictly adhered to—justice, doctrinal and poetical, is fairly awarded to the candidates for the curacy and the maiden—and the most fastidious critic cannot complain of a single bold innovation of the laws either of fiction or of the ordinary conventional propriety, amatory or ecclesiastical. The love is not too vehement to allow the lovers to commit matrimony till there is a fair prospect of a fire to boil the domestic pot; and the considerate novelist, by furnishing them with a good living, is charitably disposed not to dismiss his characters to anything short of plenty and happiness, which is the due reward of so rare a combination of piety and prudence. *Exeunt omnes*, while the stage is strewn with bouquets, and the piece is announced for repetition amid universal applause. All this is quite according to the card; and we have not the slightest objection to it; only we deprecate, for the future, the most delicate sneer at the similar good fortune and prospects of our friend, Mary Clinton, and the apposite paternal cautions of the excellent Warden of Berkingholt.

If we have a fault to find with the artistic effect of the whole performance, we should say that the limner had mixed his colours in treacle; to speak technically, (we adopt the phrase from one of Sir David Wilkie's letters,) they "work too fat;" they are quite viscid; we are absolutely saturated with success and triumph; blinded with excess of light; banqueted, even beyond satiety, on cates and honey: the comfortable arrangement of all the characters at last becomes quite oppressive: we are surfeited with virtues: the eyes swim, and the brain reels, and the limbs tremble, at the matchless constellation of graces and prosperity crowded upon one family: their faultlessness really requires relief. Oh, for a single blunder, just to show that even one of the little girls, the very youngest, almost approaches to humanity. But no, the author is merciless in his accumulated triumphs of propriety. The picture is not broken by a single shadow. No friendly fault offers the slightest prospect of a cool retreat from the meridian blaze of perfection. Like Greek illuminations, the very back-ground of the canvass is gilded. Take the following elaboration of "an early tea, which was ready in the *library, which formed the drawing-room* of the rectory:"—

"While the tea-things were being sent away, Mrs. Spencer and her two eldest daughters procured their needle-work, and the younger boy and girl withdrawing to a window, employed themselves with their lessons. The conversation which ensued was not interrupted by any noise from the children, nor by their continually coming forward to ask questions of their mamma and sisters, nor by unnecessary attention paid them by the latter, nor by whispering consultations about cutting out and sewing, nor by movements on tip-toe about the room, nor by searches for needles, reels,

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and scissors, nor even by unquiet or impatient looks, and wandering eyes. One would have thought that Mrs. Spencer and her daughters did not possess the faculty to which so many ladies lay claim,—of bestowing deep and continuous attention upon what is read or talked about in their presence, notwithstanding and during numerous little animated discussions upon quite different subjects among themselves."—P. 83.

Now this happy circle is a paragon of domestic right-mindedness. It is like one of Holbein's family groups. The rector, Mr. Spencer, and his wife; the temporary curate and the eldest Miss Spencer, his wife (*in prospectu*); Mr. Digby, the incumbent of the district church without a wife; young Mr. Spencer, and the other Miss Spencer; and the two little Spencers in the bow window;—all quiet, all attentive, all serious, and all discussing justification by faith only. And that happy stroke, the absence of all "impatient looks and wandering eyes," not

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"

in Ecclesbourne rectory; there is not a single yawn; bed-candles are unsought: the cat purrs harmoniously, and

"The flapping of the flame,
And kettle whispering its faint undersong;"

all wrap the soul in one mellow haze of satisfaction and complacency. Should we ever encounter the "Churchman" again, we entreat him, in mercy to his critics, to be less profuse in purple lights and sunny glades; annihilation itself were preferable to endless Arabian festivities; in jewelled halls and brocaded pavilions we sigh for the rough heath and tangled brake; and it may be, that in justice to themselves, his readers will one day retaliate their too delicious wrongs upon their author. Awaking from their voluptuous slumber, they will make him to feel what it is to be thus prisoned in Circean bowers; and, to his cost, this Sybarite of controversy will find that

"To die of a rose in aromatic pain"—

to be pelted to death with comfits—to be smothered in myrtle-leaves—to be choked with Sabæan odours—is no joke after all.

And now, should our remarks shift at once from the playful to the critical, should we at one line leap

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe,"

we follow but our author. Amidst his bowers of roses lurks many a thorn and sting of controversy: it may turn, like the nettle, to velvet in his hands; but to the less-experienced, or weaker-nerved, it may irritate, even more than he suspects, or wishes. And now at once to be serious, we will own that, barring the tone of exaggeration, which we have sufficiently laughed at in "the Rector," and some more serious causes of complaint, to be noticed presently, we are not unpleasantly disappointed in this little work. Its faults of structure, the one-sidedness of the arguments, and their very *unreal* character, as details of what never was, or could be conceivably, said in the defence

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or attack of certain theological views—the undramatic and slender texture of the plot, are venial faults, in which perhaps it is hardly worse than many similar fictions on the other side of the dispute; but we hail it as a very marked and pleasing token of the general advance of Church principles in the ranks of those who still, with whatever unfairness, are pleased to denounce "the Tractarians" as papists and heretics. Of course there is not a little which we are bound to condemn and protest against in this tale; but, with very much of a party purpose, there are also counterbalancing surrenders of the stock dogmas of a narrow and meagre theology, now we trust passing away. There are extorted admissions of the improved tone of thought among the mass of the evangelical clergy on the most weighty subjects; that of baptism, for example; and, which is not so noticeable, though in its measure thankworthy, there are sure indications of vast improvement in ritual matters and other externals in the same quarter. Besides, the present author exhibits a very favourable contrast to many whom we could name in the mere conduct of a controversy. He is rude and unfair beyond all common decency, as we shall presently show; but though he hates "Anglo-Catholicism" with a bitterness all but rabid, he is not a mere party follower of evangelicalism. He candidly owns and deplores its many and serious vices. We believe him to be a lover of the truth, and therefore we cannot but feel some, though lessened, attractions towards him. Earnestness is so rare a virtue in these sad times, that we cheerfully own it, even in an adversary; and for the sake of truth-seeking, even in a rash spirit, we would pardon many sins, and all misconceptions. We may err on the side of charity in refusing to attribute to this writer the charge of wilful slander; but as we are about to produce instances both of what we like and dislike in his book, our readers may settle for themselves its motives. Our own judgment is about equally balanced as to its intentions. We can hardly measure an author's purpose; indeed, our praise and censure must be alike so vehement, that we cannot calculate the preponderance of either, or even trust ourselves to say all that we think; but as the "Rector," &c. is rather quotable than readable, extracts, though of the longest, will form a tolerable index of the better and worse—the more improved, and, alas! the more debased characteristics of one, and at all events an important, phase of the English Church, as well as will afford an estimate of the book itself.

It cannot be denied or concealed, that the so-called Evangelicals are but a disunited party: and it is well that it is so: for we cheerfully own that, since even as a body they are better than their principles, and since it is only in words that many of them deny the truth, and many of them begin seriously to suspect that there are latent vices in their whole theological system, the best of them will, at no greatly deferred period, be at one with us; and already some have advanced very considerably in the heavenly truth, that a recognition of the high doctrines of grace is best evidenced by viewing the

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Church as its divine channel, a list of whom—and those not the least eminent in the ranks, were it not invidious, would be useful, and *to all parties*. Significant complaints of defections from the accredited formulæ of Scott and Henry, abound in the present conversations of the curate-seeking rector, though with a happy inconsistency he himself abandons so many of what used to be considered the strongest points in the whole line of defence since the days of John Newton, that we are rather surprised than displeased at certain awkward, and, we suspect, inconvenient admissions, "that evangelical preachers follow a traditionary system;" and "*in the preaching of those who adopt it confidently as the interpretation of the Gospel, the faults of this human-built system are sure to become the germs of very grievous, and, perhaps, fatal errors.*"—Pp. 87, 88. And more than one inherent defect of the evangelical preaching is instanced.

"'In the first place, call to mind the statements commonly made by them on the subject of the depravity of human nature; and I am sure you will agree with me that many of them are, at least, extravagant and injudicious. It has been asserted that there is, originally, in every heart, the disposition to commit every possible sin, and an absolute hostility to everything really good and holy. Man is represented as a creature, all whose mental and moral qualities are intrinsically evil, only fit for evil, and only employed for evil. Let me read to you two or three passages from the published sermons of a late most eminent preacher. "The pests and the greatest ornaments of society, when you come to analyze their principles, are under the influence of *one disposition*—they all glory in this, in discarding God; they hate him more than they do the disgusting wretch who is loathed," &c. &c. And again, "I do not mean to say that there are not many amiabilities in the members of civil society, which ought to endear them to us as members of civil society; but, mark me! you will find the loveliest of these amiabilities in the brute creation." And a little farther on, in the same sermon; "We hear a great deal of human friendship; human friendship, without the grace of God, I boldly assert, is *inferior* to the friendship of a dog." In another sermon, he says, "What are we in a state of nature? My brethren, to declare the whole truth, we are *devils incarnate*." The object of such sweeping and violent assertions,' continued the Rector, 'is, I suppose, to convince people of sin. But what is the actual effect of them? Many can appeal to their consciences, and to their knowledge of others, that what the preacher states is very far beyond the truth; and so, they either reject his doctrine altogether, and with it the genuine doctrine of man's depravity, or conclude that, as his dreadful description does not apply to themselves, they must be in a state of conversion and grace.'"—Pp. 88—90.

And in another place another figment of Evangelicalism is disposed of with what must, in some quarters, seem most perplexing pertinacity.

"'The next doctrine, in theological order, to that of man's depravity,' said the Rector, 'is the doctrine of his salvation. And herein I think there has been an approach to serious practical error. Their zeal for the great article of justification by faith only, has led them to exalt and magnify faith unduly. And it is curious to observe, that the same parties who have been so anxious to depreciate every act of the natural man, have attributed too much value to the appropriate act of the spiritual mind. Understand me. The importance and necessity of faith they could not assert too strongly, or too frequently; but faith itself, as an act of ours, has had too high, too influential an office assigned to it in the matter of our salvation. It has

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been represented as the cause, rather than as the instrument, of our justification. People have, I fear, been brought to apprehend that they are saved by faith as a work. I have heard many a sermon, in numerous passages of which I could have desired to substitute the one "only name" for the word faith. In such discourses, the attempt to produce faith has been made by *preaching faith*, instead of *preaching Christ*. And I am sure, that, by this kind of preaching, numbers have had their attention so fixed upon faith, that they have almost forgotten the object of faith. In fact, faith has been quite impersonated.'

"'Yes,' said Charles, eagerly, 'that is precisely what Mr. Newman says, in his Lectures on Justification, p. 385. Here is the passage; how clearly he describes this error! 'True faith,' he says, 'is what may be called colourless, like air or water,' &c. . . . . .

"'It is true,' said the Rector, 'that the error is ably exposed in those words.'"—Pp. 95—97.

And as the corollary of this mistake about faith, Mr. Spencer rejects consistently the consequent doctrine of "imputed righteousness," when by that term is designated the tenet, that God deals with us according to such a legal fiction as the following:—

"It appears to me wrong to say that what Christ did to effect our reconciliation to the Father, is imputed to us, and considered as done by ourselves. It was done for us, and accepted in our behalf; but not made over to us, and reckoned as our own acts."—P. 102.*

To which if we add his great horror of Dr. Krummacher, pp. 164—177;—his extremely terse definition of the Bethnal Green fanatics, "THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING JUDAISM AMONG CHRISTIANS," p. 280;—that he refused a testimonial of respect, p. 13;—that he improved the bell-ringing at Ecclesbourne, and has already banished the reading-pew and clerk's desk, and the clerk along with it, p. 53, and shortly meditates sweeping away the pews, p. 60;—and that his daughter "played over [it should have been *sung*] some of the Gregorian tones," p. 56,—our readers will begin to think that we have been laughing at them instead of with them, and that Mr. Spencer, rector of Ecclesbourne, is only an *alias* of our old friend Bernard Leslie, in principles as well as in the plan of his pseudo-biography.

But fair and softly!—Mr. Spencer is not patient of logical definition—genus and difference will not class him—we can reduce him to no recognised species—his accidents alone can describe him,—in the language of the schools, he is *individuum vagum:* and if the theology of Fleet-street has no reason to boast of its eccentric and unmanageable champion, neither must the Oxford Tracts and the Camden Society plume themselves upon their new ally. With all these orthodox *σημεία*, the rector of Ecclesbourne has cottage

* Contrast with this the bishop of Cashel's doctrine of justification, as published by his lordship, in a rabid Dublin "Record:" (and we find, from the *Christian Observer*, the comforting, though not over-courteous assurance, "that Robert Daly is Robert Daly still.") "Not to mention the nonjurors, who appear the progenitors of the present Tractarians, we see such men as Hammond and Barrow *confusing*, and still more, Bull *corrupting* the doctrine of justification," &c. We suspect that had Bishop Daly offered himself for the curacy of Ecclesbourne, he could have found small favour in the eyes of the searching Rector, although the latter "esteems it an honour to be styled evangelical."—P. 85.

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lectures and extempore prayers, p. 66;—denies the grace of the sacraments, pp. 116—143;—subscribes to the Bible Society;—fraternizes upon the union-of-various-denominations principle with "Mr. Hoskins, the independent minister," and "the Wesleyan superintendent of the district," and asks them all to dinner at the anniversary, p. 231;—indignantly rebukes the Church Missionary Society, for seeming to concede anything to the bishops, though owning that their pretended submission was all a sham;—but his discourses on this head are too curious and ingenuous to be suppressed:

"'I observe that, of late, some eminent members of certain societies which have recently been taken under high ecclesiastical patronage, and especially their office-bearers, have considerably sublimed their churchmanship, as they are pleased to call it, and object to appear on platforms to which dissenters and Methodists are admitted. And particular circumstances have contributed to produce that effect more especially upon this society.'

"'Do you then regret the accession of our chief prelates to these societies?' asked Mr. Aylmer.

"'By no means,' replied the Rector. 'I cannot regret to see men doing their duty. I am sorry they thought proper to require, as an indispensable condition, a concession by which, we have been anxiously assured by the responsible officers of the societies, nothing was conceded. For, if it be really true that, by the new rules or laws, which they required, no change is intended to be made in the constitution or practice of the societies, then we must conclude, that their stipulation was but a pretext, to prevent the imputation of having, for a very long time, neglected a now recognised duty.'

"'I am afraid,' said Mr. Merton, who was present, 'that the prelates themselves consider, that far more is conceded than the active friends and members of these societies are willing to allow. They have stipulated for the power of deciding questions of a certain order. But are they not likely also to claim the right of deciding what questions come within their jurisdiction? And as I have no doubt many will be sent home, either by parties adverse to the societies, or by injudicious, over-busy, friends and agents of them, I cannot help anticipating some serious collision between our episcopal patrons and our committees.'"—Pp. 227, 228.

calling upon the same society to disavow a sermon preached at their anniversary, which very guardedly and imperfectly taught the Apostolic Succession, p. 311;—pronounces the Oxford Tracts, *en masse*, to be flat heresy, *passim*; and though he says of the Anglo-Catholics, "their present position is disgraceful to themselves, the Church, and the country," he reserves his fullest censure for their opponents: with remarkable frankness he declares—

"'But it is not from these men of extreme opinions that I apprehend the greatest danger to true religion, even if they remain with us. It is the infection of the Evangelical body with High-Church sentiments that I consider the worst sign of the times.'

"'Do you really think, papa, that there are symptoms of such an infection?' asked Mary.

"'I do indeed,' said the Rector; 'I have heard several men of eminence among them contend lately for the apostolical succession, or something very like it; and have seen them separate themselves more widely than ever from their dissenting brethren. And, as Merton was telling us a little while ago, there are many who hold baptismal regeneration; besides, I have

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met with some who stoutly defend the excessive ornamenting of churches, the introduction of altar-pieces, massive communion plate, pictured windows, and other like vanities and dregs of popery.'

" ' Indo-gothic cathedrals,' added Mr. Merton, ' and hundred-guinea-fonts for Jerusalem churches. But what you have said on the growth of High-Church notions among Evangelicals is most painfully corroborated.' "—Pp. 310, 311.

and lugubriously owns, that " from the notes he made of the discourses delivered not long since at a large meeting of Evangelical Clergymen, in which the Sacraments were the subject for discussion"(!) p. 120, he found three-fourths of them admitting the presence of regeneration in baptism, and, indeed, that one-half " hold that a change in the infant's spiritual relation to God, always, and *ex opere operato*, takes place in baptism," p. 123.

We have no desire to draw any conclusion from this strange medley of inconsistencies—the unexpected testimony to the (in some most important matters) improved tone of the main body of the Evangelical Clergy is very cheering, as are also some indications of right-mindedness in the judicious rejection of a worn-out human tradition, dating from Romaine, in our own author. We cannot be too thankful for all this; we cannot too anxiously hail the first openings to reconciliation, and a better mind among the brethren; but then we cannot, on the other hand, but wonder that notwithstanding this, a vigorous and well-informed mind like the present writer's is so determinately, we had almost said savagely, set against some of the fundamentals of the Christian faith, the whole sacramental system, and the true idea of the Christian Church and Priesthood: and from Mr. Spencer's example, let us remember, that to disband parish clerks, and to kick down pews, and to admire the Gregorian chants, may consist with undisguised Zuinglianism and Hoadleyism. On the one hand, let us distrust the doubtful evidence of an agreement with us in the æstheticism of externals; on the other, let us hope, even against hope, that even when our opponents are most frantic in their abuse and misrepresentation, there may be deep in their souls some little element of heavenly truth, of which they may be almost unconscious, but which may, as in this case, retain them from utter corruption.

But we desire to exhibit our author's powers in a way, at least, worthy of them. Controversy is not so much his forte as satire; and we can scarcely call it playful, with the utmost latitude of that useful adjective. But we are reminded, that we have never detailed the plot.

Mr. Spencer, rector of Ecclesbourne, is in search of an assistant, Mr. Chirpingley, " the curate," whom he found on the living, being a dancing gentleman, who compiles sermons from Simeon; he is got rid of, somewhat clumsily. The first that offers is " the Evangelicist," Mr. Scattermore, who is rejected. This is a rich character, too good to be lost: then comes the " unfortunate man," also evangelical, who has been plucked six times, and lives as a married undergraduate at Cambridge, is " teacher at a Sunday school, visitor of a district, committee-man of one society, collector for another, secretary for a

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third;" very deep in Hebrew, but very shallow in Greek and Latin; is willing to be ordained without a degree, because his "pass," even in the lowest gulf of the "Poll," is hopeless; has "read most of our popular religious books, and only "failed in his examination" because he had written for the divinity prize; was nervous in the schools, and thought the papers and examiners unfair. He is also rejected. Then comes "the scholar," also evangelical, who has been tutor and examiner for many years: he backs out of the curacy. His examination of the school-children is vile caricature. Then comes an episode of the Millenarians, which is clever and amusing. This is followed by "the Anglo-Catholic"—a word about him anon—he is, of course, rejected; and last, and in every sense least, comes "the approved" Mr. Leighton, who is, we suppose, evangelical, but his chief merit lies in his partaking of the nature of Pope's women, who have "no character at all." Indeed, we suspect our author to be a theological Ishmael; "his hand is against every man;" he can find fault, which requires a rough brush, but he is incapable of the delicate discriminating touches of praise. The jest lies in Mr. Spencer acting showman in this lecture on heads, accompanied by the temporary curate, Mr. Merton, who marries the daughter aforesaid, as a sort of chorus, who never leaves the scene, and never furthers the action of the drama more than to say ditto to the hero. The rest of the stage persons are Charles, a Cambridge lad, "half a Puseyite," to whom, of course, we take kindly, Mrs. Seymour and family, an inimitable group of Millenarians, and the travelling deputation of the Jews' Society, &c. &c. The characters are drawn with wonderful spirit and sharpness of outline: there is an exquisite perception of the ludicrous—keen and cutting satire, far beyond the Gresley and Paget school—and a disregard of offence, and often of propriety too, quite reckless. But let our readers judge of this new Evangelical Theophrastus. Enter Mr. Scattermore, the Evangelicist:—

"The opinions of the various parties to whom [Mr. Spencer] applied for information about [Mr. Scattermore] were conflicting. The Bishop thought him pious and active, but somewhat too confident, and could not say much for his learning. Mr. Hoskins, the Independent minister, who often visited M——, said that he could affirm upon the best authority, namely, that of a deacon of a congregation in the town, that Mr. Scattermore preached the gospel faithfully and boldly, and had suffered much persecution for its sake. A fellow collegian of Charles's, 'a gay man,' whose friends lived in M——, assured him that his preaching was pompous, vulgar, and personally abusive, and that he was setting every body against religion. A friend residing also in the town wrote to say, that he was considered an out-and-out Evangelical; perhaps rather bigoted and indiscreet; but added that he thought Mr. Spencer would be able to make something of him From these opinions the Rector was induced to conclude, that, like many other young clergymen, with the best intention to do right, he was deficient in judgment, but excessive in zeal. The one fault might be removed by experience and good advice—the other might be improved into a virtue.

"The facts which he ascertained respecting him were these:—Mr. Scattermore had been brought up by his father, a respectable linen-draper, to his own trade. His first religious impressions were produced by the

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sermons of a popular preacher, whose church he occasionally attended. But as this church was at a considerable distance, and he could hear at none in the immediate neighbourhood either the doctrines or the eloquence of his favourite, he readily accepted the invitation of one of his father's shopmen, who was a dissenter, to accompany him to his meeting. He liked the minister, and took a sitting, although he still attended the parish church with his family once on a Sunday. After some time he became a teacher in the school attached to the meeting. In this capacity he discovered that he possessed the gift of speaking; and being introduced to several young men of his own age and station, who were students in dissenting academies, soon began to think of following their example, and quitting the counter for the pulpit. At first his father tried to keep him to business, and to detach him altogether from his new connexions; but finding his efforts unavailing, told him that he would never consent to his becoming a dissenting preacher, but that if he would pledge himself to study hard, and be very economical, he should go to Cambridge, and qualify himself for orders in the church. The young man gladly accepted the offer, procured a tutor to help him to recover the little Latin which he had long lost, and to initiate him into Greek and mathematics, and after a year's preparation commenced residence as a sizar in a certain Hall, well-known as the favourite resort of the late-learned, and *quondams* of all sorts. After obtaining his degree, he was ordained to the curacy which he was now about to leave, having held it nearly two years. The incumbent was non-resident, and he had the whole charge of the parish. From the first he had failed to conciliate the good will of the regular congregation, which was chiefly composed of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood. Hence, though the church was still much frequented by ex-parishioners, the principal pews were generally empty. It was owing to the representations of some of the leading people in the parish that the vicar had intimated to Mr. Scattermore his desire that he should resign the curacy.

"Mr. Spencer did not draw so favourable a conclusion from the facts as from the opinions stated by correspondents; but he thought that this was a case for personal investigation. Accordingly, he accepted the invitation of his friend at M——— to go over and spend a Sunday there, accompanied by his son.

"'You are fortunate in coming to-day,' said Mr. Mildmay, on their arrival, 'for I can take you to a meeting at which Mr. Scattermore will be present, this very evening.

"'What kind of a meeting?'

"'A social meeting,' replied Mr. Mildmay; but, perceiving that his guest required further information, added, 'It is a meeting of the teachers of the Church Sunday Schools and their friends, which is held quarterly. They have tea and talk, then speeches and prayers. To-night, I fancy, it will be a kind of farewell party, in honour of Mr. S., who is a great favourite with our Sunday-school teachers.'

"'What do you think of these meetings?' asked Mr. Spencer.

"'I have only been at one, and I do not allow my daughters, although teachers, to attend them; so that I know very little about them. But I believe they are found to be useful in keeping up the young people's interest in their work.'

"In the evening, Mr. Mildmay conducted his friends to the place of meeting. It was a large room in a public building, tastily decorated with green boughs and festoons for the occasion. They found a large company, principally consisting of young men and young women, dressed in their gayest attire, already assembled, and at tea. The clatter of cups and saucers, universal conversation, loud laughter, the running about of amateur waiters, the screams for hot water, for more toast, more butter, more milk, and the merry jokes with which they were answered, caused such a deafening tumult, that Mr. Spencer could hardly hear a word of the account which

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Mr. Mildmay began to give him, as soon as they were seated, of the flourishing state of the schools of M——— and of the surprising number of young persons who had become teachers in them, and were thus withdrawn from the dissipation and the vanities of the world.

"When tea was over, the chairman commanded attention by making the usual noises, and said grace. After which he gave out the hymn commencing—

> 'Tis religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live,'

which was well sung, because everybody sung. He then called upon a middle-aged man, the superintendent of one of the schools, to pray. (!) The prayer was over-long, but serious and solemn, contrasting strangely with the previous proceedings. This ended, and another hymn sung, the chairman said he should request their well-known and much esteemed friend, Mr. Scattermore, to speak. Amidst abundant clapping and knocking on the part of the gentlemen, and a buz of remark, inquiry, and ejaculation among the ladies, a young man, of yellowish complexion, with long curling black hair, rather stout, and wearing his surtout and double-breasted waistcoat closely buttoned up to his chin, arose, drew out a white pocket-handkerchief, and proceeded to address the meeting. His speech was long and rambling, interspersed with many anecdotes, some of which were droll enough to cause considerable merriment, full of allusions to his trials and persecutions in M——, and concluding with a pathetic farewell.

"When he sat down the applause was loud and long-continued. Many of the softer sex were in tears; more wiped their eyes; and Charles declared that he heard several of them sob. One young lady near them remarked that it was a most interesting speech. 'Oh he's a dear man!' said another. 'He's a duck of a man!' exclaimed a third.

"There were many more speeches, hymns, and prayers, and the meeting was kept up to a late hour."—*Pp. 69—75.*

"On Sunday the party went to Mr. Scattermore's church. There was a congregation, though many of the principal pews were empty, and others occupied by one or two persons only in each, whose listlessness and occasionally scornful expression of countenance showed that they entertained little respect for the teaching of their minister. Mr. Scattermore, who, as usual, did the whole duty, read the prayers with much emphasis and variety of intonation, but so mismanaged, as to convince at least two of his hearers that he was utterly devoid of taste, and that he understood neither the spirit nor the language of the Liturgy. Moreover, Mr. Spencer remarked that his pronunciation had a twang of vulgarity; and that he was by no means correct in his omissions and insertions of the aspirate. The sermon was upon a text taken from the history of Joseph, and appeared to be the last of a series on that subject. Joseph, the preacher contended, was a remarkable type of Christ. He proved this,—first, by the points of resemblance between them; and, secondly, by the points of difference or contrariety,—the approved method of establishing typical relations, and a perfectly infallible one,—for if you fail under the first head you are sure to succeed under the second. He took it for granted that Jacob, Joseph, and his brethren, were perfectly acquainted with the truths and doctrines of Christianity. And he gave an exposition of several covenants, which, he asserted, had been made by God with man. There were the Adamic, the Noahic, the Patriarchal, the Abrahamic, the Mosaic, and some others. But whether he intended to maintain their dissimilarity, or their perfect identity with each other, was not very clear. His diction was somewhat grandiloquent; and enriched with a frequent repetition of such phrases as 'federal head,' 'covenantal relations,' 'beatific vision,' 'antepast of heaven.' He indulged abundantly in metaphor; his manner was often extremely vehement; and Mr. Spencer thought that he discovered an attempt to imitate a

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certain celebrated preacher, not merely in his general style, but even in the peculiarities of his tone and pronunciation.

"They attended also the afternoon service. The congregation was much smaller, and composed chiefly of servants and poor people. The sermon was extemporaneous, and being intended to be simple, was on the subject of faith. The skeleton was Mr. Simeon's; the filling up partly from that divine, partly from Scott and Henry, but mostly from the resources of the preacher's own mind. By a number of illustrations, none of them very original, he explained, with an air of ease and self-satisfaction, the deepest mysteries of our salvation, or, as he called them, 'œconomy of grace;' and in the same way reconciled the doctrines of man's free-will and God's absolute decrees, proved that predestination did not involve reprobation, and showed the difference between justification by faith and justification by works."—Pp. 77—80.

After this, the Bible meeting in the warden of Berkingholt is tameness itself: and Mr. Scattermore is twice as pungent as Shimei Gadd. What says *our* friend the Record?

One conversation piece, after the Watteau style, in which the Jew Society's deputation figure, is irresistibly comic; though, whether Dr. M'All will, or ought to, like it, we have no means of ascertaining.

"When the rest of the gentlemen, not long after, obeyed the summons to tea, they found Mr. Weatherhead engaged in reading aloud a letter from Jerusalem, not yet published, which had been just received by the Society, and forwarded to the deputation by that day's post. It stated, that there was every reason to expect the speedy commencement of the restoration of the Jews, and of that great prosperity which, according to the prophecies, would attract the cupidity of the northern powers, and so bring on the battle of Armageddon; for that a rich Jew had purchased land in the city, and was beginning to build houses. When the letter was finished, and the due amount of comment and exclamation bestowed upon the information it contained,—as that it was 'highly interesting,' 'most gratifying,' and a 'wonderful fulfilment of prophecy,' Lady Tattleton, in the name of the company, begged Dr. M'Cloud, to whom she offered a seat next her, to explain to them his views of the duties and privileges of the Gentile Church, with respect to Israel.

"'Before I do that,' said the Doctor, 'it will be necessary for me to say a few words upon the intentions of God towards his people. They form the basis of our Society, and, indeed, of all operations in favour of the Jews; but, I believe, they are not so fully understood as they ought to be, though so very plainly and prominently set forth in Scripture. You are a student of prophecy, Lady Tattleton.'

"'Oh dear! yes; it is a sweet subject.'

"'Delightful!' exclaimed Mrs. Whimlingley.

"'Very, oh very!' cried three or four other ladies, ecstatically.

"'Difficult,' observed Mr. Merton, in a quiet tone.

"'Not so very difficult,' said Mr. Roughton, rather morosely, 'if you have the true key to it.'

"'And that, I am sure, Dr. M'Cloud will supply us with,' said Lady Tattleton.

* * * * *

"'Oh, certainly!' exclaimed Mrs. Whimlingley, 'it is a great privilege to be permitted to do anything for a dear Jew. But will you tell us, Dr. M'Cloud, in what way, and in what order of time, these events will come to pass?'

"'The Gentiles,' continued the ladies' oracle, 'will be employed, as I was

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saying, in the preliminary measures. And I think the prophecies point to our nation as that by which the Jews will be assisted in returning to their own land. There will be a great movement among them in all parts of the world; large numbers will become christian, I trust, through the agency of our Society, and they will receive supplies of money and ships to enable them to make their way to Jerusalem. The Holy Land will, about this time, be ceded to them; and their national conversion will be rapidly accomplished.'

" 'Pardon me,' interrupted Mr. Weatherhead, 'I always thought their conversion would take place long after their restoration; and, indeed, after the rebuilding of the temple, and their victories over the Gentiles.'

" 'You thought wrong, I assure you,' said the Doctor, with a magisterial air; 'we have come to the conclusion lately that it will be as I have said.'

" 'No doubt of it,' added Mr. Roughton; 'pray go on, Dr. M'Cloud.'

" 'Do you see, my dear,' said Lady Tattleton, addressing Mrs. Whimlingley across the room,—'do you see whether they are to be restored in their converted or unconverted state?'

" 'I am not quite clear upon the point,' said Mrs. W., 'but I will make a note of it, and tell you my opinion to-morrow.'

" 'Well, I think they will remain unconverted till the second coming,' said Lady Tattleton.

" 'Depend upon it they will not, madam,' said the Doctor, decisively; 'but allow me to continue. While the Jews, properly so called, are removing from all lands to Judea, they will be joined by the Israelites of the ten tribes, who will then recognise their own descent, and emerge from their long unknown hiding-places between the Euphrates and the Indus. In my opinion, it will appear that the Affghans are the ten tribes.'

" 'Indeed!' said Mr. Roughton, 'I am more disposed to think they will be found in China.'

" 'Oh, no,' exclaimed Lady Tattleton; 'I quite agree with Dr. Asahel Grant, who proves that they are the Nestorian Christians. Don't you remember, my dear, (to Mrs. Whimlingley,) how clearly he proves it from the similarity of their customs—planting willows by the water courses, just as we know they did in Judea, and such like?'

" 'Well, perhaps they are part of the ten tribes,' said Mrs. Whimlingley; 'but, I own, I think it far more probable that the American Indians are the main body of them.'

" 'I thought so once,' said Mr. Weatherhead; 'and also, I must say, saw a good deal in the arguments for China; but am now quite convinced by a book I read lately, which proves that the modern nations of Europe are the ten tribes.'

" Other opinions were pronounced. One lady was an advocate for the South-Sea Islanders; and another, for the Hottentots; a third, for a people yet undiscovered in the centre of Africa. Charles whispered to his sister something about the moon, which being overheard by Mr. Roughton, who sat near, elicited from him a severe look, and a groan. Mr. Aylmer, finding that separate discussions of the question had commenced, and seeing Dr. M'Cloud look very disconcerted at the interruption, begged him to proceed. Accordingly, he resumed his prophecy:—

" 'The twelve tribes, having been united in the Holy Land, will divide the country according to the directions in Ezekiel. After they have been some time in possession of it, their prosperity will excite the jealousy, and their wealth the avarice of a great northern nation—Russia, as I firmly believe—which will make war upon them, and invade the land with an immense army. At this period we may look for the second advent, and commencement of the personal reign, in or near the year 2016.'

" 'Dear me!' exclaimed Lady Tattleton, 'I thought the 1260 days were expected to end in the year 1844.'

" 'In 1866, madam,' said Mr. Roughton, 'or I am much mistaken.

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"'I am afraid,' said Mrs. Whimlingley, 'that the numbers in Daniel's vision point to a century later—1966.'

"Mr. Weatherhead preferred the year 1900; and several ladies contended very earnestly for the present, or the next year. Charles Spencer quietly suggested 1836.'

"'Are you a student of prophecy, sir?' asked Mr. Roughton, in a tone of reproof.

"'No, sir,' replied Charles; 'but the author whose opinion I quoted, is, and has been so for thirty years.'

"Mr. Spencer now thought it was time to interfere. He saw that Dr. M'Cloud and Mr. Roughton were getting angry, and some of the ladies 'excited.'"—Pp. 236—243.

And lest we should be thought partial, we conclude this *piquant* group of sketches with "The Reverend Ambrose Loyola Kirkstone, who had graduated at Oxford, and had been ordained to the curacy of Leddenham."* This is "a tall starched figure, cased in a long coat reaching almost to his ancles, buttoned up to his chin, and with a straight collar; he wore his cassock underneath, and a broad-brimmed, or, rather, slouched hat, and his bands; and, evidently, he had not shaved, nor, I imagine, washed, for a day or two at least," p. 285; who refuses to bury children baptized by Dissenters—has adopted the tonsure—restored the architecture of his Church—obeys the injunction of the Church in baptizing by affusion, and receives the Holy Eucharist fasting (which seem to be two capital jokes,) and in his church—

"'Opposite the north door, which was the principal entrance,' said Charles, 'we saw on the wall a large, dim, shadowy cross; and when we asked him how it came there, he told us, that there had been a stove on that side, the smoke of which had blackened the wall; and when he had the stove removed, and the wall scrubbed, he had directed the workmen to leave the form of a cross.'"—P. 289.

"'He then showed us his improvements in the chancel,' said Charles. 'He had removed all seats out of it, and had put up what he called an *oblatarium* (?) on one side, for the elements to stand on before consecration. The altar was covered with a fine velvet crimson cloth, having a great gilded cross in front; and there was a *bronze crucifix* against the wall, and a canopy over the whole. And he had put up as an altar-piece a great picture of St. Peter, with the keys and sheep; for Peter, he told us, was the patron saint of the parish. He had also got together a number of fragments of stained glass from different parts of the church, enough to make a large cross in each of the side windows of the church; and he had replaced the brick flooring just outside the rails of the communion table with a mosaic, composed of black and red tiles.'

"'And after he had shown us all his toys,' added Mr. Merton, 'he unlocked a box under his *oblatarium*, took out a small set of communion plate, with bread and wine, on a stand, put a red cloth over it, and set off to carry it in state to the sick person he was going to visit; the sexton and his boy following in his train.'"—Pp. 289, 290.

"'He thought it great presumption in any one now-a-days to write sermons, and that he preached nothing but translations from the fathers.'"—P. 291.

"'And in his family evening service, he read a kind of liturgy, a short lesson of Scripture, two or three Latin collects, and the Lord's Prayer in Latin.'

* This allusion is a disgraceful personality, like that on Dr. M'All; and another still more disrespectful, (p. 181,) to the present Bishop of London, is beyond, or beneath, our rebuke.

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" ' And wore his surplice,' interrupted Charles; ' and when he came to the blessing, went and laid his hands on the heads of the two maid-servants, and the footboy.' "—Pp. 291, 292.

But to describe him in full, we follow our author:—

" ' When we got to church, we found two great candlesticks, wreathed with flowers, on the communion table, and Mr. Kirkstone kneeling at the rails, with his hood and scarf so arranged* as to form a large broad cross over the back of his surplice. The school-children, as they went to their seats, which were just outside the chancel-screen, each turned, and knelt for a moment towards the table; and so did some of the few people who attended. When the clock struck, Mr. Kirkstone rose, and came to the desk, which was, of course, so contrived that he could turn to the east in prayer.'

" ' You have forgotten his clerks,' said Charles. ' There were four boys, two on each side of him, in the chancel, dressed in surplices, who led the rest in the chants and responses.'

" ' I suppose he read in the sing-song, muttering tone adopted by most of his party,' said the Rector.

" ' He did,' replied Mr. Merton; ' except that he regularly chanted the psalms and the litany.'

" ' And when he announced the psalms and lessons,' said Charles, ' he added, " for Mattins," and " for Even-song;" and before each psalm in the morning he repeated the Latin heading; and in the afternoon, read the whole of the Magnificat in Latin. And before he began the prayer, ' Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time,' &c., he repeated in a loud and solemn tone its title, ' A Prayer of Saint Chrysostom.'

" ' Yes, and told us afterwards,' added Mr. Merton, ' that he had taught the people that this title must be understood to mean, A prayer now offered by St. Chrysostom—an intercessory prayer.'

" ' Talking of saints,' said Charles, ' he announced that the days of Saint somebody, bishop and martyr, and Saint somebody else, virgin and martyr, were to be observed in the week following.' "—Pp. 293, 294.

" ' He preached in his surplice, I presume?'

" ' Oh, of course,' said Mr. Merton; ' his whole tribe consider themselves sanctioned in that custom, as well as in their bowings and scrapings, their altar-candlesticks, their singularity of dress, and all sorts of ' revivals,' by a late unlucky Charge.'

" ' Kirkstone's sermon was upon penance,' said Charles, ' and was from St. Bernard, I think Merton said. He was about a quarter of an hour in reading it.'

" ' There was a communion, was there not?' asked the Rector.

" ' There was,' replied Mr. Merton, ' and we stayed, though we feared, as indeed it turned out, that we should be pained by witnessing a good deal of wretched mummery. When the collection of alms was brought to him, he knelt down before the table, and raised the basin containing them in both hands above his head for a few seconds; he then got up, and, after bowing once or twice, poured out the money on the table, and left it there. He then had the bread and wine brought from his *oblatarium*, (?) and placed them on the table with similar ceremonies. When he came to the word " alms," in the prayer for the church militant, he pointed to the money; and, at the word " oblations," to the bread and wine.'

" ' Tract 86, to wit,' observed the Rector.

" ' Just so,' said Mr. Merton; ' and of all the impudent perversions of the language of the Prayer-book in the Tracts, I think that about the worst. But to proceed. He pronounced the absolution with arms outspread, like

* [We trust in the next edition of " The Rector," &c. to be favoured with a diagram of this cruciform arrangement; at present we are puzzled.]

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a Romish priest, and sung, "Therefore with angels and archangels," assisted by his little choristers.'

"'Yes; and one of them had a small censer of incense,' added Charles.

"'That I did not see,' said Mr. Merton, 'though I thought I smelt it. Well, when he came to the consecration prayer, the bowing was renewed, and he made the sign of the cross several times over the bread and wine, for which, he told us, he had authority from the Prayer-book, but refused to explain himself, as he said he knew that we should not be convinced.'

"'I can give you his explanation,' said the Rector; 'but was there anything more?'"—Pp. 295, 296.

"'The Bishop wrote to him about some of his proceedings, and has been so obliging as to send me the reply he received about a fortnight before your visit. It is in consequence of this correspondence that he is about to resign his curacy. This is the letter:—

"'*Leddenham, Vigil of Saint Enurchus.*

"'My Lord,

"'It is with the most profound reverence that I venture to prostrate myself before the Episcopal throne, and beseech your lordship to accept my humble submission. The slightest word of my Bishop is most deeply felt by me; and I beg to assure your lordship that it is inexpressibly distressing to my mind that any acts of mine should be visited with your lordship's displeasure. But I am far more grievously distressed to think, that these are acts which are all sanctioned by Catholic practice, and Catholic and apostolic doctors. It is shocking to one's Catholic feelings to be rebuked by one's Bishop for one's attempt to approach, as nearly as our present bondage will allow, to conformity with the Catholic church. And nothing can be more miserable than to have to defend one's conduct in so doing, not against schismatics, and heretical brethren, but against those whose duty it is, one would have thought, to encourage all endeavours to restore to our immediate Mother some of the jewels she has lost. I cannot, however, believe that your lordship considers any part of the teaching or practice of the Catholic church, either wrong in itself, or opposed to the principles of the Church of England, or that anything in our Articles or Rubrics contradicts or forbids anything Catholic. The very idea is too shocking to be dwelt upon—one shudders as it passes through one's mind. I trust, therefore, that your lordship will be prepared to admit the sufficiency of the explanation which I beg, with the very utmost submission and respect, to give of those parts of my conduct to which your lordship has particularly adverted.

"'In regard to the arrangement of my sacred vestments, all I have to observe, is, that I have endeavoured to discover, and to follow, that which is described by Saint Ambrose, and other Catholic Doctors, who have treated on this important subject; and that there are no canons or rubrics of our Church, that, as far as I am aware, forbid the arrangement which I have adopted.

"'Your lordship has been misinformed respecting the cross on the north wall of the church. I did not place it there; but when the wall was cleaned, I desired the workmen to leave it.

"'It is most true that I always repeat the Latin headings of the Psalms; and I venture humbly to ask, if they are not to be repeated, why are they retained in our Psalter? I also acknowledge that I frequently, but not always, chant the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis in Latin. And I crave your lordship's attention to the rubrics preceding these hymns, to which I refer in vindication of my practice. They are in these terms: "And after that, Magnificat, (or the song of the Blessed Virgin Mary,) or Nunc Dimittis, &c. in English, as followeth." This I understand to mean "Magnificat in English," *i.e.* "when sung or said in English," "as followeth," but not, of course, when *in Latin*. And I would observe, that when the Church wishes a hymn or psalm to be sung always in the vulgar tongue, she specifies as

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much; for instance, in this rubric, "After that, shall be said, or sung, in English, the hymn called Te Deum Laudamus," daily.

"'Your lordship animadverts on my usage and doctrine respecting the prayer of Saint Chrysostom. Of course, your lordship cannot mean to impugn the Catholic faith concerning the intercession of the saints for us, or the propriety of our invoking them, of which we have so remarkable an instance in the Benedictus, "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest." And I would remark, as before, that the words are *in the Prayer-book*, and, therefore, of some use. And, further, that the word *of* will manifestly bear the Catholic interpretation which I have put upon it, as well as any other. And your lordship would, undoubtedly, (it were shockingly irreverent to think otherwise,) agree with me, that we are bound to put a Catholic interpretation upon all our formularies.

"'An objection appears also to exist in your lordship's mind to my manner of offering the alms of the people at the holy altar, and of replacing the holy mysteries thereon. The rubric enjoins that the former shall be presented "humbly," and the latter replaced "reverently." I can hardly approach the holy altar, especially at such a season, "humbly," without kneeling; and the word "reverently," appears to me, in such a connexion, to imply, or even to express, bowing or kneeling; a "reverence" being a common term for such an act. I must add, that I take care to make such a distinction in my two presentations as is obviously intended by the words "humbly" and "reverently;" for I kneel and bow *after*, as well as before, the latter.

"'Your lordship adverts to ceremonies used by me in consecrating the holy mysteries. I answer, that I follow out what I conceive to be the mind of the Church as indicated by the significant symbols prefixed to the more important passages of the consecration prayer. I make the sign of the cross twice when I take the paten into my hand, as is directed by the double cross (•) placed before the words "took bread," and once when I break the bread, because the single cross (†) is placed before the words "brake it;" and so on, according to these direction-marks, through the rest of the consecration.

"'It would be said, I know, by some, I trust and believe not by your lordship, that these are only marks of reference to the marginal rubrics. But I find the mark (†) continually inserted in prayers in the missals of our sister Church, undoubtedly with the meaning which I attach to it. And, even if it were not so, we are bound, as I have said, to put upon everything the most Catholic interpretation it will bear, and as much upon signs and marks as upon words.

"'Notice is also taken by your lordship of my custom of carrying the holy sacrament of the Eucharist in my hands when I go to administer it to the sick; and of keeping the holy elements in the church. And your lordship alleges the words of the Twenty-eighth Article, as forbidding the practice. Those words are, "The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not, by Christ's ordinance, reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." I beg to reply, that though the Article states that "it was not *by Christ's ordinance* reserved, carried about," &c., nothing is said which forbids me so to deal with it, or to believe that what was not commanded *by Christ's ordinance*, was commanded, and "set in order," by the apostles "when they came."

"'I have only to express, in conclusion, my deep and painful regret that your lordship should have written to me, evidently under excitement, arising from misrepresentation, and misconception, and have appeared to condemn (for it can be only in appearance) somewhat precipitately, unexplained, and unheard, practices and doctrines undoubtedly Catholic. I trust your lordship will allow me to implore you, as one of your most devoted and faithful sons, to reconsider the matter, and to assure you, that I do not for a moment attribute anything your lordship has said concerning my conduct to any indifference to Catholic truth, and Catholic principle, (it is miserable to be

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obliged to make such a disclaimer) but solely to those infirmities inseparable from your lordship's venerable age, which none can more heartily deplore than "'Your Lordship's most humble

"'And most obedient Servant and Son,

"'AMBROSE LOYOLA KIRKSTONE.'"

—Pp. 297—304.

Upon all which we offer no comment whatever; not one of these extracts, either against ourselves, or our opponents, is to our own taste. How much on either side such caricatures will promote peace, charity, and love, let us all lay to heart; and how near it comes to the apostolic "jesting which is not convenient," let the writer especially consider. If slander, exaggeration, and mere polemical wit, will do it, we shall soon be a united Church; but if increased bitterness, irritation, and wrath, are to be our judgment, we have only to regret that some among us, whom we most deservedly respect, have, though in a comparatively slight degree, set an example of which the results are before us. And, for ourselves, if in any measure we have contributed to them, we would gladly unsay any reviling, of which, however, we are unconscious. We claim allowance for the criticism, however satirical, which, in the early part of this paper we passed upon the mere *literary* composition of the work under review; but we trust that we have abstained from studied misrepresentations of serious *doctrine*. We may have been called upon to condemn principles, but we have not held up individuals to laughter; and should any of us require chastisement for the sportive exercise of the sarcasm and jesting, "The Rector in search of a Curate" will read the wildest a severe but useful lesson. May we all profit by this very clever, but mischievous book!

In expressing any strong opinion against the modern religious fiction, we are, we fear, laying ourselves open to misunderstanding in quarters to which we gladly own many and personal obligations. But we feel it a duty which we owe to the Church, to question much the propriety of this class of works in principle; and the book which we have been reviewing is enough to prove the extreme danger of this weapon in unscrupulous hands. Finding the use which has been, and which will yet be, made of it, we had better surrender it; and if it be objected to ourselves that we have been tardy in adopting this conclusion, the reason may be found in the fact, that it often requires an extreme case, such as the present, to compel us to differ in opinion from the many respected writers who have, if not set the example of, yet at least given the license of their own authority to, this precarious style of writing. But though we have not spoken out, we have never been quite satisfied. Neither are we actuated by particular hostility to the "Rector in search of a Curate;" perhaps it excels in the literary power of character-drawing any of the fictions which are altogether unobjectionable, or even praiseworthy, in theology and purpose: and though it is distressing enough to find such deep matters as the grace of the sacraments and justification treated in such a way, and in such a place, yet a reply might, and probably

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will, be made to *our* objecting to this, which we are not quite sure that we can successfully parry. Or even waiving this higher ground of, to say the least, suspicion, surely these religious tales have done their business; the mine is worked out; on every ground, even a critical one, we deprecate the formation of a *school* of semi-doctrinal fictionists. There is a fatal facility, as has been said of ballad metre, in the composition of the works in question which will render them worthless as contributions to sound English literature, and, without undue disparagement, as mere *works of the imagination*, that is, as mere fictions, the very best of them are below criticism. And in the way of helping a solemn and awful controversy, that is, as *religious works*, we find, from experience, that the young of both sexes read them as mere tales, as we used to do Miss Martineau's series on political economy, with a fixed resolve to shirk the principles, and all that purported to have a didactic aim. Here, then, the danger is obvious and instant. There is a significant passage on this subject in the number of the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly, to which we have alluded elsewhere; (and this, as the editor has taken some ingenuity to let us know, is from the pen of a novelist both able and unobjectionable, Mr. G. P. R. James;) and we are not displeased that fears, which we have some months since partially and playfully expressed, are shared in by a writer whose judgment on such a question is not to be despised.

"The Americans are scantily if at all chargeable with another *mistake*—the religious novel; and this is remarkable in a society where shades of sectarian difference abound, tempting the weak and the earnest to controversy. . . Our hearts sink so low while contemplating the vast field of *trashy literature of this class*, with which the readers of England have been inundated, [we are not answerable for Mr. James' confusion of metaphor] and while recollecting that clever women and *learned men* have permitted themselves to use an engine of mere amusement for the discussion of sacred things, that we cannot but record the absence of American 'Cœlebs,' and 'Father Clements' as a sign of health and sound sense worthy of our serious contemplation. We could say more on this point, which must be *one of painful interest to all thinking and believing men*, &c."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly*, No. iv. p. 488.

The reviewer seems to point only to a class towards whose doctrines we have few attractions; but his strictures are not altogether irrelevant in other quarters.* The only sort of fictions, partaking of this character, which we desire to rank entirely above our fears (we confine ourselves to English literature, otherwise the names of Fouqué, and Tieck, and Novalis, would not be omitted) are those of Mrs. Mozley, and that because they have no bearings on *present controversy*, or theology as such: this is to us the *tanti causa doloris*.

To point out by a familiar example the practical lowering of holy

* We would especially desire to exclude from censure Mr. Gresley's works, particularly his earlier ones, in which the fiction is as slender as the dramatic part of Plato or Shaftesbury. It is only when the plot assumes, or affects to assume, sufficient interest to be read as a mere story, that we have our fears.

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associations of which we are in dread. Of course we feel much interest in the improved and more unsecular illustration and "getting up" of books; but have we not somehow got into the wrong track, or overshot the mark? Should the ornaments of the Missal, and the Hours, and the old Catholic Devotion, reappear in the story-book, however religious? We should at once feel it wrong to bind our Bibles like the Keepsake and the Forget-me-not; is it not in the same degree suspicious to find a flood of rubrication well over our most trifling productions; to meet with parish notices studded with initial letters; and the commonest literature "in cloth," bristling with crosses and stanchions, quatre-foils and finials? Even the good taste of the Camden Society has not preserved it from the repetition of a brass on the whitey-brown cover of the Ecclesiologist. There is the whole side of a house in Fleet-street, a newspaper office, one vast illumination and blazonry; and we lately fell in with a *pamphlet* on pews, (a good one by the by,) by Mr. Gillmor, flaming and frowning with church-text, red and black. These being the most extreme, and to us, recent cases of this mistake, to call it by no harsher name, have brought us to the conclusion that we are all wrong together; and it is as well to own our fears, lest we get worse, and fall, from however good motives, into errors even more serious than bad taste. Our greatest present deficiency is in severity, in painting and music, in literature and controversy, in art and ritual, in preaching and prayer, in writing and visiting, in our own hearts, and in our practice.

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1. *A Narrative of Events connected with the Publication of the "Tracts for the Times," with Reflections on existing Tendencies to Romanism, and on the present Duties and Prospects of Members of the Church. By the Rev.* William Palmer, M.A. *of Worcester College, Oxford.* Oxford: Parker. London: Burns, and Rivington. 1843. Pp. x. 112.
2. *The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review,* No. IV. London: Whitaker. 1843.

There will be no lack of materials and contemporary documents for the future historian of the English Church. When another Burnet sits down to write a History of the "Second Reformation," his main difficulty will consist in the superabundance of his records: he will rather have to reject than collect. And there is this very remarkable and palpable difference between the present and all other religious movements with which we are acquainted, that it seems to have gone upon a plan of some sort or other from the very first: at least, some of those who ought to be the best judges, assume this fact. Luther never drew up the plan of a campaign against the then existing state of things in the Western Church: Cranmer and Ridley

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were not in the habit of meeting in each other's rooms to concert a scheme for the rejection of the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, and with an eye, however distant, to the Thirty-nine Articles: Whitefield and Wesley never chalked out any settled rationale of a new schism: and whatever their first essays were towards the mighty results, which, for good or for evil, are connected with their respective names, we at least are deprived of any use to which they might be put; whether our loss is in any way serious, certainly remains questionable. Such, however, is not the case with that great Transition, which is not yet a matter of history. Not only was there a plan, but we are possessed of it, and that authenticated by its authors. Whoever was connected with it seems to have gone—may we say it?—out of his way in presenting at least his own share in it, and that of course not under the most unfavourable colours. But we must give a synoptical view of the whole matter.

Some few years back, Messrs. Newman and Keble, in editing the remains of Mr. Froude, published one of his letters, abounding in blanks and asterisks, all of them, however, *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*, which related to five individuals, and these connected with a sixth; and all of them embarked in what might be, and was in the unguarded language of private intercourse, (*i. e.* in a letter, never intended for publication, though addressed to one who afterwards published it)—styled "a conspiracy," whose object seemed to be a change in the *de facto* state of the Church. This phrase, first employed by a writer, who dealt largely (in private be it remembered) in fervid language, has been eagerly caught up; and though up to this time there had been only a few inarticulate wailings about it, from a gentleman who writes letters to some of the Low-Church newspapers, under the signature of "A Member of Convocation," or "An Oxford M.A." (in such qualifications consisting his not very distinctive claims to immortality,*) in the year 1838, Dr. Faussett, in his celebrated sermon, "The Revival of Popery," if we remember right, by calling attention to it, seemed to suggest that certain individuals of the University of Oxford, names and numbers unknown, had been in the habit of meeting, in secret conclave, for the express purpose, with articles drawn up, and a scheme of operations digested and settled, of introducing Romanism into England, and of getting the whole Anglican Church to subscribe to the Tridentine decrees. How far this wild notion was ever seriously entertained, even by those who advanced it, or even avowed beyond quarters far from unscrupulous, it is now not worth inquiring: but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, and actuated

* We allude to an otherwise insignificant individual, a Mr. Golightly, of Oriel, who says that in some way he was consulted about "the plot," as much, we presume, as Brutus' pocket-handkerchief had to do with the assassination of Julius Cæsar.

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by a sincere desire of soothing public agitation, late in the last year, one of the parties asterisked in Froude's Remains, Mr. Perceval, volunteered a letter to an Irish journal, naming, with one exception, all "the conspirators" alluded to, which were Messrs. Newman, Keble, and Froude, Mr. H. J. Rose, Mr. Perceval, and ——, which —— has been since filled up with the very respected name of Mr. W. Palmer, of Worcester College; who refusing, in the case of Mr. Perceval's letter (which was afterwards expanded by its author into a miscellaneous pamphlet—"A Collection of Papers, connected with the Theological Movement of 1833"), to allow his name to appear in it, has since been "induced, by subsequent circumstances, to throw off this reserve, and avow his responsibility." Hence the publication named at the head of the present paper.

Now, it will be observed that of these six gentlemen, two, Messrs. Froude and Rose, have gone to their rest; two have given separate statements of the rise and progress of this movement (Mr. Perceval's "Collection of Papers," and Mr. Palmer's "Narrative of Events," supply all that can be required to its elucidation; public curiosity has been amply, we had almost said prodigally, catered for in their publications;) and of the other two, Messrs. Newman and Keble, as far as we can understand Mr. Perceval's (Collection, p. 2) very general, and, indeed, somewhat vague allusion to "all parties," whose letters appear in it, we assume that they were consulted before their private and fragmentary papers were brought before the world, and that their consent was obtained to all the disclosures which have been made. The object of Messrs. Perceval and Palmer seems the same; it is twofold:—first, *personal*, to clear themselves from misapprehension on points where they had been supposed, and as it turns out incorrectly, to have incurred responsibility in sharing in all the opinions advanced by their colleagues in various publications, avowed or anonymous, such as the "Tracts for the Times," &c.;—and, secondly, *public*, to show the world, first that in the original "association," as they term it—"conspiracy," as one of themselves sportively phrased it—"plot," as their enemies thought fit to designate it, they had all along maintained certain fixed definite principles, which principles they had always held—which principles were the sole bond of union when they formed the association in 1833; beyond which principles they never had advanced, and never would advance: *but*, beyond which, and here comes in Mr. Palmer's second title, certain writers, not parties to the original association, especially within the last two years, and particularly in the British Critic, had advanced, and this Romewards:—hence, in his case, the need of protesting against "existing tendencies to Romanism." Mr. Perceval's exceptions are not so specific, either because his own feelings do not recognise so much against which he desires to except,—and

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this, perhaps, we might be justified in concluding from the fact, that he remained longer in "*intimate confidence*" with his colleagues than appears to have been the case with Mr. Palmer (Narrative, p. 23),—or because, which is most likely the case, there was not eighteen months ago so much in print against which it seemed needful to protest, as at the time when Mr. Palmer writes; in other words, the Romanizing tendencies had not advanced so far.

Here, then, if ever that paulo-post-future historian of the English Church, whom we have ventured to anticipate, would write under the most favourable auspices, contemporaneous documents exist in unparalleled profusion. Not only has he facts which are unquestionable, but the gloss and comments of those who were the originators of the movement which he is called upon to paint; be he Sarpi or Pallavacino, Burnet or Heylin, Collier or Short, his task it would seem will be an easy one. The facts he can scarcely dispute; the motives it would seem impossible to distort; the end proposed it would, on such indisputable authority, be difficult to mistake. Whose testimony so irrefragable as that of those who not only select their own subjects, but choose their own light, under which they call upon the world to view their pictures? Every avenue to error or misunderstanding appears to have been foreseen and provided against.

And yet with all this caution and careful weighing of contingencies—and we are desirous to express our unfeigned sympathy with Messrs. Perceval and Palmer for the dutiful and affectionate solicitude for truth which they have evinced, and which alone could have prompted narratives, from which pain of some sort or other appears inseparable—may we be permitted to confess a very paradoxical impression? It is that after all—and we protest against being supposed to impugn either their motives or their judgment—after all, they may not, however appearances go, be the best judges of what they contemplated ten years ago. It seems to us, of course we speak doubtingly, that no man, unless he can assume the prerogative of controlling distant results, which are out of his own power, can decide whether these or those effects are or are not in strict conformity with his own original intentions. At the best, we are not infallible judges of what ought to come of any line of action; and yet more, is it not usually the case, that we view at such a distance even our former avowed purpose rather under the refracted medium of its success or failure, than in the pure light of our first conceptions? Is it quite clear that the parties to the original association had any distinct purpose at all; or is it proved that though they all agreed in some definite formula and certain means, which is beyond a doubt, that they all proposed the same end, or viewed *it* from the same point? Because, upon

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the resolution of these queries will of course depend—not the present faithfulness of what they now record as their intentions, which is unquestionable, but—the fact of the real nature and tendency of what they then agreed to. Viewing it from a very abstract position, we are not prepared to assume it as an axiom that the *animus imponentis* is necessarily and in all cases the true standard of interpretation; knowing, that is, how our minds are withheld or stimulated under certain conditions by something extraneous to our own powers. If Caiaphas prophesied unconsciously, may we not—we speak of it but as a theory—be in some such way influenced to take a certain line for ultimate results, and which are independent of our own volition, and which never could be a matter of distinct personal contemplation to ourselves? It is one thing for us to say, that the present state of things is very different from that which we had hoped and anticipated would have come of our association ten years ago; and thus far, we not only concede their right to criticize and protest, but thankfully accept the instruction which we trust to derive from the labours of divines so gifted with charity and learning and high principle as Messrs. Palmer and Perceval; but it is surely another thing to assume—as they have done—that our present deplorable state, with all its dangers and dissensions, and we are not desirous to understate such, indeed the existence of which all admit and bewail, arises for the most part from an abandonment of *any* fixed principles, to which, if all the original parties had maintained their allegiance, no such disasters would, or could, have followed. All then turns upon this single point—what were these original principles of 1833, and are Messrs. Palmer and Perceval the legitimate exponents of them? To this question we propose to address ourselves; and this not, we trust, in a captious spirit, but with Mr. Palmer's own most amiable object, "not to add to our divisions, or to create unkindly feeling in any quarter; but to obviate mistakes which might have a most injurious effect on the cause of truth."—P. 89. Oh! could we but in our measure contribute to this healing end; could we but prevail on ourselves and others calmly to trust the issue in His hands, and to possess our souls in peace; could we but distrust our own weak judgment, and be persuaded that He not only can, but will, bring order out of even this wild chaos of misunderstanding and perplexity; then there would be less room for explanation and apology, for these harassing protests and distinctions—these apparent differences—these distressing confessions—these approaches to mutual recriminations and suspicions—which however needful, are still very, very sad!

Mr. Palmer has ably and forcibly drawn the state of the Church of England in the year 1832. Indeed, it has been so often and so faithfully pictured, that we can but indicate its prominent features. However, rather than copy too much from the

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work, which is the more immediate subject of discussion, we prefer an extract from a contemporary review,* and this the rather because it will be seen that its author's statements, though viewing the matter under a different light, and with an object altogether dissimilar from ours, yet bear out the position to which we wish to confine our notes. The Foreign and Colonial Review argues that the movement was *ab intra*, of the whole Church—that it was a development of the Church's mind: to which we add, if so, then it may be that we give undue prominence and authority to the acts of certain individuals; what they thought or what they intended is partly beside the question: their step, though most important, was but a link in a chain. We are not consequently bound to attach too much weight to the account which they now give of their projects: it is somewhat too hard and technical a view of God's providential care of His Church, to fix it in grooves of our own devising. Why are we to confine ourselves to the *principles* of the Tracts for the Times, or the *principles* of the Hadleigh conference, or the *principles* of the "Churchman's Manual;" What are these principles? Are they crystallized? The Foreign and Colonial Review denies that "the original and casual thought of three or four individuals" was the sole cause of the commencement of the great religious revival. We assume this position; and we then say that if so, though Messrs. Palmer's and Perceval's statements cannot be otherwise than valuable, they are not authoritative criteria; they are not decisive as to what *ought* to have been our present state: that serious errors have been committed, we should be very loth to deny; that none would have occurred, that all our deficiencies would have been supplied, and none of our requirements as a Church overlooked, upon Mr. Palmer's ideal, we think that we may be permitted to pause before we admit. The truth is, that far and wide the Spirit of the Lord was blowing, elements of change were rushing from every quarter of heaven.

"Without taking particulars of exception into view, but regarding the operation as a whole, that operation has been a development from within of the mind and sense of the Church itself; not proceeding from fortuitous causes, not coloured by individual caprice, nor by merely individual genius, piety, or earning, but a tribute providentially supplied to the imperious necessities of the

* In mentioning our new compeer, we desire again to express our satisfaction at the general line of this periodical, now completing its first annual cycle. If, as is said, the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly is the political exponent of the commerce and economy of the Board of Trade, it is not too much to assume that the article on the present state of the Church, from which we quote, may be deemed the view taken of our present needs by the able author of the work, which has assumed the dignity of an English Classie—"The State in its Relations with the Church." The importance of such a view can scarcely be over-estimated; and had Mr. Gladstone made a somewhat fuller admission of our present needs, towards understanding which, however, a layman is debarred from the fullest access, there were little to desire in this very valuable paper.

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time, whose emphatic language sounded in the ears of the English Church, bidding her either to descend from her eminence, or else to assert its prerogatives and discharge its duties. It was impossible for her any longer to stand in the public opinion upon the grounds of political utility, of national tradition, of an accommodating tone of doctrine, too long and too widely prevalent, which, instead of rousing dead consciences like a trumpet, made itself in a certain sense agreeable and popular, by humming and lulling them into deeper slumbers. Administrative abuses, such as non-residence, pluralities, and the progressive reduction of sacraments and other services, had reached a most frightful height; and the progress of reforms late begun for some time appeared to be so slow, that it was to be feared the scythe of the destroyer might overtake them, and remove the abuse and the thing abused together. The clergy were, as a body, secular in their habits; and, unless in individual instances, had fallen altogether below the proper level of their lofty calling, although they continued to be much above that of general society. The lives of the portion of our youth intended to recruit their ranks, were generally unrestrained; and they passed at the period of their ordination, from indifference or dissoluteness to decency, rather as a matter of social arrangement, than as the fruit of any religious emotion, or effectual training for the most sacred and awful of all functions. Those who were pious and earnest, had for the most part to frame standards of character, of discipline, and of operation, for themselves; so that the priestly type, in its sanctity and elevation, was almost obliterated. A faithful few, indeed, ever continued to exhibit it, in their teaching as well as in their life, embodying the true spirit of the Church: but they were lights rather each to his own sphere, than to the country as a whole. In fact, the Church of England at large had seemed at one time to be rapidly approximating, in practice, to the character of what a powerful writer denominates, in homely phrase, 'a sham;' an organization of vast dimension and detail, professing to convey to the door of every native of the country Divine grace and knowledge, but really being and meaning to be little more than a provision for supplying younger sons, tutors, and incapable persons in general, with an independent livelihood and a position in society; and for the perfunctory discharge of a minimum of religious offices in public places but just kept weather-tight for the purpose, without the establishment of anything like a personal and spiritual relation between the pastor and his people, and without the smallest appreciation of the high and holy aims embraced in the adjustment by our forefathers of her services and her discipline.

"This, we say with pain and shame, was what the Church of England appeared to be about to become."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 556, 557.

"We do not say that the elements of which the best theological teaching ought to be composed, have as yet, in any school, or in any large proportion of writers or teachers among us, adjusted themselves, by their reciprocal action, in a perfect equilibrium; but the fundamental proposition which we seek to establish and illustrate is this—that the popular divinity of thirty years ago, although it had indeed many recommendations in comparison with that which it resisted and displaced, and although it sprung from the vivid re-awakening of religious instincts and desires, yet did not spring out of nor stand in harmonious relations with those principles which belong to the constitution of the Church, and did not avail to secure for those principles and that constitution their proper place in the Christian system. And thus the restorative process, which we rejoice to honour, even in its crude commencement, was both narrow in its extent, and, what was worse, faulty in its quality, because it did not comprehend the elements necessary for its own permanent immunity from deteriorating influences.

"But strange indeed it would have been,—at least in the view of those who regard the Church visible and Catholic as the everlasting Spouse of Christ, dowered with the gifts which He purchased with His blood and tears,—most strange to them it would have been, if in a great religious revival that Spouse

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had not found herself a voice for the assertion of her prerogatives; not, indeed, as if it were to do battle with her foes, like earthly potentates, for the sake of acquisition or possession, of admiration or renown, but because her prerogatives are also her duties, and by them alone can she discharge aright the high trusts committed to her by her Lord. And so, in an order which seems to us to bear every mark of the hand of Almighty wisdom, after that the embers of faith and love had been extensively rekindled in thousands upon thousands of individual breasts throughout the land, there came next a powerful, a resistless impulse, to combine and harmonize the elements thus called into activity, to shelter them beneath a mother's wings, that there they might grow into the maturity of their strength, and issue forth prepared for the work which might be ordained for them to perform. This was to be done by making men sensensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate His gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations; nor again was it to leave them unaided, to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and co-operation practicable among the children of a common Father: but it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level, to feed them all with one food, to surround them all with one defence; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community, and brotherhood, and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.

"That, therefore, which we are now discussing, was not the original and casual thought of three or four or more individuals; it was a link in the great chain of causes and effects, by which the mind of this country has now, for half a century and more, been made the subject of so remarkable and of so general a religious progression and development. To have had the smallest share in impelling the movement of which we speak, was indeed an honour; to have had a greater share in directing it, a surpassing crown; to have marred it by temerity or excess, among the heaviest of sorrows: but do not let us suppose that, in contemplating it, we are contemplating an affair of mere individual volition; it is, as a whole, the divinely prompted answer of our Christian humanity to its own cry for its proper meat and drink; it is as much the offspring of providential necessity as any great historical event of any age; let us add, it was the infallible sequel and complement of the work of religious renovation, which began apart from, and almost in antagonism to, ecclesiastical rule, but which never could be complete or fully worthy of its Author, until it ceased to deal with men as isolated individuals, and steadily and uniformly regarded them as members of that Divine society, within which they are appointed 'to grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love.'*—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 559, 560.

"We assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the progression of which we speak is, as a whole, the progression not of a party or section, but of the Church. Some few individuals there may be, who may have been scared through their own sensitive timidity, some few who may have been scandalized by particular excesses or defects of act or language, into a mood of more decided aversion or suspicion towards Catholic principles and practices, than any of which they were formerly conscious; but even here, as we believe, the process has rather been to evoke what was latent, than to infuse what was new. But, when we speak of the country and of the Church at large, it is evident that the body, as a body, moves forward, from year to year, we might almost say from day to day, in the line of Catholicism: of Catholicism we

* Eph. iv. 15, 16.

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admit, regulated and tempered by the Anglican mould in which it has been cast, but involving all its essential principles, and more and more predisposed to their development."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, p. 561.

But it is high time to learn what these principles were. Mr. Perceval states them ("Collection of Papers," p. 13,) "as in their matured form, dated Oxford, September 6, 1833, drawn up by Mr. Keble."

"'Considering, 1. That the only way of salvation is the partaking of the body and blood of our sacrificed Redeemer.

"'2. That the mean expressly authorized by Him for that purpose is the holy sacrament of His supper.

"'3. That the security by Him no less expressly authorized, for the continuance and due application of that sacrament, is the apostolical commission of the bishops, and under them the presbyters of the Church.

"'4. That, under the present circumstances of the Church of England, there is peculiar danger of these matters being slighted and practically disavowed, and of numbers of Christians being left or tempted to precarious and unauthorized ways of communion, which must terminate often in virtual apostasy.

"'We desire to pledge ourselves one to another, reserving our canonical obedience as follows:

"'1. To be on the watch for all opportunities of inculcating on all committed to our charge, a due sense of the inestimable privilege of communion with our Lord through the successors of the Apostles; and of leading them to the resolution to transmit it, by his blessing, unimpaired to their children.

"'2. To provide and circulate books and tracts which may tend to familiarize the imaginations of men to the idea of an apostolical commission, to represent to them the feelings and principles resulting from that doctrine in the purest and earliest Churches, and especially to point out its fruits as exemplified in the practice of the primitive Christians; their communion with each other, however widely separated, and their resolute sufferings for the truth's sake.

"'3. To do what lies in us towards reviving among Churchmen the practice of daily common prayer, and more frequent participation of the Lord's Supper. And whereas there seems great danger at present of attempts at unauthorized and inconsiderate innovation, as in other matters so especially in the service of our Church, we pledge ourselves—

"'4. To resist any attempt that may be made to alter the liturgy on insufficient authority; *i. e.* without the exercise of the free and deliberate judgment of the Church on the alterations proposed.

"'5. It will also be one of our objects to place within the reach of all men sound and true accounts of those points in our discipline and worship, which may appear from time to time most likely to be misunderstood or undervalued, and to suggest such measures as may promise to be most successful in preserving them.'"—Pp. 13, 14.

Upon which Mr. Palmer observes:—

"It is, however, a mistake to suppose that either of them was finally adopted as the actual formulary of agreement. It always seemed to me, that, however true in a certain sense might be some of the doctrines comprised in those documents, their introduction as fundamental conditions of our union might create much embarassment, and might limit the sphere of our utility, in prematurely obtruding on the friends of the Church questions, which, either from want of knowledge, or from the difficulty of adopting unobjectionable phraseology, might cause offence rather than promote harmony and cooperation. There was some difference of opinion on the question of the union of Church and State, which some of our friends* seemed inclined to regard as an evil; while

* Mr. Keble and Mr. Perceval.

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I (and perhaps* another) was desirous to maintain this union, notwithstanding the evidently hostile disposition of the State, and its tyrannical suppression of the Irish sees, because, as it appeared to me, we could not attain absolute independence, and the power of self-legislation, and liberty to elect our bishops, except by sacrificing the endowments of the Church, on which our whole parochial system, and the dissemination of religious truth throughout the land, are practically dependent; and, considering that no plan had been suggested for the election of bishops which was not liable to objections and to evils, fully as great as any which may exist under the present system of nomination by the Crown; considering also the fearful consequence of leaving our clergy as a body dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people, who were wholly unaccustomed to the discharge of such a duty, and would be disposed to shrink from it; I could not but think that any efforts which went towards the separation of Church and State, would be injurious to the Church, as well as unavailing in themselves, and prejudicial to our union. Circumstances might be supposed, indeed, in which the Church should be prepared to make the sacrifice of her endowments; *i. e.* if she could only retain them *by relinquishing their vital principles;* but, on the occasion now under consideration, we were not reduced to this extremity."—Pp. 7, 8.

But Mr. Perceval again restates them distinctly in two places; one on the express authority of Mr. Palmer himself, in a letter dated Oxford, August 23, 1833.

"The two principles of the society would be—a firm maintenance of the apostolical succession, and a resolution to preserve the integrity of Christian doctrine in our Prayer-Book; that is, not to allow it to be watered down into Socinianism. Such would be simply *the* principles of our Society."

This is Mr. Palmer's own account. (Collection, p. 13.) And similar is Mr. Perceval's own account of them:—

"On the breaking up of our meeting at the house of Mr. Rose, at Hadleigh, Mr. Froude and Mr. Palmer returned to Oxford, from whence, after they had consulted with the two others [Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble], I heard from them both [*i.e.* Froude and Palmer] to the effect that it was agreed we should at once make an united effort, &c."—*Perceval*, p. 16.

Now all that we claim for these "principles," is that they be construed with the utmost latitude; and that no one party put his private interpretation upon them to the exclusion of the others. Supposing, which we conceive a possible case, Mr. Newman or Mr. Keble were to publish their narrative or statement, at the present moment, we think that they might make out quite as good a case for their present and possibly more developed position as Mr. Palmer and Mr. Perceval for theirs: we charge neither "pair of friends" with inconsistency; but we can, at least, believe another interpretation of these same principles, quite as honest and trustworthy and sincere, as that presented to us in the commentaries which we already possess, and yet even one quite different.

Neither are we left altogether to mere conjecture as to what each party meant by subscribing the *Formula Concordiæ* of 1833. Messrs. Palmer's and Perceval's exposition is before us; in the main features, though there are shades of difference, it is identical;

* Mr. Newman.

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what sense Mr. Rose affixed to it, we have fewer materials for determining. Mr. Froude's may be easily anticipated; and towards ascertaining what the *then* views as to the future held by Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman were, and what sort of progression they contemplated, we have materials—in no quarter, that we remember, sufficiently noticed—for gaining a tolerably safe approximation. And, we think, that it will be found that, *in limine*, these two latter theologians took a larger range than their two friends: that they anticipated a change much more extensive; and that, in *their* case, the *development* of the Church, —to use the phrase which is now the great stumbling-block, we had almost said, party signal or pass-word—was foreseen as likely to be more general, and that it ought to be more general, than Messrs. Palmer and Perceval then contemplated, or are even now disposed to acknowledge.

On Sunday, July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble preached an assize sermon in St. Mary's, Oxford, containing very strong and momentous language on the then existing state of the relations between Church and State: this sermon he afterwards published with the startling title of "National Apostasy," and in the preface, alluding to the suppression of the ten Irish Bishoprics, he spoke in these very memorable words:—

"The anxiety of churchmen turns not so much on the consequences to the State of what has been done, (*they* are but too evident) as on the line of conduct which they are bound themselves to pursue. *How may they continue their communion* with the Church *established* (hitherto the pride and comfort of their lives), without any taint of those Erastian principles on which she is now avowedly to be governed? What answer can we make henceforth to the partisans of the Bishop of Rome, when they taunt us with being a mere parliamentarian Church? And how, consistently with our present relations to *the State*, can even the doctrinal purity and integrity of the MOST SACRED ORDER [sic] be preserved? . . . This [to deprecate and abjure the tyranny] seems the least that can be done: unless we would have our children's children say, 'There was once here a glorious Church, but it was betrayed into the hands of libertines for the real or affected love of a little temporary peace and good order.'"—*Preface*, pp. iv. v. July 22, 1833. [The bill having passed between the preaching and printing of the sermon.]

Mr. Keble, though the most retiring character of all those whose names have been brought so publicly before the world—perhaps from his peaceful life the more eminently gifted with an almost prophetic intuition—has always been in advance of his age. Referring to the Christian Year (?) Dr. Pusey, in 1837,* spoke of him as one "who *in years past* unconsciously implanted a truth which was afterwards to take root;" and we think that, in the passage just quoted, published before the Oxford articles were drawn up, is contained very much more than at that time Mr. Palmer foresaw. Our present distresses are almost literally foretold: to attempt to preserve "peace and

* Dedication of "Fifth of November Sermon."

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good order," consistently with higher duties, he saw was hopeless eleven years ago; and even then serious doubts were entertained and expressed by him as to the possibility of remaining in the Anglican communion; and a great fear was expressed that in conducting the Roman controversy we should have great difficulty in proving that ours was better than a parliamentary Church; and that the purity of the Episcopate itself—and consequently the very essence of the Church—was perilled, if not impaired.

Here, then, was Mr. Keble more than eleven years ago doing what? exactly what ardent minds are so strongly censured by Mr. Palmer for doing now: speaking of our Church "unduti-fully," as it is called, doubting of the continuance of the sacred presence in her—apprehensive that the Church, as at present *established*, might have ceased to be Catholic, and uncertain whether the Romanists might not have the best of it in an argument on their favourite τόπος of State interference and Acts of Parliament. But are we saying that all this proves a Romanizing tendency in Mr. Keble? God forbid: but we only quote it for this double purpose, that those who say the same thing at present, may be as far from Rome as was Mr. Keble in 1833,—and again, that be present tendencies what they may, they were shared in and expressed by one of Mr. Palmer's own colleagues many years ago; and though while we are writing, they may be more widely spread, yet the germ of them is anything but novel: it is not only coæval with, but anterior to the date of the Suggestions, &c., and the lay and clerical addresses to the Archbishop of Canterbury. If, then, at this time Mr. Keble had openly avowed such sentiments as we have quoted; and if, with all this, as Mr. Palmer forcibly observes, there was in *all* the parties to this movement,—

"No dishonesty on our part; no wish to promote Romanism; no disloyalty to the Church of England; no want of charity towards any of her members; no design, except that of seeing all the principles of the English Church in full and active operation; no wish, but that of promoting the glory of God, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men!"—Pp. 89, 90.

some among us may claim from the charity of their brethren that same immunity from suspicion and censure which Mr. Palmer cheerfully extends to Mr. Keble in 1833, even if *they* say now what *he* said then.—But what of Mr. Newman?

"I trust that in speaking of recent theories of 'development,' a sufficient distinction has been drawn between the views of an eminent and much respected writer, and those of other men. I would not be understood to offer any opposition to the former when rightly understood; but there is much vague and dangerous theory afloat elsewhere on the subject. The continual cry of the 'British Critic' for 'development,' 'progress,' 'change,' &c."—*Palmer's Preface to Narrative*, p. ix.

And elsewhere kind and courteous language is used respecting Mr. Newman by Mr. Palmer, who goes out of his way

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to indicate, that, bating minor particulars, he is for the most part at one with Mr. Newman's published doctrine. And yet, if we recall certain passages in the History of the Arians, published in 1833, and written "in the early part of 1832," (see Advertisement to that volume,)—we allude particularly to the celebrated chapters on the principle of the formation and imposition of creeds, and on the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity,—views are propounded as to the inherent principle of development in the Church, which, were they now to appear for the first time, Mr. Palmer would be apt to censure as extravagant, and all would reckon of the strongest. A passage from Gregory of Nazianzum, cited by Mr. Newman with approval, p. 169, seems to us to go very far in declaring the very οἰκονομία, to which Mr. Palmer would except.

But why are we thus particular in affixing to Messrs. Newman and Keble, at so remote a period, these very high sentiments? Because we think that they go far to establish our position, that there was not in 1833 that perfect identity of views and aims which Mr. Palmer seems to claim for all the parties to the original Oxford Association; and, to repeat our observation, that some of them might mean much more by embarking in such a scheme than others profess, and that with all good faith, to have done. Our sole difference with Mr. Palmer is, that we are not bound to attach so narrow and restricted an object, even to the principles enunciated ten years back, as he now construes them with. From the very first, as the course of events, particularly in the publication of the Tracts for the Times, was not slow to show, there were two, at least, lines of thought which soon diverged.

And—shall we own our impressions?—we are disposed to think that the fact of the very frequent revisions which the enunciation of the bond of union underwent, is a sufficient proof that the harmony was never complete and entire. The final document has, at this distance, rather the appearance of cautious wording, which was meant to combine and to conceal real differences, than to proclaim perfect identity of sentiment. There appears in the address to the Archbishop particularly, something like an effort to combine discordant elements. It was rather too guarded; one clause of it about "proved defects" is little short of an equivocation: the orthodox meant it in one sense, the reforming body was asked to sign it in another; and Mr. Palmer's boast, that it was accepted by all parties in the Church, knowing what irreconcilable differences now as then divided us, is in our eyes anything but a commendation of its trustworthiness as an exposition of principles which could be legitimately carried out in all their inferences. In illustration of which an anonymous communication printed by Mr. Palmer is very noticeable.

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"*October* 24, 1833.

"I thank you much for the copy of the 'Suggestions,' which I duly received, and think them drawn up with both ability and caution, and defining very accurately the object of the Association, and supporting the measure by reasons which must satisfy every reasonable mind. Your letter I confess staggers me, for I am no novice in the points at issue, between the two parties designated Orthodox and Evangelical, and my conviction is, that without compromising fundamentals, no union between them can be formed. Such a union I admit to be most important; I could almost say so to us both, and I am quite prepared to forget all the past, and to give to every individual of the latter class the right hand of fellowship with all the cordiality possible, if they will lay aside Wesley's conceits, and return to the genuine doctrines of the Reformation. . . . . I do not say these things to throw cold water upon your measures, but merely to urge deliberation, and the obtaining a clear understanding of the views of those to whom you join yourselves."—*Palmer*, p. 104.

And a subsequent acceptance of it is even more suspicious:—

"*Norwich, Feb.* 1, 1834.

"I have heard of only five or six persons in this radical county, who have positively refused to sign the address; and their opinions in general have very little weight in the Church. Whigs and Tories, Evangelicals and High Churchmen, who have on no occasion been induced to act together before, have readily united in the present measure."—*Palmer*, p. 105.

Indeed, how Mr. Palmer's strictly technical and formal view of the Anglican Church could, for any practical purpose, long remain combined with those larger aspirations of his colleagues, who were from the first admirers of the non-juring Theology, p. 24, and who openly exclaimed against the union of Church and State, (Palmer, p. 7; Perceval, p. 12,) we are at a loss to conceive. And the very Erastian objections (Palmer, Narrative, p. 98,) even to the guarded address to the Archbishop, and the wish expressed by ——, (we believe a son of Bishop Tomline,) not to go into "questions relating to *episcopacy, apostolicity, and so forth*," (*ibid.* p. 106,) and even the opinion expressed by one so able as Mr. Rose, (*ibid.* p. 105,) that "the necessity of reviving *discipline* in the Church ought not to involve any controversy upon doctrine," go far towards proving that the meagreness of the original principles, and their over scrupulousness as to bringing out the distinctive and spiritual nature of the Church, was their chief recommendation in too many quarters where they gained acceptance.

On the whole, then,—not that we would, even in thought, suppose Mr. Palmer to share in these unworthy suspicions which we have quoted,—our view of the Association of 1833 is, that, for the sake of rallying the clergy round such Truths as they held in common, and for the estimable, though polemical, purpose of presenting an uniform and bold line of defence, objects in which it was successful to a great extent, it necessarily involved too much compromise and suppression of earnest convictions to be long maintained,—that it cannot be quoted as a very accurate or distinct indication of principles at all,—and that the division which Mr. Palmer would seem to ascribe to

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subsequent steps really existed at the time of its formation too strongly and seriously to make their continued concealment compatible with honesty on either side. Mr. Palmer tells us that he "looked as kindly on one set of *men* as another;" and so viewing them, merely as sets of men, he was right, we think, in doing; but the avowed principle of the association was compatible with looking as kindly on one set of *opinions* as another; and considering that then, as now, the grace of the sacraments, the apostolic succession, baptismal regeneration, the doctrines of grace and unity, and the power of the keys, articles of the creed and catholic verities, were openly denied, we cannot think that it supplied any basis of permanent union. Let it be remembered that we are not blaming it as a particular measure on a particular emergency; to summon all who held posts in the Church to rally round her, was not only summoning them to their plain duty, but it was also a preliminary which might enable those who had in them the capacity of entering into a living and holy Unity, to see, and learn, and understand each other's minds. But, obviously, this latter must be a subsequent process, not provided for in the watch-words of the association, remaining, it may be, still in progress; perhaps necessarily involving, in that progress, the very perplexities, eccentric movements, uncomfortable suggestions, individual crudities, which Mr. Palmer deplores, and which he seems to think altogether alien from the Catholic movement. Supposing that it were a permanent basis, it could not amount to more than a truce which could be kept but upon a negation, rather than an assertion, of that "Liturgy, which embodied, in the language of ancient piety, the orthodox and primitive faith," (Address to the Archbishop;) it would suit the meridian of Berlin, and the evangelical church of Prussia, rather than the stern theology of Oxford. For such reasons, then, we argue either that Mr. Palmer has attached undue importance to, or has interpreted too narrowly, the gist, and it may be the real value, of the Oxford Association.

We have been particular on this point, not because it were in itself of such vital importance, even though Mr. Palmer had, from the peculiar bias of his mind, been disposed to overstate the value of that isolated course of conduct upon which he lays so much stress, and in which he was the main agent, or to understate the dissatisfaction with those ultra-Protestant tendencies at work in the Church entertained elsewhere: we say that it were comparatively indifferent in itself, though we had established, as we think to some extent, that we have done, the existence in Mr. Palmer's chosen associates of fixed resolve to expand in every direction the energies of the Church,—to give it fuller and freer breathing-room than it had ever enjoyed since the Reformation,—to supply, if it might be, some of those deficiencies which the, in many respects tragical, era of the

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Reformation had caused,—deficiencies which Andrewes in his prayers lamented, and which the Hampton Court Conference, and the rule of the Caroline prelates, and the Savoy changes, only partially met; and thus, in a due sense, even to unprotestantise, if we may construe that perilous phrase as equivalent to catholicise, the English Church. But we have spent this time with an indirect object, which is to claim for many minds among us, even though they are of the "dissatisfied" and "developing" school, a warmer sympathy than they seem to receive from Mr. Palmer's award. What we mean is, that there is a very large and influential body, animated by the best spirit of loyalty and dutifulness to the English Church, and *without the slightest tendency to Rome*, (on which we shall have something to say presently,) whose wants must be recognised, and whose resolution, under God, to claim their full heritage in the Church of their baptism, must receive not mere attention, and a cold polite hearing in high places, but a frank and unsuspicious measure of cooperation. The day is gone by when spiritual needs can be adequately supplied, or rather repressed, by a hard literary weighing of evidence. We have obtained the verdict from our spiritual Fathers; how long shall we be denied the solid, substantial estate for which we went to law? It seems to be little short of mockery, if, as the Foreign and Colonial Reviewer proves, the great "majority of the late Episcopal Charges" are in an upward direction; if they all tend, more or less, to "assert and vindicate the legitimacy of high views relating to the Church and sacraments," p. 562; and if "men in general are coming more and more under the power of the great essential principles now at issue," p. 563, to see all these fine prospects on paper, and to look out into the world and find so little *done*. There is in too many quarters an inadequate perception of what still remains to do.

It is not every one who has the means of forming a judgment upon so complicated a question as the positive effects upon the mass of men's minds of certain principles. Very far are we from desiring those who have accompanied our remarks thus far to accept us as infallible guides as to the actual state of the Church. We can but witness what we know; and since for our own individual testimony we shall have to give account, we are not altogether without a sense of our responsibility: but could we select individuals whose estimate, both of our condition and prospects, would naturally be drawn in colours far too bright, we should name studious men, who, happily for themselves, are removed from a very close contact with the thousandfold religious distresses of men and women of opposite characters and pursuits; who live but with others of kindred views and sentiments; who know the Church of England rather from an extensive acquaintance with its literary treasures than from per-

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sonal experience of the working of its *actual* system in the life and death of Christian souls; in preserving holiness in the unspotted, or in inspiring reverence in the worldly, or in urging penitence upon the sinner. We speak of its general, not of its particular, success. It is neither fair nor kind to brand with the severe names of undutiful and reckless censurers those who in the bitterness of their hearts know, from a miserably and daily increasing experience, how utterly defective in converting the world the English Church system—*not as it ought to be, but as it is*; the *de facto*, not the *de jure*; the real, not the ideal Church—has proved; how far her works have fallen short of her capacities. Divines, in their studies; men of high rank, in their cabinets; nay, even our Most Holy Fathers, who are promoted from the headship of a college to the headship of a diocese, and who see but the culled fruits of the Church, who are welcomed by crowds, respectful, dutiful, and often liberal, at consecrations and charity sermons, who mix with none but avowed Churchmen, and for none but Church purposes, who preside over meetings where nothing but success and glowing anticipations are permitted to intrude;—none of these know the defects of the Church so well as those whose humbler office it is to wrestle with the awful doubts and despondencies which come across the individual souls of their flocks; who look into "the doctrines of antiquity of our formularies and of the Scripture itself; who are schooled in the doctrines of Bancroft and Andrewes, Bramhall and Taylor, Hammond and Beveridge, Bull and Wilson" (Palmer, p. 85); and who find in all these writings high doctrines, which if they preached now they would be perhaps pelted from their pulpits—most certainly libelled in the newspapers, nicknamed papists and traitors, and all but openly persecuted; whose sole consolation is to be tolerated, whose highest stimulant is immunity from direct censure: these find their Church claiming the power of the Keys, and yet many, perhaps most, of its clergy never dreaming even of such subordinated exercise of it as is clearly in their power;* these are priests of a Church which "has

* We refer to the minor excommunication, which we apprehend the parish priest can, and ought to, inflict on certain occasions. When he repels from the Holy Table, his part is to communicate with the bishop, whose duty it will then be to take the case out of his hands. But so possessed are the clergy with the notion that they are obliged to give the Sacred Elements to any one who chooses to come up to the altar rails, that grossly incapable persons are allowed to communicate. We know one case, which we hope we may call an *extreme* one. A noted Socinian radical connected himself, for political purposes, with the congregationalists of his neighbourhood, there being no body of his own persuasion within it. He was an attendant on their Sunday worship; but, being a Socinian, could not be admitted to their communion. Why he should have wished for communion at all, is not very clear; but being, because of damnable heresy, debarred from the fellowship of a schismatic assembly, this man actually received the Eucharist periodically in the parish church, at the hands of an incumbent, who styled himself orthodox and High Church.

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lighted up the blazing title of Catholicity on her brow" (Foreign and Colonial Review, p. 555); and yet, with all this proud lineage, which stoops, in the persons of her avowed ministers, to companionships with "all denominations;" which claims apostolic descent, and yet which now never excommunicates a single member, lay or cleric, even though he shall deny every article of the apostolic creeds; and in which not sufficient spiritual authority resides, or at least is exercised, to rebuke or coerce a Mr. Spencer or a Mr. Noel. Surely there must have been for centuries at work in us some malign influence which has rendered our Church history but a series of reactions against consecutive evil tendencies. If there is a power of compensation, there is an equally strong one of derangement in our system as it works. At the best, to recover lost ground—to witness for ancient truths all but forgotten; to protest against false doctrine, heresy, and schism, all but universal; always to be laying anew the old foundations; without ceasing to be recalling all our members to the most elementary principles of the faith;—this need for a never-ending struggle; gradually to rise, only to fall more fearfully; and never to be at peace, save in the last century, when Death's twin brother, Sleep, had universal sway. This is the history of the English Church; these have been the results, whether legitimate or not, of our working as a Church. In Butler's time, infidelity was the rule, rather than the exception: this was the disease; what was the remedy?

"To obviate infidel objections, and to render Christianity more easy of acceptance, the mysteries of Revelation were, to a certain extent, explained away; its doctrines were lowered; it was made to approximate as closely as possible to the standard of human reason and philosophy."—*Palmer*, p. 70.

This was the age of unbelief, checked by the age of the evidences.

"The extravagance and irregularities of sectarianism, led many to dwell on the necessity of external regularity, without duly appreciating the spiritual privileges connected with visible ordinances, or seeking after the spiritual life of the Church, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 71.

This was the age of schism and fanaticism, checked by the age of formalism.

"And the reaction against this unconscious formalism did not correct the downward tendency of things; but aided it, by concentrating the whole of religion in the acceptance of one or two dogmas; by underrating the importance of the remainder of Revelation; and by overlooking the mysteries and graces of the sacraments."—*Ibid.*

This was the age of formalism, checked by the age of the negation of the Church. It is thus Mr. Palmer reads the history of the last hundred and fifty years; and what does it amount to, but reaction against reaction; one disease expelled and replaced by another; a fever cured by an ague; and a dropsy healthily terminating in a consumption? It is but a

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succession of dangerous tendencies; it is but a ghastly procession of evil spirits:

> "Show our eyes and grieve our heart,
> Come like shadows—so depart."

And thus "the one faith" of the Church, in fact, does not amount to more than a periodical revolution of contradictory movements, always aiming at, but always failing in acquiring the true medium—a pendulum, always oscillating too far one way or other.

Such is our past history, even upon Mr. Palmer's own not unfavourable showing. And for our present state, it were sin not to acknowledge, with the most unbounded gratitude, the benefits of the present revival: it is a fact, marked and undeniable, proved by the admissions of friends alike and enemies, willingly or unwillingly tendered, cheerfully paid or grudgingly extorted, that the Church of England, "in all her ranks and orders, is now the subject of a great moral and spiritual development." (Foreign and Colonial Review, p. 566.) Such an advance alone is the surest proof that the PRESENCE OF THE GREAT HEAD OF THE CHURCH HAS NOT BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM US, AND IS NOW MORE BOUNTIFULLY THAN EVER POURED OUT UPON HER: we claim to insist, in all its latitude, upon the blessed truth that, in spite of all our defects and backslidings, we are still part of the Communion of Saints, in which alone reside the gifts and promises of everlasting life; our sacraments, however their teaching is lowered, are true sacraments; though Catholic communion is interrupted, the sin of schism is not ours. The simple fact, that, with all our errors, we are what we are, daily increasing in good works, extending our missions and episcopate, retaining our ancient privileges, boasting of our ancient truths and doctors—this alone must and shall keep us true and dutiful children of our Holy Mother in the Faith. But we dare not shut our eyes to the true state of things; we must not be blinded to present duties, or to the consciousness of past losses. If the defenders of Church principles were never so active as at the present moment, their opponents were never so openly rancorous against them; never, in the history of the Church, were its fundamental verities so openly attacked, and that without rebuke, as among ourselves. There is abundance of private protestation against abuses, but we feel the need of authoritative condemnation. Take a single fact: we compare our present state, not with Continental or Anglican Romanism, not with mediæval Catholicism, but with the Church of the first three centuries: we take ground which Mr. Palmer would be the very last to object to. What would the Church of Nice and Constantinople say, to a priest who was openly and most solemnly excommunicated by his own Bishop, presiding over a public assembly, which was attended by presbyters of

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another bishop's obedience, and that other bishop never rebuking or cautioning these clergymen for joining in prayers, and other Church rites, with this excommunicated priest? The Church Missionary Society claims to be a representative of the English National Church; our Primate and Bishops are at the head of it; and yet this society sends a deputation of its members into the diocese of the Bishop of Aberdeen, and requests a presbyter, Sir Wm. Dunbar, who was excommunicated by the Bishop of Aberdeen, to preside over its meetings, to assist its objects, to collect funds for it. How would the Church of the first ages have treated such a case?*

Again: the dogmatic decisions of the first four general Councils, at least, are the law of our Church, as to the Catholic Faith. Would it not be possible to preach every heresy condemned by those Councils, in nine pulpits out of ten in England, without a murmur, to say nothing of a censure? Nay, is it not a fact, that the clearest heresies, condemned over and over again, are taught, not only orally, but in print; and this, too, without an attempt, on the part of the Church, at canonical and ecclesiastical branding? Would the Church of the Fathers have permitted, without formal protest, one half of its clergy to deny Baptismal Regeneration and the Apostolic Succession? Can we conceive the early Church disputing and questioning whether it did or did not hold the simplest fundamentals of the Christian Faith? Would not the communion of Athanasius have risen as one man, with a voice alike indignant and uniform, against what is now passed over unquestioned?—a Church claiming "authority in controversies of Faith," and

* The ninth Nicene canon runs, "As to those who being either in the clergy, or in the rank of laymen, have been excommunicated by the Bishops in every province, let sentence prevail according to the canon (Apost. Can. 12) that they who are excommunicated by some be not received by others." The second canon of the Antiochian code, "It is unlawful to communicate with excommunicated persons, or to pray with them in private houses. If any bishop, priest, or deacon, or other who belongs to the church, communicate with one excommunicated, he also shall be excommunicated." The fourth, "If any bishop being deposed by a synod, or any priest or deacon deposed by his bishop, *do perform any part of* his liturgy, he shall never have any hopes of restitution, or of having his cause heard in another synod; all that dare communicate with such a one are cast out of the church, especially if they had heard of the sentence past against him." The fifth, "If any priest or deacon despising his bishop, separate from the church and hold a private assembly, and fix an altar and disobey the first and second warning of his bishop, let him be finally deposed, and have no further remedy, and not again admitted to his honour." These two last canons are cited as canons of the Universal Church, by the œcumenical Council of Chalcedon, and incorporated into its code. Of the great African code also, we quote canon 9. "The bishop or priest who receives to communion one excomunicated by his own bishop, let him be looked on as guilty of the crime for which the other is excommunicated;" canons 10 and 11, "If any priest being condemned by his own bishop make a separation, and erect another altar, and do not complain to the neighbouring bishops, and stand to their award, but make a schism, and a separate sacrifice, let him be anathema." These are the canons of the Church Catholic, and they form the body of the canon law, which is *the* Ecclesiastical law of universal Christendom, and of all provincial Churches, such as that of England, unless—which is not the case in this instance—superseded by a canon of the particular provincial Church. We have adopted Johnson's translation.

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yet without a voice; assuming to be the source and bond of unity, and yet permitting, not merely discordant, but contradictory doctrines to be taught; year after year deploring the need of "godly discipline," and yet taking no step to recover it. Surely we must be deficient, and that to no slight extent, in the temper and in the rigid faithfulness of the primitive times.

Suppose that we have converted an earnest and religious-minded person from one of the countless forms of schism among us—we have proved what the Church is; we have enlarged upon the duty and need of catholic unity; we have shown that the Reformation did not, as far as we are concerned, break the principle of such unity; we have shown what the spirit and life of the Church of the Scriptures is,—that it is no barren formalism, but a living soul, a Presence of Heaven upon earth; we have produced our ritual; we boast that it contains all saving faith, the true doctrine of the sacraments, stores of devotion enough to satisfy the most aspiring and the most craving; we have enlarged upon the perfection of her theory, that she has retained all catholic truths, free from modern corruptions (and from our deepest heart we believe that such is the real character of the Church of England): and all this sounds and reads most cheeringly; but how is the earnest and sincere inquirer chilled and disheartened when he looks out into the actual state of things! how does cold reality damp and disappoint this lovely picture!—churches closed, services neglected, the ritual mutilated, our truths compromised—but we have not the heart to finish our enumeration. Will not such an one be tempted to think that we take up this noble theory but as a mere controversial argument—that we are glad enough to have recourse to it to silence inconvenient objections—that we wear it like a holiday robe, but that it is too fine and ethereal for the needs of common life?

On the present occasion we will not go into that debateable question, whether even the theory of our Church might not be higher; we own that we think it might; we purposely restrict ourselves to the very lowest stage of the argument; and we do ask our brethren fairly and candidly to acknowledge our present state—neither exaggerating our defects or our advances—and to inquire whether it is not very different from what we might be, and what we must be, and even what we once were.

For ourselves, let us not be taunted with the charge of precipitancy or impatience; it is not that we desire "*to point out defects without suggesting, at the same time, a feasible remedy,*" (Palmer, p. 80;) such conduct were rash, undutiful, presumptuous, and inconsistent to a degree; but we have enlarged upon our present needs only because we are certain that the remedy, under God, is already within our reach. Every layman even has the most vital interest in the full privileges of his own Church; he can claim that there shall be no stint and grudging withholding of them; let us all but combine, let us cease not

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crying day and night, and we shall recover all that is only in abeyance. We claim but the privilege of the full restoration of our whole Prayer-Book, in all its rites and doctrines, in all its majesty and beauty, and we ask at present no more. We acknowledge deeply the perplexities of a time of transition; we own that perhaps we are not worthy of the gifts which we have despised; let it be a question of time and prudence, or even of degree, *but let the claim itself be conceded*—let its abstract propriety, at the very lowest, be fully and formally acknowledged. It is not so much a question of mere taste in architecture—it is not for their own sakes that we enter into the details of vestments and music, of ritual observances and rubrics, of splendid churches and gorgeous services—we view these things but as witnesses of a state of things which we have lost; they are indisputable evidences of what we once were; they are but tokens of what we once more claim to be. It is a matter of the plainest history that the Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the Church of England, and that it was other than the Church of the nineteenth; why are we to rest satisfied if we are less than the Church of Andrewes and Bramhall and Laud, or less even than the Church of Ridley and Bilson? Nay, more, if it be an indisputable fact, that the development of the Church since the Reformation has been gradually and significantly in a more catholic direction, if we once more require liturgical readjustment, why should we not be further developed upon the very same principles? But, abating this strong antecedent argument in favour of a yet more catholic tendency to be introduced into our present system, the very least that we ought to be contented with, consistent with faithfulness, is the very most that we have ever been; and, we repeat it most emphatically, the standard short of which we dare not stop, is the whole* Prayer-Book without the slightest abatement; and till we have gained this, to talk of duties to the English Church is simply nugatory.

We cannot in silence pass over the existence of tendencies to Romanism. They do exist, and deeply do we deplore them. It is no longer possible to conceal them: it is treacherous to attempt to explain them away. We admit that they are increasing: we by no means share in the apologetic tone adopted towards their occurrence in the Foreign and Colonial Review. They are very important and very alarming; they are deeply seated and widely spreading. We desire not so much to apologize as to account for them; and here, should it be needed, we own that, with some exceptions, for we have no space as we

* The only shadow of an argument against us is that of Mr. Robertson's How to Conform to the Liturgy? He proves clearly enough that we have never since the Reformation come up to our standard. Well, then, let us do it now. Though David might not build the temple, it was permitted to Solomon. Her principles and practice have been inconsistent, this is the fact: does it follow that they are to remain so?

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could have wished to go into the specific heads of objection, we coincide in much, or in most, of what Mr. Palmer has objected to in the British Critic. Literary etiquette might hitherto have deterred us from speaking in condemnation of a fellow-labourer: but, since it is understood that, in deference to an amiable feeling of some sort, this Review is to cease, or at least that it will be deprived of its editorial identity, such scruples no longer exist; we might, therefore, if this were the occasion, review it as a complete work, but this is not our object. Few who have watched our labours can charge us with sympathies towards that portion of the Critic's principles which Mr. Palmer condemns; and, were it needful, we would subscribe to the condemnation of a list of errors of the Church of Rome, nearly, perhaps, as full as those catalogued in the stern bill of indictment which is now preferred by so full a jury against our contemporary. It may be that we could have wished Mr. Palmer's tone had been rather more in sorrow and less in anger; and we could have welcomed more passages in a strain like this:—

"The proofs of the tendency to Romanism which I am about to produce, will be chiefly taken from the 'British Critic;' but let me not be misunderstood as involving in such a charge, *all the writers* who have contributed to that periodical. Many articles have appeared, which are perhaps *wholly* unexceptionable. Many others are only slightly tinged with objectionable principles. Even in the most Romanizing parts, there is frequently much which we cannot wholly disapprove. Still, there is a decided leaning *on the whole* to Romanism, and there is nothing *in opposition* to this tendency. Even the best articles present no *antidote* to the errors which are to be found elsewhere. They do not sufficiently restore the balance. They contain no refutation of Romish errors; no vindication of the opposite truths; no attempt to revive affection to the Church of England; or to defend her principles or her position. All is unhappily consistent *in fact*, and tends to one system only; though *positive evil* is not found in all the articles. Indeed the excellence of many of them only renders the danger greater."—*Palmer*, p. 47.

Indeed, we think Mr. Palmer has scarcely done sufficient justice to the warm piety, the earnest, unworldly, fearless spirit which also characterised considerable parts of the British Critic. For those who had sufficient strength and discrimination to avoid its dangers, even in the very worst of its Romanizing articles, there was always much to elevate, to chasten, to subdue: we never read one, we trust, without profit, though we thought that not only insulated passages, but the general tone of this Review, entirely unfitted it for an unregulated perusal. However, let all this pass: the fact is beyond question: some of the writers in the British Critic have never sought to represent their late sentiments as those of Anglican divines of any century; their object, then, must have been either to mould the English Church into plain, downright Romanism, and that of the most extreme type, (we are speaking of doctrines all along,) or, being already Romanists for all practical purposes, their policy must have been, gradually and secretly, to undermine the

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faith of members of a Church of which they had already ceased to be members. There is much matter of painful interest in the following very severe language:—

"Those who are thus continually labouring to *write up* the Church of Rome, and to disseminate doubts and objections against the English Church, its Reformation, its doctrines, articles, liturgies, apostolical succession; those who are thus undermining in every way the Church, and preparing the way for secession from its communion—are either in doubt as to the propriety of remaining within its pale, or they are not. If they are not in doubt, they have either made up their minds that it is a matter of duty to remain in the English Church, or else to unite themselves with the Roman Communion: no other alternative can be supposed. Now, let us consider how far the line of conduct which has been pursued by the 'British Critic,' and by the individuals to whom I allude, can be justified under either of these alternatives.

"1. If they are *in doubt* whether they ought to remain in the communion of the English Church or not, then it is inexcusable, nay *sinful*, to promulgate doubts and difficulties, and to assume such a tone in regard to Rome, as has a manifest tendency to unsettle faith in the Church of England, when it is still *uncertain* at least whether she is not a true Church. If it be possible that our duty is due to her, it is surely inconsistent in us to let fall a single expression which may have a tendency in the slightest degree to place a stumbling-block in the way of discharging that duty. I cannot conceive a greater pain than the feeling that we have been instrumental in raising doubts, when doubts ought not to have existed; when our own infirmity of judgment, and our own want of knowledge, were alone to blame. If any man entertain *doubts* in regard to the Church of England, he is bound in conscience to seek silently for the solution of those doubts; to cease from writing or speaking on subjects in which his own opinions are *unsettled*. No one deserves any blame for being in doubt on religious questions, unless, indeed, that doubt has arisen from too great confidence in his own powers, or from some other moral fault; but it is really inexcusable in any man, who is himself involved in the perplexities and dangers of doubts in religion, *to publish those doubts to the world*—to involve others in his own dangers and temptations.

"2. If men are satisfied that it is a matter of duty to remain in the English Church, then I say, that it is wholly inconsistent with that duty to excite a spirit of doubt and dissatisfaction in the Church, and to tempt its members, in every possible way, to secede from its communion. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the practice of disregarding its authorities, encouraging disobedience and disrespect to its prelates, and discontent with the Church itself, as if the great mass of its members were engaged in measures hostile to the true faith. It is sinful even to contemplate the possibility of voluntarily separating from the Church under circumstances of persecution or obloquy. Notions of this kind tend to diminish the horror which every Catholic should feel at the very notion of schism.

"3. If there be any who are secretly convinced of the duty of uniting themselves to Rome, and who are waiting the moment to declare themselves, while in the mean time they are labouring to insinuate their own persuasion amongst the duped and blinded members of the English Church—No—I will not believe that such disgraceful and detestable treachery and hypocrisy can exist in any one who has ever partaken of sacramental privileges in the Church of England. However appearances may seem to justify such a belief, I cannot for a moment entertain the notion of such revolting iniquity:—and yet it is impossible to offer any reasonable answer to those who suspect that there are individuals who remain in the Church only with a view to instil doctrines which would otherwise be without influence—to gather adherents who would otherwise be safe from temptation."—*Palmer*, pp. 66—68.

But for the causes proximate or remote of this tendency, or even more than tendency. What may have influenced the

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writers in the British Critic we have no means of ascertaining: it might be only a one-sided study of controversy: it might be, in the first instance, a certain affectation of singularity; or it might be the concurrence of such causes as the following. Who can tell the influence upon sensitive and upon thoughtful minds of the immense contradiction between our Anglican *claims for the Church* and our Anglican *practice in the Church?* If few could recognise what we profess to be in what we are,* we may deplore, though we can scarcely wonder at the existence of doubts, perplexities, difficulties, stumblings: blind gropings in the dark after a more beautiful and consistent ideal, are sad, but not altogether unnatural: when there is so much of chill and reluctance in allowing us to use, in all its richness, even what is left, when there is on every side so fixed a resolution only to yield us even our rights upon extortion and compulsion, what wonder if some sicken at the miseries of such unequal struggle and conflict, and, as we think, weakly and unwisely close with the insidious offers of what assumes—and only assumes—to be all peace, all unity, all devotion, all Heaven? If we would retain the wavering—if we would animate the feeble—if we would take away from the traitor, if such there be, all shadow of an apology—it must be by claiming, and maintaining our claim, to the full heritage of the Church of England: WE MUST PETITION FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: we must have restored to us rights of which we have been unjustly deprived: our rights as Christians—our rights as Priests—our rights as laymen—our rights as Bishops; our respective duties towards each other as citizens and subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven must be declared, and, if need be, readjusted. If any order is out of its place, if one assumes the pre-eminency, or if another refuses obedience, the respective standing of each must be settled. We have laws, they must be obeyed: we have a constitution, it must be acted upon as well as talked about. If privileges have been unjustly withheld from us, they must be restored: if the poor in spirit, the hungry and thirsty after righteousness, are pining, we must open our granaries, teeming as they are with corn and wine and oil, which we keep under lock and key, to be hoarded up and to be boasted of, rather than consumed by those whose right it is to be fed. We have quoted our Prayer-Book quite

* It was the observation of an intelligent American clergyman, who lately visited this country, that in England, where the Church is the dominant hierarchy, less of its real working, less of its outward influence upon society was perceptible than even of the Church—which in numbers and establishment is not beyond a mere sect—in the United States. What surprised and appalled him was to see, to hear, to *feel*, so little of the Church: the world of England seemed to him to go on as though there were no Church; such sentiments might be exaggerated: having heard so much of the noble Church of England, and finding so little of it, we can account for his disappointment. We shall never forget his blank dumb horror at the first Cathedral service which he attended in England: the glorious dream of a life was dispelled in an instant: he had crossed two thousand miles of sea to realize it, and he found it little better than an empty delusion. But the anecdote at least shows that we have much to do before we come up to our very large professions.

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long enough, we have squabbled to satiety about rubrics and canons: all that is settled; now let us begin to live upon them: let us have an authoritative declaration, that nothing short of the use of the whole Anglican Ritual*—in all its doctrines—in all its discipline—in the whole majesty and power of its spirit and its form is dutiful allegiance to the Church of England: let this be declared and *practised*, and we shall soon hear less of tendencies to Romanism. The most fatal check to Rome would be, if England were to do her duty as a Church.

If we would retain some of our most devout and earnest members, who are by hundreds "straggling towards Rome"—some of our most affectionate and warm-hearted, we do not say strongest-headed, children—it will only be, it can only be, by becoming at once, in fact, what we have ever been on paper. It is not new power that we claim; let us use and extend what we have; we demand no change of principles: it is simple restoration, not reformation, that we are now pleading for. And if truth, not expediency, is to be our measure of duty, it is useless to say that, in carrying out the perfect theory of the English Church, even though we should succeed in retaining some who are wavering in their duties from Romish tendencies, on the other hand, we should lose more who would lapse into schism. Even if it were so, there are so many incurables among us, so many who ought to go out from us, dreadful as it is to own, that this alternative does not seem so very formidable. But we much question the fact: we think that it would operate rather the other way. Once show those, be they dissenters or low churchmen, that the Church is a power as well as a theory—once let her lift up her voice and be seen of men—and many, who dispute her claims because she is not felt, who cannot be brought to believe that if all our authority ends in empty sound, it really exists, will cheerfully and reverently concede to that which is in earnest what they will for ever deny, and have much justification in denying, to a mere hollow pretence. So that, either way, to check some members from Romish tendencies, to impress others with the conviction that Church principles are "real ties, more deep and tender than human imagination can conceive" (Palmer, p. 72), our only hope is the admission of all our needs, and the fixed determination in every quarter to supply them.

But could we anticipate one state of things than another more favourable to the most frightful growth of the present

* We desire these phrases to be construed with some latitude. As Catholics, we must have much freedom of action. When we speak of the present Prayer-Book as our rule, we do not desire hereafter to preclude ourselves from adding to it. The Scotch, and, in one particular, the American, Liturgy is a standing memorial of what we ought to be; and in the way of loss, the recognition of religious houses, and the furnishing them with peculiar offices, and, it may be, a rule—daily communion—a penitential *system*—a pontifical—the division and greater frequency of our present services—the incorporation of missions into the Church, and some *ordo predicandi* arranged for the use of missionaries—these are but specimens of our needs.

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hankering after Rome, it would be at the present moment by adopting a policy dangerously conciliatory towards those who openly defy and deny Church authority, and laugh at the very notion of Church principles. If, to take the instance which we find quoted in the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly, "the Holloways and Sutcliffes," or if the Drummonds and Spencers, are to go on preaching and publishing what they please, with full license to deny plain articles of the creed; and if those only are to be checked and repressed, if not with open censure, at least with chilling indifference, whose only fault is their strict and often very incomplete—incomplete because discouraged—obedience to the letter of the Prayer-book; this, we say, is to hold out a premium to the spread of Romanism among us. If such discipline as we have in the Church is only to be exercised on those who admit its necessity, and will submit to its enforcement, however rigorous or partial, and if the most certain way to escape censure altogether is openly to deny that its power exists, either in the Church or the episcopate, this would be the most certain, though most melancholy, mode of disheartening all zeal, of discouraging all sincerity and self-sacrifice; of instilling the most painful and dangerous suspicions into simple and earnest minds; in a word, of furthering the principles of Romanism in the most effective way which its most devoted partisans could desire.

In conclusion, we cannot in silence pass over those unhappy, though we believe sincere, persons who have become apostates from the communion of their baptism. We cannot conceal from ourselves, or from our readers, that their number is on the increase; that they have sufficient or any tenable reason for "going over" (the phrase is becoming a new and melancholy idiom) we have already said enough to show that we utterly refuse to believe; it is the height of temerity to deny the existence of Christ's presence among us; the blessed hope of everlasting life, the confidence and assurance of the satisfying powers of grace, are rooted too deeply in English hearts to admit of doubt; were *evidence* needed in a matter which is not one of proof only, our very disunion is a sufficient witness of the glory that is about us; and where this is, and where He is, it were reckless, blind obstinacy, the desire only to please ourselves, to suit our own tastes, to gratify our own private inclinations, and to snatch at more than He is content to give us, to seek for another home. We would be the last to implant an additional sting in the bosoms which must have, or ought to have, been sufficiently agonized before resolving on such a step; but, already there are signs, in the second defection of Mr. Sibthorp, that Rome itself is not a *panacea* for doubts and perplexities. To change one *body* for another, and this upon evidence which we cannot distinguish from an exercise of obstinate private judgment, must be such a shattering of the whole principle of faith and obedience—such a disruption of the entire moral system, that we

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should be surprised at no extravagances or heresies—witness Mr. Blanco White's case—into which snare "new converts" might fall. It was argued, and successfully enough, by Mr. Dodsworth, we think, at Mr. Sibthorp's first defection, that he, at least, could not afford to say that Anglicanism was unsatisfying, because he had never given it a fair trial. May it be ours never to hear the reply that the Church of England herself would never give her children the possibility of making a fair and full trial of her: this it is to deprecate which all our observations tend; to prevent this it is that we clamour for Catholic emancipation; here it is where the argument most painfully pinches us; we would fain be permitted to have a good answer here and we have no fear about the rest.

And it is under this consideration that we think the conduct of the recent converts to Romanism is so very un-English: we had almost said shabby. The very way in which these "goings over" are conducted, shows much latent suspicion in the goodness of a cause; *transfuga* is the Latin word, and we cannot disconnect it from the notion of a deserter. Never to consult friends, *or even families;* to be lost for a week; to announce a step upon which the soul may be perilled by a penny-post letter from Oscott; to lodge no appeal with a bishop whom they have served, and to take no advice from those with whom they have been domesticated; to dive down at Littlemore, and to be lost to sight till they bob up at St. Chad's as "acolytes;" if this were not too serious a matter to laugh at, it would be scarcely more than simply farcical. If really and truly their souls were undergoing a perilous sifting, if they had not resolved upon this step without the most earnest prayer, if they had well and long weighed the conflicting claims of the two communions, and if, at last, they resolved in favour of Rome only because England was deficient in the signs of an apostle—was too cold—too narrow—too hard—too grudging; then surely, and we put it upon the lowest ground, if ever their minds were possessed with the slightest or a single suspicion, at any time, that spite of appearances England might not be wrong, surely the Church of their baptism and ordination was worth struggling for; it was worth making a public and solemn appeal for; it was worth a trial to make it better, more holy, more religious; it was worth some agitation to recall it at least to its professed character; if they were defeated, and if their claim boldly and dutifully urged, were rejected,*—well, that is another question: but since these gentlemen, from Mr. Sibthorp to Mr. Seager, have not done this, their conduct to us appears—we advisedly use

* Lest this aposiopesis should be misconstrued, we speak plainly when we say that no possible circumstances could, to our mind, justify individual Anglicans in entering the Romish communion, short of a general and total apostasy in every other branch of the Catholic Church. Should our candlestick ever be all but taken away, should our Church ever formally commit herself to heresy, the seven thousand would still be

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a very strong and offensive phrase—to be sneaking and unmanly: we may pity them—pray for them—weep for them, but we dare not respect them. And with respect to the conduct of the Romish ecclesiastics in this country, who encourage this single-file desertion, we quote with cordial approbation our contemporary's strictures,—

"But however infinitesimal the results, the *animus* of the proceeding cannot be mistaken, and it is this—deadly hostility on the part of Rome to all that is not herself; hostility towards the Church of England more active and unceasing, when her catholic character is clearly and pointedly developed, than when it was partially obscured by the prevalence of secular and conventional notions, or of those which are the birth of unmixed or of sectarian Protestantism. If the Romish writers of this country really anticipate, according to the professions in which they frequently indulge, that the national Church will be brought back to them by the efforts of the Oxford writers within her pale, why do they do everything in their power to render the position of those writers difficult and intolerable? If they look to re-union of the whole body, why do they use their utmost, and not always the most scrupulous exertions, to draw out of that body those whom they profess to consider most likely to operate upon its character in a sense favourable to their designs, and to place them where their influence upon it is necessarily at an end? Nay rather, where it is converted into a force of absolute, of most powerful repulsion? If they desire to see our worship made more like to theirs, do they know so little of Englishmen as to dream that that purpose is most likely to be promoted, and jealousy most likely to be allayed, by their setting up the rival, the schismatic altar, in every spot where funds can be found to lay one stone upon another, and by their giving out that, in consequence of the increase of Puseyism, their separate and hostile congregations are continually multiplied and enlarged? There are two modes of proceeding in such matters, each adapted to its own view and object, but reciprocally at utter variance. The one is by proselytism; the other is by tenders of friendly approximation. The last contemplates the coalition of two bodies, the first seeks for the exhaustion and thereby the destruction of one of them. Resort to the latter implies a belief that there exist the essential elements and conditions of union, and that they are in process of hopeful development: increased activity in the former betrays the consciousness that amalgamation is becoming not more easy, but more difficult, or rather wholly beyond the range of hope. It is in this attitude that Rome now comes among us. She plants her emissaries here, nearly as she would plant them in a Pagan country. She seeks to attract, almost to kidnap, our schoolboys, our women, and whomsoever else she can, even as if she were the ancient Church, rescuing intended victims as she could from the pollutions of the Pagan mythology. A few there may be—and we believe Mr. Ambrose Phillips may be named as one of them—that endeavour to turn the course of active effort towards pacification between the Churches, and away from the pursuit of that partisan warfare, which does so much more to embitter and estrange the mass than to enlist individuals; but we must look to the rule rather than the exception. It appears to us to be clearly such as we have described. The alarms, as we believe, much more than the hopes of those Roman Catholics who are less Catholic than Roman, were excited by the reaction in favour of that powerful theology, which, in the seventeenth century had utterly baffled the efforts of the Papacy for the recovery of its dominion in this island; their hopes may in turn have been raised more than their alarms by the more recent manifestations of Romanising tendencies among a very few; but whatever the

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left, and that, we are assured, not without bishops to maintain a Catholic succession. Circumstances again may arise in which individuals may find it to be their duty to retire into lay communion. We can readily conceive *such* cases; but for apostasy to Rome we can establish neither justification nor excuse.

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motive, of the result we cannot doubt; as Mahomet offered the Koran or the sword, so Rome has written on her banners in this battle-field, the alternatives only of internecine war or absolute surrender. And they, whose inmost hearts shudder at the miseries of religious conflicts—they who would rather give their hands to be burned than dip their pens in polemic fire—they who, like Falkland, would fain amidst the din of battle invoke only and incessantly the sacred name of peace—they must, we conceive, brace themselves to a sterner mood, and, not in disobedience to love, but rather in fulfilment of its commands, must hold that great plainness and adequate freedom of speech is to be used, and that abundant patience, energy, and learning should be applied, not less to pointing out, for the admonition of the light-minded and unwary, the doctrinal and ecclesiastical corruptions of the Church of Rome, and the gross schism of which, in this land, she is guilty, against the chairs of the succesors of the Apostles, than to restraining the wild invectives of those who write against her in passion or in pride, and to the repudiation in her favour of charges that are not warranted by truth and justice."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 590, 591.

The times are, indeed, sufficiently feverish: new elements of sorrow and doubt are daily adding themselves to the "present distress," of which not the least is Mr. Newman's resignation of his living. Probably some personal reason alone has instigated this step, into which neither we nor others have a right to inquire: but as it is timed, or as it has happened, such an event becomes invested with importance which otherwise would never have attached to it. Oh! how many an aching heart, and throbbing, tortured conscience, might not, at this juncture, his calm noble spirit cheer: we speak but for ourselves, and such language can scarcely escape the charge of intrusion, but we are sure that we only echo the secret thoughts of thousands—thousands who have been animated by his holy life—warmed by his beautiful teaching, in sermons unequalled in the whole range of English literature—who hitherto have been content if not to follow, at least to accompany, his steps, when we almost beg him to assure the timid in their steadfastness by his own declaration of dutifulness. There are times in which we must do violence to conventional forms; and this crisis is not one upon which we can afford to be over delicate or scrupulous. However, as we hear that his last sermon at Littlemore will appear in the forthcoming volume of sermons, our hopes are not perhaps destined to be disappointed.

But we have altogether parted company with Mr. Palmer: he has undertaken a very painful duty, and on the whole, abating such points as we have not been reluctant to dissent from, and making all allowance for a peculiar cast of theology, we think that, with his sentiments, he could not have done other than he has; he really was called upon to speak out; and, upon the whole, we can augur much good, though not unmixed, from his publication. It is likely, and perhaps was intended, to bring things to a crisis; such we think will be rather its effects than those which he would anticipate; effects altogether of a soothing and quieting character. From some of his incidental criticisms on, and objections to, the British Critic, we altogether dissent;

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some points, not perhaps excluding his notion of development, (though in this matter we suspect that his views and our own are not far asunder,) he has pressed to an undue extent: and his strictures on anonymous publications, although, like every suggestion of his, they cannot be otherwise than valuable, and are not to be dismissed without due consideration—(we find that they are also expressed by the Foreign and Colonial Reviewer) —we cannot at present coincide in—for we think, and had we time, would show, that the advantages overbalance the disadvantages, however great. However, we desire to suspend our judgment on so important a subject: it is not to be passed over in a paragraph. We do most respectfully thank Mr. Palmer for the advice which he has tendered to all controversial and periodical writers; and we cannot conclude better than by reading ourselves a very useful and needful lesson; although we believe and trust that our own pages have been kept tolerably free from the faults herein condemned.

"I would also venture to suggest (and the suggestion is offered alike to all parties) the necessity of abstaining from the perusal of controversial writings, and especially from the study of journals and periodicals, *the circulation of which depends upon the amount of excitement which they supply.* I am persuaded, that no one who permits himself the habitual study of such publications, can fail of imbibing their tone, and of thus being gradually filled with irritated and angry feeling. I am sure that many excellent men would have recoiled with horror from the perusal of such writings, had they been aware of the frame of mind to which they were about to be unconsciously led. It almost seems to argue distrust in the soundness of a cause, when we are for ever seeking for arguments to sustain it. If 'Tractarianism,' as it is sometimes called, be dangerous and pernicious, if it had been marked by censures, why is it necessary to dwell longer on the subject? Is it wise or right to continue the controversy, to the exclusion of almost every other thought or interest; to mark all its turns and windings, to listen to every alleged error, and dwell on every alleged instance of folly or of guilt? Do not such studies tend to disturb the heart, and disqualify it from the higher pursuits of religion? Do they not engender a spirit of criticism? Are they wholly exempt from *danger*, in familiarizing the mind with the notions of error and evil? I am convinced that there is no more clear duty of Christians in these days, than that of abstaining from the *habitual* study of controversial journals and periodicals, in which the power of writing *anonymously* what no man would venture openly to avow; and the pecuniary interests of publishers or proprietors, which are promoted by violence of tone and party spirit, combine to keep up an unwholesome and unnatural excitement. And I would most earnestly and humbly appeal to the consciences of writers in periodicals, whether it is right to put forward sentiments under the veil of anonymous communications which they would feel in any degree reluctant to publish with their names. Individuals have it in their power largely to diminish these evils, and in that power is involved responsibility—a responsibility to God for the welfare of His Church."—*Palmer*, pp 82, 83.

[We may as well state, that the late period of the month in which Mr. Palmer's pamphlet appeared, has prevented us from examining into the fairness of his quotations. We cannot for one moment suppose them to be otherwise than faithful; indeed, most we recognised with sorrow; but much depends upon the context.]

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Scottish Communion Office. Edinburgh: Grant. 1843. 24mo.

THIS is a beautiful and portable edition of a Liturgy which English churchmen often inquire for in vain, and which, indeed, was only to be had before in the rather scarce, but very valuable, work of Skinner.

Our readers have not now to be told how high a value we attach to the Scottish Communion Office; and we are only led to mention it at present from having observed, with great pain, that a movement against it is taking place in the Church whose possession of it has been so often envied here. The clergy of Ross and Argyle, and those not of the whole diocese, but the whole city of Glasgow, have formally expressed their wish to be rid of it. We now implore them to reconsider their measures. They assign two reasons for destroying the rich legacy of their fathers;—first, the advantages that would ensue from entire uniformity with the Church of England; and, second, the absence of pretext that would then be enjoyed by their turbulent members, who now first disturb, and then leave them, on the plea of the Scottish Office wounding their consciences. As regards the former reason, we deny the fact,—we deny that *uniformity*, as such, is desirable, however sensible we trust we are of the blessedness of unity. The truth is, that uniformity, when carried beyond its natural and fitting bounds, those of a given territory, is apt to obscure unity—to produce deadness. Varying rituals, varying usages, varying schools, so long as there is substantial identity, promote the vitality of the Church, act healthily on each other, and tend to manifest her essential unity. But if uniformity with England were desirable, why is it to be produced by Scotland; why are better gifts to be sacrificed to more defective ones; why are the lean cattle to swallow up the fat?

As regards the second reason, in all seriousness, we would ask the petitioning clergy, is their Church a loser by the schism of such persons as Mr. Drummond and Sir William Dunbar? That those two wretched men have put themselves in a fearful position cannot be doubted; but, however tremendous the present situation of one, and guilty, to say the least, that of the other, they must in both cases be but the manifestation of the evil that was in them before; their previous communion could not have been real, or living; and their influence on the Church, whose priests they were, must have been pernicious. She therefore has nothing to regret on her own account in losing them, or those who have been misguided enough to adhere to them. That pain and scandal are caused by such doings, we deny not; but such are the portion of the Church in every age; she must not shrink from them,—they are her Saviour's cup and His baptism, the saving marks of His cross upon her,—signs rather of spiritual life and welfare than the reverse. The opposition of bad men is only exerted against the Church's energy. They have ever been tolerant of her slumbers.

For the Church of England, we say that she will be a loser, if a

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Liturgy nearer the primitive model than her own be removed from under her eye, and lose the sanction which it has from being that of a Church with which she is in full communion. Let us hope and pray that the evil may be averted.

Apostolical Succession not the Doctrine of the Church of England. By the Rev. JOHN HUNTER, M.A., &c. &c. *Second edition, enlarged.* London: Nisbet. Bath: Godwin.

IT is painful to see an amiable and respectable clergyman, as we understand Mr. Hunter to be, taking such perverse pains to strip the Church, of which he is a minister, of that which chiefly distinguishes her, in a corporate capacity, from the followers of Muggleton, Joanna Southcott, and the Mormonite impostor. His pamphlet is evidently prompted by the benevolent intention of comprehending within the Church, *strictly and properly so called*, not only the foreign Protestant communities, but also most of the religious bodies in this country who dissent from our communion. But in his zeal to compass this cherished object, he is manifestly endeavouring to serve charity at the expense of truth.

His principal arguments seem to be, that the Church nowhere positively asserts the Apostolical Succession. That some of her assertions in her Articles and Homilies are expressed with such a latitude as to take in, not only the foreign Protestant bodies, but also the various (so-called) orthodox dissenters at home. And, that the Apostolic Succession was rejected by some of the English Reformers.

Now, granting that our Church has nowhere *totidem verbis* asserted the doctrine, yet by her constant appeals, in justification both of her doctrine and practice, to the primitive Church, by which this doctrine was notoriously held; and by her positive assertions in her ordinal, that "from the *Apostles*' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church, bishops, priests, and deacons;" and that "to the intent that these orders may be *continued*, and reverently used and esteemed, in the united Church of England and Ireland, no man shall be accounted a lawful bishop, priest, or deacon in the united Church of England and Ireland, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly EPISCOPAL consecration or ordination;"—by these positive assertions, the Church of England fully warrants the inference that she considers the Apostolic Succession as, at least, *generally necessary* to the effectual exercise of the ministerial office.

With respect to the foreign Protestant bodies, it seems understood that the English reformers felt a tenderness about excluding from their definition of the Church, *in some sense*, congregations whom she considered as unwillingly deprived of the succession. And many of those divines among us who have most firmly held the doctrine of the apostolical succession have allowed them to be Churches, though in a maimed and imperfect state. But to leap from this point to the conclusion that our Church, therefore, places the dissenting bodies in

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this country on the same footing, is to contradict not only the language of her ordinal, as above quoted, but also the still stronger expressions of her eleventh canon, in which she *declares excommunicated* "those that assert that there are within this realm other meetings, assemblies, or congregations of the king's born subjects, than such as by the laws* of this land are held and allowed, which may rightly challenge to themselves the name of true and lawful churches."

With regard to the opinions of certain of the English reformers on the doctrine of the succession, it may be enough, in order to neutralize Mr. Hunter's quotations, to confront them with the following:—1. In 1536, the following statement was signed by Cranmer, Latimer, and Shaxton:—"Christ and his apostles did institute and ordain in the New Testament certain ministers or officers which should bear spiritual power, authority, and commission under Christ .... to order and to consecrate others in the same room, order, and office, whereunto they be called and admitted themselves." 2. In 1548, we find the subjoined assertion put forth by the authority of Cranmer (who is expressly quoted by Mr. H. in refutation of the succession):—"The ministration of God's word, which our Lord Jesus Christ himself at first did institute, was derived from the apostles unto others after them by imposition of hands, and giving the Holy Ghost, from the apostles' time to our days." In 1558-9, the following assertion was maintained by Scory, Grindal, Cox, Aylmer, Guest, Jewel, and Horn:—"The apostles' authority is derived upon after ages, and conveyed to the BISHOPS *their* SUCCESSORS."

It may be well to add, that respecting the sentiments of so many of the great lights of our Church from the period that the excitement of the Reformation had had time to cool,—*i. e.* from Bilson, Hooker, and Bancroft, downwards, comprehending Andrewes, Hall, Sanderson, Hammond, Beveridge, &c. &c. there is no dispute. They were all decided maintainers of the apostolical succession; and though their evidence may be slighted by those whose strong attachment to a particular system has closed their eyes to the force of legitimate argument, yet it will always have due weight in quarters where zeal is tempered with judgment, and balanced by discretion.

Letters from Madras during the Years 1836–1839. *By* a LADY. London: Murray. 1843.

THIS is a delightful book. We suppose many people must have felt how little information is to be got from Anglo-Indians, on the most obvious points one would think connected with Indian life, how impossible it is to form any distinct image out of their conversation or reports of things, not coming precisely under the heads of religion, politics, natural history, or the thermometer, but concerning which one's curiosity is as active as it is about most of these. The truth is, India is not visited like any other country. People go there e'en because they must; by doing certain things there they earn their

* Meaning, of course, laws ecclesiastical.

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bread; their facilities of seeing to the right or to the left of their daily occupations are very few and small; the tremendous climate directs an unhappy degree of attention to little comforts for the day or for the hour, and exercises, moreover, an enervating influence on the faculties; when here on furlough they are often glad, as far as may be, to forget the existence of the place; and such reminiscences of it as they may occasionally wish to indulge, are from the aforesaid circumstances intelligible only to one who has been there with them. Hence has arisen the strange circumstance that an eminently inquisitive nation possesses vast and important regions, in which comparatively few of its families of the better class have not at least one member, and yet remains more ignorant of what those regions are, as regards the ordinary aspect of life there, than it is of nearly any other civilized part of the world.

The present authoress goes far to supply this deficiency, as regards the parts of India which she has seen. Her letters are most genuine and graphic, obviously never designed for publication; lively feminine views of all around her frankly revealed to her own near relations, overflowing with humour, and good humour, delightfully free from any obtrusive theory, either political or religious, yet full of shrewd sense, and impregnated with right principle and feeling. She dreads and seems to predict that Indian indolence must in time steal over herself, but if tolerable health be vouchsafed to her, we cannot fancy the sultriest of seasons and warmest of winds ever reducing her to inactivity.

The following is her account of Madras society:—

"We have been to one or two large dinner-parties, rather grand, dull, and silent. The company are generally tired out with the heat and the office-work all day before they assemble at seven o'clock, and the houses are greatly infested by musquitoes, which are in themselves enough to lower one's spirits and stop conversation. People talk a little in a very low voice to those next to them, but one scarcely ever hears any topic of general interest started except steam navigation. To be sure, 'few changes can be rung on few bells;' but these good folks do ring on the 'changes in the service,' till I cannot help sometimes wishing all their appointments were permanent. At an Indian dinner all the guests bring their own servants to wait upon them, so there is a turbaned sultan-like creature behind every chair. A great fan is going over our heads the whole time, and every window and door open; so that, notwithstanding the number of people in the room, it is in reality cooler that an English dining-room. What would grandmamma say to the wastefulness of an Indian dinner? Every body dines at luncheon, or, as it is here called, tiffin-time, so that there is next to nothing eaten, but about four times as much food put upon the table as would serve for an English party. Geese and turkeys and joints of mutton for side-dishes, and everything else in proportion. All the fruit in India is not worth one visit to your strawberry-beds. The ingenious French at Pondicherry have contrived to cultivate vines; but the English say nothing will grow, and they remain content to waste their substance and their stomach-aches on spongy shaddocks and sour oranges, unless they send to Pondicherry for grapes, which the French are so obliging as to sell at a rupee a bunch. After dinner the company all sit round in the middle of the great gallery-like rooms, talk in whispers, and scratch their musquito-bites. Sometimes there is a little music, as languid as every thing else. Concerning the company themselves, the ladies are all old and wizen, and the gentlemen are all old and wizen. Somebody says France is the paradise of married women, and England of girls: I am sure India is the paradise of middle-aged gentlemen. While they are young, they are thought nothing of—just supposed to be making or marring their fortunes, as the case may be; but at about forty, when they are 'high in the service,' rather yellow, and somewhat grey, they begin to be taken notice of, and called 'young men.' These respectable persons do all the flirtation too in a solemn sort of way, while the young ones sit

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by, looking on, and listening to the elderly gentlefolks discussing their livers instead of their hearts.

"Every creature seems eaten up with laziness. Even my horse pretends he is too fine to switch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns his head round to order the horse-keeper to wipe them off for him. Some old Anglo-Indians think themselves too grand to walk in their gardens without servants behind them; and one may really see them, skinny and straw-coloured, and withered like old stubble, creeping along their gravel walks, with a couple of beautiful barefooted peons, with handsome turbans, strutting behind them, and looking like bronze casts of the Apollo in attendance upon Frank's caricatures of our old dancing-master.

"Few things amuse me more than the letters we daily receive from natives, underlings in office, who knew A—— before he went to England. One apologizes for troubling him with 'looking at the handwriting of such a remote individual,' but begs leave humbly to congratulate him on the safe arrival in India of himself and 'his respectable family,' meaning me! Another hopes soon to have the honour of throwing himself 'at your goodness's philanthropic feet.' Is not this the true Fudge style?

'——— The place where our Louis Dixhuit
Set the first of his own legitimate feet.'"—Pp. 47—51.

And here is a specimen of domestic incidents in the same place:—

"As you say you like to hear all about our domestic economy, servants, &c., I must tell you of a thievery which took place last week. We lost a pair of sheets, and the loss was laid to the horse-keeper, who was fined two rupees, it being the custom to punish the servants for every misdemeanor, just as if they were children. But the purloiner of our sheets was in reality A——'s dress-boy, who had stolen them to make his own jackets. To avoid the expense of paying for making, he took them to a Coolie tailor, which you may understand to mean a cobbling tailor, who sometimes cobbles for us, and is therefore obliged to do the servants' needle-work for nothing, for fear of having lies told of him to 'Master,' and so losing Master's favour. Coolie tailor lives near *my* tailor, who is a grandee in comparison; and Coolie, being very glad to have some good European materials to boast of, and extremely proud of his job, showed them off to my tailor. Grandee tailor was more used to the ways of Europeans, and knew that they did not give their good sheets for the servants to make jackets of; so he guessed they had been stolen, and told my ayah, and she told me, not out of any pretence of conscience or care of my goods, but because, as she said, Mrs. Staunton had told her, on hiring her, that she was to take care of my things, and that, if any thing was lost, I would 'take away her bread,' meaning, dismiss her; and then she must 'eat up her own money.' It was hopeless for any of us to attempt to find out the truth, because the chances were even as to the dress boy's being a thief, or the ayah and tailor liars; so the only way was to give orders that two of the other servants should search into the matter: one alone would have just told a lie on whichever side suited him, but two were supposed to be a check on each other. Accordingly, there was a regular form of trial held under a mango-tree in the compound:* I watched them from the window, and a capital group they made. The butler, as judge, waving his arms in the air like the leaves of a cocoa-nut tree; the criminal standing in the midst, looking more mean and crestfallen than any European could manage to look under any possible circumstances; the ayah, smoothing down her oily hair with her fingers as she told her story; and the rest of the servants all standing round to make a kind of jury, assisted by all their retainers of hags and imps in the shape of old women and naked black children. A verdict of Guilty was brought in, and the thief, Chelapa by name, was of course dismissed from our service. Then followed a variety of queer scenes. Chelapa would not go, but remained on his knees in A——'s dressing-room, his turban in his hand, stroking his shaven poll, and kissing the floor, in hopes of being forgiven. When he was sent 'out of that,' the butler came back with him to bespeak compassion: 'Sar! Master boy, cry Sar!' Chelapa took the hint and began to cry accordingly, till, finding nothing would do, he pleasured himself in abusing the ayah, telling her he would 'walk round the house' every day till he could find out some 'rogue business' of her doing: to which, she says, she 'made compliments;' but she was in reality so frightened at the threat, that she cried for three days. Then the tailor began to cry, for fear some harm should happen to him in the scuffle, and looked up in my face so piteously, every time I went up and down

* Field, or garden, round the house.

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stairs, that I could not pass him without laughing. A —— asked the horse-keeper why he had submitted to a false accusation, and to be fined for stealing, when he knew he had done no such thing; he answered, 'What for make trouble? Master tell horse-keeper thief; what use horse-keeper tell? Horse-keeper make trouble, Master tell "Go away!"' The probability is, that he was paid by the thief to take the blame. See what a set they are!"—Pp. 67—70.

There are better things than these in our authoress's letters, which we must request our readers to find for themselves.

Poems of Girlhood. *By* ANNE GARTON. London: Painter. 1843.

WHO may be the authoress of this volume, and what her condition; whether she is to be styled Mrs. or Miss Garton, are questions of which we know not the answer. A more practically important one is equally unsolved by us—what is her age? We call it a more practically important one, because on it, did we but know it, would very much depend our duty as to whether we should encourage or discourage her attendance on the Muses. With poetical impulses, some powers of fancy, and much occasional beauty of expression, she yet knows nothing of poetry as an art, has the secrets of versification still to learn, and, in order to rise to eminence, would require to exercise a far stricter censorship on her English than she has hitherto done. Did we suppose her to have passed or reached the *mezzo cammin*, our advice would be to discontinue verse writing; for these are matters in which people cannot for the most part hope materially to improve in the latter part of their lives. But we own we think her, what we trust she is, still young; and on this supposition, though we dare not promise her success, we yet feel unwarranted in discouraging her from going on. She certainly possesses, even now, the merits we have mentioned, though meanwhile they are neutralized by her "wanting the accomplishment of verse." She obviously cannot at present construct a sonnet, yet that entitled "December's Moonlight," contains abundant materials for a very beautiful one. We think our readers will agree with us in saying that the following verses exhibit a good deal of eloquence and power, and, on our present supposition of the authoress being still young, give real promise.

"Whilst I rejoice in health's exulting glow,
And youthful energy, elate and free;
And seldom grief's all saddening influence know,
But each true source of pleasure that may be
On earth possest,
Why should I covet oft the grave's cold rest?

"Why! when a thousand sympathies have wed
My restless spirit to its clay abode;
And hope on life its beaming light hath shed,
Like sunshine glancing o'er a sky of cloud,
Should I implore
To be what these might never gladden more?

"Yet it is so, and when the oppresive might
Of keen excitement makes my heart to sink;
And when my soul hath won that fearful height,
Where all that ever it had power to think
Seems in one gush
Of full perception o'er its sense to rush:

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"O then the fancied sound of moaning trees,
That bloom in rural churchyards near the dead,
Comes pleasant as the cooling summer breeze,
And the sad image of a clay-cold bed,
From their close cell,
Calls forth hot tears its welcome true to tell!

"I would this world a dwelling had for me,
Immured in unfrequented solitude,
Fast by the sea, the wide extended sea—
Yet 'neath the shelter of a fair green wood,
Where gentle flowers
Breathed wild and sweet their soul-refining powers;

"Where fountains trickled 'mong the tangled grass,
Bright smiling in their innocent employ;
Where sporting song-birds lived, that seem to pass
Their life in uttering sentiments of joy,
And making glad
Green Nature's spirit that would else be sad.

"There should my craving spirit drink its fill,
From ocean's sights of grandeur, bright and wild;
And the mild forest scene such thoughts instil
As with unutterable sweetness whiled
Fast, fast away,
The dawning hour of life's unquiet day.

"Then many a keen desire, unmeet and vain,
Which often now within my bosom springs,
And all the whisperings of that restless pain
Which a full consciousness of being brings,
In the loud sound
Of ocean's music, surely be drowned.

"Of this world's vexing cares, that never cease,
No tidings to my refuge should be brought,
To mar and break the silken web of peace,
Which nature's influence round my soul had wrought;
And useless care
For fancied blessings should not haunt me there!

"There none but kindred voices should arrest
Mine ear, attuned to Nature's varied tone;
Thus social Love, though lonely, might be blessed
With the kind cheer it claimeth for its own—
Yes, none but these
Should talk with me, save ocean, flowers, and trees!

"Then I should sure be happy! if this earth,
With all its treasures, were before me laid,
And I might choose what seemed of highest worth,
E'en such a solitude as I have said;
My choice would be
The best and dearest gift of wealth for me.

"Yet, still my wish is with a secret fraught,
Which e'en its disappointment half redeems,
For strange mysterious *flickerings* of thought
Do even now oft startle my lone dreams;
And they would come
Most fearful in so wild and fair a home.

"Then, oh! my soul, be satisfied that here
There is no resting-place of perfect peace;
For such as in the distance so appear
Could ne'er effect thy mystic thrall's release,
If nearer known;
How wouldst thou brook lone Nature's stirring tone?

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"But set thyself to find each latent joy,
Which in the common deeds of life is hid;
And be contented, though the poor employ
Of petty dull concerns, must come amid
Th' ennobling hours,
Which may be thine when thought exerts its powers.'

"In thy desires ne'er let it be forgot,
The land where Peace is found without annoy;
And of that soothing portion of thy lot—
Nature's bright converse—what thou mayest enjoy,
And deeply bless
Sweet Nature's God, who might have given thee less."

"Immanuel, or God with us," by Richard Bingham, Junior, M.A., curate of Trinity Church, Gosport, (Seeley and Burnside,) is a defence of the orthodox doctrines of our Lord's Godhead and Humanity, by a descendant of that great labourer in the field of Christian antiquity, whose name he bears. Our author is a gentleman of good theological acquirements, and we doubt not his book is calculated to be useful among many, though we think it would have been more so, if written in a less declamatory style. We must also record our aversion to all such titles as that in question.

From the same publishers, there has come forth a reprint of "Lord Chancellor King's Inquiry into the Primitive Church," of which the errors are corrected by means of notes and an appendix, taken from the "Original Draught of the Primitive Church," of which they are in fact an abridgment. It is said that this latter work produced conviction in the mind of Lord King himself. The present volume seems a useful reprint, though the book itself is a mischievous one.

The celebrated Roman Catholic work which embodies the principle of development, acted upon by the British Critic, and objected to by Mr. Palmer, has appeared in an English dress. We allude to Moehler's "Symbolism; or, [and never to an ordinary English reader was an 'or' more needful] an Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. Translated by J. B. Robertson. London: Dolman." With the French translation we have been long familiar, to plead guilty to what some will consider a dangerous intimacy; of its ability there can be no doubt; but, as it has already been noticed in our pages, we are not called upon to enter here into its praise or condemnation. Its appearance at this juncture will, of course, cause it to be sought after. Of the present translation we have had no time to judge: Mr. Robertson is, however, an able man, and he has prefixed to his labours an Introduction, which a cursory glance showed to be rather interesting than original. All well-informed theologians should study this book—of course with the same objects for which they have recourse to Bellarmine and Bossuet.

An affecting "Prayer to be used by the Clergy for Aid in Spiritual Direction" of souls committed to their charge, has reached us: we recommend it heartily.

The second and third numbers of the "Hierurgia Anglicana," (Cambridge: Stevenson,) from the Camden Society, have been published. Being altogether documentary, this collection is above controversy; and it is quite surprising how strong the argument becomes as to the needfulness of restoring the full proportions of the Reformed English Church as the evidence of the many things which we have lost, even since the Reformation, accumulates.

From the same quarter has appeared "Hierologus; or, the Church Tourists," by Mr. J. M. Neale. (London: Burns.) It is very interesting indeed, and is modelled, perhaps too ambitiously, on Walton's incomparable "Angler." We shall have occasion to quote from it some day.

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We have just received "Considerations on the Position and Duty of the University of Oxford, with reference to the late Proceedings against the Regius Professor of Divinity," (Oxford, Parker,) by Mr. Woodgate. We quite agree with the author, that the University does seem committed, as a body, formally and irrevocably to a clear act of "persecution," and pledged to a condemnation—and, (in its degree)—a denial of the orthodox and Catholic faith, unless it takes measures to set aside the condemnation of Dr. Pusey. How far this consideration will operate upon the consciences of its members, it must be for them to determine: something they must do, unless they are prepared, quietly and without a struggle, to allow her, who has been for a thousand years a guardian and witness of truth, to sink without a struggle before the latitudinarian and grace-denying doctrines of the day. We do not charge the six doctors with false doctrine; but they have abetted it by censuring sound doctrine. We deprecate haste and impatience in this solemn and distressing matter; but there is nothing which we protest against so loudly as acquiescence in the corruption of doctrine which has been committed.

"The History of our Blessed Lord in Easy Verse, for Young Children: with Coloured Pictures," (Burns,) has been termed a "great experiment:" it is eminently so. But remembering the acknowledged use of such aids to christian training as the *Biblia Pauperum*, for private, and stained glass, tapestry and wall-painting for public, edification in the times of Catholic art, we are disposed to think that pictures are a very important means of affecting and teaching the simple-hearted. Many of the prints of this collection are eminently beautiful; but they belong to too many schools and periods of art to range well: thus, the first print from Salvator, if we remember aright, groups awkwardly with Overbeck's Entombment, and the pictures not being composed on a uniform scale of proportions, must be needlessly embarrassing to the young. In some of them,—we allude especially to one of our Lord in the Temple,—we detect a spice of satire and caricature which might have been spared. We dread the distressing things which children, however unconsciously, might say on subjects connected with other awful considerations. The verse part, equally perilous with the pictorial, is skilfully and reverently managed.

Above all fears, and of a character somewhat kindred, is "Sacred History—Old Testament," from the same publisher. This is a translation, for the most part, from a work of very extensive continental reputation and usefulness, the Bible History of Canon Christoph Schmid, of Augsburgh. We do not know whether we can say more in its favour than that it is the opposite of Mrs. Trimmer.

The second series of Mr. Alford's Hulsean Lectures, entitled, "The Consistency of the Divine Conduct in revealing the Truths of Redemption," (Deighton,) has now appeared. Notwithstanding its unfortunate title, the volume is full of reverent as of interesting thought. Mr. Alford's eloquence must always be pleasing; but we think it sometimes interferes with accuracy. His assertion that the Epistles of St. John contain less expanded food for the reason than those of the other Apostles, seems to us the very reverse of the truth. St. John was eminently *the theologian* of the College, presenting us with Divine Truth, not, like the others, in its accidental relations, but, as far as words could do it, in its essence.

"The Law of the Rubric; a Sermon," by Mr. Campbell, one of the rectors of Liverpool (Liverpool, Webb; London, Rivingtons,) is an amusing production: a specimen or two will suffice in place of criticism. "As the surplice is not ordered by the rubric at preaching, I would not preach in it," (p. 14;) which reason might be equally strong, we should imagine, against a black gown. "Again, there is one thing which I would earnestly and affectionately entreat you not to do; that is, never to show, by any marked difference of gesture or posture, your dislike to any part of the service. Some persons have an objection to the *Athanasian Creed*, and will sit down during its recital. *Now, with-*

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out any reference to the ground of their objection, I would humbly entreat them not to do this; but, *as a mark of deference and politeness* at least, if from no other motive, conform to the rubric," &c. (p. 17.) "I think turning to the east, &c. reverential—if others do not, I am sure I would not wish to *interfere with their liberty*." Mr. Campbell is certainly a very gentlemanly man, with a satirical turn.

Among other single sermons, we may notice an excellent one by the Hon. and Rev. John Grey, preached in Berwick-upon-Tweed on behalf of the Propagation Society (Burns). "The Christian's Liberty in relation to the Temperance Pledge," by the Rev. James Lee Warner (Hatchards), concerning which we have to say, that were the vow of Temperance taken with the views and under the limitations prescribed by our author, we could not dare to speak a word against it. "Catechising, an essential part of the Evening Service," by the Rev. G. Moody (Rivingtons, Darton and Clark), which is very important; and "The Communion of Saints in the Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. T. Bowdler, of which the author's name will be sufficient recommendation. "Simony," a Visitation Sermon, by W. Downes Willis, A. M. (Rivingtons, &c.) deserves a far more extended notice than we can at present bestow on it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.*]

REVIVAL OF CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS IN A MODIFIED FORM.

THE axiom of experience that like causes will, under similar circumstances, produce like effects, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the yearning at present felt in so many independent quarters, after some means of RELIGIOUS RETIREMENT. It seems agreed that the ascetic life, of which we find traces both in the Old and New Testament, received its first development in the disturbance of the social system caused first by the persecutions of the third and fourth centuries, and afterwards by the irruption of the northern nations into the southern provinces of the Roman empire. At that time the uncertainty of life itself, and of the means of sustaining it, drove men's thoughts forcibly inward to the life of the spirit, and urged them to redeem the *time*, which might be so short, by direct and immediate preparation for the eternity that might at any moment open upon them. We are now suffering from an unsettlement, originating, indeed, in different causes, but leading to similar results: —the unequal distribution of this world's good causing society to exhibit the unseemly spectacle of luxury and satiety in close juxtaposition with misery and want,—on the one hand grasping selfishness, on the other pining poverty or reckless ferocity,—the endless whirl of all-absorbing business,—the perverted activity of even benevolence itself,—and last, though not least, the wildness of speculation, and the wantonness of private judgment on religious subjects;—all these present a scene of sickening tumult,—a moral Babel,—which raises, in minds of depth and reflection, earnest longings after something more real, more peaceful, more stedfast, some state of things where the still small voice may speak and be heard, and be obeyed,—where the spirit may prepare itself for the conflict unto which this disorder

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threatens to grow, and may plume its wing for its last long flight. These great ends never were, and never can be so well promoted as by the CONVENTUAL SYSTEM considered in itself, as abstracted from its superinduced abuses. It was for these ends that that system was originally designed, and with these steadily kept in view it received, in its days of purity, its growth and increase. Piety towards GOD, charity towards man, severity towards self, and these carried to a high and exemplary pitch;—such were the *cardinal principles* of Monasticism, and for many ages such its *practice* also; and it is in the revival of that system—not in its abuses, but in its fundamental principles—that we must look for an antidote to much of the godlessness, the uncharitableness, the selfishness, with which "the whole head" of modern society "is sick, and its whole heart faint."

That this is no new or singular idea appears from the fact, that, from the Reformation downwards, a chain of authorities can be deduced, comprising names the most venerated in our Church, bearing testimony either to the damage inflicted on our ecclesiastical system by the abolition of monasteries, or to the desirableness of their revival with such modifications as the change of times and circumstances requires. These authorities, many of which have been carefully collected, and are ready, when called for, to be given to the public,* will serve still another and most important purpose. The various and discordant quarters from which they are selected will tend to abate the fears of those in whose minds the conventual system is identified with the corruptions of Romanism, by showing them how much favour it has found in the eyes of persons who looked on those corruptions with the deepest abhorrence.

It seems to be an admitted fact, that many of the evils and corruptions which found their way into the monasteries of this country arose from their having been exempted from the control of their proper ordinaries. A recurrence of these would be most effectually guarded against by placing every such institution under the direct surveillance of its respective Bishop, and giving him the appointment of the superior. It seems hardly conceivable that, with the fourfold cord of visitation which our system so easily admits; viz. yearly by the Bishop, half-yearly by the Archdeacon, quarterly by the Rural-dean, and monthly by the parochial Clergyman, any material infraction of the order of the Church, either in doctrine, discipline, or practice, could take place.

Perhaps the most promising commencement of the revival would be by the foundation of a college (a step lately suggested by a correspondent of the "Church Intelligencer") for aged or disabled Clergymen. By this means two objects would be gained,—an experimental trial of the system in its most unobjectionable form,—and the supplying of an acknowledged and glaring defect in the system of our Church. For how inconsistent and incongruous is it, that whilst among us veterans disabled in carnal warfare are lodged in palaces, and fed with the fatness of the earth, the soldiers of the cross in their time of age

* May we suggest to our respected correspondent the publication of these documents in our pages?—ED. CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.]

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and necessity should be cast forth as the objects of precarious bounty! This might be succeeded by gradually infusing into the foundations already existing for the temporal relief of both men and women more of a religious character; *e. g.* by establishing the daily service, encouraging works of piety and charity, &c.; and as the endowments of these charities should increase (to which end the pious contributions of the Christian community should be encouraged,*) by extending the foundations, when practicable, to associates of a higher order, and giving them the more decided form of places of pious retirement. By this time the revival would be sufficiently tested to admit of new establishments being formed where they might be required. It may be worth mentioning, at a time when so much attention is being drawn towards the revival of the choral service of the Church, how admirable an opportunity would be afforded in the chapels attached to such institutions of both creating a taste for, and bringing into practice the ancient and catholic mode of "praising God in the great congregation."

[It has been thought worth while to append to this article the following revised impression of a paper which appeared some time since in the "Church Intelligencer," and which has been privately distributed.]

"*Revival of Monastic and Conventual Institutions on a Plan adapted to the Exigencies of the Reformed Catholic Church in England.*

"Quid aliud fuere Monasteria quam officinæ virtutum, abstinentiæ, jejunii, patientiæ laborum."—*D. Ambros.* Lib. x. Ep. 82.

"A Monastery is a school of christian penitence. It is a little community, having its own officers, in which each has his own post marked out, and in which all are engaged in labours of love; whilst from its silence and peace the soul has leisure for contemplation."—*British Critic, No. LX. Article, Port Royal.*

"To speak seriously and without passion, what can the ill be .... to have places set apart, whither men, either by nature, time, or otherwise unfit for the world, may retire themselves in religious company, may think on heaven and good learning."—*Sir Roger Twysden, Beginners of Monastic Life,* p. 31.

"Something like Monasteries for women would be a glorious design; and might be so set on foot as to be the honour of a QUEEN ON THE THRONE."—*Bishop Burnet.*

"It is a question which must long have presented itself as a subject of anxious thought to reflecting Christians, 'In what way the general interests of the Church, and the christian education of her people, may be best promoted; and by what means a remedy may be best provided for many of the evils—social, domestic, and personal—arising out of the present disordered state of our civil and ecclesiastical relations?'

"The solution of this question which has occurred to many minds, and which seems to be increasingly gaining ground, is, that the wants alluded to would be most effectually met and supplied by the REVIVAL OF MONASTIC AND CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS in a form suited to the genius, character, and exigencies of

* In reference to this point the writer desires to record his admiration of Lord John Manners' late christian and patriotic endeavour to obtain a relaxation of the statutes of Mortmain; an object which we trust that right-minded young nobleman will not be discouraged from pursuing, by the ill-success of his first attempt.

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the Church in England, whereby her devotional, practical, and educational system might be carried out, and an asylum might be opened for persons of both sexes, who, from deliberate choice, or under the pressure of various trials, might be desirous of permanent or occasional retirement from the world, and opportunity of quietude and devotion.

"Perhaps the best model for such establishments *(mutatis mutandis)* would be the Monastery of Port Royal des Champs, as described by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her edifying 'Memoirs of Port Royal.'

"The OBJECTS of such Institutions would be—

"1. To widen and deepen the legitimate influence of the Church, by exhibiting a model of her system, as fully carried out, and reduced to actual practice.

"2. To promote and conduct christian education upon Church principles.

"3. To afford a retreat for the contemplative, the bereaved, the destitute, and the embarrassed.

"4. To cherish a spirit of devotion, charity, humility, and obedience.

"5. To give better opportunities of acquiring self-knowledge, and exercising penitence.

"6. To promote simplicity and godly sincerity in the intercourse of life.

"7. To revive plainness and self-denial in diet, dress, furniture, personal attendance, &c.

"8. To form habits of retirement, silence, and recollection.

THE MEANS.

"1. A system of community, by which the superabundance of the wealthier might be made available to the support of the poorer members.

"2. Daily public Devotion, and frequent Communion, agreeably to the order of the Church.

"3. Strict observance of the Festivals, Fasts, &c., prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer.

"4. A RULE for dress, diet, furniture, recreations, &c.

"5. Appointed times for silence, and subjects for meditation.

"6. Corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

"7. Exercises of penitence and obedience.

"8. Bodily and mental labour—particularly in educating the young, composing works to meet the necessities of the Church, working for the poor, and assisting in the various duties of the establishment.

THE CONSTITUTION.

"No Vows, but a solemn declaration and engagement of obedience to the Superior, and of compliance with the RULE of the Institution during residence.

"VISITATION—monthly by the Parochial Minister, quarterly by the Rural Dean, half-yearly by the Archdeacon, yearly by the Bishop.

"SUPERIOR—to be appointed by the Bishop, and removeable at his pleasure; to appoint his or her subordinate, subject to the Bishop's approval.

"Other details may be easily supplied.

"It is hoped, and earnestly requested, that the friends of primitive piety, order, and simplicity, into whose hands this paper may fall, will direct their thoughts and endeavours towards expanding these hints, and devising some method of bringing them to a practical issue. To such it will be obvious that the design must not be desecrated by the interference of schemes of worldly gain, in the shape of Joint Stock companies, Proprietary Shares, &c. It must be the offspring of Love to GOD and love to man—the free-will offering of penitent gratitude, or open-handed charity to GOD, and to HIS CHURCH."

[For the argument in favour of the revival of such institutions in great towns, the reader is referred to the article "on Bishops' Fellows," in a former Number of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.]

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

Bp. of Ely, *Dec.* 3.
Bp. of Durham, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Winchester, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Ripon, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Rochester, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Hereford, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Lincoln, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Chichester, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Glouc. & Bristol, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Worcester, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Norwich, *Jan.* 28.

ORDINATIONS.

By the Lord Bishop of London, *at Fulham Church, on Sunday, Oct.* 1.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Trevitt, s.c.l. St. Alb. H.
Of Cambridge.—W. Dry, b.a. Caius; W. Headley, b.a. Corp. Chris.; C. F. Newell, m.a. Clare H.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Masters, b.a. Worc., P. A. de Teissier, b.a. Corp. Chris. (*l. d.* Abp. of Canterbury.)
Of Cambridge.—C. R. Bradley, b.a. Queen's (*l. d.* Abp. Canterbury).
Literates.—F. H. Rankin, b.a., S. Crowther, C. Ehemann, N. Denton.

By the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, *at Lincoln, on Sunday, Oct.* 1.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—F. Bussell, b.a. Worc.; A. R. Pain, b.a. Pemb.; J. T. F. Aldred, b.a. Linc.; A. C. Brackenbury, b.a. Queen's.
Of Cambridge.—H. M. Blakiston, b.a. Emm.; F. Haggitt, b.a. St. Peter's; J. W. Hawtrey, b.a. Fell. of King's; C. Holland, b.a. St. Cath. H.; W. W. Willan, b.a. Christ's; J. E. Yonge, b.a. Fell. of King's; W. B. Calvert, b.a. Pemb.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. E. Carter, b.a. Exet.; J. G. Faithfull, b.a. Exet.; M. K. S. Frith, b.a. Exet.; J. Peacock, b.a. Linc.; R. G. Walls, b.a. Bras.; J. J. Wilkinson, b.a. Queen's.
Of Cambridge.—R. W. Bacon, m.a. Fell. of King's; J. C. Chase, b.a. Queen's; H. Dupuis, m.a. Fell. of King's; R. W. Essington, b.a. Fell. of King's; E. Walker, m.a. Fell. of King's; R. Williams, b.a. Fell. of King's.
Of Dublin.—J. S. Gibney, b.a., G. H. Moller, b.a., A. H. Alcock, b.a. Trin.

By the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, *at Carlisle, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACON.

Of Cambridge.—A. Salkeld, b.a. St. Peter's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. J. Chapman, b.a. Wad.
Of Cambridge.—C. Parker, b.a. Emm.; J. Hallifax, b.a. Corp. Chris.
Of Durham.—J. B. Wightwick, Licentiate of Theology, Univ.
Of St. Bees.—W. Frankling.

By the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, *on Sunday, Sept.* 24, *at Gloucester.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—T. Beale, b.a. Bras.; W. Wiggin, b.a. Exet.
Of Cambridge.—J. L. Longmire, b.a. Linc.; R. A. Suckling, b.a. Caius; C. Wardroper, b.a. Trin.; T. J. Robinson, Queen's (*l. d.* Bp. of Worcester.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Burder, m.a. Magd. H.; H. Formby, m.a. Bras.

By the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, *on Sunday, Oct.* 1, *at Llandaff.*

DEACONS.

Of Lampeter.—J. Griffiths, E. Leigh, O. T. H. Phillips, W. G. Davies, St. David's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. M. Leir, b.a.; R. N. D. Brown, St. Alb. H.
Of Lampeter.—L. C. Lewis, Lit. Cowbridge; W. C. Bowen, St. David's; W. Jenkins, Lit. Cowbridge; T. Lewis, Lit. Cowbridge.
Of Dublin.—G. T. Watson, b.a. Trin.; J. Morgan, b.a. Trin. (*l. d.* Bp. of Limerick.)

By the Archbishop of Dublin, *at Dublin, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Dublin.—T. R. W. Cradock, m.a., J. H. Armstrong, b.a., J. Drury, b.a., R. H. Heritage, b.a., C. Seaver; and on *l. d.*, T. Reddy, b.a., T. L. Stack, b.a., J. North, b.a., P. H. Schoales, b.a., R. Conolly, m.a., J. C. Hudson, b.a., M. Burke, m.a., J. C. Walker, m.a., A. M'Cape, b.a.; all of Trin. Coll.

PRIESTS.

Of Dublin.—E. B. Moeran, m.a., G. Stone, m.a., J. Quinton, b.a., J. Stone, b.a., J. Moffett, b.a.; on *l. d.*, A. H. Alcock, b.a., J. D. M'Donagh, b.a., A. C. Coghlan, b.a., W. Murphy, b.a., H. Robinson, b.a.; all of Trin. Coll.

By the Lord Bishop of Meath, *at the Church of Ardbraccan, on Sunday, Sept.* 24.

DEACONS.

M. C. Morton, b.a. Exet. Coll., Oxford, and Fell. of St. Columba, Stackallan; J. M. Jephson, b.a., Trin. Coll., Dublin; and R. Winning, formerly Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation at Kingscourt.

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PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Alder, W.	White Notley, v.	London	Bp. of London	£195	453
Bagge, J.	Crux Easton, R.	Winchester	James Bagge, Esq.	180	97
Balfour, J.	Eckington, v.	Worcester	D. & C. of Westminster	140	700
Belany, R.	Arlington, v.	Chichester	Dr. Holland	156	727
Beauchamp, W. H.	Langley, P.C.	Norwich	Sir W. B. Proctor	45	361
Cobb, R.	Ellingham, R.	Norwich	Trustees	...	...
Coles, J. J.	St. Barnabas, Bristol, P.C.	G. & B.	Bp. of Glouc. & Brist.	...	...
Currie, J.	Christ Church, Moss Side, P.C.	Chester		...	...
Daubeny, H. J.	Tewin, R.	Lincoln	Jesus Coll., Cambridge.	438	474
Eden, C. P.	St. Mary the Virgin, v. Oxford, w. Littlemore	Oxford	Oriel College, Oxford	38	419
Elliott, W.	St. Nicholas, Gloucester, P.C.	G. & B.	Trustees	116	...
Evans, T. D.	Glascombe, v.	St. David's	Bp. of St. David's	171	866
Fawcett, J. G.	Warthill, v.	Peculiar	Prebendary thereof	100	162
Fenton, G. L.	Lilleshall, v.	Lichfield	Duke of Sutherland	322	3569
Hazel, J.	Nettlebed & Pishhill, R.	Oxford	Rev. T. L. Bennett	101	618 / 170
Herbert, C.	Lechlade, v.	G. & B.	Henry Grace, Esq.	513	1244
Jeffrey, L. W.	Ashton-on-Ribble, P.C.	Chester		...	...
King, W. C.	St. Mary-le-Bow	Durham	Archd. of Northumberld.	111	...
Larken, G. E.	Brotherton, v.	York	D. & C. of York	192	1623
Mackle, —	Scremerston, P.C.	Durham	D. & C. of Durham	...	...
Mayo, C. E.	Laneham	Lincoln	D. & C. of York	56	347
Miles, C. P.	St. Jude's, Glasgow, P.C.	Glasgow		...	...
Moore, R. C.	Talk-o'-th'-Hill, P.C.	Lichfield	Vicar of Audley	215	1196
Potter, C. H.	Gadsden, R.			...	...
Pullen, W.	St. John, Redhill, P.C.	Winchester		...	...
Richardson, E.	Trinity Ch., Louth	Louth	Trustees	...	...
Rolfe, E. N.	Barningham, R.	Norwich	J. T. Mott, Esq.	135	114
Scott, J. W.	Bettiscombe, R.	Sarum	F. J. Browne, Esq.	180	65
Sims, H.	Stoke Ferry, P.C.	Norwich	Lord Chancellor	71	706
Symonds, T. M.	Adwick-le-Street, R.	York	T. Fullerton, Esq.	365	536
Taylor, W.	Child's Ercall, P.C.	Lichfield	Trus. of Sir C. Corbet	66	416
Thompson, C.	Rathmell, P.C.	Ripon		...	...
Tinkler, J.	Landbeach, R.	Ely	Corp. Chris. Coll., Camb.	633	422
Turner, A.	Whitchurch, v.	Lincoln	Lord Chancellor	61	928
Watts, J.	Bicester, v.	Oxford	Sir G. Turner, Bart.	231	2868
Woodcock, W. T.	Wetherslock, P.C.	Chester		...	...
Wykeham, F. W. M.	Chalcombe, v.	Peterboro'	C. W. Martin, Esq. M.P.	250	493

APPOINTMENTS.

Coates, S. ..... Preb. Stall in York Cath.

Chilcott, W. ..... Rural Dean of Dunster, in the diocese of B. and W.

Dale, T. ..... Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Dry, W. ..... Cur. of Camden-town Chapel, St. Pancras.

Newell, C. F., M.A. Cur. of Trin. Ch., Chelsea.

Presgrave, W. ..... Head Master of the Free Grammar Sch., Sevenoaks, Kent.

Trevitt, J., S.C.L. Cur. of Horndon-on-the-Hill.

Wilkinson, W. F. Theological Tutor in Cheltenham Proprietary College.

Woollcombe, H. Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Exeter.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Boyer, J. W. R., Rector of Swepstone and Snarestone, in the county of Leicester.
Casberd, J. T., D.C.L., Vicar of Penmark and Prebendary of Bath and Wells and Llandaff.
Deedes, J., at the Rectory, Willingale.
Field, J. K., at Manchester.
Fussell, H. D., at Glastonbury.
Greenwood, R., Vicar of Colaton Raleigh.
Griffith, D., at Treinfryn, near Bangor.
Hankinson, T. E., of Camberwell.
Harrison, H., B.D., Rector of Pontesbury, and Stratford-le-bow, Middlesex.
Heberden, T., Rector of Whimple.
Hervey, H. A., Vicar of Bridekirk.
Hore, W., Vicar of Ferns.
Levett, T., of Lichfield.
Mandell, W., B.D, Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.
Middleton, S., B.D., of Douglas Lodge, Cheltenh.
Morgan, S. M., Secretary of the Irish Society.
Oakley, F., Vicar of Bradpole, Dorset.
Orme, R., Rector of Essendon.
Owen, R., Rector of Camolin.
Probyn, J., Dean and Archdeacon of Llandaff.
Spencer, N., Vicar of Hales.
Stephens, D. E., Cur. of Trin. Ch., St. Giles's.
Stevens, J., Rector of Chesham Bois.
Winstanley, W. B., Curate of Yelford.

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PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY, FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT, BUILDING, AND REPAIRING OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

THIS Society resumed their sittings for the season on Monday, Oct. 23, when the Lord Bishop of Norwich took the chair at a meeting held at the Society's Chambers, 4, St. Martin's Place.

Grants were then voted towards building a church at Cowhill, in the parish of Oldham, Lancashire; building a church in the parish of St. Andrew, Plymouth; building a church at Broad Town, in the parishes of Broad Hinton and Cliffe Pypard, Wilts; building a chapel at Ingleton, in the parish of Staindrop, Durham; building a church at Milton next Gravesend, Kent; rebuilding a chapel at Penrhos, Montgomeryshire; enlarging, by rebuilding, the church at Dawley, Salop; enlarging, by rebuilding the nave, of the church at Holcombe Burnell, Devon; repewing the church at Holwell, Beds; enlarging the church at Codford St. Mary, Wilts; enlarging, by rebuilding the nave, of the church at Winterborne Whitchurch, Dorset; increasing the accommodation in the church at Llandyfreog, Cardiganshire; increasing the accommodation in the church at Hinxton, Cambridgeshire; enlarging the church at Woodham Mortimer, Essex; building a church at Eccleshill, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire; and rebuilding the chapel at Ellerker, Yorkshire.

The population of these parishes and districts is 108,508 persons, for whose accommodation twenty churches and chapels are now provided, containing 13,873 seats, and including free sittings for 4,666 persons. With the Society's aid, seven new churches will be erected in populous districts, by which means, together with the alterations contemplated in the existing places of worship, 4,527 additional sittings will be provided, 3,113 of which will be free.

The population of one of the parishes assisted, is upwards of 63,000, with church-accommodation for less than *one-tenth*; another has a population of nearly 24,000 persons, with accommodation for less than *one-fifth*; one with 9,300 souls, can only accommodate one person in twenty-three; and another, with a population of 8,700 persons, has church-room for about *one-eighth* of that number.

Certificates of the completion of the works in twenty-two parishes were examined and approved, and the Board issued orders to the Treasurer for the payment of the grant awarded in each case. Previously to the execution of these works, which included the erection of eleven new churches and chapels, and the rebuilding of four existing churches, the provision of church-room for a population of 119,934 persons was, 25,210 sittings, 8,497 of which were free.

One of these parishes, with a population of 56,000 persons, had church-accommodation for about *one-fourth*; another, with 17,500 persons, had accommodation for less than *one-fourth*; another, with upwards of 10,000 persons, possessed church-room for *one-tenth*; one with nearly 8,000 persons, has accommodation for *one-eighth*; three parishes, each with a population of upwards of 3,000 persons, could only accommodate 462, 450, and 288 persons respectively; and one township, with a population of 4,000 souls, in a parish containing 13,500 persons, had neither church nor chapel. To the very insufficient accommodation provided in the places which have now claimed the payment of the grants voted by the Society, 6,939 sittings are added, 5,304 of which are free and unappropriated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If "Wintoniensis" be "but of yesterday in his Theology," he ought, of all people in the world, to be the most careful in conferring nicknames, such as *Rationalist*, and the like, on his brethren. We can quite understand the impression that has been made on him by his first glance at the writings of the distinguished person to whom his letter refers; it is by no means an unnatural one; nevertheless, we beg to remind him that an author, marked by far more than ordinary originality and depth, is not to be judged at a first glance, and we feel bound to recommend to him a *studious* perusal of the principal works of the one in question. He will find nothing in them to unsettle his faith, but the very reverse.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

DECEMBER, 1843.

Australia: its History and Present Condition, containing an Account both of the Bush and of the Colonies, with their respective Inhabitants. By the Rev. W. PRIDDEN, M.A. Vicar of Broxted, Essex. London: Burns. 1843.

Colonization Circular, issued by Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. No. 1, May, 1843. No. 2, July, 1843. No. 3, October, 1843. London: Knight and Co.

Tales of the Colonies, by a late Colonial Magistrate. London: Saunders and Otley. 1843.

Speech of his Excellency Sir George Gipps, in Council, on Friday, 9th of September, 1842, *on the Resolutions proposed by the Colonial Secretary in Approval of the Report of the Committee on Immigration.* Sydney: D. Welch. 1842.

Report of Immigration Committee for 1841. Sydney. 1842.

Fraser's Magazine, October, 1843. *Art.* "*New South Wales—Colonial Immigration—The Bounty System and its Frauds.*"

General Report of the Land and Emigration Commissioners. November, 1843. London: Knight and Co.

THE appearance of Mr. Pridden's careful compilations from the many books of travels and various parliamentary papers in which the rise and progress of our Australian Colonies is delineated, enables us to open up the subject of Emigration, especially as connected with those settlements, and to bring down the information on the subject to a much later date than it was in Mr. Pridden's power to effect. And we do this the more readily in a periodical which chiefly circulates among the clergy, from the certain knowledge that they, by their advice and encouragement, can do far more than Poor-law or Emigration Commissioners, to overcome the opposition to Emigration so prevalent among our poorer classes, and to set in a right and proper view, without concealment or exaggeration, the real case of the

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effects of Emigration, on the Colonies, the Emigrant, and the Mother-country.

Had Mr. Malthus been correct in his theory of population, by this time the people of this country must have been making their daily meals on one another, not indeed metaphorically, but physically. Still it is evident that there was a truth in the professor's theory. In such a country as our own, production and employment cannot keep pace with population. There is a far narrower limit to the increase of production, and to the demand for labour, than to the progress of population. The experience of every one amongst us, whether in professions or in trade, compels us to admit that the cry is not for workmen, but for employment, and that with all our new methods of increasing supply and fostering demand, we are carrying on a constant struggle, one with another, for the bread we live upon. This want of employment is the source of all our political troubles—the prepared tinder which requires but the spark of the agitator to kindle it into flame. Give all the weight you can to political chicanery, to local or even political grievances, and you would fail in exciting the lower classes, did not want of employment and of food predispose them to discontent and violence. And this want of employment is not confined to manufacturing, or what are admitted to be over-peopled districts; it is all but universal. It was but a month since, that we were present at the Quarter Sessions of a purely agricultural county. The harvest had been abundant, the demand for workmen less restricted than in previous years, through the absence of the Irish reapers; and yet, with all these advantages, the calendar of prisoners was double what it usually is at that time of year, and was confined almost entirely to offences against property, where all that the prisoner could say in his defence was, "I had no work, and I am starving." For this state of things—a state daily and hourly increasing in distress—some remedy must be found; some remedy other than either poor-law relief, christian education, or judicial punishment. Parochial charity is a great, but a dangerous, remedy; let us do everything we can before we convert the free labourer into a pauper. Education—christian education—is a great boon; but it is ill talking to a starving man. It is very easy for us, with little to want for; with many a comfort, with many a luxury; to say to the poor man, "Thou shalt not steal;" but when cold poverty sits by the colder hearth; and hunger, with all its pangs and all its temptations, is the poor man's constant companion: oh! then, temptation assumes its most alluring form; and the poor man measures the enormity of his crime by the intensity of his distress. As for judicial punishment, what is it but a necessary evil? We must endeavour to provide employment for those who will work.

Seeing, then, that within our own shores we cannot reasonably hope to provide for the due employment of our rapidly-increasing population, we must assist them in seeking, in other climes, that sustenance which we cannot afford them here. You must assist them by

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every means in your power, in seeking employment in other lands. At the same time, bear in mind the benefits that must result to you who are left behind, and so regulate your assistance as to induce the emigrant to seek that country whence the greatest benefit is likely to accrue to you in return. Encourage colonial, rather than foreign emigration. The labour, the capital, the skill, which you export in the form of emigrants, returns to the mother-country in the form of increased demand for her productions; and the labourer who, had he remained a poor man here, would, in all probability, have been a continued expense to the country, when removed to the colony becomes a contributor, by his consumption of British production, to the wealth of his old country. But, to ensure this result, the emigrant must be an industrious and good workman, not the refuse of society, too often regarded by people as the fit objects for emigration.

"'The majority,' says a late writer on Colonial Emigration, 'who cry out for emigration as a panacea for our present distressed population, are too apt to regard it as a means for purifying the mother-country, and not as the best method for extending the demand for her produce, and thereby relieving her labouring classes, by establishing in more advantageous climes an industrious people, linked to us by the closest ties, who may raise what we require and take from us more produce, on the supplying of which so much of our prosperity depends. Doubtless, it is a great temporary benefit to relieve a particular district from the presence of the idle and the wicked. But it is a permanent good to create a demand for that produce, on the production of which the industrious live, whilst you permanently injure yourself, by preventing your colony, in consequence of the refuse population poured into it, from ever compensating you for the capital expended in thus removing, by wholesale, your dangerous classes. It is equally injurious to the colony, through the mother-country, to drain the latter of all her industrious population, as it would be to the mother-country, through the colony, to export from the former none but the idle and wicked portion of her population. An emigration of labourers without capitalists to employ them, is equally fruitless as an emigration of capitalists without labourers to turn their capital to profit.'"

Since the year 1825, we have poured above a million of people into the United States, our American colonies, and those of Australia. Above sixty thousand, on an average, have annually emigrated from our country. Of these emigrants, a million have gone to America, for, until the establishment of the Bounty system in New South Wales, the emigrants to that colony were comparatively few.* The consequence of this has been, that Canada and New Brunswick, though neither of them as yet suffering from a redundant population, are still fully peopled, and wages and employment commensurate with the abundant supply they have received in the last eighteen years. There is still just sufficient demand for good workmen, to induce a (comparatively speaking) small body of superior workmen to emigrate, but by no means that demand for average labourers that would

* Within the last year, the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, with the very proper view of meeting the increasing demand for information respecting the British Colonies, and general emigration to them, as well as for the purpose of furnishing information that can be depended on, and is not got up to favour this or

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enable us to regard these Colonies as one of the means of relieving our over numerous population.

The other great labour-market is in a far worse state. The United States are overstocked with good labour; and can we wonder at it? In eighteen years, 504,944 persons have been sent from the United Kingdom to the States. For the last few years the unhealthy state of American commerce has produced a general stagnation throughout the country; confidence seems gone, and public works have long since come to a stand-still. Sixty-three thousand, however, emigrated to the United States last year; and what was their fate? Before the year was out; more than 6,000 had passed over into Canada, in search of employment, more than nine thousand had re-embarked at the one port of New York for this country. And mark! it was not from caprice, or for idleness sake, that this extensive re-emigration took place. The replies of the Government Emigration Agents agree in assigning want of employment as the only reason.

"Lieut. Lean, London: I understand that the reason assigned by the general body of the emigrants, when questioned as to the cause of their return to this country, (whether they were agriculturists or mechanics,) was, that they could not obtain any employment in the United States.

"Lieut. Hodder, Dublin: From the only sources of information accessible to me, namely, persons variously engaged in, or connected with, emigration, and the individuals themselves who have returned, I have, on personal communication, ascertained that the following reasons are assigned for their return; and having travelled five or six hundred miles up the country, and after pursuing the route to Philadelphia, crossing the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburgh, and beyond it, in search of employment, they have altogether

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that company, or this or that land speculation, have issued certain cheap pamphlets, called Colonization Circulars, replete with the latest government information, from the first of which the following Table of Emigration is derived:—

Years.	North American Colonies.	United States.	Australian Colonies.	All other Places.	Total.
1825	8,741	5,551	485	114	14,891
1826	12,818	7,063	903	116	20,900
1827	12,648	14,526	715	114	28,003
1828	12,084	12,817	1,056	135	26,092
1829	13,307	15,678	2,016	197	31,198
1830	30,574	24,887	1,242	204	56,907
1831	58,067	23,418	1,561	114	83,160
1832	66,339	32,872	3,733	196	103,140
1833	28,808	29,109	4,093	517	62,527
1834	40,060	33,074	2,800	288	76,222
1835	15,573	26,720	1,860	325	44,478
1836	34,226	37,774	3,124	293	75,417
1837	29,884	36,770	5,054	326	72,034
1838	4,577	14,332	14,021	292	33,222
1839	12,658	33,536	15,786	227	62,207
1840	32,293	40,642	15,850	1,958	90,743
1841	38,164	45,017	32,625	2,786	118,592
1842	54,123	63,852	8,534	1,835	128,344
	504,944	507,638	115,458	10,037	1,128,077

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failed, and that no reasonable prospect of obtaining a livelihood presented itself, and that they attributed their failure to the following causes:—1st. Cessation to the progress of all public works. 2ndly. A general stagnation of business. 3dly. A total want of confidence, which existed to such an extent, that it would appear the ordinary routine of life had come to a stand-still.

"Lieut. Friend, Cork: In reply, I beg to state, that the ship 'Roscoe,' from New York, bound to Liverpool, with returned emigrants, put into Cork harbour in want of water on the 2nd of October last, and landed about 100 persons in great distress, who stated that they had been unable to obtain employment in consequence of the general commercial depression in the United States. Two other vessels, the 'Henrietta,' and 'Mary Anne,' also landed about forty passengers under similar circumstances; some of whom had been induced to emigrate to the United States from the misrepresentations of friends there, which they found totally unfounded.*

From such replies as these, which the Commissioners very properly make public, in order that the people may not be made the prey of designing puffers, it is evident that the United States can no longer assist us as a drain for the surplus of our population. The consequence is, that the quarter's emigration to the States has fallen from about 5,000 to 3,000, and that to Canada to less than a thousand. Where, then, are we to look for our necessary outlet, but to our Australian colonies? The West Indies, the Falkland Isles, the Cape, the Mauritius, all labour under the disadvantages of climate. But to compensate for this loss Australia becomes every day more able and more anxious to take from us our good surplus labour. Sydney, Port Phillip, Van Diemen's Land, Western and Southern Australia, and the thriving colony of New Zealand, can one and all consume our surplus labour, can borrow our living capital, with the certainty of repaying it to us in an increased demand for those productions, by the making or raising of which our country exists. With the view of counteracting the effects which the late depression of business in New South Wales has undoubtedly had on the emigration to that country, we propose to enter, in some detail, into the rise, progress, and present prospects and demands of New South Wales and its dependencies and neighbouring Colonies.

Until the rebellion of our American colonies compelled us to look abroad for some new spot whither the worst portion of our population might be sent, some new outlet for the convicts of the mother-country, the land of New Holland remained unnoticed since its first discovery by Cook in 1770. Sixteen years after the great Navigator's discovery, the government sent out the first convict colony to Botany Bay. A small fleet of eleven vessels carried between seven to eight hundred convicts, the marines necessary to guard them, provisions for two years, and such tools and agricultural instruments as were deemed necessary for the foundation of the new colony. Including every person in the fleet, Captain Phillip, the first governor of the new colony, led little more than a thousand persons as its primary colonists.

* Colonization Circular, No. I. p. 16.

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"Some live stock was obtained at the Cape of Good Hope, and plants and seeds, likely to be useful, were procured likewise at that place and Rio Janeiro. In eight months and a week the voyage was, with the Divine blessing, completed; and after having sailed 5,021 leagues, and touched at both the American and African continents, they came to anchor on January the 20th, 1788, within a few days' sail of the antipodes of their native country, having had, upon the whole, a very healthy and prosperous voyage. Botany Bay did not offer much that was promising for a settlement, since it was mostly surrounded by poor land, and water was scarce. The governor accordingly went in person to examine the two neighbouring harbours of Port Jackson and Broken Bay, and upon drawing near to the entrance of the former, the coast looked as unpromising as elsewhere, and the natives on shore continued to shout 'Warra—warra'—'go away—go away.' Captain Cook, passing by the heads of Port Jackson, thought there might be found shelter within for a boat; but Captain Phillip was agreeably surprised at finding one of the finest harbours in the world: and since the goodness of the soil and the supply of water appeared to be sufficient, it was resolved to fix the new settlement in one of the coves of this large and beautiful inlet. The spot chosen was near a run of fresh water, which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which was then for the first time interrupted by the rude sound of the labourer's axe; and, fifty years after, so great a change had taken place here, that the lowest price of crown land was then 1,000*l.* an acre, and in eligible situations sometimes a great deal more."—*Pridden's Australia*, pp. 188, 189.

The earliest efforts of the colonists were divided between clearing the ground for the first farm, and punishing the refractory ones among the convicts, who made the conduct of the neighbouring natives a constant excuse for depredations on the property of the colony. Within four months after their arrival, it was found necessary to resort to capital punishment, in the hopes of checking the violence of the worst among the convicts; whilst the improvidence and recklessness with which they would consume their week's rations on the day they were served out to them, and then beg, starve, or steal for the other six days, was, in a manner, checked by a more frequent delivery of rations. Can we now believe that between seven and eight hundred wretched beings were proposed to be sent to the other side of the globe, without a chance of receiving the consolations of religion? Yes, it was so. When the expedition was on the point of sailing; when governor, and guard, and sailors, and provisions were all ready, and the fleet prepared for its departure, the government had not thought of sending out a chaplain; not only not thought of so doing, but actually resisted for some time the strenuous appeal of one who deserves high meed of praise for his labours, Wilberforce; and only yielded at last when his appeal was aided by the interest of Porteus and Sir Joseph Bankes. Then one chaplain was sent. Four years after, a chaplain came out with the New South Wales corps, and in 1794 a third clergyman was added to the colony, as a second chaplain from the home government.*

* At the same time (that the colony was planted by governor Phillip,) lieutenant King sailed from Port Jackson to Norfolk Island, to lay the foundations of a colony for the cultivation of New Zealand flax. No chaplain accompanied this subsidiary

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For six years after the foundation of the colony, no church was provided for the people, and the service was performed in the open air, exposed alike to the wind, the rain, and the sun's heat. Among such a population as the majority of the colonists consisted of, it is not to be wondered that, with so many disadvantages to contend with, the labours of the chaplain were far from successful, and his weekly congregation by no means numerous. In the year 1790, the chaplain, Mr. Johnson, complained to the government of the negligent attention to religious duties, and thereupon the authorities, instead of thinking of building a church, or lending some temporary erection for religious worship, ordered every convict who failed to attend service to be mulcted of a portion of his rations. Two years more elapsed, and then a church was built; a humble wooden building with a thatched roof, at the expense of forty pounds; not by the government, but by an individual—by the chaplain himself. How truthfully severe was the reproach of the Spanish priest, whom a chance visit of some ships of his country brought to the young colony but a few months before the church was raised,—when he saw the chaplain seeking for a shady place for his Sunday service, he lifted up his eyes with astonishment, and declared, that, had the place been settled by his nation, a house of God would have been erected before any house for man! In this small building did the chaplain educate between 150 and 200 children during the week, and under his own immediate inspection, for the government could not afford to build even a school.*

The two years' provisions brought out by the expedition began to fail towards the end of the year 1789, and the long-expected supply from the mother-country was looked for with the greatest anxiety. In November in that year the first harvest was gathered in the colony; about two hundred and twenty-five bushels of wheat, some thirty-five more of barley, and a trifling quantity of oats and Indian corn were the sole products of the first colonial harvest in New South Wales. With the new year came no new supply of provisions, and, notwithstanding the reduction of the men's rations during the last three months, the original supply from England was at an end; and all that the colony had to subsist on was a scant supply providentially brought by the "Sirius" from the Cape. Distress seemed now most imminent, and intense was the anxiety with which the flag-staff at the heads was watched in hopes of the much-wished-for signal of a "sail." Every remedy possible was devised; great quantities of fish were caught; part of the people were sent off to Norfolk Island, as more able to support its colonists than the less fertile Port Jackson; and it

expedition: and it was not until 1791, that the unfortunate settlers on this island were favoured with the presence of a minister of Christ's Church, when Mr. Johnson voluntarily, and without the aid of the government, paid them a short visit.

* Five years after its erection the chapel was burnt down, to every appearance by the act of an incendiary, and then the governor did grant a newly-erected store for the temporary use of the colonial chaplain.

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was proposed to send the "Sirius" to China for supplies, after landing the convicts at Norfolk Island. This last resource failed, the "Sirius" had hardly landed her living cargo before she was wrecked on a reef off the island. The other—only other vessel—the "Supply," was then despatched to Batavia, and the colonists sat down to watch for her return, hoping, by further reductions and the sacrifices of the greater part of their seedcorn, to hold out until relieved by her return, or by the arrival of the fleet from England. At last, after six months of anxiety, a sail was signaled, and the "Lady Juliana," ten months on her voyage, brought a slight addition to their provisions; but, at the same time, an increase of 200 convicts to their population: added to this, the newly-arrived ship brought the unwelcome intelligence of the total loss of the provision-ship, which ought to have arrived half a year before, and on the stores of which the new supply of convicts had been calculated. All was now increased anxiety, and it was not until the end of June that the arrival of another provision-ship caused the anxiety and scarcity to cease. This was their first, but far from their last, trial arising from the want of provisions.

"In 1794, on the very day when the doors of the provision-store were closed, and the convicts had received their last allowance which remained, the signal for a "sail" was made; and it was the third day before the two vessels then in sight could be got into the harbour, but their arrival brought comparative abundance to the starving population of 3000 people, who were beginning seriously to reckon up how far their live-stock would go towards the supply of their necessities. Several other similar seasons of famine have been recorded, and it is curious and instructive to look back upon the day of small things in a country abundant as New South Wales at present is in the necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries of life."—*Pridden's Australia*, pp. 200, 201.

The arrival of what is called the Second Fleet, towards the close of the year 1791, gave an additional air of bustle and life to the infant town of Sydney; a few public works were begun, and reservoirs were cut in the rocks as a defence against the droughts which afflicted the colony. At that date small indeed were the flocks and herds, in no long time to be the wealth and glory of the land. One ram, fifty ewes, and six lambs formed the nucleus of those extensive flocks that now supply nearly one-third of our annual consumption of foreign wool. The wonderful rise of New South Wales as a wool-producing colony is thus described by a late writer:—

"Thirty-three years have passed since Australia sent her first contribution to the wool-market of this country. In 1810 we received from her about a hundred weight and a half of wool; and at that time our imports of that article exceeded eleven millions of pounds. Five years after, when our imports were 13,600,000 lbs., New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land contributed 73,000 lbs., about the 186th part of our consumption of foreign wool. In 1820, the great fall of our imports to 10,000,000 lbs., and the gradual rise of the exports of our colony to about 100,000 lbs., made her a contributor to the amount of a hundredth part of our imports. Five years after, and our imports had nearly quadrupled themselves, whilst the exports of the colony had been tripled. But again, in 1830, whilst our imports had sunk a third—to about 32,000,000—the colony sent wool to the amount of nearly 2,000,000, and sud-

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denly rose from the contributor of an 144th part, to that of a seventeenth part of our entire foreign wool. Ere another five years had elapsed, the average had risen to a tenth; and in the year 1840 our Australian colonies contributed more than one-fifth of our entire imports of wool. In the next year, 1841, our imports of wool rose to above 66,000,000 lbs., the exports of Australia to more than twelve millions and a quarter; and even in the following year, when the effects of over importation were felt, of above 500,000 lbs., making the contribution within a few thousands of thirteen millions, but of a general decreased importation of forty-five millions and a half, thus sending nearly a third part of our consumption of foreign wool."*

But to return to our narrative. When the colonists made their first attempts at clearing the land round Sydney, they met with continued interruptions from the natives, more after a petty thieving way, than as the early settlers were attacked by the braves of the Indians of Northern America. By degrees the natives began to proffer conciliation; and had not the convicts, by their bad conduct, interrupted the progress towards confidence, the colonists might from very early days have lived on terms of friendly confidence with those whom they were gradually and surely dispossessing of the land of their fathers. Within two years of the commencement of the colony, a native chief became the friend and companion of the governor in the following manner:—

"In the spring of the second year, the bodies of many of the natives were found in a lifeless or dying state upon different parts of the coast near Sydney, in consequence of the small pox which had been raging among them; and some of these having been brought to the settlement, from motives of pity, the disease was taken by a native, who had been captured shortly before, in hopes of opening through him a means of communication with the others. The intended interpreter died, but the governor, Captain Phillip, still retained in his care two native children, whose lives had been saved from the small pox, and succeeded, within a few months, in securing two other natives, both of them well known to the children, through whom they were assured of perfect safety. However, instead of remaining until they could become familiar with the English manners and language, and so carry on an intercourse between the colonists and their own countrymen, these natives both made their escape, one of them very soon after he had been taken: the other, Benillong, in about six months afterwards, when he had been treated with every kindness and indulgence, and had grown somewhat accustomed to the society of the English settlers. Benillong made his escape in May, 1790, and in the September following he saw some of the colonists, by whom he sent a present to the governor, a piece of the whale which was then lying on the beach, and round which the natives were assembled at a feast. Wishing to see him again, the governor went immediately to the spot, where he found a number of natives, and both Benillong, and the other, Cole-be, who had first escaped. All went on amicably at first, and some wearing-apparel, belonging to the men in the boat, was given to the savages, whilst Benillong obtained a promise from his Excellency that more should be brought in two days, and likewise some hatchets. The governor and his friends were retiring by degrees to their boat, having imprudently allowed the natives very nearly to surround them, when Benillong, after presenting several of his friends by name, pointed out one, whom Captain Phillip stepped forward to meet, holding out both his hands to him. The savage not understanding this civility,

* Article in Frazer's Magazine for November, New South Wales, in which these statements are supported by accurate tables.

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and possibly thinking that he was going to seize him, threw his spear, and wounded the governor badly, but not mortally. Several other spears were thrown, and one musket fired, but no other injury done."—*Pridden's Australia*, pp. 149—151.

The savage got well beaten for his inconsiderateness, and Benillong and his family became greater friends than ever with the governor; so much so, that when Captain Phillip sailed for England, two years after the accident, Benillong and Cole-be left their wives and families and accompanied him on his voyage. After three years' absence Benillong came back three parts an Englishman; rated his countrymen for want of dresses, and bad habits of cutting each other's throats; lectured his sister for coming to meet him with nothing on her back but her nephew, and set up for a civilized man. Gradually this wore off; his visits to the bush became more frequent, and when he left the government-house, his usual residence, he always left his clothes behind him, and repaired to his old companions as naked as they could wish. Still he kept up his acquaintance with his white friends, and used it as his safest shield against the plots and attacks of his own and other native tribes. Every day, however, he lapsed more and more into native habits, fell into worse and worse quarrels with his wife's lovers, and after several severe wounds, at last, died the usually violent death of his nation.

From the year 1791, the progress of the colony towards providing for its own support, and making itself independent of the provision-fleets from the mother-country, was rapid. About 420 acres had been harvested in that year, whilst at the succeeding harvest produce was gathered in from 1,540 acres of cleared ground; and nearly 3,500 acres had already been granted and apportioned out to settlers. The greatest drawback to the progress of the colony was the passion for spirituous liquors, which, according to the earliest historian of the settlement, operated like a mania upon the people, who risked everything to obtain them. Those who worked extra hours refused to be paid in anything but spirits. Boats were built for so many gallons of rum, instead of so many guineas. Spirituous liquors became the great standard of value in the colony, and even the government paid for the crops of the first settlers in spirits.* When governor Hunter came out in 1795, he found the colony divided between two parties: those who sold rum, and those who drank rum; the so-called upper classes of the colony living on the vices of the lower classes. His great, his first object was to break down these disastrous practices. The grain which the private distillers converted into spirit, was forced back into the bread market by the destruction of the private stills, and the abuse of paying wages in rum arrested, if not entirely repressed. Yet, even as late as 1807, a German agriculturist of the name of Schœffer obtained from the government twenty gallons of rum, besides a new grant of

* Promissory notes were given, payable in rum,

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land equal to that which he was resigning to the authorities; those being the only terms on which he could be induced to give up his old grant for public purposes.

There is but one really efficient way to lessen the love of debauchery among a people subject to such temptations as the early colonists of Sydney were—that is religion. It is but, at the best, an uneconomical policy in a government to grudge the religious labourer his hire, to leave multitudes without religious controul, especially when under every inducement to commit acts of violence. The result of this neglect is accumulated misery to the people themselves, and a pecuniary charge to the government, many, many times greater than would have been incurred in the outset in a due provision for the administration of religious consolation. We cannot but admit, that, in accordance with the spirit of the age, the religious welfare of our Australian colonists was from the first sadly neglected by the colonial and home authorities. In the year 1803, the colonists had increased to above seven thousand, and, as was to be looked for, were daily becoming more and more scattered over the country; when to the extent to be traversed over, is added the low moral and religious state of the majority of the people—the convict population—we cannot wonder that two chaplains were unable to stem the tide of crime and immorality.* The presbyterian colonists who settled on the banks of the Hawkesbury during the rule of governor Hunter, read as severe a lesson to the colonists and the government by their acts, as the Spanish priest by his words. It was not long before they erected a place of worship for themselves, and laid out 400*l.* on its erection, while as yet there was no church in Sydney.

During Captain Hunter's governorship, a party who chanced to be fishing in a bay some way to the northward of Sydney, picked up a piece of coal on the beach. The discovery was made, coal was soon found in abundance, and Newcastle now supplies Sydney and all the country with coal of the best quality. The chance recalling of the settlers from Norfolk Island during the rule of the succeeding governor King, led to the establishment of the great rival colony of Van Diemen's Land. It commenced as a penal settlement for convicted felons of New South Wales; gradually free settlers came among them, land became more and more cultivated, farms enclosed, and houses built. After seventeen years a church was built, but how they were spiritually directed until then, we are unable to say. We do trust they were not permitted to remain without a resident minister, as had been their fate when on Norfolk Island. The confusion resulting from the conduct of the next governor, Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty* notoriety, threw the colony for a time into a

* If Mr. Pridden writes from authority, there was but one chaplain for the entire colony. How is this statement, p. 223, reconcileable with that in the note at page 193, where he states that a chaplain came out with the New South Wales corps in 1792, and a second chaplain, Mr. Marsden, in 1794?

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state of lamentable depression, and it required all the care and attention of his successor, Macquarie, during twelve years of peace and tranquillity, fully to develop the great resources of the infant colony. It was in this governor's time that the first contribution of the staple commodity, wool, was sent from the colony to this country. It was during the rule of this governor that the most extensive improvements and discoveries were made in the colony. Nearly 300 miles of good roads were constructed by convict-labour: the passage of the Blue Mountains, to this time deemed insuperable, was made good, and a place was thus found where the cattle and flocks could refuge from the drought of summer in the less withered pastures and greener plains of the western country. To these plains a road of 100 miles was immediately made by Governor Macquarie, one half of it over a country barren, mountainous, and rugged in the extreme, and under his direction the public buildings of the capital and the smaller towns began to assume a stable appearance. To all this there was but one drawback, the governor's injudicious—to use the lightest term—injudicious patronage of the emancipated convicts, and the consequent depression of the free settler, and temporary cessation of emigration to the colony. The following account of his doings must be taken with a slight discount due to his habit of self-adulation :—

"I found the colony barely emerging from infantile imbecility, and suffering from various privations and disabilities: the country inapproachable beyond forty miles from Sydney; agriculture in a yet languishing state; commerce in its early dawn; revenue unknown; threatened with famine; distracted by faction; the public buildings in a state of dilapidation, and mouldering to decay; the few bridges and roads formerly constructed almost impassable; the population in general depressed by poverty; no public credit nor private confidence; the morals of the great mass of the people in the lowest state of debasement, and religious worship almost totally neglected. Such was the state of New South Wales when I took charge of its administration on the 1st of January, 1510. I left it in February last, (1822) reaping incalculable benefits from my extensive and important discoveries in all directions, including the supposed insurmountable barrier, called the Blue Mountains, to the westward of which are situated the fertile plains of Bathurst; and in all respects enjoying a state of private comfort and public prosperity, which I trust will, at least, equal the expectations of his majesty's government. On my taking the command of the colony in the year 1810, the amount of port duties collected did not exceed 8,000*l.* per annum, and there were only 50*l.* or 60*l.* of a balance in the Treasurer's hands; but now (1822) there are port duties collected at Port Jackson to the amount of 28,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* per annum. In addition to this annual colonial revenue, there are port duties collected at Hobart and George Towns, Van Diemen's Land, to the amount of between 8,000*l.* and 15,000*l.* per annum."*

During the government of Sir Thomas Brisbane, who succeeded Governor Macquarie, little of general interest need be noticed, except

* Governor Macquarie's report to Earl Bathurst in 1822. During his rule, the exports of wool from Sydney were increased a thousand-fold. The population had increased to 29,783, of whom 13,814 were convicts; three new penal settlements had been formed, and the numbers of the clergy for this numerous and very widely-scattered people increased to *seven*, whose bishop resided at the Antipodes.

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the attempt to educate and civilize the natives, commenced by the Church Missionary Society of London. A grant of 10,000 acres was awarded them by the next governor, Sir Ralph Darling, and a similar demand from the Wesleyans, as far as we can discover, refused The Church seems not as yet to have thought it her duty to look after the morals and religion of the natives, too glad to leave that duty to their very questionable friends, the Church Missionary Society, and confine their efforts to the extensive and laborious duties imposed on them by the rapid increase of the population of the colony. At length the government seem to have been moved to talk about doing something. As far back as 1825, royal commands had come out to Archdeacon Scott to take measures for the civilization of the natives in the following year the archdeacon reported the inadequacy of his means for the purpose, as well in men as in money, and requested the governor to obtain the opinion of the home government as to expenditure that would be absolutely necessary. Sir Ralph Darling wrote to Lord Bathurst, earnestly advising the government to action, and the government wrote back to the governor, desiring the archdeacon to report; and promising assistance "whenever circumstances should admit of the formation of the establishment." The archdeacon reported to the governor in August 1827, and the governor sent the report home, and the home government did nothing, until the Church Missionary Society refused to continue their establishment at lake Macquarie, and then the government did something. Mr. Thekeld, the Society's clergyman, was to be discontinued, the archdeacon and the governor agreed to continue him at 150*l.* a year, and the government actually sanctioned this enormous expenditure for the civilization of the natives. To Lord Goderich is the especial honour due of this enormous sacrifice of public money. This is all that was done for native education up to the year 1831.*

More attention, however, has been paid to the education of the colonists. Within two years after the foundation of the colony, a provision was made, both for religious and educational purposes, which, if fairly and honestly carried out into practice, would have been sufficient for the ample endowment of the clergy and schoolmasters required for the colony. Four hundred acres of land were to be allotted in every township, for the maintenance of the minister, and half that number for the support of the schoolmaster. A further assistance was given in 1826. One-seventh part of the entire land in the colony was given, by royal charter, to the Church and School corporation, for the supply of religious instruction and education to the whole colony. As soon as the charter was signed, the entire burden of the Church and School establishment was transferred from the government to the corporation. Good enough in theory, this corporation failed in practice.

* Copies of instructions given by his majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, for promoting the moral and religious instruction of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, from 1820 to 1831.

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"But, whatever might have been the future of the endowment thus bestowed upon the Australian Church, its immediate produce was little or nothing; the reserves are stated to have not been fairly portioned out; many of them were allotted in inconvenient and distant situations and unprofitable soils; private interest was allowed to take the first place in the division of land, and persons who would have scorned to defraud men, were happy to be allowed to defraud God of his rights, and the poor of the means of having the Gospel preached to them. Nor, even had those hindrances not arisen, would there have been any sufficient income arising during the first years from the property of the corporation, unless they had sold this with utter recklessness of the means of securing a future permanent endowment. That portion of their lands which was most improved, was either judiciously sold, or else let; and other parts of it were gradually being brought under cultivation, and improved in value; but meanwhile the increasing yearly expenses of the ecclesiastical establishment were to be met. For this purpose, some money was borrowed on debentures, and an advance was made to the corporation from the colonial treasury; and thus, during three years, were the exertions of the corporation crippled and restrained, when they were beginning to get somewhat clear of these first difficulties. When their estates were becoming profitable, and their flocks and herds increasing, they were directed to suspend any further proceedings, no more lands were granted them, and they were informed that their charter was to be revoked."—*Pridden's Australia*, pp. 302, 303.

For four years the notice of dissolution was held over the corporation, and their further progress in every way arrested. At last, in 1833, the revocation arrived, and the maintenance of religion and education in the colony reverted to the executive. When we remember the acts of the government in this country, in the year 1833, and reflect on the prevalence of every kind of opinion hostile to the Church, and the encouragement it met with from the rulers of our people, we need not go very deep for the reason of the dissolution of an institution, such as this corporation was, which, under all its manifold difficulties and distresses, had raised the number of schools in the colony from sixteen to forty, and the scholars from a thousand to more than two thousand five hundred; a dissolution, at the very time when the means of the institution were becoming available for the fulfilment of the intentions of the foundation. In 1836, Sir Richard Bourke, the then governor, hatched the present scheme under which the Church is henceforward to be extended in the colony, extended coequally with "religions of other denominations." Where 300*l.* is subscribed, the government will grant a certain aid to build a church or chapel; where one hundred adults, including convicts, will sign a call to a "*minister of religion*," the government will grant him 100*l.* a year; if two hundred call, then they give 150*l.*; and should five hundred agree to choose "their *minister of religion*," he gets 200*l.* a year from the colony. Should, however, the callers fall short of the number which the government have determined may require a minister of religion, then the governor *may* grant a salary to a "minister of religion," not more than 100*l.* if the callers will guarantee the callee half that sum in addition.

Bad as this system is in theory, practically it has developed the strength of Church feeling in the colony; and now, though doubt-

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less many and many an outlying settlement does still want the constant presence of a minister of the Church, much of the disgrace of neglect towards religion is removed, and we can now, without much fear, advise our poor to seek in Australia that temporal subsistence which they cannot obtain here, without doubting that they will have the means and the opportunities of receiving the consolations of religion from an authorized source. Since an episcopal head has been granted to the colonial Church, we shall hear no more of temporary governors suspending a colonial chaplain, because he had offended his "temporary excellency;" or of directors of roads placing catechists and clergy under a ban, because they prevented the unceasing working of the convict-labourers, and then boasting of the system which he regarded as a substitute for their religious labours; a system looking well on paper, as "Daily Morning and Evening Readings of the Sacred Scriptures at every Road-station, and additional Devotional Exercises on the Sabbath," but which assumes an awful form when we read the words in which Archdeacon Hutchings brought this subject before the government in 1837. "These readings of the Scriptures," says the archdeacon, "were performed generally, if not always, by *some of the worst of the convicts themselves*, selected, no doubt, for the purpose, not on account of their wickedness, but of their abilities."

Great as had been the temporal progress of the Australian colonies from the reign of Governor Maquarie, it was due far more to the well-directed labour of the convict population than to the immigration of free settlers. Up to the governorship of General Bourke, little above ten thousand free immigrants had settled in the colony; but the scheme which he started, of bounty emigration, however much it may have been abused in later years, and however open it may be to fraud, was the source of the free population of Australia. Within the last nine years it has been the means of pouring above a hundred thousand emigrants into the Australian colonies, and the means of a proportional development of their resources. It has made New South Wales what it now is in its resources, not in its difficulties; it has given the innate power by which she is now enabled to hold out against temporary embarrassments, and by which she will eventually triumph over them. It has made Sydney what it is—a noble city, containing its thousands of living souls; its churches, hospitals, forts, wharfs, gay shops, wide streets, and harbours enlivened by masts and flags from every trading nation. Mr. Rae, in his descriptions appended to Mr. Prout's most interesting Views of the Colony, draws the following comparison between Sydney as sketched by Collins, in 1804, and as it now appears from the burin and pencil of Prout. "Art has been busy for the last half century," says the writer, "in altering the features of the surrounding localities, and it will afford an agreeable amusement to those who have it in their power, to compare the View of Sydney Cove, as now given, with that which is to be found in Collins's book on the Colony, published in 1804. So great has been the change, that it is difficult to trace any resemblance between

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those views of the same place. The paltry cottages, with their little gardens, sprinkled sparingly over the ground of the one, have ceased to exist, except in the pages of Collins; and have been succeeded by the crowded buildings of a populous town, the large wharfs and stores, and stately vessels, of the other."* The engraving in Mr. Pridden's work will assist its readers in realizing this great change, so well described by Mr. Rae. We have, in our former pages, looked on Sydney in its infancy, now we see it in its maturity; before, it was the all of a small colony of a few thousand people, now it is the great metropolis of a great and rising people, able to number themselves by their tens and hundreds of thousands, and holding within the circuit of its own buildings, within its own hundred coves, thirty thousand European inhabitants; whilst close to it, but fifteen miles by land, rises another town—the picturesque Paramatta, is built along the banks of the small fresh-water stream that falls into Port Jackson, and numbering for itself ten thousand more people.† Besides these, Bathurst, Newcastle, Liverpool, Windsor, and others, are all towns of resort and importance, and are every day becoming more and more the centres of the districts in which they lie. Besides the eldest sister of the family group of our Australian colonies, her next in birth and in prosperity, Van Diemen's Land, or, as she has been newly named, Tasmania, as well that younger, but thriving brood, of Port Phillip, Southern and Western Australia, and New Zealand, all demand more extended descriptions than can be now afforded them; for the present they must be content to admit the privilege of elder birth, and permit New South Wales to absorb nearly all this present article.

It must not be supposed that the present distress is any way due to the great increase of immigration into the colonies during the last five years; far from it, in the opinion of those who are most interested in the success of the colony, and most able, from long residence there, and practical knowledge of its concerns, to speak on these subjects, it is to the immediate renewal of bounty emigration on a large scale, and under such restrictions as shall, if possible, prevent the late frauds perpetrated under that system, that the eventual recovery of the colony is to be looked for. Neither is it

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* "Sydney. Illustrated by J. S. Prout, Member of the New Society of Water-Colours, in London; with descriptive Letterpress, by J. Rae, A.M. Sydney. J. S. Prout and Co., Australian Lithographic Establishment, O'Connell Street. 1842." Mr. Prout evidently labours under great disadvantages in his supply of paper, and consequently his sketches are not done justice to in his otherwise excellent publication.

† Population, so far as it can be ascertained from means within the reach of the Land and Emigration Commissioners:

EUROPEAN INHABITANTS IN

New South Wales and Port Philip	155,222	Western Australia	3,274
Van Diemen's Land	48,963	New Zealand	12,664
South Australia	15,029		
		Total	235,152

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due to the government determination of raising the upset price of government land, as some clamorous people would have us believe. The government will not sell the land at less than twenty shillings an acre; be it so. If the price is too high, there are plenty of private individuals only too ready to undersell the government; if otherwise, in what are the government to blame? Neither is it the scarcity of money in the country that has caused this distress: money is by no means scarce in the colony; the bank returns prove beyond dispute that it is not diminished. To what, then, is this temporary difficulty to be attributed—"principally, if not solely, to the general panic, which has succeeded the general mania. Wherever a mania for excessive speculation rages, there surely will follow a season of depression; the one, in fact, succeeds the other, as naturally as the hot fit of an ague succeeds the cold one."

"I need not," continues Governor Gipps, in his most able speech, "go at length into all the causes which produced the late mania, or (which is the same thing,) brought capital into this country in excessive quantities between the years 1835 and 1840. Various circumstances conspired at that period to turn the attention of English capitalists to the Australian colonies. I will allude only to the attractive theories which were put forward by the disciples of the Wakefield school, and to the vauntings of the excessive riches of New South Wales, which are to be found in the evidence taken before the Transportation Committee of the House of Commons. The real El Dorado was at last said to be found in Australia, and the only question asked was, why people would not come and share in the vast profits we were making. Capital then began to flow into the colony a great deal faster than it could be advantageously invested. For a time, however, all looked well, and the demand for stock, which the opening of Port Phillip and South Australia created, caused the price of sheep, oxen, and especially horses, to rise very rapidly. That during these years far too much capital came into the colony, will, I think, be admitted, if we only consider the shape in which it must have come; and here I must be permitted to say, that there appears to me a great want of clearness of apprehension as to what capital consists of. Many persons talk of bills of exchange and letters of credit, as if they were capital, which they are not, but only the representatives of capital. To transfer capital from one country to another, there must be a transfer of something corporeal, something which, in the evident sense of the word, constitutes merchandize. A man who, when about to emigrate to New South Wales, purchases in London a bill on Sydney, does not himself transfer his capital; he only makes a bargain with another party, who engages to do it for him; and that other party must send out merchandize to meet the bill he draws, or it will be only a matter of account between himself and his correspondent, without any real transfer of capital having been effected.

"The desire to emigrate to Australia during the years I have mentioned, causing a great demand for bills on Sydney, such bills were drawn, and, in order to meet them, vast quantities of goods were sent to Sydney, which were never ordered; in fact, the consignments of goods were no longer regulated by the state of the market in Sydney, but by the demand which existed in London for bills on Sydney. Hence, enormous quantities of goods were sent to our market, quantities altogether disproportioned to the demand; the bills, however, drawn on account of these goods were honoured, and the parties to whom they had been given, were here with money in their hands. A great deal of this money was invested in mortgages or in loans—in loans, perhaps, to parties who never ought to have been trusted; much of it also was invested in the purchase of government lands and town allotments, (or building land,) not immediately

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productive, but expected rapidly to rise in value. The large sums realized by the sales of land were deposited, by the government, in the banks; the banks consequently increased their discounts, credit became greatly extended, and there was what is called abundance of money. The colony appeared to be in a state of extraordinary prosperity; the number of ships in our harbour was pointed to with exultation; and it became a matter of boast, that we imported more goods from England than did the whole empire of Russia. And so matters went on, consignments increasing, land sales increasing, government money in the banks increasing, and discounts increasing, until the hollowness of the whole system was at length exposed. Merchants then found out that they had goods that they could not sell at any price, or at any credit; that their stores were full of articles for which there was no demand—from steam-engines down to pocket-handkerchiefs; and, what was still worse, of articles which had better been sunk to the bottom of the sea than brought into the colony: such as carriages, champagne, and bottled porter."—*Speech of Sir George Gipps*, pp. 11, 12.

What was the consequence? The articles of luxury and folly found plenty of consumers; the loss fell on some one or another; useful articles lay and perished in the merchants' stores, or were sold so far below their value, or to persons of such little real substance and credit, though of great appearance, that the greater part of the capital thus introduced into the colony, in five or six years, was utterly lost to it. Still the cry is for more capital, and, of a surety, capital of one kind they do want in the colony.

"Capital," says Sir George Gipps, "I will allow we do want, but only under certain conditions; that is to say, on condition that the capitalist, or the person to whom it belongs, come with it; that he form one of us, and identify himself with our interests; and I do not doubt that any one possessed of common prudence, who will do this, will find that Australia is not yet a stocked country. But I desire to see no capital come here without its owner, to be invested only in loans, or mortgages at enormous interests; let us, rather than accept such fatal offerings, resolve, one and all, to exercise the most untiring industry, and the most pinching economy, and let those who cannot afford to hire shepherds go themselves and tend their sheep, as did the man who laid the first foundation of the wealth of Australia. This is the sure way to dispel the existing panic, and to cause those to make investments in the country, who now hold back."

No one can deny that, despite of the government minimum price, land and stock never were so cheap in Australia as now, and while the price of wool remains as it now is, flocks must always pay the flockmaster for his expenditure and trouble at such prices of land and stock; but there is one great drawback—the uncertainty of labour. "I think," says Mr. Evan Mackenzie, of Moreton Bay, in his examination before the Immigration Board at Sydney (p. 48), "I think that in the present state of the country, the uncertainty of obtaining labour more than counterbalances the inducement held out by the low price of stock." This uncertainty arises partly from the inferior nature of the labourers exported from this country, under the bounty system, and mainly from the entire cessation of that system in the year 1842. The frauds perpetrated under the bounty system, pass almost all belief; of the truth of the charges we cannot doubt, they are founded on the best evidence—that of the Committee on Immigration at

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Sydney itself, and the proofs are sufficiently particular to warrant their truth without inculpating private individuals. In the inland and the northern parts of England, the greater part of these frauds have been effected. Persons have had the words of qualification "put into their mouths," by the local sub-agents, and many a man has come out as a blacksmith, or an agricultural labourer, who had qualified for the one by learning ladies' shoemaking, or for the other by managing a spinning-jenney. A mother has been passed off as the wife of her own son, and one berth assigned them for the voyage; husbands, *pro tempore*, have been selected by the sub-agents, for married women with families, desirous of joining their husbands abroad, and some emigrant-ships have been little better than floating brothels, where a regular allotment was made of the female emigrants among the officers and crew. A regular tariff seems to have been established for signatures, characters, and certificates, among the sub-agents and their clerks, and whilst many a man who could have afforded to pay his passage-money out as a non-bounty emigrant, has gone at the expense of the colony, by the means of a douceur to the clerk or inspector, very many persons who would have been most useful in the colony, have been unable to obtain the necessary certificates, because unable to fee the agents for them; and whilst servants of a class far too superior for colonial use, have taken advantage of the bounty never intended for them, other persons far inferior and unsuited for the colony have been got out of the country by the assistance of landlords and parishes, only too glad to pay the clerk's demands to rid them of their dissolute characters. So that they obtained the required number of females, the sub-agents cared not whence they took them, and the streets of London, Liverpool, and Dublin, have furnished their quotas to fill up the required number of emigrants. Villany and deceit always work their own remedy. Every year the frauds became greater and more flagrant; the government and committees in Sydney were roused, bounty was refused, not on hundreds but on thousands, strong complaints were made in the reports sent home, and, at last, the Home Office have interfered, and, under the new rules by which the renewal of bounty-emigration is to be conducted, we may reasonably expect that a fair merchandize will be given for the fair price offered by the authorities. We have deemed it needless to support our assertions of fraud by extracts from the report of the Immigration Committee, since it has been only a month past so fully proved in the pages of our contemporary to whom we have before referred. We would only remark that the case is by no means overstated, and that plenty of evidence still remains to warrant his and our statements.

As the frauds committed under the bounty-system tended to render in a great degree inefficient the supply of labour brought into the colonial market; so the entire cessation of the land fund put the final stroke to the system itself, at least for a time, and rendered it absolutely necessary that it should be revived under new regulations,

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and with funds provided by the government. This has been now done; according to the recommendation of the governor, bounty emigration, as it existed for the last five years, has been put an end to, and the regulations issued on the 15th of July of this year, will go far to insure the colony a fair supply of emigrants—five thousand is the present number limited—and to insure to the emigrants that care and those comforts they ought to have on their long voyage.

Let us see what is the demand for labour in the colonies; for we have already proved the inutility of regarding the United States as an outlet for our population. To begin with Quebec, the following extract from the Report of the chief agent for Immigrants at Quebec, dated in December of last year, shows exactly the state of the labour-market in Canada:—

"I am required pointedly to remark, that it is manual labour chiefly which, in this country, obtains superior remuneration. There are some descriptions of persons who cannot benefit themselves by resorting to it, at least at the present time; and many must, in so doing, change their condition materially for the worse. *Active and intelligent mechanics, industrious farmers, and farm-servants, well-conducted domestic servants, and able-bodied labourers, are those who will find themselves improved in condition by emigration.* But clerks and accountants, persons aspiring to be factors or overseers, and many others, indisposed or incompetent to devote themselves to bodily labour, experience much distress and disappointment; and may be emphatically warned of the error of emigrating to this country.

"To those whose object is settlement, and the cultivation of land, this country continues to promise very certain success. The reduced prices borne by agricultural produce would seem to take away from the profits to be realized by the farmer who brings into application his own manual labour only; but there are few who do not require the assistance of others in subduing the forest, or cultivating the improved farm; and since both this assistance, as well as all the necessaries of life required to be purchased, may now be obtained more cheaply than formerly, it may be assumed that the settler, even on the most limited scale, continues to have before him ample encouragement. In the case of those who contemplate the hiring of labourers for the performance of more extensive works of improvement, the circumstances of the country will appear decidedly more advantageous than hitherto. The high value of labour, and the occasional difficulty experienced in procuring full assistance at the seasons in which agricultural undertakings might require it, have operated to prevent the investment of extensive capital in this way. Henceforth it may be found, that the expenses of farming being reduced correspondingly with its returns, the result continues equally favourable, while greater facilities in the procuring of agricultural labourers, permit its being conducted on a scale not hitherto reached, and render it an employment more nearly correspondent in its character to that of the extensive farmer of Great Britain or Ireland."

Nor was the state of demand actually altered in May 1843, though a temporary demand for labour was then existing in the neighbourhood of the coves of the St. Lawrence, and on board ships, in consequence of the arrival of so many vessels, and men could obtain 3*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* a day; still the demand in the rural districts was not more abundant than in the previous year, and the farming wages were, if anything, lower. A despatch from the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, towards the end of last year, shows that the circumstances of that colony are not such as to afford any prospect of an opening for the

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employment of emigrants, who might arrive there without means, unless persons of capital should entertain views of settlement in the province and be prepared to employ them. Mr. Wedderburn, the government emigration agent at St. John's, writes thus in January of this year:—

"I regret to remark, that low as the rates of wages inserted in the printed abstract are, they are still but *nominal*, as only a very small number of mechanics, artisans, or labourers, can be employed, and that only intermittently. The prices of provisions have, however, been also very low. There is not a government work now in progress in New Brunswick."

The three hundred and fifty emigrants who arrived in that colony from January to June of this year, will more than amply supply the labour-market of New Brunswick. Passing, for the present, over South Australia, where the governor now reports the late reverses of the colony overcome, and the whole of the able-bodied labourers before employed or supported by the government, absorbed into the labour-market, we come next to New South Wales. The following is from the Report of the Immigration Committee for 1842:—

"During the twelve months ending with the 30th of June last, immigration has been carried on to an unprecedented extent; the numbers added to the population from that source alone having been, as was before shown, 23,426. Nevertheless, those new arrivals, with exceptions too few to affect the main position, have rapidly found engagements, at wages which, though somewhat reduced, are still sufficiently liberal to satisfy any reasonable expectations which could have been entertained by the emigrants themselves. The occurrences of the period now under consideration have satisfied your Committee, that, in their previous reports, they have not at all overstated the want of labour prevailing in the colony at those periods. They can also trace the soundness of that policy by which large masses of population were introduced at once into the colony. More than eighteen hundred have sometimes arrived in one week, and although the entire number did not fail to obtain employment within a period surprisingly short, yet the addition of so many serviceable hands, all seeking engagements at the same instant, could not fail to produce an effect in keeping down the general rate of wages. That effect would not so certainly have followed if the same number of immigrants had been brought in small detachments, and at more distant intervals. At the same time, though wages have been so far reduced as in some degree to meet the circumstances of the employer, they have not fallen below that level which enables the labourer to provide an honest and comfortable subsistence for himself and family. Neither are there symptoms of a superabundance of labour in any part of the territory. Among particular classes, consisting of those who have not learnt a trade, or are unqualified for manual labour, depending rather upon pursuits of a higher order, there may be some excess of candidates for situations. There are few, if any, instances of industrious and skilful persons wanting employment. In every state of society there will always be a certain proportion, who, from incompetency, or through mere casualty, experience difficulty in obtaining employment; but there is nothing in the evidence before your Committee to lead them to suspect that such proportion is excessive here, or that it has very materially augmented with the recent increase of the population. Under these circumstances, it appears most obvious that there exists a continued necessity for the introduction of immigrants; whether by the bounty-system, or by any other, is of minor importance; so that such introduction of additional hands be certain, sufficient, and economical."

The Committee feel assured that the then supply of labour would soon be far from sufficient, and that in the spring and summer of this

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year the want of labour would be felt as injuriously as ever. With reference to the precise extent to which it is desirable the immigrants should be imported, from ten to twelve thousand seems agreed upon as the average yearly importation which might be advantageously introduced into the colony. The legislative council assent to the propositions laid down by their committee, and Sir George Gipps, though not admitting the actual dearth of labour in the colony at that time, sees good ground for apprehending that, ere long, a scarcity of it will again be felt.

From the evidence before the Committee we learn the rate of wages in the colony: wages amply remunerative to the labourer, though not at that exorbitant rate that nearly forced the flockmasters to destroy their lambs, from inability to pay forty and fifty pounds a-year for a shepherd to tend them. The average wages of shepherds seems twenty guineas, with their rations; that of agricultural servants about sixteen to eighteen pounds, with food and lodging. With respect to trades, the superintendent of the Sydney police gives us much valuable information in his tabular evidence. From the information Mr. Miles obtained from masters of trades in Sydney, it seems that there is a great demand for butchers, bakers, (provided they are good hands,) boot and shoemakers, and tinsmiths, and that in all these trades wages have a tendency to rise. With respect to bricklayers, carpenters, and plasterers, many were out of work, but not likely to continue so long, and that the demand for tailors, cabinet-makers, millers, and quarrymen was generally dull, whilst for gardeners and saddlers there was then no demand whatever. According to the new bounty rules, the eligible classes are agricultural labourers, shepherds, carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, bricklayers, masons, and female domestic and farm-servants. From another of Mr. Miles's tables, it appears that the wages of twenty trades in Sydney have all increased, and some materially, since the year 1830, with the exception of gardeners, in whose wages a fall of two shillings out of twenty-four has been experienced, between the years 1841 and 1842. Female domestic and farm-servants can obtain from 10*l.* to 16*l.* a-year, varying according to their qualifications; but there is little want of governesses, ladies' maids, and fashionable servants. It is to be expected that rent should rise, especially in Sydney, and it is not to be wondered that in twelve years the expense of lodgings has more than doubled itself. With regard to provisions, whilst wheat-flour, both best and seconds, has experienced a considerable reduction in price, sugar, tobacco, and soap have remained stationary for the last twelve years; and beef and mutton have risen from the three halfpence per pound, paid in 1830, to the fourpence half-penny of 1841, and again fallen a penny per pound in the next year. Such clothing, too, as the labouring man requires, is much reduced in price, though still, in some instances, maintaining a higher price than it commands in this country. In the less forward settlements, it is impossible to arrive at any average of the rate of wages; in some, indeed, they are apparently very high,

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but they must, one and all, be taken with the deduction of the price of provisions and necessary clothing; these deductions will, in most cases, bring them down to the level of Sydney and New South Wales rates, and warrant us in taking those returns as a standard average of the demand and return for good labour in our South Australian colonies.

The most important settlement after Sydney, within the district of New South Wales, is Port Phillip, which was founded in 1837, in the neighbourhood of the inlet into which the Yana-yana flows. A few miles within the strait which divides New Holland from Tasmania, where the river flows over a fall, and mingles with the salt waters of Port Phillip, the colonists raised their capital, Melbourne. Around, the land is excellent, as well for pasture as for arable purposes; and, though the fall at the river's mouth prevents ships from ascending to the wharfs of the town itself, the near situation of Hobson's Bay, and the easy transit from thence to Melbourne, seems fully to compensate for the loss of direct water-carriage. That its position, its soil, and its qualities, are eminently suited for a colony is evidenced by the rapid increase of its population in the short space of five years. Up to the 30th of June of last year, —the latest returns we have been able to consult,—nearly nineteen thousand persons had arrived and settled in the colony; during the year 1841 nearly two millions of pounds of wool were exported from Port Phillip, amounting to 85,735*l.* out of 335,252*l.* value imported into the colony from all parts, other than New South Wales itself, against an export of the value of 139,135*l.** Neither is it without the means of religious consolation and the conveniences for public worship. Two years ago the colonists had determined on erecting a spacious church, to cost 7000*l.*; and even now the Word of God is preached to a busy population, where, but a few years' since, the Yana-yana flowed in solitude to meet the waters of the salt sea. Neither is this settlement, though nearly four hundred miles from Sydney, unable to communicate with its mother state.

"Along the whole road," says Governor Gipps, "from Sydney to Port Phillip, villages have been laid out, and police-stations, formed by the government; this road is, therefore, now safe, and as easily traversed as any in the colony; indeed it may be mentioned, as a proof of the open and accessible nature of the country generally, that this road, or at least the portion of it that lies between Yap and Melbourne, about 380 miles in extent, has been opened at no cost whatever to the colony, and very little to individuals; and that it is not only practicable, but easy, throughout its whole length, for carriages of any description." †

The old penal settlement of Brisbane, some four hundred and more miles to the north of Sydney, has within the last two years risen into notice as a new colony, under the title of Moreton Bay, and bids fair to become of importance. According to the evidence of Mr. Evan

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* Colonization Circular, No. 2, p. 29. † Ibid. p. 24.

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Mackenzie, a settler in that district, the land is well adapted for the growth of wheat—is very productive—well supplied with water—not subject to hot winds—capable of growing sugar and tobacco—and prolific in arrow-root, maize, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, grapes, oranges, and fruits of almost every description—the upset price of town allotments was 100*l.*, the price realized at the auction in July last year for 13½ acres, 343*l.* 10*s.* per acre.

"There are lands at Moreton Bay," says Sir G. Gipps, "which are known to be of first-rate fertility; there is a great deal of capital ready to be invested in it, and a great deal more expected from India, the climate being very favourable to persons who have spent a portion of their lives in that country. Moreton Bay has been partly prepared for a settlement by being heretofore a place of secondary transportation from New South Wales; the communication between it and Sydney is easy, both by land and by water, and the flocks and herds of New South Wales are already depastured in the lands behind it."*

About one hundred miles nearer to Sydney, on the north side, lies the later settlement of the Clarence river, which was discovered about the year 1838, by some persons engaged in cutting cedar on the eastern coast of Australia; the mouth of the river is 34 miles north of Port Jackson, and 90 miles south of Moreton Bay. It is the largest, as yet discovered, of those rivers which run from the eastern side of the great dividing range of mountains, extending parallel to the sea-coast, between the 26th and 32d degrees of latitude, and which, unlike the Murray and the Darling, which seek the southern ocean by a circuitous route from the west side of the ridge, flow in a straight course to the waters of the Pacific. The following is the official account of its capabilities, which the evidence given before the Committee on Immigration in 1842 proves to be by no means unfounded:—

"As a field for the employment of capital in agricultural and commercial pursuits, the opening of a tract of fine country so situated, with respect to the stations of the westward, is contemplated with satisfaction by those who may be considered competent judges. In the lower part of the district alone there is room for a large body of industrious emigrants; and such is the nature of the soil, that little apprehension is entertained of its affording abundant compensation for the labour that may be bestowed on the cultivation of wheat, maize, the vine, tobacco, sugar, indigo, and many other articles of consumption, and even of export. The height of the neighbouring mountains so near the coast ensures to this quarter some protection from the hot winds that prevail to a great extent in more exposed parts, and to their proximity to the coast may be attributed the frequency of showers in times when other districts are parched with drought. The connexion with Moreton Bay, where the survey is steadily progressing, is already established by the discovery of a practicable route between the coast-range and the sea; and with respect to the operations that are necessary, as a preparatory arrangement, to render the country at the back of Shoal Bay available for settlers of every class, contracts have been entered into for the survey of both banks of the river. The survey of the north bank of the M'Leary river is also in progress, so that the whole country extending on the north from Moreton Bay to the coast-range, on the west from Cunningham's Gap to the

* Extract of a Despatch from Sir George Gipps, dated Sydney, 1st February, 1841. Colonization Circular, No. 2, p. 25.

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crest of the Liverpool range, on the south from the sources of the Peel to the coast in latitude 32°, and on the east to latitude 28° 5′ (Moreton Bay), comprising an area of about 40,000 square miles, may be said to be in a state of preparation, as regards the survey, for immediate location." *

Coming down to the southward of Sydney we have the proposed settlement, or rather the just-born settlement of Twofold Bay, about half way between Bass's Straits and Port Jackson, which was opened in the March of this year, under favourable auspices; while just at the entrance of the straits lies Gipps' Land, and Corner Inlet, likely to be no mean rival to the flockmasters of the opposite nature of Tasmania. Labourers are obliged to be sent from Sydney; and what with the difficulty and the expense of getting them down, are only profitable at the high rates of wages they get from the lucrative value of the trade in cattle which the colonists of Corner Inlet are able to carry on with Hobart Town. "Tasmania has been overlooked these fourteen years," says Mr. M'Alister, of Corner Inlet, "and must provide artificial food." Wheat, too, can be raised as abundantly as in the opposite island; the district is well watered, and has not suffered from Australia's curse, the drought, for more than three years. "On the banks of the rivers there is a rich alluvial land, without either a tree or a stone on it, and immediately fit for the plough, without any expense of clearing, exclusively of large tracts of bush-land, of the richest description." "In one case the alluvium was fourteen feet deep." "The country is full of game, and there is abundance of fish in the lakes and the harbour." The entrance of the harbour is safe for vessels drawing as much as fourteen feet water, and capable of their approach within three miles of the town of Albert, the city of the new settlement.† With respect to the extreme western settlement of Portland Bay, immediately on the borders of Southern Australia, we know but little. If the land sales are to be any guide, this ought to be a flourishing settlement. As far back as 1840, town allotments fetched 550*l.* per acre, and rural ones an average of 50*l.* At these prices above 300 acres seem to have been disposed of. Still progressing south-west, we come to the settlement of Southern Australia, and its capital and port of Adelaide, on the eastern side of the gulf of St. Vincent. The colony contains more land than the United Kingdom, and it is nearly equal in square contents to the whole of France. Its capabilities seem as great as its territory; and as no convicts have ever been allowed to taint its population, its progress will be spared the early discouragement of local squabbles between emancipists and free labourers. At the time when Mr. Pridden compiled his account of this colony, its inhabitants were

* Extract from a Report by the Deputy Surveyor General, made in June 1839, enclosed in a Despatch from Sir George Gipps, dated 28th September, 1840. See also Evidence of Frederic O'Gilvie, Esq., before Immigration Committee, 1842; Colonization Circular, No. 2, p. 25.

† Evidence of Lachlan M'Alister, Esq. of Corner Inlet, before Immigration Committee, July 1842, and of Sir Thomas L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General of New South Wales.

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hardly 14,000, and the crops were raised off little more than 3000 acres. Since then a considerable increase has taken place in the colonists, and the number of acres under crop been multiplied fivefold. The last report from Governor Grey, to whom the colony is mainly indebted for a recovery from the difficulties into which the misgovernment of his predecessors, burdened as they were with the interference of the company of speculators to whom the colony belonged, has involved it, announces the rapid progress of South Australia. We subjoin the following passages from his report, which bears date December 1842:—

"*Survey Department.*—The number of acres sold during the year was 17,830 . . . There are at the present moment 312,925 acres of land, which are open for selection and immediate occupation. . . . I am happy to be able to inform your Lordship, that some of the most valuable portions of the province, even in the immediate vicinity of the town, still remain unsold. . . . Several fine tracts of country have been discovered, and the extent of available and unoccupied land which is now known, removes all present apprehension of any want of runs being experienced for the purpose of depasturing the numerous and rapidly increasing flocks and herds of this province.

"*Agricultural Returns.*—The number of acres under crop, has increased in the last eighteen months, from about 3000 to 19,000, and the value of the crop for the present year (1842) may be estimated at 98,000*l.*; consequently agricultural produce to the amount of 55,000*l.* could be exported during the year 1843, and all the wants of the colonists still be supplied. It is, however, most probable that a much larger quantity of land will be brought under cultivation before the ensuing harvest, and that a great portion of the surplus agricultural produce will be reinvested in the colony. The result of this will be increased production and augmented wealth in future years. This reinvestment, if it take place, may, therefore, be more profitable to the province than exportation to the same amount would be.

"In making an estimate of the agricultural and pastoral wealth of the colony, it would be necessary to include the increase of the flocks and herds, which have not only afforded an abundant supply of cheap animal food, but will also supply an increased export for the ensuing year. The value of the garden and dairy produce should also be considered, as that portion of these which is intended for home consumption, will furnish a large proportion of the supplies of every establishment. I have, however, only attempted to give your Lordship an approximate value of the crops of the different kinds of grain which have just been gathered.

"The colony has this year been blessed with a most abundant harvest, and must undoubtedly be admitted to be a country of very great fertility; whilst the open nature of its extensive plains, the whole of which are composed of agricultural soil, enables the farmer to break up and clear the land at a very small expense. The fact of these plains bordering the sea-shore, enables him also to convey it to the place of shipment at a very small cost. This is therefore naturally a grain country, and from the causes above detailed, grain can be exported from it at a lower price than from the adjacent colonies.

"*Exports.*—The probable value of the exports of colonial produce for the year 1843, may be calculated as follows:—

Agricultural produce	£55,000
Wool	30,000
Oil and whalebone	3,500
Dairy produce and sundries, including lead-ore, slates, timber, &c.	5,000
Total	£93,500

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"In making this calculation I have availed myself of the best information I could procure, and am certain that it is not an exaggerated estimate.

"Only a small portion of this computed value of the exports depends upon what may be termed indigenous articles of export; the greater portion of it is composed of agricultural and pastoral produce. The abundance of the first of these affords the means of reproducing itself, and the latter kind of produce at a cheaper rate in ensuing years. The natural increase of the flocks and herds will secure a certain increase of pastoral exports for future years. It appears, therefore, to be almost a matter of certainty that our exports will go on rapidly increasing in quantity and value.

"Even in the present year (1842) the return from these exports is sufficiently large to afford 5*l.* per head for every man, woman, and child in the community, which can be expended in importing manufactured articles and luxuries. This colony must therefore be considered to be at present in a very thriving state; and as its imports will be chiefly procured from the mother-country, it has now ceased to be a useless appendage to the British Crown.

"*Imports.*—The colony now producing all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life within itself, its imports will be necessarily much diminished. They will consist principally of tea, sugar, hardware, British spirits, and British manufactured goods. The trade of the colony will thus, in appearance, be much contracted, as it will now be limited to such a traffic as the exports produced within the colony afford the means of carrying on. It will, however, be a trade of the most healthy and remunerative nature.

"*Amount of Crime.*—Within the last two years the amount of crime within the province has considerably decreased; and within that period of time no capital conviction has taken place. An exorbitant rate of wages does not therefore appear to be productive of a high degree of morality; and the decrease in the number of convictions in the years 1841 and 1842, shows that no such degree of distress has existed here as to lead to the commission of crime.

"It only remains for me to express the fixed conviction I feel, that the reverses of the province are altogether passed, and that it is now entering on a career of prosperity which will be firm and enduring, based, as it is, not upon any fictitious value which is attached to unproductive land; but upon abundant internal production, and upon the energy and industry with which the colonists are now developing the great natural resources of their adopted country."

The expectations of the governor have been realized, and within a month of his report, every labourer in the colony had been absorbed into the labour-market.

Sailing on still more to the westward we come to the colony which was originally founded by some private individuals on the banks of the Swan River, but which is now known as Western Australia. Like many other settlements, it was cried up as an Eldorado, and was for a time found to be little better than a failure. The earliest colonists were wedded to the country by the sea, and where the river debouches, and, in consequence, found little remuneration from the hilly and barren land of those parts, for either their labour or their money. Beyond the settlements of Perth and Freemantle there is good grass land in abundance; whilst round the town of Guilford, in the valley of the Swan River, the arable land is surpassingly rich and productive, producing wheat crops for eleven successive years without manuring, the last crop averaging twenty-five bushels the acre. Here, too, the vine may be cultivated with every prospect of success; whilst the abundant supply of whales, within only a few hours' sail of the shore,

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even now, though the trade is monopolized by the Americans, gives rise to considerable commerce, and opens a certain means of maintaining a lucrative trade. During the year ending March 1842, above five thousand acres of land had been disposed of, and above five hundred and sixty emigrants went thither from this country; among them were some boys from the government school in the Isle of Wight, who were all well apprenticed in the colony within a few months of their arrival. Since that time, not an emigrant has gone to Western Australia, a fact much to be regretted, as an equal number to that exported in 1842 would be certain of finding employment if labourers, and scope for the use of capital if capitalists, during every year.*

One other settlement alone remains to be noticed on the main land of New Holland, and that settlement is a decided failure. As far back as 1824, a settlement was attempted on the northern coast, at a place called Melville's Island; after a lingering existence of three years it was removed to Raffles' Bay, an adjacent inlet of New Holland, and eventually, in 1838, to Port Essington, only a few miles off. Each of these attempts was in hopes of erecting a new Singapore for the ships from India to China. According to the valuable report of Mr. Crawford, Port Essington is inferior to every other tropical climate, in soil, in climate, in animal and vegetable productions, in everything but salubrity. There is little variation of temperature, hardly more than seven degrees, from the hottest month, January, to the coldest, July; it is within the range of the north-west and south-east monsoon, and drought will, in all probability, be its constant curse. As for Europeans, though the climate will permit them to live, they will be pale and feeble, and subject to ophthalmia, and without their native energy. As to soil, the utmost that can be boasted of are "a few fertile patches," and the want of moisture is evident; there are no rivers to flood the country periodically, and no streams to assist in irrigating it. The stunted character of the trees evidences the drought: "they are either hollow and unsound, or warp and split so in seasoning, that no plank can be procured from any we have attempted," says the commandant; "it almost defies our tools and saws." The buffalo, the goat, the sheep, all fail at Essington, poisoned by the pastures, unless supported on imported fodder.† As an agricultural settlement Port Essington is clearly a failure, and as a port of refuge and commercial emporium, little better.

"In the period of more than two years," say the Commissioners, "covered by the papers laid before Parliament, the crew of only one shipwrecked vessel is noticed as having found a refuge at Port Essington. It is mentioned in one of the papers, that the Prahus, who come for the purposes of fishing, have not much

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* General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, pp. 13—16.

† Notes on Port Essington, by J. Crawford. Gen. Report, Appendix, p. 51. Port Essington approaches to the 11th degree of south latitude. The nearest parts of the eastern Archipelago are the poorest and most barbarous—first decent population 600 to 700 miles off.

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room for articles of trade; and in another part, that the Malays, who came in 1842, could not be induced to barter as formerly, being apparently under the influence of some prohibition against it. From such inquiry as we have been able to make from the masters of vessels trading to Australia, we apprehend that Port Essington is too much out of the track of ships going to China or India to be worth visiting, unless for some definite or certain object. Singapore, which has been so successful as a place of trade, has naturally been looked to as a model for any other emporium that it might be attempted to form in Eastern seas, but Singapore lies in the direct channel of the vast amount of shipping passing between India and China; and although, like Port Essington, without any important natural products of its own, it is so situated that large and valuable cargoes for export find their way there from the adjacent seas."—*General Report*, p. 8.

What other reasons there may be, so cautiously hinted at by the Commissioners, for maintaining a port at Port Essington, we do not know; but it is evident that as an agricultural or mercantile colony, or harbour of refuge, it is perfectly useless. We have now sketched the use and progress of every settlement in the island of New Holland, and deterred both by the importance of the subject, and the extent of our article, we defer the only other locality in the Australian seas whither emigrants can resort with any prospect of bettering their condition, New Zealand, to a further communication, taking leave of our readers with this one warning to emigrants, and those who have the means of encouraging emigration—be not ever given to great promises, and great expectations. People are too apt to hold out great inducements in order to overcome that very natural repugnance in our character to leaving the land of our birth, unless driven to it by absolute want. Emigrants are too often not made acquainted with the hardships and roughs which all classes, whether capitalists or labourers, must be subject to in a colony for many years after the primary appalling difficulties of colonization are overcome, and the consequence of this is great disheartening and greater complaints. "A certain and even a rich competence," says one of the agents in Western Australia, "is within the reach of the sober and industrious man; but it will be obtained only after severe trials, and many disappointments, arising out of his ignorance of the climate, soil, and seasons, and from a total want of nine-tenths of the conveniences and accommodations which every villager is accustomed to in England. There are few towns, no villages, a great scarcity of roads and bridges. (This applies to Western Australia.) Supplies, therefore, are sometimes not to be procured; and to remedy deficiencies, or repair damages, a person must trust not to others, but to his or her own resources." Let us not delude ourselves, or those we would persuade to emigrate. We have no Eldorado whither to send them—where they go they must earn their subsistence by the sweat of their brow; but let them know this, that where we would send them, they can earn their livelihood by their head or by their hands, and they have the prospect of maintenance during the years of their strength sufficient to ensure their subsistence when age or infirmity comes upon them;

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whilst we may see day by day an increased demand for our productions, as each new colony opens another market for our goods, a fresh means of maintaining the thousands of our people, whose subsistence, even at the lowest rate, depends on the supplying luxuries, not necessaries, to increasing multitudes.

A System of Logic; Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. *By* JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Parker. 1843.

IN our number for October (pp. 392—418,) we promised to follow Mr. Mill, to some considerable extent, into the subject of Induction. This promise we shall now endeavour to fulfil.

Reasoning, or Inference, we then observed, is not confined to Ratiocination, or the process of inferring a proposition from other propositions *equally* or *more* general. It also includes the process of inferring a proposition from propositions *less* general than itself, or the process of Induction. The conclusion in an induction embraces more than is contained in the premisses. In every induction we proceed from truths which we know, to truths which we do not know; from facts certified by observation to facts which we have not observed, and even to facts which are not now capable of being observed—future facts, for example; but which we do not hesitate to believe upon the sole evidence of the induction itself.

"When, from the observation of a number of individual instances, we ascend to a general proposition, or when, by combining a number of general propositions, we conclude from them another proposition still more general, the process, which is substantially the same in both instances, is called Induction."—Vol. i. p. 223.

The nature of Induction, says Mr. Mill, and of the conditions which render it legitimate, is the main question of the science of logic: inasmuch as all inference, and consequently all proof and all discovery of truths not self-evident, consist of inductions and their interpretations; so that all our knowledge, which is not intuitive, comes to us exclusively from that source. Hitherto, however, this subject has been comparatively neglected. Although it is the primary question of logic, professed logicians have almost entirely passed it by. Metaphysical writers have noticed some of the generalities of the subject; but in consequence of their not being practically acquainted with the actual inductive processes by which the discoveries of science have been made, they have not accomplished a sufficiently minute analysis of the inductive operation,

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so as to furnish a collection of practical rules for its performance. Physical experimentalists have in general confined their attention to the conclusions arrived at by means of induction, without entering into any inquiry as to the nature of the mental process itself, by which their conclusions were obtained. At the same time, the materials for the construction of the Science of Induction exist in great abundance, and only require a master-hand to collect and arrange them. Three eminent writers are honourably named by Mr. Mill, as having made valuable contributions to the creation of a Philosophy of Induction :—Sir John Herschell, in his Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy; Mr. Whewell, in his History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences; and M. Auguste Comte, in his Cours de Philosophie Positive. Encouraged by the collection and partial elaboration of the materials by these accomplished philosophers, Mr. Mill has attempted, in his own laborious and thoughtful work, to contribute something farther to the accomplishment of this important design.

Induction is the operation of discovering and proving general propositions. The principles and rules of induction, as directed to this end, are the principles and rules of all induction; and the logic of science is equally applicable to all inquiries in which man can engage, and the test of all the conclusions at which he can arrive by inference.

"A complete logic of the sciences is also a complete logic of practical business and common life. Since there is no case of legitimate inference from experience, in which the conclusion may not legitimately be a general proposition; an analysis of the process by which general truths are arrived at, is virtually an analysis of all induction whatever. Whether we are inquiring into a scientific principle or into an individual fact, and whether we proceed by experiment or by ratiocination, every step in the train of inferences is essentially inductive; and the legitimacy of the induction depends in both cases upon the same conditions."—Vol. i. p. 348.

In studying the nature of induction, we must be careful to distinguish it from certain operations to which the name of induction has been unjustly applied. Such are the so-called forms of induction laid down in the common books of logic.

"In those books, every process which sets out from a less general and terminates in a more general expression,—which admits of being stated in the form, 'This and that A are B, therefore every A is B,'—is called an induction, whether anything be really concluded or not; and the induction is asserted to be not perfect, unless every single individual of the class A is included in the antecedent or premiss: that is, unless what we affirm of the class, has already been ascertained to be true of every individual in it, so that the nominal conclusion is *a mere reassertion of the premisses.*"—Vol. i. p. 353.

Such an induction as this is no induction at all. It is no inference from facts known to facts unknown, but a mere short-hand registration of facts already known. It is no part of the investigation of truth; though it often bears an important part in the preparation of the materials for that purpose.

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That process to which mathematicians give the name of induction, must also be distinguished from induction as defined above: for although the propositions to which it leads are really general, yet there is no inference; the conclusion being *a mere summing up* of what was asserted in the various propositions from which it was drawn.

"There are nevertheless, in mathematics, some examples of so-called induction, in which the conclusion does bear the appearance of a generalisation grounded upon some of the particular cases included in it. A mathematician, when he has calculated a sufficient number of the terms of an algebraical or arithmetical series, so as to have ascertained what is called the *law* of the series, does not hesitate to fill up any number of the succeeding terms without repeating the calculations. But I apprehend he only does so when it is apparent from *à priori* considerations (which must be exhibited in the form of demonstration) that the mode of formation of the subsequent terms, each from that which preceded it, must be similar to the formation of the terms which have been already calculated. And when the attempt has been hazarded without the sanction of such general considerations, there are instances upon record in which it has led to false results."—Vol. i. p. 355.

Once more: a mere description of a set of observed phenomena must not be confounded with an induction from them. Mr. Mill considers Mr. Whewell to have fallen into the error of setting up that descriptive operation which enables a number of details to be summed up in a single proposition,—(and which Mr. Whewell has aptly termed "the Colligation of Facts,")—as the type of the inductive process; and of laying down as principles of induction the principles of mere colligation. Mr. Whewell's doctrine, as we have previously shown in our pages, is, that the general proposition which binds together particular facts, and makes them, as it were, one fact, is not the mere sum of those facts, but something more; since a conception of the mind is introduced, which did not exist in the facts themselves. Among many examples, Mr. Whewell adduces the following. The italics are our own:—

"When the Greeks, after long observing the motions of the planets, saw that these motions might be rightly considered as produced by the motion of one wheel revolving in the inside of another wheel, these wheels were *creations of their minds*, added to the facts which they perceived by sense. And even if the wheels were no longer supposed to be material, but were reduced to mere geometrical spheres or circles, they were not the less *products of the mind* alone, —something additional to the facts observed. The same is the case in all other discoveries. The facts are known, but they are insulated and unconnected, till the discoverer supplies *from his own store* a principle of connexion."*

That a conception of the mind is introduced, replies Mr. Mill, is indeed most certain; but it by no means follows that the conception

* Philosophy of Inductive Sciences, ii. 213, 214.

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is necessarily pre-existent, or constructed by the mind out of its own materials.

"Although the conception itself is not in the facts, but in our mind, it must be a conception *of* something which is really in the facts, some property which they actually possess, and which they would manifest to our senses, if our senses were able to take cognizance of them."—Vol. i. p. 361.

Having thus excluded those mental operations which are sometimes designated by the name of induction, while, at the same time, he admits and asserts their importance, especially of the last, as subsidiary to induction properly so called, Mr. Mill summarily defines this great mental process as Generalization from Experience. It consists, he observes, in inferring from some individual instances in which a phenomenon occurs, that it occurs in all instances of a certain class. The nature of this class, at the present stage of the inquiry, remains to be determined.

"The universe is so constituted, that whatever is true in any one case, is true in all cases of a certain description. The only difficulty is to find *what* description."—Vol. i. p. 370.

This universal fact is the basis of all induction. It has been variously stated; as, that "the course of nature is uniform;" that "the universe is governed by general laws;" and the like. Many philosophers regard this fundamental axiom as one which we are compelled, by the constitution of our thinking faculty, to assume as true, antecedently to any verification from experience. Mr. Mill, on the contrary, considers it to be an instance of induction, and induction by no means of the most obvious kind.

"Far from being the first induction we make, it is one of the last, or, at all events, one of those which are latest in attaining strict philosophical accuracy. As a general maxim, indeed, it has scarcely entered into the minds of any but philosophers; nor even by them, have its extent and limits been always justly conceived. Yet this principle, though so far from being our earliest induction, must be considered as our warrant for all the others, in this sense, that unless it were true, all other inductions would be fallacious."—Vol. i. p. 372.

The lowest kind of induction, resting upon this basis, is that which Lord Bacon has described, under the name of *Inductio per enumerationem simplicem, ubi non reperitur instantia contradictoria.* This is the natural induction, if it deserves the name, of uncultivated intellects; and flows from the instinctive tendency of the mind to generalize its experience, provided that experience points all in one direction. In this unscientific process, there is no "*interrogation* of nature," to use Lord Bacon's expression. The mind rests in a mere passive observation: its ear receives no other sounds from the mighty oracles of Nature, than those which flow spontaneously from the lips of the Ancient Mother. This induction by simple enumeration, is but a feeble instrument for the purposes of scientific investigation; and even for merely popular use, is as fruitful of error as of truth.

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"It was, above all, by pointing out the insufficiency of this rude and loose conception of Induction, that Bacon has merited the title so generally awarded to him, of Founder of the Inductive Philosophy. The value of his own contributions to a more philosophical theory of the subject, has certainly been exaggerated. Although (along with some fundamental errors) his writings contain, more or less fully developed, several of the most important principles of the Inductive Method, physical investigation has now far outgrown the Baconian conception of Induction. Moral and political inquiry, indeed, are as yet far behind that conception. The current and approved modes of reasoning on these subjects, are still of the same vicious description against which Bacon protested: the method almost exclusively employed by those professing to treat such matters inductively, is the very *inductio per enumerationem simplicem* which he condemns; and the experience, which we hear so confidently appealed to by all sects, parties, and interests, is still, in his own emphatic words, *mera palpatio*."—Vol. i. p. 378.

To return to our fundamental axiom. Instead of saying that the course of nature is uniform, it would be more correct to say that, the course of each of the separate phenomena, comprehended in the word "nature," is uniform. What is called the uniformity of the course of nature, is not a simple, but a complex fact, compounded of all the separate uniformities of single phenomena. These uniformities are usually designated *laws of nature;* but this appellation more strictly belongs to those uniformities which are primordial.

"When Kepler expressed the regularity which exists in the observed motions of the heavenly bodies, by the three general propositions called his 'laws,' he, in so doing, pointed out three simple volitions, by which, instead of a much greater number, it appeared that the whole scheme of the heavenly motions, so far as yet observed, might be conceived to have been produced. A similar and still greater step was made, when these laws, which at first did not seem to be included in any more general truths, were discovered to be cases of the three laws of motion, as obtaining among bodies which mutually tend towards one another with a certain force, and have had a certain instantaneous impulse originally impressed upon them. After this great discovery, Kepler's three propositions, though still called 'laws,' would hardly, by any person accustomed to use language with precision, be termed 'laws of nature:' that phrase would be reserved for the simpler laws into which Newton, as the expression is, resolved them."—Vol. i. p. 385.

Of all truths relating to natural phenomena, the most valuable to us, are those which relate to the order of their succession; and one of our greatest scientific desiderata is to find, if possible, some law of succession which possesses the same degree of certainty and universality as that belonging to the fundamental truths of geometry and arithmetic,—the sciences of space and number. Very few of the uniformities observed in the succession of phenomena possess this character. One such there is, however, and happily it is one, as Mr. Mill observes, coextensive with the entire field of successive phenomena, all instances whatever of invariable succession being examples. This law is the Law of Causation.

Abstaining from all inquiry into the nature of *efficient* causes, as belonging to transcendental philosophy rather than to logic, Mr. Mill

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enters minutely into a consideration of the nature of *physical* causes, as lying at the root of the whole theory of induction.

"The inductive process is essentially an inquiry into cases of causation. All the uniformities which exist in the succession of phenomena, and most of those which prevail in their coexistence, are either themselves laws of causation, or consequences resulting from such laws, and corollaries capable of being deduced from them. If we could determine what causes are correctly assigned to what effects, and what effects to what causes, we should be virtually acquainted with the whole course of nature. All those uniformities which are mere results of causation, might then be explained and accounted for; and every individual fact or event might be predicted, provided we had the requisite data, that is, the requisite knowledge of the circumstances which, in the particular instance, preceded it."—Vol. i. p. 436.

Mr. Mill defines the *cause* of a phenomenon to be the antecedent, or the concurrence of antecedents, upon which it is *invariably* and *unconditionally* consequent. He does not seek to penetrate more deeply into the nature of a cause. The only notion of cause, he contends, which the theory of induction requires, is such a notion as can be gained from experience. It may be resolved into two truths. First, that *invariability* of succession which is found by observation to obtain between every natural phenomenon and some other phenomenon which has preceded it. It seldom happens that this invariable sequence exists between a consequent and one single antecedent. There are generally several antecedents, and the sum of these is properly the cause; although, in ordinary language, it is very common to single out only one of these antecedents as the *cause*, and to call all the others merely *conditions*. But this distinction is quite arbitrary, and the same antecedent may be at one time elevated to the rank of a cause, and at another, be consigned to comparative obscurity among the common herd of conditions. But, secondly, invariable sequence is not synonymous with causation, unless the sequence, besides being invariable, is also *unconditional*. This destroys the force of Reid's objection to the former part of the definition of causation under consideration. Were causation nothing more than invariable sequence, then, according to this doctrine, night must be the cause of day, and day the cause of night; since these phenomena have invariably succeeded one another from the beginning of the world. But this succession, invariable as it is, depends upon the condition of the rising of the sun above the horizon.

Having thus defined *physical* causes, Mr. Mill defends the retention of the word "cause," in the language of science, against M. Comte; who, in his Cours de Philosophie Positive, would fain reject it. He agrees with M. Comte, that ultimate or efficient causes, which are conceived as not being phenomena, nor perceptible by the senses at all, are radically inaccessible to the human faculties; and looks upon the revival of the doctrine that such causes are within the reach of human knowledge,—by means of merely physical investigation, he should have added—as a remarkable instance of what has been aptly called "the peculiar zest which the spirit of reaction

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against modern tendencies gives to ancient absurdities." But he regards the terms "causation," and "cause and effect," as important to be preserved; for the purpose of distinctively designating one class of the "constant relations of succession or of similarity" which exist among phenomena themselves, (not forgetting, so far as any constancy can be traced, their relations of coexistence;) namely, those relations of succession which, so far as we know, are not only invariable, but also unconditional, as contrasted with those which, like the succession of day and night, depend upon the existence, or upon the coexistence, of other antecedent facts.

Mr. Mill completes his theory of causation, as introductory to the theory of induction, by a chapter on the composition of causes; and then, after some remarks on observation and experiment, as instruments of physical discovery, which need not detain us, enters upon a consideration of "the four methods of experimental inquiry;" which he respectively designates, the Method of Agreement, the Method of Difference, the Method of Residues, and the Method of Concomitant Variations.

The Method of Agreement rests upon the following canon:— "If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all the instances agree, is the cause (or effect) of the given phenomenon." As an example of this method, Mr. Mill selects Professor Liebig's experimental inquiry into the immediate cause of the death produced by metallic poisons.

"When solutions of these substances,—arsenious acid, the salts of lead, bismuth, copper, and mercury,—are placed in sufficiently close contact with many animal products,—albumen, milk, muscular fibre, and animal membranes,—the acid or salt leaves the water in which it was dissolved, and enters into combination with the animal substance; which substance, after being thus acted upon, is found to have lost its tendency to spontaneous decomposition, or putrefaction.

"Observation also shows, in cases where death has been produced by these poisons, that the parts of the body with which the poisonous substances have been brought into contact, do not afterwards putrefy.

"And, finally, when the poison has been supplied in too small a quantity to destroy life, eschars are produced; that is, certain superficial portions of the tissues are destroyed, which are afterwards thrown off by the reparative process taking place in the healthy parts.

"These three sets of instances admit of being treated according to the Method of Agreement. In all of them the metallic compounds are brought into contact with the substances which compose the human or animal body; and the instances do not seem to agree in any other circumstance. The remaining antecedents are as different, and even opposite, as they could possibly be made; for in some the animal substances exposed to the action of the poisons are in a state of life; in others only in a state of organization; in others not even in that. And what is the result which follows in all the cases? The conversion of the animal substance (by combination with the poison) into a chemical compound, held together by so powerful a force as to resist the subsequent action of the ordinary causes of decomposition. Now organic life (the necessary condition of sensitive life) consisting in a continual state of decomposition and recomposition of the different organs

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and tissues, whatever incapacitates them for this decomposition destroys life. And thus the proximate cause of the death produced by this description of poisons is ascertained, as far as the Method of Agreement can ascertain it."—Vol. i. pp. 480, 481.

In the Method of Agreement, we endeavour to obtain instances which agree in the given circumstance, but differ in every other. In the Method of Difference, on the contrary, we require two instances resembling one another in every other respect, but differing in the presence or absence of the phenomenon we wish to study. And the canon which regulates this method is the following:—"If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, have every circumstance, save one, in common, that one occurring only in the former; the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect, or cause, or a necessary part of the cause, of the phenomenon." Mr. Mill has carried out the above example, in illustration of this method also.

"Setting out from the cases already mentioned, in which the antecedent is the presence of substances forming with the tissues a compound incapable of putrefaction (and *à fortiori* incapable of the chemical actions which constitute life), and the consequent is death, either of the whole organism, or of some portion of it; let us compare with these cases other cases as much resembling them as possible, but in which the effect is not produced. And, first of all, many insoluble basic salts of arsenious acid are known to be not poisonous. The substance called alkargen, discovered by Bunsen, which contains a very large quantity of arsenic, and approaches very closely in composition to the organic arsenious compounds formed in the body, has not the slightest injurious action upon the organism. Now, when these substances are brought into contact with the tissues in any way they do not combine with them; they do not arrest their progress to decomposition. As far, therefore, as these instances go, it appears that when the effect is absent, it is by reason of the absence of that antecedent which we had already good ground for considering as the proximate cause. —Vol. i. p. 482.

As this example is not, after all, a rigorous case of the Method of Difference, we will not follow Mr. Mill and M. Liebig through the further particulars of its application, one remarkable one alone excepted.

"There is another class of instances, of the nature required by the Method of Difference, which seem at first sight to conflict with theory. Soluble salts of silver, such for instance as the nitrate, have the same stiffening antiseptic effect on decomposing animal substances as corrosive sublimate and the most deadly metallic poisons; and when applied to the external parts of the body, the nitrate is a powerful caustic, depriving those parts of all active vitality, and causing them to be thrown off by the neighbouring living structures, in the form of an eschar. The nitrate and the other salts of silver ought, then, it would seem, if the theory be correct, to be poisonous; yet they may be ministered internally with perfect impunity." —Vol. i. p. 483.

Yet from this apparent exception arises the strongest confirmation which this theory of Liebig has yet received.

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"Nitrate of silver, in spite of its chemical properties, does not poison when introduced into the stomach. In the stomach, as in all animal liquids, there is common salt; and in the stomach there is also free muriatic acid. These substances operate as natural antidotes, combining with the nitrate, and if its quantity is not too great, immediately converting it into chloride of silver, a substance very slightly soluble, and therefore incapable of combining with the tissues."—Vol. i. p. 484.

In some cases, the Method of Difference cannot be made available without a previous employment of the Method of Agreement. For instance, suppose the subject of inquiry to be the cause of the double refraction of light. Now we know that Iceland spar produces this phenomenon: but if we wish to ascertain which of the properties of Iceland spar it is that causes the double refraction of light, we can make no use of the Method of Difference; because we cannot find another substance exactly resembling Iceland spar, except in some one property. But when we find, by the Method of Agreement, that all substances which doubly refract light possess a crystalline structure, we conclude that either this structure, or its cause, is one of the conditions of double refraction. By a second application of the Method of Agreement, we ascertain that substances which do not possess a crystalline structure do not doubly refract light. We thus obtain, in effect, the conditions which the Method of Difference presupposes, although not so rigorously as that method requires. This may be called the Indirect Method of Difference; less cogent than the Direct Method, indeed; but a great extension and improvement of the Method of Agreement. Mr. Mill gives the following as its canon:—"If two or more instances in which the phenomenon occurs have only one circumstance in common, while two or more instances in which it does not occur have nothing in common save the absence of that circumstance; the circumstance in which alone the two sets of instances differ, is the effect, or cause, or a necessary part of the cause, of the phenomenon."

Among all our instruments of discovery, the Method of Residues is one of the most fertile in unexpected results. Its canon is:—"Subduct from any phenomenon such part as is known by previous inductions to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents."

"It is by this process," says Sir John Herschell, "that science, in its present advanced state, is chiefly promoted. Most of the phenomena which nature presents are very complicated; and when the effects of all known causes are estimated with exactness, and subducted, the residual facts are constantly appearing in the form of phenomena altogether new, and leading to the most important conclusions.

"For example: the return of the comet predicted by Professor Encke a great many times in succession, and the general good agreement of its calculated with its observed place during any one of its periods of visibility, would lead us to say that its gravitation towards the sun and planets is the sole and sufficient cause of all the pheno-

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mena of its orbitual motion; but when the effect of this cause is strictly calculated and subducted from the observed motion there is found to remain behind a *residual* phenomenon, which would never have been otherwise ascertained to exist; which is a small anticipation of the time of its reappearance, or a diminution of its periodic time, which cannot be accounted for by gravity, and whose cause is therefore to be inquired into. Such an anticipation would be caused by the resistance of a medium disseminated through the celestial regions; and as there are good reasons for believing this to be a *vera causa*,"—an actually existing antecedent,—"it has therefore been ascribed to such a resistance."*

The same writer has furnished other interesting examples of the application of the Method of Residues, in illustration and proof of its value as an instrument of physical discovery.

"Unexpected and peculiarly striking confirmations of inductive laws frequently occur in the form of residual phenomena, in the course of investigations of a widely different nature from those which gave rise to the inductions themselves. A very elegant example may be cited in the unexpected confirmation of the law of the development of heat in elastic fluids by compression, which is afforded by the phenomena of sound. The inquiry into the cause of sound had led to conclusions respecting its mode of propagation, from which its velocity in the air could be precisely calculated. The calculations were performed; but, when compared with fact, though the agreement was quite sufficient to show the general correctness of the cause and mode of propagation assigned, yet the *whole* velocity could not be shown to arise from this theory. There was still a residual velocity to be accounted for, which placed dynamical philosophers for a long time in a great dilemma. At length Laplace struck on the happy idea, that this might arise from the *heat* developed in the act of that condensation which necessarily takes place at every vibration by which sound is conveyed. The matter was subjected to exact calculation, and the result was at once the complete explanation of the residual phenomenon, and a striking confirmation of the general law of the development of heat, by compression under circumstances beyond artificial imitation.

"Many of the new elements of chemistry have been detected in the investigation of residual phenomena. It was a happy thought of Glauber to examine what every body else threw away."†

The fourth and last Method is that of Concomitant Variations. The necessity for such a method arises out of the circumstance of there being certain permanent causes, or indestructible natural agents, which we can neither isolate nor exclude. Let us suppose the question to be, for example, what influence the moon exerts on the surface of the earth. We cannot exclude the moon so as to observe what

* Herschell's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, pp. 156—158.
† Herschell, *ut supra*, p. 171.

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terrestrial phenomena her removal would put an end to; neither can we isolate her agency from that of other causes. But when we find that all the *variations* in the position of the moon are followed by *corresponding variations* in the time and place of high water, the place being always either on the side of the earth which is nearest to, or on that which is most remote from, the moon, we have ample evidence that the moon is, wholly or partially, the cause which determines the tides. The Method here employed, may be properly called that of Concomitant Variations, and its canon is this:—"Whatever phenomenon varies in any manner whenever another phenomenon varies in some particular manner, is either a cause or an effect of that phenomenon, or is connected with it through some fact of causation."

Having, in a former volume*, illustrated the nature of the inductive process in its lower stages, by means of Dr. Wells' theory of dew, as given by Sir John Herschell, we cannot do less, on the present occasion, than give Mr. Mill's further and more systematic analysis of the processes of reasoning by which that theory is arrived at. It furnishes a complete and beautiful example of the application of all the above methods, with the exception of the Method of Residues; which we have, therefore, the more fully exemplified above.

Having first determined precisely what we mean by "dew," and so limited the term to the spontaneous appearance of moisture on substances exposed in the open air, when no rain or *visible* wet is falling; we enter upon the solution of the question, What is the cause of dew?

"Now we have analogous phenomena," observes Sir John Herschell, "in the moisture which bedews a cold metal or stone when we breathe upon it; that which appears on a glass of water fresh from the well in hot weather; that which appears on the inside of windows when sudden rain or hail chills the external air; that which runs down our walls when, after a long frost, a warm moist thaw comes on. . . All these instances agree in one point—the *coldness* of the object dewed, in comparison with the air in contact with it." Now in the case of nocturnal dew, it has been proved, by repeated experiment, that whenever an object contracts dew, it is colder than the air.

"Here then is a complete application of the Method of Agreement, establishing the fact of an invariable connexion between the deposition of dew on a surface, and the coldness of that surface compared with the external air. But which of these is cause, and which effect? or are they both effects of something else? On this subject the Method of Agreement can afford us no light; we must call in a more potent method."—Vol. i. p. 492.

We must observe cases in which *no* dew is produced; the comparison of such cases with those in which dew *is* produced, being the condition necessary to bring the Method of Difference into play.

* Christian Remembrancer, vol. i. pp. 185—187.

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Now, first, no dew is produced on the surface of polished metals, but is very copiously produced on glass, both substances being circumstanced alike. All, however, that we can infer from this is, that the cause of dew will be found among the circumstances by which the former substance is distinguished from the latter: for the differences between glass and polished metals are numerous, whereas the Method of Difference requires, as the condition of its application, that the two instances shall have only one circumstance of difference. But having found that difference of *substance* produces difference of result, let us now vary the substance, and the substance alone, as much as possible, by exposing polished surfaces of various kinds. "This done, a *scale of intensity* becomes apparent. Those polished substances are found to be most strongly dewed which conduct heat worst, while those which conduct heat well resist dew most effectually."

"The complication increases; here is the Method of Concomitant Variations called to our assistance; and no other method was practicable upon this occasion; for the quality of conducting heat could not be excluded, since all substances conduct heat in some degree. The conclusion obtained is, that, *cæteris paribus*, the deposition of dew is in some proportion to the power which the body possesses of resisting the passage of heat; and that this, therefore, (or something connected with this,) must be at least one of the causes which assist in producing the deposition of dew upon the surface."—Vol. i. p. 494.

By a second application of the Method of Concomitant Variations to a new set of experimental results, we arrive at the conclusion that, *cæteris paribus*, the deposition of dew bears some ratio to the power of radiating heat. A third application of the same method, confirms this conclusion, by means of a further set of experiments with regard to the texture, in addition to the substance and the surface, of the bodies on which dew is deposited.

"It thus appears that the instances in which much dew is deposited, which are very various, agree in this,—and so far as we are able to observe, in this only,—that they either radiate heat rapidly or conduct it slowly: qualities between which there is no other circumstance of agreement, than that by virtue of either, the body tends to lose heat from the surface more rapidly than it can be restored from within. The instances, on the contrary, in which no dew, or but a small quantity of it, is formed, and which are also extremely various, agree (so far as we can observe) in nothing except in *not* having this same property. We seem, therefore, to have detected the sole difference between the substances on which dew is produced, and those in which it is not produced. And thus have been realized the requisitions of what we have termed the Indirect Method of Difference, or the Joint Method of Agreement and Difference. The example afforded of this indirect method, and of the manner in which the data are prepared for it by the Methods of Agreement and of Concomitant Variations, is the most important of all the illustrations of induction afforded by this most interesting speculation."—Vol. i. p. 496.

Our immediate purpose does not require us to pursue this example further. Beautiful and attractive as it is, we must here leave it, with Mr. Mill's concluding observation.

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"The accumulated proof of which the Theory of Dew has been found susceptible, is a striking example of the fulness of assurance which the inductive evidence of the laws of causation may attain in cases in which the invariable sequence is by no means obvious to a superficial view."—Vol. i. p. 501.

In the next chapter Mr. Mill treats of two great difficulties which impede our investigation of the laws of nature. The first he designates Plurality of Causes.

"It is not true that one effect must be connected with only one cause, or assemblage of conditions. . . There are often several independent modes in which the same phenomenon could have originated. . . Many causes, for instance, may produce motion: many causes may produce some kinds of sensation: many causes may produce death. A given effect may really be produced by a certain cause, and yet be perfectly capable of being produced without it."—Vol. i. p. 507.

The second is the Intermixture of Effects; which presents a still more peculiar and complex case. The science of mechanics is full of difficulties of this class. Thus, we might define *force* to be that which causes motion. But if two equal forces act upon the same particle of matter in opposite directions, their resulting effect will be not motion, but rest. Instead, however, of saying that such a case is an exception,—which would be a great philosophical error, since proved laws of causation cannot have exceptions, inasmuch as any supposed law of causation would be such no longer, if any exceptions really existed,—we correct our definition of force; and say that it is that which causes, or *tends* to cause, motion. And it is much to be regretted that the terminology of other sciences of causation is not equally exact.

"The habit of neglecting this necessary element in the precise expression of the laws of nature, has given birth to the popular prejudice, that all general truths have exceptions; and much unmerited distrust has thence accrued to the conclusions of philosophy, when they have been submitted to the judgment of persons who were not philosophers. The rough generalizations suggested by common observation usually have exceptions; but the principles of science, or in other words, the laws of causation, have not."—Vol. i. p. 523.

We have now to consider according to what method these complex effects, compounded of the effects of many causes, are to be traced back, each to its own cause. And for this purpose we may have recourse either to deduction or to experiment. If we adopt the latter method, we begin with causes; these we variously combine, until we succeed in arriving at the complex effect under inquiry. This form of experiment is the Empirical Method; and although when no other method is available, it would be absurd to leave this method untried, it is fairly obnoxious, we must confess, to that censure which is implied in the popular acceptation of the word "empiricism."

"Anything like a scientific use of the method of experiment, in such complicated cases as those for example which are presented by the sciences

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of physiology and medicine, is out of the question. We can in the most favourable cases only discover, by a succession of trials, that a certain cause is *very often* followed by a certain effect. For, in one of these conjunct effects, the portion which is determined by any one of the influencing agents, is generally but small; and it must be a more potent cause than most, if even the tendency which it really exerts is not thwarted by other tendencies in nearly as many cases as it is fulfilled."—Vol. i. p. 531.

And Mr. Mill goes on to observe with great justice :—

"If so little can be done, by the experimental method, to determine the conditions of an effect of many combined causes, in the case of medical science, still less is this method applicable to a class of phenomena more complicated than even those of physiology—the phenomena of politics and history. There, plurality of causes exist in almost boundless excess, and the effects are, for the most part, inextricably interwoven with one another. To add to the embarrassment, most of the inquiries in political science relate to the production of effects of a most comprehensive description, such as the public wealth, public security, public morality, and the like: results liable to be affected directly or indirectly, either in *plus* or in *minus*, by nearly every fact which exists, or event which occurs, in human society. *The vulgar notion, that the safe methods on political subjects are those of Baconian induction; that the true guide is not general reasoning, but specific experience, will one day be quoted as among the most unequivocal marks of a low state of the speculative faculties in any age in which it is accredited.* What can be more ludicrous than the sort of parodies on experimental reasoning which one is accustomed to meet with, not in popular discussions only, but in grave treatises, when the affairs of nations are the theme? 'How,' it is asked, 'can an institution be bad, when the country has prospered under it?' 'How can such or such causes have contributed to the prosperity of one country, when another has prospered without them?' Whoever makes use of an argument of this kind, not intending to deceive, should be sent back to learn the elements of some one of the more easy physical sciences. Such reasoners ignore the fact of *plurality of causes*, in the very case which affords the most signal example of it."—Vol. i. p. 532.

The only method, therefore, that remains to us by which to investigate complex phenomena, is the Method of Deduction. This consists of three operations—induction, ratiocination, verification.

"The problem of the Deductive Method is, to find the law of an effect from the laws of the different tendencies of which it is the joint result. The first requisite, therefore, is to know the laws of those tendencies; the law of each of the concurrent causes. And this supposes a previous process of observation or experiment upon each cause separately; or else a previous deduction, which also must depend for its ultimate premisses upon observation or experiment."—Vol. i. p. 534.

When the laws of the causes have thus been ascertained by means of Induction, we proceed to determine, by means of Ratiocination, from the laws of the causes, what effect any given combination of those causes will produce.

"When our knowledge of the causes is so perfect as to extend to the exact numerical laws which they observe in producing their effects, the ratiocination may reckon among its premisses the theorems of the science of number, in the whole immense extent of that science . . . Besides the theorems of number, those of geometry also come in as premisses, where the effects take place in space, and involve motion and extension, as in mechanics, optics, acoustics, astronomy."—Vol. i. p. 511.

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But although the theorems of number and space play a conspicuous part in the most striking examples of the investigation of nature by the Deductive Method, (as, for example, in the Newtonian theory of the celestial motions,) they are by no means indispensable.

"All that is essential in the Deductive Method is the ratiocination from a general law to a particular case; that is, the determination, by means of the particular circumstances of that case, what result is required, in that instance, to fulfil the law."—Vol. i. p. 542.

And yet, amid the complication of effects and the multiplicity of causes, neither Induction nor Ratiocination would avail us, unless we had the aid of Verification. Without this, all our previous labours would have issued in a guess; and the only answer to our interrogation of nature would have been a perhaps.

"To warrant reliance upon the general conclusions arrived at be deduction, these conclusions must be found, on a careful comparison, to accord with the results of direct observation, whenever it can be had."—Vol. i. p. 544.

Nor, indeed, is the verification complete, unless some of the cases in which the observed result bears out the theory, are as complex as any that can occur. But when this is the case, these complex phenomena, thus confirmatory of our reasoning, throw a very considerable additional weight into the scale, in favour of that conclusion to which the ratiocination inclines.

"Complex instances which would have been of no use for the discovery of the simple laws into which we ultimately analyze their phenomena, nevertheless, when they have served to verify the analysis, become additional evidence of the laws themselves. Although we could not have got at the law from complex cases, still when the law, got at otherwise, is found to be in accordance with the result of a complex case, that case becomes a new experiment on the law, and helps to confirm what it did not assist us to discover. It is a new trial of the principle in a different set of circumstances; and occasionally serves to eliminate some circumstance not previously excluded, and to effect the exclusion of which might require an experiment impossible to be executed. This was strikingly conspicuous in the example formerly quoted, in which the difference between the observed and the calculated velocity of sound, was ascertained to result from the heat extricated by the condensation which takes place in each sonorous vibration. This was a trial, in new circumstances, of the law of the development of heat by compression; and it certainly added materially to the proof of the universality of that law."—Vol. i. p. 546.

While observation and experiment collect the materials for the construction of the temple of science, and induction lays the foundation, it is deduction that raises the superstructure and crowns the whole.

"To the Deductive Method, in its three constituent parts, Induction, Ratiocination, and Verification, the human mind is indebted for its most glorious triumphs in the investigation of nature. To it we owe all the theories by which vast and complicated phenomena are embraced under a few simple laws, which, considered as the laws of those great phenomena, could never have been detected by their direct study."—Vol. i. p. 546.

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This is a fitting place for adverting to the proper meaning of a word in frequent use in the vocabulary of philosophy, and too often employed with very vague, and even erroneous views of its import: we mean the word "explanation."

"What is called *explaining* one law of nature by another, is but substituting one mystery for another; and does nothing to render the general course of nature other than mysterious: we can no more assign a *why* for the more extensive laws than for the partial ones. The explanation may substitute a mystery which has become familiar, and has grown to *seem* not mysterious, for one which is still strange. And this is the meaning of 'explanation' in common parlance."—Vol. i. p. 559.

But the word is used very differently in philosophy. Here we generally resolve a phenomenon with which we are familiar into one of which we comparatively know little or nothing; as when we resolve the fall of a heavy body into a tendency of all particles of matter towards one another. At the same time, the effect of such a resolution upon the mind of the philosophical student, is substantially the same as that produced upon the popular mind by explanation, as commonly understood. The incessant craving of an educated mind is to reduce the infinite phenomena which surround it to order and harmony; to discover the One in the Many. To such a mind confusion is darkness, while law is light; law, which ascends by induction from plurality to unity, and by deduction descends from unity to plurality.

It must be kept constantly in view that when philosophers speak of *explaining* any of the phenomena of nature, they always mean, pointing out not some more familiar, but merely some more general phenomenon, of which it is a partial exemplification; or some laws of causation which produce it by their joint or successive action, and from which, therefore, its conditions may be determined deductively. Every such operation brings us nearer towards answering the question which comprehends the whole problem of the investigation of nature; viz. What are the fewest assumptions which, being granted, the order of nature as it exists would be the result? What are the fewest general propositions from which all the uniformities existing in nature could be deduced?

"The laws, thus explained or resolved, are sometimes said to be *accounted for;* but the expression is incorrect, if taken to mean anything more than what has been already stated. . . . To account for a law of nature means and can mean no more than to assign other laws more general, together with collocations, (that is, the existence of certain agents or powers in certain circumstances of time and place;) which laws and collocations being supposed, the partial law follows without any additional supposition."—Vol. i. p. 561.

The following chapter is devoted by Mr. Mill to examples of the explanation of laws, taken mostly from the admirable researches of Liebig in organic chemistry. The whole chapter will well repay perusal; but we must be content with one example only out of the many; that, however, shall be the most striking.

"Another of Liebig's speculations,—which, if it should ultimately be found to agree with all the facts of the extremely complicated phenomenon

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to which it relates, will constitute one of the finest examples of the Deductive Method upon record,—is his Theory of Respiration.

"The facts of respiration, or in other words, the special laws which Liebig has attempted to explain from, and resolve into, more general ones, are, that the blood in passing through the lungs absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid gas, changing thereby its colour from a blackish purple to a brilliant red. The absorption and exhalation are evidently chemical phenomena; and the carbon of the carbonic acid must have been derived from the body; that is, must have been absorbed by the blood from the substances with which it came into contact in its passage through the organism. Required to find the intermediate links; the precise nature of the two chemical actions which take place; first, the absorption of the carbon or of the carbonic acid by the blood, in its circulation through the body; next, the excretion of the carbon, or the exchange of the carbonic acid for oxygen, in its passage through the lungs.

"Dr. Liebig believes himself to have found the solution of this *vexata quæstio* in a class of chemical actions in which scarcely any less acute and accurate inquirer would have thought of looking for it.

"Blood is composed of two parts, the serum and the globules. The serum absorbs and holds in solution carbonic acid in great quantity, but has no tendency either to part with or to absorb oxygen. The globules, therefore, are concluded to be the portion of the blood which is operative in respiration. These globules contain a certain quantity of iron, which, from chemical tests, is inferred to be in the state of oxide.

"Dr. Liebig recognises, in the known chemical properties of the oxides of iron, laws which, if followed out deductively, would lead to the prediction of the precise series of phenomena which respiration exhibits.

"There are two oxides of iron, a protoxide and a peroxide. In the arterial blood the iron is in the form of peroxide; in the venous blood we have no direct evidence which of the oxides is present, but the considerations to be presently stated will prove that it is the protoxide. As arterial and venous blood are in a perpetual state of alternate conversion into one another, the question arises, under what circumstances the protoxide of iron is capable of being converted into the peroxide, and *vice versâ*. Now the protoxide readily combines with oxygen in the presence of water, forming the hydrated peroxide: these conditions it finds in passing through the lungs; it derives oxygen from the air, and finds water in the blood itself. This would already explain one portion of the phenomena of respiration. But the arterial blood, in quitting the lungs, is charged with hydrated peroxide: in what manner is the peroxide brought back to its former state?

"The chemical conditions for the reduction of the hydrated peroxide into the state of protoxide, are precisely those which the blood meets with in circulating through the body; namely, contact with organic compounds.

"Hydrated peroxide of iron, when treated with organic compounds (where no sulphur is present) gives forth oxygen and water; which oxygen, attracting the carbon from the organic substance, becomes carbonic acid; while the peroxide, being reduced to the state of protoxide, combines with the carbonic acid, and becomes a carbonate. Now this carbonate needs only come again into contact with oxygen and water to be decomposed; the carbonic acid being given off, and the protoxide, by the absorption of oxygen and water, becoming again the hydrated peroxide.

"The mysterious chemical phenomena connected with respiration can now, by a beautiful deductive process, be completely explained. The arterial blood, containing iron in the form of hydrated peroxide, passes into the capillaries, where it meets with the decaying tissues, receiving also in its course certain non-azotized but highly carbonized animal products, in particular the bile. In these it finds the precise conditions required for decomposing the peroxide into oxygen and the pretoxide. The oxygen combines with the carbon of the decaying tissues, and forms carbonic acid, which,

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although insufficient in amount to neutralize the whole of the protoxide, combines with a portion (one-fourth) of it, and returns in the form of a carbonate along with the other three-fourths of the protoxide, through the venous system into the lungs. There it again meets with oxygen and water: the free protoxide becomes hydrated peroxide; the carbonate of protoxide parts with its carbonic acid, and by absorbing oxygen and water, enters also into the state of hydrated peroxide. The heat evolved in the transition from protoxide to peroxide, as well as in the previous oxidation of the carbon contained in the tissues, is considered by Liebig as the cause which sustains the temperature of the body. But into this portion of the speculation we need not enter."—Vol. i. pp. 567—570.

In the present state of scientific knowledge, the Deductive Method is destined to occupy a very prominent place in promoting its further advance. Those subjects which still are involved in uncertainty, in consequence of the laws of the succession of the phenomena with which they are conversant not having yet been ascertained, are mostly of a very complex character. Many agents are at work together; and their effects are exceedingly intermixed. To unravel this complicated web is now the chief business of science; and the instrument by which this task will mainly be accomplished is the Method of Deduction.

"A revolution is peaceably and progressively effecting itself in philosophy, the reverse of that to which Bacon has attached his name. That great man changed the method of the sciences from deductive to experimental; and it is now rapidly reverting from experimental to deductive. But the deductions which Bacon abolished were from premisses hastily snatched up, or arbitrarily assumed. The principles were neither established by legitimate canons of experimental inquiry, nor were the results tested by that indispensable element of a rational Deductive Method, verification by specific experience. Between the primitive Method of Deduction and that which I have attempted to define, there is all the difference which exists between the Aristotelian physics and the Newtonian theory of the heavens."—Vol. i. p. 579.

Mr. Mill opens his second volume with a discussion of the nature and use of *hypotheses* in philosophical investigation. He defines an hypothesis to be, any supposition which we make (either without actual evidence or upon evidence avowedly insufficient,) in order to endeavour to deduce from it conclusions in accordance with facts which are known to be real. Such a supposition is made under the idea that if the conclusions to which the hypothesis leads are known truths, the hypothesis itself either must be, or at least is likely to be, true. Hypotheses are principally of two kinds.

"Either the phenomenon assigned as the cause is real, but the law according to which it acts, merely supposed; or the cause is fictitious, but is supposed to produce its effects according to laws similar to those of some known class of phenomena.

"An instance of the first kind is afforded by the different suppositions respecting the law of the planetary central force, anterior to the discovery of the true law, that the force varies as the inverse square of the distance; which was itself suggested by Newton, in the first instance, as an hypothesis, and was verified by proving that it led deductively to Kepler's laws.

"Hypotheses of the second kind are such as the vortices of Des Cartes,

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which were fictitious, but were supposed to obey the known laws of rotatory motion; or the two rival hypotheses respecting the nature of light, the one ascribing the phenomena to a fluid emitted from all luminous bodies, the other (now more generally received) attributing them to vibratory motions among the particles of an ether pervading all space. Of the existence of either fluid, there is no evidence, save the explanation they are calculated to afford to some of the phenomena; but they are supposed to produce their effects according to known laws; the ordinary laws of continued locomotion in the one case, and in the other, those of the propagation of undulatory movements among the particles of an elastic fluid." —Vol. ii. p. 12.

We have already seen that, in order to discover the cause of any phenomenon by means of the Deductive Method, we must have recourse successively to induction, ratiocination, and verification. Now the Hypothetical Method suppresses the first of these three steps, and substitutes a probable supposition for an ascertained induction. If the case is such, that the verification fulfils the conditions of a complete induction, this method is legitimate; but not otherwise. And cases of this kind sometimes occur, in which the major premiss of the ratiocination is obtained by hypothesis and not by induction; and where, if we had rejected the aid of hypothesis, the discovery might still have been among the undetected secrets of nature. Newton himself has furnished one of the finest examples. In his great argument to prove the identity of gravity, and the central of the solar system, he began by *assuming* that the force which, at each instant, deflects a planet from a rectilinear course, and makes it describe a curve round the sun, is a force tending directly towards the sun. He then proved, first, that such a force would cause a planet to describe equal areas in equal times, which had already been discovered, by Kepler, to be the fact; and secondly, that this would not be the case if the force acted in any other direction whatever. Thus the hypothesis became a law. Hypotheses are also useful by suggesting a line of investigation which may possibly terminate in obtaining real proof. This remark applies more particularly to those more adventurous hypotheses which assume the operation of some unknown cause. In such a case, it is indispensable that the cause suggested by the hypothesis be, in its own nature, susceptible of proof by other and independent evidence.

"This seems to be the philosophical import of Newton's maxim, (so often cited with approbation by subsequent writers,) that the cause assigned for any phenomenon, must not only be such as if admitted, would explain the phenomenon, but must also be a *vera causa*. What he meant by a *vera causa*, Newton did not indeed very explicitly define; and Mr. Whewell, who dissents from the propriety of any such restriction upon the latitude of framing hypotheses, has had little difficulty in showing (Philos. Induct. Sci. ii. 441—446,) that Newton's conception of it was neither precise nor consistent with itself: accordingly, his optical theory was a signal instance of the violation of his own rule. And Mr. Whewell is clearly right in denying it to be necessary that the cause assigned should be a cause already known; else how could we ever become acquainted with any new cause?"—Vol. ii. p. 18.

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But subject to that independent verification of which we have spoken, such hypotheses are absolutely necessary to the progress of science. When Newton said, "*Hypotheses non fingo*," he spoke only of arbitrary and unverified assumptions. Even in purely experimental inquiry, the experimentalist must have some reason for preferring one line of experiment to another; and that reason is an hypothesis. Temporary hypotheses are still more needful in the conversion of experimental into deductive truths. Neither induction nor deduction, as M. Comte justly remarks,* would enable us to understand even the simplest phenomena, if we did not often commence by anticipating the results; by making a provisional supposition, at first essentially conjectural, as to some of the very notions which constitute the final object of the inquiry. Some fact is as yet little understood, or some law is unknown: we frame on the subject an hypothesis as accordant as possible with the whole of the data already possessed; and the science, being thus enabled to move forward freely, always ends by leading to new consequences capable of observation, which either confirm or refute, unequivocally, the first supposition.

Mr. Mill has adduced two or three examples of legitimate hypothesis. Of craniology, he observes:—

"The attempt to localize, in different regions of the brain, the physical organs of our different mental faculties and propensities, was, on the part of its original author, a strictly legitimate example of a scientific hypothesis; and we ought not, therefore, to blame him for the extremely slight grounds on which he often proceeded, in an operation which could only be tentative, though we may regret that materials barely sufficient for a first rude hypothesis should have been hastily worked up by his successors into the vain semblance of a science. Whatever there may be of reality in the connexion between the scale of mental endowments and the various degrees of complication in the cerebral system, (and that there is some such connexion, comparative anatomy seems strongly to indicate,) it was in no other way so likely to be brought to light as by framing, in the first instance, an hypothesis similar to that of Gall. But the verification of any such hypothesis is attended, from the peculiar nature of the phenomena, with difficulties which phrenologists have not hitherto shown themselves even competent to appreciate, much less to overcome."—Vol. ii. p. 21.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Mill through the seven following chapters; in which he discusses the nature of progressive effects, and the continued action of causes; the nature of empirical laws; the elimination of chance, with the calculation of chances; the extension of derivative laws to adjacent cases; the nature of analogy, and its value as an instrument of scientific investigation; and the evidence of that law of universal causation, which is the basis of all induction. But we must not wholly omit some consideration of that great class of uniformities which are *not* dependent on causation.

The occurrence of phenomena, in order of time, is either successive or simultaneous. Now all uniformities of succession, and many

* Cours de Philosophie Positive, ii. 431, 437.

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uniformities of coexistence, are comprehended under the law of causation and its consequences. But there are some coexistences which cannot depend upon causation.

"There must be a class of coexistences between the ultimate properties of things: between those properties which are the causes of all phenomena, but are not themselves caused by any phenomenon; and to find a cause for which we must ascend to the origin of all things. Yet among these ultimate properties, there are not only coexistences, but uniformities of coexistence. General propositions may be, and are, formed, which assert that whenever certain properties are found, certain others are found along with them."—Vol. ii. p. 121.

And this leads us to the great question with respect to these uniformities of coexistence,—What general axiom is the basis of all our reasonings upon them? In the case of uniformities of succession, the fundamental axiom which gives validity to all our inductive methods, is the Law of Universal Causation; the assumption that every event, or the beginning of every phenomenon, must have some cause; some antecedent, that is, upon the existence of which it is invariably and unconditionally consequent. Unfortunately, we have no corresponding axiom, or fundamental assumption, with regard to uniformities of coexistence. In an inquiry, for example, whether some *kind** (as crow) universally possesses a certain *property* (as blackness,) there is no room for the assumption, that the property must have an invariable coexistent, in the same manner as an event must have an invariable antecedent. When we are conscious of blackness, it does not follow that there is something present of which blackness is a constant accompaniment. In the absence, then, of any universal law of coexistence regulating invariably co-

* "It is a fundamental principle in logic, that the power of framing classes is unlimited, as long as there is any difference to found a distinction upon. Take any attribute whatever, and if some things have it, and others have not, we may ground upon the attribute a division of all things into two classes; and we actually do so, the moment we create a name which connotes the attribute. . . . But if we contemplate any one of the classes so formed . . . we shall find that there are some classes, the things contained in which differ from other things only in certain particulars which may be numbered; while others differ in more than can be numbered, more even than we need ever expect to know. . . . White things, for example, are not distinguished by any common properties except whiteness. . . . But a hundred generations have not exhausted the common properties of animals or of plants, for instance. Nor do we suppose them to be exhaustible, but proceed to new observations and experiments, in the full confidence of discovering new properties which were by no means implied in those we previously knew. Whereas, if any one were to propose for investigation the common properties of all things which are of the same colour, the same shape, or the same specific gravity, the absurdity would be palpable. . . . Now the classes which are distinguished by unknown multitudes of properties, and not solely by a few determinate ones, are the only classes which, by the Aristotelian logicians, were considered as genera or species. Differences which extended to a certain property or properties, and there terminated, they considered as differences only in the *accidents* of things; but where any class differed from other things by an infinite number of differences, known and unknown, they considered the distinction as one of *kind*, and spoke of it as being an *essential* difference, which is also one of the usual meanings of that vague expression at the present day."—Vol. i. pp. 165—168.

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existent phenomena, in the same way as the universal law of causation regulates sequence, we are unable, in cases of this kind, to advance further than the unscientific induction of the ancients, which is also the induction of most of those among the moderns who profess to apply the methods of inductive reasoning to moral subjects; namely, the *Inductio per enumerationem simplicem, ubi non reperitur instantia contradictoria.* The reason we have for believing in the example taken above, that "all crows are black," is simply that we have seen and heard of many *black* crows, and never of crows of any other colour.

"To overlook this grand distinction [between invariable sequences and invariable coexistences, as regards their ultimate basis or fundamental axiom,] was, as it seems to me," observes Mr. Mill, "*the capital error in Bacon's view of inductive philosophy.* The principle of elimination, that great logical instrument which he had the immense merit of first bringing into general use, he deemed to be applicable in the same sense, and in as unqualified a manner to the investigation of the *coexistences*, as to that of the *successions* of phenomena. He seems to have thought that as every event has a cause or invariable antecedent, so every property of an object has an invariable coexistent, which he called its *form.* The examples he chiefly selected for the application and illustration of his method, were inquiries into such 'forms;' attempts to determine in what else all those objects resembled each other, which agreed in some one general property, as hardness or softness, dryness or moisture, heat or coldness. Such inquiries could lead to no result. The objects seldom have any such circumstance in common. They usually agree in the one point inquired into, and in nothing else. A great proportion of the properties which, so far as we can conjecture, are the likeliest to be really ultimate, would seem to be inherently properties of many different kinds of things, not allied in any other respect. And as for the properties which, being effects of causes, we are able to give some account of, they have generally nothing to do with the ultimate resemblances or diversities in the objects themselves; but depend upon some outward circumstances, under the influence of which, any objects whatever are capable of manifesting those properties, as is emphatically the case with those favourite subjects of Bacon's scientific inquiries, hotness and coldness; as well as with hardness and softness, solidity and fluidity, and many other very conspicuous qualities."—Vol. ii. p. 128.

Mr. Mill's next chapter treats of Approximate Generalizations. Such generalizations are of continual occurrence in practical life, but are of little interest to the scientific inquirer. Mr. Mill justly observes, that although little use can be made of them in science, except as opening the road to something better, they are often our only practical guides in the paths of ordinary life, and that even in cases where science has really determined the universal laws of the particular phenomenon; since the complication of the case is generally too great to be unravelled in the short space of time in which we are required to come to a practical decision. Hence it is no uncommon thing for men of scientific minds to be men of slow and undecided action.

Our attention has hitherto been engrossed by those propositions which assert either *succession* or *coexistence.* Three classes of propo-

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sitions,—*existence*, *order in place*, *resemblance*,—still remain to be considered by the logical student. These are, however, too slightly connected with the Philosophy of Induction to have any claim upon our consideration in this place, and we shall content ourselves with referring those who desire to prosecute their inquiries into these departments of logic, to Mr. Mill's pages: observing only, that since they include the logic of mathematics, they are of no inferior importance.

"Mathematics will ever remain the most perfect type of the Deductive Method in general; and the application of mathematics to the simpler branches of physics, furnishes the only school in which philosophers can effectually learn the most difficult and important portion of their art—the employment of the laws of simpler phenomena for explaining and predicting those of the more complex. These grounds are quite sufficient for deeming mathematical training an indispensable basis of real scientific education, and regarding, with Plato, one who is ἀγεωμέτρητος, as wanting in one of the most essential qualifications for the successful cultivation of the higher branches of philosophy."—Vol. ii. p. 180.

With a chapter on the Grounds of Disbelief, into which we cannot now enter, Mr. Mill closes his exposition of the Logic of Induction. And here might we, too, close our present review,—which does not profess to extend beyond the Philosophy of Induction, although several other subjects are more or less directly touched upon by Mr. Mill,—were it not that our author, in his fourth book, (which is devoted to a consideration of Operations subsidiary to Induction,) has minutely criticised Mr. Whewell's theory of Induction: so that our treatment of the subject would be incomplete, unless we followed him into this part of his inquiry.

After treating of Observation and Description as subsidiary to Induction, and resolving Mr. Whewell's Colligation of Facts by means of appropriate Conceptions, into the ordinary process of finding by a comparison of phenomena, in what consists their agreement or resemblance; Mr. Mill devotes a chapter to the subject of Abstraction, or the formation of conceptions. Logic, he observes, is concerned only with the universally acknowledged fact, that *general notions*, or, as they are sometimes called, *abstract ideas*, do exist, whatever their precise nature and origin.

"The mind can conceive a multitude of individual things as one assemblage or class; and general names do really suggest to us certain ideas or mental representations, otherwise we could not use the names with consciousness of a meaning. Whether the idea called up by a general name is composed of the various circumstances in which all the individuals denoted by the name agree, and of no others, (which is the doctrine of Locke, Brown, and the Conceptualists); or whether it be the idea of some one of those individuals, clothed in its individualizing peculiarities, but with the accompanying knowledge that those peculiarities are not properties of the class, (which is the doctrine of Berkeley, Dugald Stewart, and the modern Nominalists); or whether (as held by Mr. Mill), the idea of the class is that of a miscellaneous assemblage of individuals belonging to the class; or whether, finally, (what appears to be the truest opinion,) it be any one or

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any other of all these, according to the accidental circumstances of the case; certain it is, that *some* idea or mental conception is suggested by a general name, whenever we either hear it or employ it with consciousness of a meaning. And this, which we may call, if we please, a General Idea, *represents* in our minds the whole class of things to which the name is applied."—Vol. ii. p. 213.

Mr. Mill distinctly admits that there are such things as general conceptions, and that induction cannot go on without them. But he maintains, in opposition to Mr. Whewell, that these general conceptions are not "superinduced" upon the observed phenomena by the mind, but are obtained by *abstraction* from individual things.

"Every conception which can be made the instrument for connecting a set of facts, might have been originally evolved from those very facts. The conception is a conception *of* something; and that which it is a conception of, is really *in* the facts, and might, under some supposable circumstances, or by some supposable extension of the faculties which we actually possess, have been detected in them. And not only is this always in itself possible, but it actually happens, in almost all cases in which the obtaining of the right conception is a matter of any considerable difficulty."—Vol. ii. p. 215.

This has been the case with regard to all those physical sciences which are comparatively remote from common apprehension. In the case of Kepler's hypothesis, indeed, it was not unnatural for Kepler to be in independent possession of a tolerably obvious idea or conception, like that of an ellipse, and so to be able to bring it, as it were, to the facts, instead of deriving it from them; but it is not so with respect to the more involved sciences, as, for example, optics, electricity, magnetism, and the higher generalizations of chemistry. Here the conception which "colligates" the facts, is the conception or idea of *polarity;* that is, as now understood by those who have succeeded in mastering it, the idea of opposite properties in opposite directions.

"But what was there to suggest such an idea, until, by a separate examination of several of these different branches of knowledge, it was shown that the facts of each of them did present, in some instances at least, the curious phenomenon of opposite properties in opposite directions? The thing was superficially manifest only in two cases, those of the magnet, and of electrified bodies; and there the conception was encumbered with the circumstance of material poles, or fixed points in the body itself, in which points this opposition of properties seemed to be inherent. The first comparison and abstraction had led only to this conception of poles; and if anything corresponding to that conception had existed in the phenomena of chemistry or optics, the difficulty which Mr. Whewell justly considers as so great, would have been extremely small. The obscurity arose from the fact, that the polarities in chemistry and optics were distinct species, though of the same genus, with the polarities in electricity and magnetism; and that, in order to assimilate the phenomena to one another, it was necessary to compare a polarity without poles, such, for instance, as is exemplified in the polarization of light, and the polarity with poles, which we see in the magnet; and to recognise that these polarities, while different in many other respects, agree in the one character which is expressed by the phrase, opposite properties in opposite directions. From the result of such a comparison it was, that the minds of scientific men formed this new general conception; between which, and the first confused feeling of an analogy

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between some of the phenomena of light and those of electricity and magnetism, there is a long interval, filled up by the labours, and more or less sagacious suggestions of many superior minds."—Vol. ii. p. 217.

From these and similar cases, Mr. Mill concludes that the ideal element in the inductive process, or the superinduced conception, as Mr. Whewell would term it, is not furnished by the mind out of its own stores, but is obtained solely by means of comparison and abstraction. The conception, he maintains, is not furnished *by* the mind until it has been furnished *to* the mind.

Here our review of that principal portion of Mr. Mill's work, which treats of the Philosophy of Induction and its application to *physical* phenomena, may properly end. Other subjects are discussed by him in the remaining chapters of those Books over which our review has extended; of which the sections on the principles of a philosophical language, and the value of fixed formularies as embodiments of truth, will well repay perusal.

The sixth and last Book treats of the Logic of the Moral Sciences. In no part of the work do we find more valuable thoughts and original matter than in this: yet in none is the utter insufficiency of Mr. Mill's principles, *taken alone*, so painfully manifest. It would, however, require a much longer article than that now coming to a conclusion, to deal adequately with the very grave, nay solemn, subjects discussed by Mr. Mill in the last division of the treatise here under review. So that, while as Christian Remembrancers we shall keep the whole question before us for future consideration, we refrain from appending a moral discussion to an article in which we have been led and detained by our author in the paths of mere physical science.

At the same time, we should be wanting in our duty, if we did not earnestly protest against Mr. Mill's virtual denial, at least, of the offices of conscience, and of the *spiritual* mind generally, in regard to the discovery of moral truth. It is, indeed, only just to Mr. Mill to observe, that he distinctly admits that not all our knowledge is derived from experience, or from ratiocination only. Truths, he observes, in a passage we have already quoted (p. 398,) "are known to us in two ways: some are known directly and of themselves; some through the medium of other truths. The former are the subject of Intuition or Consciousness; the latter of Inference. The truths known by Intuition are the original premisses, from which all others are inferred. . . *We never could arrive at any knowledge by reasoning, unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning.*" But our complaint against Mr. Mill is, that he has entered, in his sixth book, upon the consideration of subjects which cannot be adequately treated without the aid of some of those principles of "transcendental philosophy," which he has expressly excluded, as not falling within the province of logic.

The discovery of moral truth is very far from being a merely intellectual process. "The natural man receiveth not the things

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of the Spirit of God," says St. Paul, when treating of the method of arriving at a knowledge of divine and spiritual truth; "neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Moral action is an essential means to the attainment of moral truth. "The way to judge of religion," says Bishop Taylor, in that admirable sermon, entitled *Via Intelligentiæ*, "is by doing our duty; and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge." But we must not suffer ourselves to prosecute this attractive and important theme; we must be content with simply indicating the great principles upon which, if our limits permitted, we would willingly expatiate; and we know not that we can end better at present, than in the words of Bishop Taylor, in certain passages of the great sermon just referred to:—

"I am now to describe to you the right way of knowledge. *Qui facit voluntatem Patris Mei*, saith Christ; that is the way; do God's will, and you shall understand God's word. . . Though the windows of the east be open, yet every eye cannot behold the glories of the sun: *Ὀφθαλμὸς μὴ ἡλιοειδὴς γινόμενος ἥλιον οὐ βλέπει*, saith Plotinus: 'The eye that is not made solar cannot see the sun;'—the eye must be fitted to the splendour; and it is not the wit of the man, but the spirit of the man, not so much his head as his heart, that learned the divine philosophy."

"We see persons, not learned, it may be, not much versed in Scriptures, yet they say a thing is good and lay hold of it; they believe glorious things of heaven, and they live accordingly, as men that believe themselves; half a word is enough to make them understand; a nod is a sufficient reproof; the crowing of a cock, the singing of a lark, the dawning of the day, and the washing of their hands, are to them competent memorials of religion, and warnings of their duty." . . So that while there are many who perceive only by the proportions of the world, and understand by reason, these perceive by the measures of the Spirit, and understand by love; "and therefore they not only understand the sermons of the Spirit, and perceive their meaning; but they pierce deeper, and know the meaning of that meaning; that is, the secret of the Spirit, that which is spiritually discerned, that which gives life to the proposition, and activity to the soul."

"When our reason is raised up by the Spirit of Christ, it is turned quickly into experience; when our faith relies upon the principles of Christ, it is changed into vision. So long as we know God only in the ways of man,—by contentious learning, by arguing and dispute,—we see nothing but the shadow of Him; and in that shadow we meet with many dark appearances, little certainty, and much conjecture: but when we know Him *λόγῳ ἀποφαντικῷ, γαλήνῃ νοερᾷ*, with the eyes of holiness, and the intuition of gracious experiences, with a quiet spirit and the peace of enjoyment; then we shall hear what we never heard, and see what our eyes never saw; then the mysteries of godliness shall be opened unto us, and clear as the windows of the morning."

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"There is something that human learning, without the addition of divine, can never reach. . . Pythagoras read Moses' books, and so did Plato; and yet they became not proselytes of the religion, though they were learned scholars of such a master. The reason is, because that which they drew forth from thence, was not the life and secret of it.

'Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses.'—Juv. xiv. 102.

There is a secret in these books, which few men, none but the godly, did understand; and though most of this secret is made manifest in the gospel, yet even here also, there is a letter and there is a spirit; still there is a reserve for God's secret ones, . . which Christ, by His Spirit, will reveal more plainly to all who will understand them by their proper measures."

"There is a sort of God's dear servants who walk in perfectness, who 'perfect holiness in the fear of God;' and they have a degree of charity and divine knowledge more than we can discourse of, and more certain than the demonstrations of geometry, brighter than the sun, and indeficient as the light of heaven. This is called by the Apostle, the ἀπαύγασμα τοῦ Θεοῦ. Christ is this 'brightness of God,' manifested in the hearts of his dearest servants."

"The old man that confuted the Arian priest by a plain recital of his creed, found a mighty power of God effecting His own work by a strange manner, and by a very plain instrument: it wrought a divine blessing just as sacraments used to do: and this enlightning sometimes comes in a strange manner, as a peculiar blessing to good men."

"And let me tell you this, that the great learning of the Fathers was more owing to their piety than to their skill; more to God than to themselves: and to this purpose is that excellent ejaculation of to Chrysostom, with which I conclude: 'O blessed and happy men, whose names are in the book of life, from whom the devils fled, and heretics did fear them, who (by holiness) have stopped the mouths of them that spake perverse things! But I, like David, will cry out, "Where are thy loving-kindnesses, which have been ever of old?" Where is the blessed quire of bishops and doctors who shined like lights in the world, and contained the word of life? *Dulce est meminisse;*—their very memory is pleasant. Where is that Evodius, the sweet savour of the Church, the successor and imitator of the holy Apostles? Where is Ignatius, in whom God dwelt? Where is S. Dionysius the Areopagite, that bird of Paradise, that celestial eagle? Where is Hippolytus, that good man, ἀνὴρ χρηστὸς, that gentle sweet person? Where is great S. Basil, a man almost equal to the Apostles? Where is Athanasius, rich in virtue? Where is Gregory Nyssen, that great divine? And Ephrem the great Syrian, that stirred up the sluggish, and awakened the sleepers, and comforted the afflicted, and brought the young men to discipline; the looking-glass of the religious, the captain of the penitents, the

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destruction of heresies, the receptacle of graces, the habitation of the Holy Ghost.'"

"*Secreta Dei Deo nostro et filiis domus ejus,* 'God's secrets are to Himself and the sons of His house,' saith the Jewish proverb. Love is the great instrument of divine knowledge; that is the ὕψωμα τῶν διδασκομένων, 'the height of all that is to be taught or learned.' Love is obedience, and we learn His words best when we practise them; 'Α γὰρ δεῖ μανθάνοντας ποιεῖν, ταῦτα ποιοῦντες μανθάνομεν, said Aristotle; 'Those things which they that learn ought to practise,—even while they practise they will best learn.'—*Quisquis non venit, profecto nec didicit; ita enim Dominus docet per Spiritûs gratiam, ut quod quisque didicerit, non tantum cognoscendo videat, sed etiam volendo appetat et agendo perficiat,* said S. Austin."

These are pregnant hints on the right method of attaining to moral and spiritual knowledge, which we hope, at some future opportunity, to expand and apply. Meanwhile, they will serve to correct any obnoxious speculation in which the author before us has indulged; a correction the more needful, because Mr. Mill's work, as a whole, constitutes a really valuable addition to our philosophical stores. Mr. Mill has brought to his undertaking a mind of superior cultivation, and of natural powers not often met with. He has thoroughly digested his subject; having conformed to that rule of study given by J. P. Richter: "Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it." His treatment of his comprehensive theme is remarkably well balanced; while the language in which his views are expressed is clear and accurate. Though unimpassioned, he is earnest; impartial, but far from indifferent. While he has availed himself of the labours of others, and drawn out elements of truth from works which, in many important respects, materially differ from one another, he is far too sincere and original to be a mere eclectic. Considering the nature of his subject, and the difficult unsolved problems which it contains, the *finish* of his book is not the least remarkable feature of it. He might fairly say, not "I am thinking," but "I have thought:"—he is a disciple of whom that Francis of Verulam who has written of himself, "*Sic cogitavit,*" might well be proud. Herein, indeed, lies one of the dangers of the book, seeing that it is not free from grave errors; namely, that its singular calmness, ease, and completeness, may betray the young student in philosophy into too ready an acceptance of it as a whole. It should be studied along with Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. The differences between the two writers will rouse the student to self-exertion, and require from him that independent election of truth, which philosophy exacts from all who would realize her gifts and enter into her secrets.

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The Office of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the use of the Church of Scotland; with a copious local Illustration, &c. &c. By the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, A.M. Aberdeen, 1807.

THAT the different constitutions of men, the variety of their education and employments, their prejudices, their particular affections and aversions to particular men and things, do greatly contribute to that variety and difference of judgment, from which the cause of truth must ever suffer, is unquestionable. But to nothing, so far at least as the sacred subject of religion—that most important, and most litigated of all—is concerned, may the difference and perplexity be attributed more than to this: that the nature of christian communion, and the true state of ecclesiastical authority, if perhaps studied, has been little taught. If the people had known their duty to their pastors; and both priests and people their dependence on their bishops; if they had understood the nature of schism, that it rends men from the body of Christ, which is His Church—in which alone is *promised* salvation; and had been instructed, where and by whom the ordinances of God are effectually administered; and where and by whom they are not so dispensed,—we should, perhaps, have had little dispute at this time on those high and holy topics which are so generally the subjects of irreverent discussion. From past neglect, therefore, it has arisen that the most solemn and incontrovertible principles of our faith and practice have come upon this generation as new and unheard-of things: and, if in the work of reparation, which is now so happily prospering in our hands, much difficulty and opposition is encountered, and many obstacles and discouragements are experienced, they are fewer than we have good reason to expect. For what other legacy could we look at the hands of fathers who cared less for the security of their children's inheritance, than for their own ease and indolence? If the priests of Christ's Church thought little, in a former age, of conniving at and encouraging loose principles, of unhinging the bonds of Christian fellowship, and of so smoothing and planing religion that little more than a phantom was left, what wonder that the priests of this age should not only find it difficult to change the current, in the minds of their people, but even to direct it aright in their own? How the great movement now begun amongst us will end, it may not be for us of this generation to witness. That the hand of God is directing it, there can be no reason to doubt; but that, through the weakness of the instruments employed, the good result may be delayed; that incidental evils may attend it; that, by reason of "strife about words to no profit, hearers may be subverted;" there must ever be reason to fear. Meantime, it belongs to us "to watch in all things," and avail ourselves of every opportunity

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which "the changes and chances" of this world shall present, for enforcing the *whole* "mystery of faith," "according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God which is committed to our trust." Our only hope is, that if, in doctrine, "showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned," and in temper, "gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves," we bear our measure of active exertion in the cause, it will please God to make up our deficiencies and bless our best efforts, to the good of His Church, and the glory of His holy Name.

There can be no doubt that, among other important points to which the revival of a sound Church feeling has directed attention, this fact is one, that in Scotland there still exists a pure branch of Christ's Church, unendowed, indeed, with that wealth which, had God been so pleased, she would have still enjoyed, as her rightful inheritance; but unfettered, also, by the civil ties which its possession might have imposed. That this fact should have ever been forgotten, and that an opinion should have become general, that, since the Revolution, the Church has been *merged* into a modern sect, at that period suffered to supplant her in the protection of the civil power, is a striking indication of the tone of feeling which must have too generally pervaded the English Church. It is not *so* surprising that the Church's existence in Scotland should have escaped notice; painful as such an admission is, from the ignorance, and selfishness, and cold exclusiveness of which it is a proof; but that she should have naturally glided into the form of a presbyterian sect, and all her high and holy qualities have been transferred to a society of modern origin, which persecuted her to the death, is a supposition which, but for the testimonies which remain against many of the Church of England's sons, from the bishop to the layman, could not, for an instant, be believed. The proof of this melancholy state of things may be given hereafter. It is alluded to in the outset, simply that a plea may be furnished for suggesting that, unless some steps have been taken or *shall be taken*, to retrieve this grievous defection from the principles of our *own* Church; unless the history of Christ's kingdom in Scotland be better known, and the primitive doctrine of Church communion be more warmly realized than for more than a century past they have been,—we have yet behind a grievous arrear of Catholic claims unredeemed, the burden of which will, as well it may, keep us lingering on in the drear and lonely wilderness of our present isolation.

In what measure sympathy may be extended to certain writers, who, seeming to *exaggerate* our loneliness, would hasten an union with corrupt branches of the Church, before God's own good time, is a question of another kind. But that an union and communion, perfect, and complete, cordial, affectionate, and

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unalloyed, between *all* the branches of Christ's Church within the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, professing *one* common faith, and protesting against *one* and the same errors,—that a *practical* unity within these small limits should subsist and flourish, is the least demand which a Catholic Christian in this country can be supposed to make. Anything short of it, *in fact*, must witness solemnly against us, and prove our position a lonely and selfish one indeed. As it would be ungenerous to forget the steps which have, of late years, been taken to atone for past sin and neglect,—the legal acknowledgment, for instance, of the Scottish orders,—so it would be unjust to conceal, that much yet remains to be done. Circumstances have recently occurred in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in attempts made by two individual priests to revive a schism, not many years since healed, which has in one instance called for the exercise of that wholesome discipline, the power of which Christ's Church possesses in her own inherent right; whether the provincial Church of England in full communion with the provincial Church of Scotland, as they are both branches of the one holy Catholic Church of Christ, will give evidence of the *reality* of the union which subsists between them on this occasion, remains to be proved. It is not intended here to anticipate the course which will be pursued. The occasion is a valuable one, and has doubtless been permitted by Providence to happen, that the strength of our growth in the cause of his truth may be tested. The reflections which it engenders cannot but be worth cherishing, and the opportunity which it furnishes for inquiring into the past and present condition of the Scottish Church, and the past and present part which the Church of England has acted, and now acts towards her, will, perhaps, be valued as it deserves.

From the period of the Great Rebellion to the Revolution, the Churches of England and Scotland were common sufferers. The bands which then cemented them were the bands of mutual sympathy in the season of persecution and distress. Had that season continued alike long and grievous to both, the sympathy, doubtless, which drew them together, would have kept them so. But to one of the sisters it pleased God to shorten the days of her trouble. At least, the form of her chastisement was changed, and instead of war with the civil power, and all the anguish and distress which a position so unnatural to the meek and gentle spouse of our Lord entails,—the endurance of unfilial hatred for the bestowal of maternal blessings, a trembling jealousy for the *safety* of her holy treasures, for the generous disposal of her gifts,—instead of open hostility, and animosity, and feud, she was proffered—she accepted—the protection of the State. In process of time, her holy places and her holy men were graced with some share of the former beauty of which

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they had unjustly been deprived. She became once more *something like* what she had been. But with all the hope which beamed upon her prospects, the cloud of sorrow still hovered over her, (it may be more painful to look back upon it now, than it was then for herself to bear it); and this sorrow betokened that in truth her chastisement was only changed *in form;* and that though open reviling, and cruel torment, and undisguised persecution, were harder to be endured, the secret sapping of her foundations, to which the hollow professions of false and gay friends exposed her, the gradual decay of her independence, and the growing nullity of her spiritual privileges, were deep and bitter punishments, which would inflict more lasting pain. But she became too closely bound to those who had most power to wrong her, and, by degrees, she seemed to lose all sense of danger. Her civil prerogatives appeared for a season to overpower her, and, as if forgetting that she was but one of a large family, and that there were, notwithstanding all the restrictions which her adopted partner could impose, certain strong *domestic* ties which bound it together, she all but disowned her poor suffering sister, with whom, in the hour of their common affliction, she had taken sweet counsel, and if to any side she lent her aid, it was to their once common foe, in their attempt to annihilate and destroy her.

The Church of Scotland, meanwhile, remained much as her more prosperous sister had left her. Her palaces and her holy and beautiful places had been laid waste; her offices others had taken to themselves; her vineyard had been trodden down. Schism, irreligion, and hypocrisy and profaneness, had poured in their tides like a deluge. But it pleased God to preserve her from widowhood. Within her desolate borders some few of *every order* remained, to serve at God's altar, who, though hunted as partridges on the mountains, yet forsook not ~~her~~ His truth. While her sister in England had forgotten her, and was suffering easy violence with a willing mind, at the hands of an encroaching though indulgent civil arm, and a no less dangerous Erastian spirit within her own bosom, she, with all her devoted children counted as an offscouring among men, was driven into the wilderness, and "the dragon was pursuing them, with malice to devour them." Yet was she not without God. In Him did she place her trust; "under the shadow of His wings did she hide herself until this tyranny should be overpast." And her sons, of whom the world was not worthy, doomed, albeit, to wander in deserts and mountains, and dens and caves of the earth, failed not, with the captive Daniel of old, "to open their windows towards Jerusalem," and to comply, as far as they might, with the order of God's Church. They felt with St. Cyprian,*

* Ep. lviii. p. 122.

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that "he can never be alone in his flight who has Christ for his companion; nor can he be ever, or anywhere, without God, who keeps the temple of God."

In more recent times, having, by God's blessing, discovered that sympathy in mutual suffering, however strong for the time, is but an uncertain bond of unity, the two Churches have begun to draw together again, on the higher and nobler basis of their mutual relation to one common Head.

In England, the sense of shame and injustice has already prompted something as an atonement for past forgetfulness, and the returning spirit of Catholic love and unity will achieve more. In Scotland, it has pleased God to put an end, in great measure, to those calamities which, we may hope, has purified her Church as gold in the fire; He has given unto her her judges as at the first, and her counsellors as in the beginning; and to all His faithful people has he granted free access unto His holy places, that His priests may declare His will. Let us hope and pray that, in all things which concern the peace of the whole Church, and the furtherance of truth and unity and concord, the interests and the duties of English and Scottish Churchmen may henceforth be one and the same! *

We have spoken of the relation in which, in times past, the English and Scottish Churches have stood to each other, and we have suggested an examination into its details as a profitable exercise in our *present* position, if we would know our *present* duties. This examination, we need scarcely add, must produce two results in the form of deep and unavoidable convictions; first, on English Churchmen, that, false, for more than a century, to the principles of their own and of all other true branches of Christ's vine—false, especially, to the irresistible claims of a distressed, persecuted, and contemned sister, on their sympathy and assistance—they have a heavy debt to pay, a grievous arrear to make up, of confessions to the truth, sacrifices to Catholic principle, and testimonies to primitive practice. And, secondly, on Scottish Churchmen, that, blessed and privileged in the portion of God's faithful ones, "persecuted for righteousness' sake," comforted and supported by His mighty succour, and enabled to preserve, through all their storms and fiery trials, His sacred deposit committed to their care, THEY MUST KEEP IT TO THE END; *they must cling to it* as to their soul's life; they must *fight for it, suffer for it, die for it.*

We are not without hope, that to most earnest minds—such even as are least informed in the historical facts—these conclusions approve themselves as matters of conscience, irrespective entirely of the detailed proofs of which they are capable. Eng-

* Historical Sketch from the Reformation to the Great Rebellion.

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lish Churchmen who think at all, must witness to themselves how true they are in their bearing on our own Church; and the circumstances of the present times calling forth, as they do, day by day, fresh testimonies to past neglect and coldness and indifference, furnish stronger and not less painful evidence than the page of history. We are less concerned, therefore, that our limits confine us to one topic out of the many which the examination we recommend must needs embrace. But as this topic is the highest and most important, so does its consideration, when amplified by a calculation of consequences and results, contain all others. All that *can* be said on our blessings, and privileges, and responsibilities, and duties—on our neglects, and defections, and apostasies, and deceits, and crimes, as servants of God and His Church, *may* be said, when we are speaking of the blessed Eucharist, and the history of its administration in the world. To the history of the Scottish Eucharistic office, then, involving, as it may well, the whole question of Catholic communion, as respects the sister Churches of this country, we propose now to address ourselves; and in doing so, we venture to recommend the valuable work prefixed as a title to this article. Certain circumstances, to which we shall hereafter allude, induce us to prefer rather a different course from that pursued by Mr. Skinner—one somewhat more adapted to the peculiar exigencies of the times—exigencies which, happily, that good and pious son of the Scottish Church did not live to witness; but so long as a love and reverence for the pure ritual of the Primitive Church lasts among us, Mr. Skinner's "Illustration" will keep its place among the best and soundest liturgical works of the day in which he lived.

There are two points which we are anxious to affirm in the outset: one,—that all the struggles of the Church, both in England and Scotland, *have been*, and *will be* for the pure Catholic principle; the other,—that round this centre Churchmen in both countries have rallied, and that between them, it *has been*, and *will be*, (as it *ought to be*,) an irrefragable bond of union and communion. By the "Catholic principle," we mean this great leading truth:—that the Church is a regularly organized *visible* kingdom, in which the Holy Trinity is *really*, though *invisibly*, present in an especial manner. It is well known that at (what is called) the Reformation in Scotland, (a movement which the most moderate must designate as a simple rebellion,) this principle was sacrificed. The constitution of the Church was lost; and the sacramental principles which it embodies were destroyed with it. Happily, the course of events took a very different turn in England, and with whatever difficulties and obstacles the labour was attended, the preservation of all that is essential to the Church's constitution was entire.

There can be no doubt that, had they been so disposed, the

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Scottish "Reformers" might have enjoyed the same advantages. It is true, among their superintendents, there was only one bishop whose consecration was valid and complete, but there was no lack of inclination on the part of the English bishops to supply the deficiency, had any anxiety been expressed for their assistance. It is very much to our purpose to note the relation in which the English and Scottish Churches stood to each other at this period; the tokens of sympathy which passed between them, are full of deep meaning for our present use; we shall make no apology, therefore, for dwelling on them a little.

If the form of Common Prayer, in the use of which the Lords of the Congregation acquiesced as early as 1557, was that set forth in either of the English books prepared in Edward's reign, it is a proof that whatever vestige of a Catholic spirit, the Reformers began with retaining, they held it in common with the English Church. There are good grounds for positively asserting that Edward's Second Book is referred to. The contrary opinion that the *Genevan form* is meant in the declaration, is wholly unsupportable.* There can, however, be no question that between the dates 1560 and 1616, the English service-book was in general circulation, and that, with whatever motives the Reformers may have consented to its use, the privilege of such a resource, in such times, was gladly hailed by the faithful, who were as much shocked by Puritan profanity, as by Popish superstition. An attempt was made by the General Assembly of 1566, to remonstrate with the English bishops, in behalf of such of their clergy as scrupled to wear the "surpeclaiths, cornett-cap and tippet," and that in terms rather overbearing and dictatorial; but whether Knox, who was the bearer of the letter, ever presented it, or if he did, how it was received, no record remains to tell. The circumstance itself is worthy of remark, because the professions of *sisterly communion* with which the document is prefaced, show the direction in which the current of religious feeling was running, when as yet the Reformers found it expedient in some degree to fall in with it. But it was not till the accession of James to the throne of England that the most important proofs of mutual communion and sympathy were offered. The royal exertions on behalf of the contemned Apostolical order of the Church in Scotland were ably seconded by the English bishops; and whatever immediate profit may have attended the particular labours of Bishops King of London, Andrewes of Chichester, Barlow of Lincoln, and Buckridge of Rochester, there can be no doubt that to these and similar efforts may be attributed the great act of this reign, the restoration of the Apostolical succession, through the hands

* Collier maintains that the English book was used at least from 1557 to 1564.

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of the Bishops of London, Ely, and Bath, in the persons of Spottiswood, Hamilton, and Lamb, hitherto holding only titular jurisdiction over the sees of Glasgow, Galloway, and Brechin. Whilst the relation of the two Churches was in this act most prominently exhibited, precautions were taken that the independence of the Scottish branch should not be sacrificed. The proposal when first made was, naturally enough, received under the fear lest compliance with it "might be taken for a sort of subjection to the Church of England, because of old pretensions that way." "But the king had provided against that danger by excluding both the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the only pretenders to that subjection, from having any hand in the office."*

But the history of this reign furnishes another circumstance which strikingly illustrates this friendly and Catholic relation. The Earl of Huntley, the most intriguing and vexatious of the Popish nobles, had declared for the Reformers, under the Jesuitical reservation, that by his outward profession his real creed could in no way be fettered. The course of his conduct having sufficiently proved his secret designs, he was excommunicated. But, although sentence of forfeiture had been also passed upon him, and a commission granted to the Earls of Argyle and Atholl to expel him from the country, steps were strongly urged by the king and finally, taken to reclaim and restore him. This was done in 1597, and in the following year he was made a marquis. In real truth, however, no change had taken place either in his opinions or his designs; and having never communicated with the Reformed party, he availed himself of all his newly-acquired privileges to strengthen the Romanist cause. Complaints against him poured in from all sides of the country, but especially from the north, and in 1608 he was again excommunicated. At the period to which reference is now made, he had already suffered under this last sentence eight years, and, although he had made several advances, and expressed an anxious desire to give satisfaction to the Church, he had hitherto fallen short of the conditions required. He was now, however, on his way to Court, in order that, in a personal interview with the king, he might have an opportunity of "giving him satisfaction in everything he might enjoin."† This intention on his part was his passport onwards; for the king's messenger, who met him at Huntingdon, had received strict injunctions to command him to return to the Castle of Edinburgh, and satisfy the High Commission, from whose custody he had, unwarrantably, been released. His interview with the king appears to have been satisfactory, and the result of it, a reference to the

* Skinner's Ecc. Hist. vol. ii. p. 252. † Spottiswood.

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Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he had offered to communicate. Dr. George Abbot, the successor of Bancroft, and the predecessor of Laud, then occupied the metropolitical see. He refused to admit Huntley to communion, because, said he, "*it is contrary to the canons that one excommunicated by the Church* should, without *their* consent who had so sentenced him, be absolved in another." The Bishop of Caithness, however, being in town, and expressing his readiness to assent to the act, in the name of the Church of Scotland, it was no longer delayed. The sentence of absolution, as used by the Archbishop on the occasion, is curious, and so confirmatory of the position which it is now desired to maintain, that it may be inserted here at length. "Whereas the purpose and intendment of the whole Church of Christ is to win men unto God, and frame their souls for heaven, and that there is such an agreement and correspondency betwixt the Churches of Scotland and England, that what the bishops and pastors in the one, without any earthly or worldly respect, shall accomplish to satisfy the christian and charitable end and desire of the other, cannot be distasteful to either. I, therefore, finding your earnest entreaty to be loosed from the bond of excommunication wherewith you stand bound in the Church of Scotland, and well considering the reason and cause of that censure, as also considering your desire on this present day to communicate here with us, for the better effecting of this work of participation of the Holy Sacrament of Christ our Saviour, His blessed Body and Blood, do absolve you from the said excommunication, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and beseech the Almighty God, that you may be so directed by the Holy Spirit, that you may continue in the truth of His Gospel unto your life's end, and then be made partaker of His everlasting kingdom." As might be anticipated, the accounts of this proceeding created no small alarm in Scotland, from the appearance of usurpation on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which it bore. But the personal communications, both from the king and from the archbishop, to the Primate of Scotland, with which it was followed up, soon dispelled all fears. The full authority and the absolute independence of the Scottish Church were acknowledged in the broadest and strongest terms. It may be interesting to mention some of the expressions which were used for this purpose. First, by the king:—"The absolution given to Huntley in England *necessarily* implied an acknowledgment of the authority of the Church of Scotland; whereas, if the Archbishop of Canterbury had received him to the Holy Communion, and *not first absolved* him, being excommunicated by the Church of Scotland, the contempt and neglect had been greater."—"For these reasons, and especially because all was done with a due acknowledgment and reservation of the

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power and independent authority of the Church of Scotland, which the Archbishop of Canterbury had, by his own hand, testified; it was his pleasure that upon the Marquis his return, a full form of absolution should be given him, or a ratification made of that which was done in England, so as neither the Archbishop of Canterbury his doing should be *disapproved* as *unlawful*, nor the same so approved as it might seem that the Church of Scotland *was inferior, in any sort, to that of England*, and that the archbishop's letter, written to that effect, should be *put on record*, and kept as a perpetual monument *for ages to come.*" Secondly, by Archbishop Abbot:—" Because I understand that a general assembly is shortly to be held at Aberdeen, I cannot but esteem it an *office of brotherly love* to yield you an account of that great action which lately befel us here with the Marquis of Huntley."—" For, first, what was to be performed might be adventured upon, as we esteemed, out of a *brotherly correspondence and unity of affection*, and not of any authority; for we well know, that as the kingdom of Scotland is a free and absolute monarchy, *so the Church of Scotland* is *entire in itself*, and *independent* upon any other Church."—" It pleased God, the night before the celebration of the Sacrament, to send in our brother the Bishop of Caithness, with whom I, taking counsel, his lordship resolved me that it was my best way to absolve the Marquis, and assured me that it would be well taken by the *bishops and pastors* of the Church of Scotland."—" I have done it with the best discretion I could, which, I doubt not, but all *our brethren*, with you, will take as proceeding from my desire to serve God, and his Majesty, and the whole Church of Scotland." With these explanations the Church was satisfied; nevertheless, it was deemed necessary that the marquis should acknowledge his offence before the General Assembly, and, promising obedience to the admonitions of the Church, continuance in the profession of the faith, and the education of his children in the same, he was solemnly absolved according to the form used in the Church of Scotland.

These facts have been noted thus at length, not because they are altogether free from exception, which indeed may fairly be taken to much of the proceedings, on the part of both Abbot and the king. The injunctions of the one, in a matter so purely spiritual, and the hasty proceedings of the other, on the simple advice of an *individual* prelate, who does not appear to have been originally the excommunicating party, seem, unquestionably, inconsistent with the Primitive and Catholic principles of Church communion and discipline. But their value in one sense is not diminished by this: they furnish a strong testimony to the footing upon which the Churches of England and Scotland regarded each other; and when it is remembered that at this time the episcopal succession was fully enjoyed by the latter, the benefit

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of the witness can only be claimed on the true Catholic ground. It deserves, moreover, to be remarked that on the former occasion of Huntley's excommunication, the absence of episcopal authority in the country might have very well furnished a plea for his resistance, just as, according to the statement of the king, the delay in his reconciliation was caused by his scruples about the presence of our Lord in the blessed Eucharist. What was the form in use for the administration of the Holy Communion at this particular time in Scotland, cannot with certainty be affirmed. It would seem, however, as far at least as *Huntly's experience* could prove it, that it was one differing in a very solemn and momentous point from that used in England. It is most probable that there was no *one* form in *general* use, and that in Huntly's case some mode of administration had been offered to him which he found it impossible to reconcile with his sincere belief of our Lord's presence in the consecrated elements. But it is certain that he had no scruples about the English service, (probably James' First Book) and his reconciliation to the Scottish Church, through the medium of it, at a period when her external constitution, according to the Apostolic model, was recovered, is a striking circumstance, and sufficient to warrant the conclusion that her communion with the Church of England was no less cordial than complete.

The reign of Charles, disastrous from the first, and tragical at the last, was yet fraught with important events, which served to draw these cords of union closer than before. The Church in England and in Scotland became one in the common suffering which was now in store for all adherents to the Ancient Faith. Conscientious scruples on specific matters of faith and practice which might confine themselves to single branches of the Church, were no longer the only impediments to unity and godly concord; much as such scruples, when sincere, demand respect, they were never from the beginning so honest on the side of the Puritan party as to deserve the sympathy which they claimed. During the reigns of Elizabeth and the early period of the first James, their real professions were less unreserved, and, therefore, the divisions and separations which they occasioned, painful and distressing as they were, left some hope of a future remedy. The examples of Brown and Cartwright, who were both reconciled to their Holy Mother, and died penitents within her fold, were at least encouraging. But now, their outward aspect had assumed a more real and undisguised character, and, encouraged by the untoward position of civil affairs, which their own increasing influence and strength had conspired to bring about, they avowedly declared themselves the enemies, not of the Church's imperfections, but of the Church herself. The Puritans in England, and the Presbyterians in Scotland, whatever their differences, were but one and the same party in the eye of the

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Church; they had one and the same object,—to pull down her strongholds,—and as for that they had now combined themselves together, so the common defence which the Faithful on both sides the Tweed, were constrained to make, became naturally, for them, a powerful bond of union and love.

The *alleged* scandal to which the rebelling party were anxious to attribute all the evils which followed, was the introduction of the Scottish Liturgy. Whatever faults may have attended the *manner* of this introduction, (and it is not here meant that they *are* altogether defensible,) it is quite clear the Liturgy itself was a measure for which the country had been duly prepared. Twenty-one years had elapsed since its first proposal, and for the whole of that period the English service-book had been duly used in the royal and collegiate chapels. Besides, the *Scottish* Liturgy was a grievance which the *English* Puritans were not called upon to bear; the adoption of it, therefore, as a common ground of union with their northern brethren can only be explained by the real fact, that all liturgies were equally grievous, all true branches of God's Church equally offensive, all wholesome authority and primitive godly discipline equally irksome, to men who were resolved at every hazard to gain their own rebellious ends. It has been said

> Quotics vis fallere plebem,
> Finge Deum,

and so it was with the malcontents of this period. Their political aims were first in consideration, and religious pretexts were adopted to conceal them, because the temper of the times favoured the scheme. The civil policy of Charles and his father was, no doubt, in very many respects, faulty; but on the worst supposition of its character, no justification can be raised in defence of the rebellion against God, in which discontent resulted. In Scotland the nobles, whose personal interests suffered by the revocation * of lands, baronies, &c. belonging to abbacies and priories, which Charles had wisely ordered for the benefit of the clergy, were too glad of the Liturgy outcry, which most opportunely occurred to them as a pretext for agitation. "The people," says Heylin, "being fooled into the opinion that both their christian and civil liberty was in no small danger, because capable of any impression which the presbyterian faction could imprint upon them." † Indeed, there can be no reasonable ground to doubt that the same sad results would have sooner or later occurred, though no Scottish Liturgy had ever been prepared.

Spalding assures us that a clandestine bond was drawn up and subscribed secretly between the malcontents, or rather malignants, of Scotland and England; that the object of this

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* See Collier, vol. ii. p. 756. † Heylin's Life of Laud, p. 348.

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bond was, that the two nations should assist each other to root out the bishops, and bring both kingdoms under one reformed religion. And, although Clarendon speaks of no such bond he expressly mentions libels circulated through Scotland against the bishops, and a seditious correspondence carried on, *before the introduction of the Liturgy*, between the malcontents of England and Scotland. "It had been the practice," an eye witness testifies, "of the presbyterian ministers, *for some time past*, to keep a fast on the first Sunday of every quarter; and, to lie under the shelter of the law, they took the precaution not to give any notice of these humiliations. On these days they used to declaim against episcopacy; and, to drive this doctrine deeper into their audience, part of their prayer was for *relief against this grievance*, and for a blessing upon all *good means* which Providence should suggest for that end."* This circumstance proves that, before the Liturgy ever made its appearance, the overthrow of the Church, *because it was the Church*, was premeditated. "Conceived" prayers, as the sole vehicle of devotion, were no part of the Reformation,—not even of Knox's scheme.† It was not till the sacred ordinance of Prayer became a channel of sedition, and the instrument for inflaming rebellion, that the manifold advantages of extemporaneous devotion were perceived and appreciated. The English service-book,—the forced loans promoted by the clergy,—the feoffees of impropriations,—the Arminian question,—the Sabbatarian controversy,—the Book of Sports, were all subjects of scandal to the tender consciences of the Puritans and Presbyterians, no less prominent than the much abused Scottish Liturgy, and yet no more than if it were the *real* sources of complaint.‡ In fact, as the martyr king himself confesses, "the government of this Church and state, fixed by so many laws and long customs, would not run into their new moulds till they had first melted it in the fire of a civil war, by the advantages of which they resolved, if they prevailed, to make myself and all my subjects fall down and worship the images they should form and set up."§

The truth of this statement might be proved by an induction of examples, were this the place or the occasion for such a compilation; reference is simply made to it here because it enhances the reality of that bond of sympathy which at this time united the English and the Scottish branches of Christ's Catholic Church. The sacred deposit of which they were, in common, the guardians, was in danger. The private and personal privileges of *each* were as nothing;

* Guthry's Memoirs, p. 8. Collier, ii. p. 755.

† Knox continued himself to prefer and use a liturgical form of devotion up to his death.—See *Bannatyne's Journal*, p. 331.

‡ Heylin's Laud, p. 348. Collier, ii. 754. Short History of the English Church, cxiii.

§ Eikon Basilike, p. 207.

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the one common charter—the one precious gift, by means of which *both* existed, was everything. So felt Catholic minds on both sides the Tweed, whilst the cloud of persecution, yet unbroken, was lowering, dark, and heavy on all sides. A Church without a Liturgy is a living anomaly. It is the profession of *one* body and *one* spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, without any witness to its reality; it is as if men could be "like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind," and yet possess no common vehicle of expression whereby their unity can be tested. To secure this indispensable safeguard to God's truth for the Scottish Church was a cause well worthy of her English sister's aid: in the perilous times which were fast approaching, it was the strongest testimony of affection she could offer. It is well known that Archbishop Laud, no less than the king, strongly urged the English Liturgy upon the acceptance of the Scottish prelates, and that it was only refused on the reasonable ground, that a service-book of their own would best accord with the independent character which their branch of the Catholic Church had a right to maintain. The force of this objection was admitted, and "it pleased his majesty," as Heylin* expresses it, "to yield to the importunity of the Scottish Bishops, in having a liturgy of their own, differing in some things from that of the Church of England, to show the *independence and self-subsistence* of their Kirk; but agreeing with it, in the main, to testify the *conformity* between the Churches." The execution of this work was committed first to Ballenden, Bishop of Dunblaine, afterwards of Aberdeen, but finally to Wedderburn, who succeeded to the former see, to whose soundness in the Faith the friendship of Bishop Andrewes, in whose Church at Ely he had held a stall, bears testimony. Laud and Wren (of Norwich) overlooked the Liturgy, and lent the Scottish prelates every brotherly assistance; but beyond this, as they had no interference, so they had no responsibility. The Archbishop expressly states, that, "whatever this omission [commemorative clause in the distribution] may be thought to work, it cannot reflect upon me, who always laboured to have the English book sent them, without any omission or addition at all."†

The model by which the compilers were entirely guided, was the first English book of Edward VI., and no deviations were made from it except some few unimportant alterations suggested by the Puritan prejudices, and sanctioned by the authority of the king. The Liturgy had been completed a whole year, and a body of canons requiring its adoption had already been framed and transmitted to Scotland, when the book itself made its first appearance in Edinburgh. The *policy*, to say the least, of this mode of introduction was indefensible, and afforded additional

* Heylin's Laud, 29. † History of Trials, ap. Skinner, ii. p. 298.

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matter of complaint, where already there was more than could be subdued. But the real merits of the case remain unaffected, so far as the Liturgy itself is concerned—the adaptation of it to the necessities of the Catholic Church in Scotland, and the proofs which its history furnishes of the *real* objects of Puritan violence throughout the kingdom. To the circumstances which have *recently* occurred in the Scottish Church, in which (thanks to Charles and his Bishops,) the primitive Eucharistic office is *still* preserved, the Puritan clamours furnish a striking commentary.

Meantime the main *fact* to be observed of the period of history at which we are now arrived is this: the Scottish Liturgy of Charles the First was *not only approved by the heads* of the English Church, but, in *times the most perilous* for Catholic Churchmen, when their adherence to the distinctive points of our Holy Faith was *sure to entail persecution*, the compilation of it furnished a point of union and sympathy at which the Bishops of Christ's Church in England and Scotland met to strengthen and support each other. If direct proofs were wanting in confirmation of this fact, the force with which it is supported by the whole tone of the Puritan objections to the Scottish service-book, involving, as they did, the safety of Catholic truth wheresoever professed, cannot be resisted. When the king issued his proclamation,* requiring obedience to the service-book, and exculpating the Bishops from any *exclusive* responsibility in its formation, the very foremost clause on the list of exceptions to it, issued at Stirling, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow, was: "That the seedes of superstitione and idolatrye wer palpable in the service-book, *specially* if it wer expounded or constered according to the rule of the opinions *presently taught and maintained in the Churche of Englande.*" The fourth clause similarly implicated the ecclesiastical constitution of England: "They protest against the High Commissione being a judicatorye grownded upon no knowne law nor preiveleidge, obtrud d upon Scotland from an *English model*, contrary to the fundamental lawes of Scotland." It appears, also, that among the non-subscribers to the Covenant, a very large class of persons were those who felt "unsatisfied that the *ceremonyes of the Church of Eugland*, Pearthe Articles, and Episcopacye, should be abjured as Poperye."

Indeed, the points repudiated by the Presbyterians, were, for the most part, those which in common with the whole Catholic Church, the Scottish and the English branches were alike interested in maintaining,—kneeling at the Holy Communion: Private Communion of the Sick: Private Baptism: Confirmation: and the observance of the four festivals of Christmas,

* February 19, 1638.

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Easter, the Ascension, Whitsunday, and the fast of Good-Friday.

And so also in the important question of the apostolic commission, *the principle itself*, as maintained throughout the Church universal, was the object of attack. Among other answers to the declaration of the Bishops on the occasion of the Glasgow Assembly this is made:—"they tell us that they have their presidencye from Chryste, wherein they follow the footstepps of the *Bishopps of England*, who plead a *jus divinum* for their order, which paradox they will sooner maintaine by amputations than disputationes." The fourteenth session of the Glasgow Assembly was chiefly devoted to animadversions on the service-book, which was maintained by one Mr. Andrew Ramsay to be "heathenish, popish, Jewish and Arminian, both in matter and ceremony." No doubt one grievance was, that "in manye places it was *worse* than the Englishe booke," but it is satisfactory to find, from the very many errors with which they were charged in common, and from the grounds of objection alleged, that the excess of criminality on the side of the Scottish book was in the Catholic extreme. The charges against the Church in Scotland, were charges also against the Church in England;—they were charges, moreover, against the Catholic principle by which they were in common guided. The Scottish ritual was only "worse" than the English, because by the good providence of God in one portion of it, this principle was more distinctly carried out. If the English book had still been what it was in the former service of Edward VI., the Puritans of 1638 would have made no such exception to its *entire* corruption, as this *extra* blow at the Scottish Liturgy *seems* to imply. But since the two subsequent revisions, having become a degree less Catholic, their aversion to it became a degree less severe. Love of it they had none. As far as the English and the Scottish service-books went together, so far the Puritan prejudices affected them equally. In *principle* their mutual agreement was perfect; their only difference was, that in the results of this principle, the Scottish Liturgy distinctly stated in the Eucharistic ritual what the English book left to be inferred. The objections, therefore, to the one are objections to the other; the simple accident of greater distinctness in Catholic expression entailing a larger share of virulence upon that which possessed it. A few of the charges which were specified may be inserted by way of illustration.

The *daily mattins and vespers* were objected to, because "if the priest be the Churche's delegate to saye them daylye, what else is this but to sett up the Popish canonicke houers, two out of seven of them?" All change of posture during the service, such as kneeling, standing, bowing the knee, turning to the east, &c., was offensive; so were the terms Advent, Epiphany, &c., the words offertory, collect, litany, &c., and the adoption of

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passages from the Prophets and Acts of the Holy Apostles *for epistles.* That confession of sins and absolution were read before prayer, that the Te Deum was said *every day*, and that in the Lord's Prayer the priest, clerks, and people joined together, were matters of scandal. In the office for the Holy Communion, it was objected that the Epistle is put before the Gospel, contrary to the orders in the Bible, and that no thanksgiving is appointed for the former; that the collect for the Feast of the Holy Innocents savours of Pelagianism, in presuming that they died in the faith, without any explanation; that in certain collects (third and fourth Sunday after Epiphany, Septuagesima) there is "a deprecatione against some certaine daungers, as if the dayes wer more fatal than other dayes;" that "for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, ther is a prayer that God would graunte these thinnges which Christians *dare* not seek, a petitione verie unagreeable to the πληροφορία of the Christian profession." And finally, that "*all* the collects are for the most pairt, takne *de verbo ad verbum* out of the masse booke." The rubric enjoining that the holy table be covered with a fair linen cloth, that the priest should wear a surplice, that the people should kneel during the reading of the Decalogue, *that offerings should be made before the consecration of the elements*, that the priest *should stand whilst he is consecrating*, that the words of institution *should be directed to God by way of prayer*, and *not to the people*, were all grievances against which formal protests were vehemently urged. Among "the seedes of error" are mentioned the public use of the Apocrypha, the observance of Saints'-days, the prayer for the dead in the Burial Service, the supposed distinction of sins implied in the use of "*deadly*" in the Litany, the observance of Christmas-day, Circumcision, Epiphany, and other feasts, the injunction to especial confession, and the promise of absolution in the visitation office; the exhortation in the baptismal office, the doctrine of *universal redemption* asserted in the Catechism, the inference from "*two* sacraments generally necessary, that there *are other* sacraments less necessary; the assertion that the body and blood of our Lord are "truly tackne in the Holy Supper," and the commination service during the fast of Lent.

It will be observed that the English service-book suffers from these objections precisely in the same degree as the Scottish. It is also manifest that the ground of exception, as maintained by the Presbyterians, is one from which no branch of Christ's Catholic Church can possibly be free, without sacrificing that very spirit by which its vitality is supported. It is quite true that the Scottish service-book, from the extra-Catholicity of its Eucharistic office, affords more food for prey. But it will, therefore, hold out longer against a siege; if the Puritan principles of exception already illustrated be true, the English book cannot be safe; it must also be given up. Nothing tends more to convince

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an impartial mind that while the *Catholic principle* was the main object of Puritan virulence, it was also the cord of sympathy between English and Scottish Churchmen, than the detailed accounts which have come down to us of the deposition of the Scottish prelates and clergy, by the Glasgow Assembly. Of the wickedness and impiety with which they stand charged, not a word of defence may be urged; doubtless, the ignorance and sin of God's own ambassadors were the just causes of His wrath and vengeance upon the Church. But it is singular, and not without suspicion, that "in thes tymes, no ministers wer accused as faulty, but such as were non-covenanters."

Old Gordon quaintly adds, "whither it was that the *godly* pairty of the ministrye did close with the covenant, and the *profaner* parte of them oppose it, *or if it were upon any other accompt it fell out so,* I doe leave it to the reader to judge." Their manner of life, however, was not the only, nor even the chief, ground of complaint. Against Dr. Hamilton of Glassford, among other things urged, was his determination to keep the service-book in his church "in despyte of Puritans and the devill," his refusing marriage to those who would not kneel at the Holy Communion, and his using freely his right of excommunicating offenders. Against Mr. John Creighton, of Paisley, it was found that he inclined to *Popery and Arminianism;* that he affirmed of the Popish faith, that it was better than Protestantism, maintaining that "*it was easy for to reconcyle Protestants and Papists, if Puritans and Jesuits wer awaye;*" that he taught universal grace, *allowed* auricular confession, and maintained free-will; that he held that saints *might* fall away from grace, and that he administered baptism privately, using the matter and the form only, without *any words of exhortation.* Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, was accused of having "pressed the practise of the service-booke and Five Articles," of having refused the order of priest to one who had not been ordained deacon, of having *knelt* before the altar, and of having *held the doctrine of the real spiritual presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist.* Ballenden, Bishop of Aberdeen, was cited for the same offences, and also for using the Book of Ordination in "admitting intrants," [introits?] and for consecrating a chapel, "after the superstitiouse form and manner." Maxwell, Bishop of Ross, was especially obnoxious to the Puritans, from the prominent part which he had taken in the formation of the Liturgy. Besides other charges preferred against him, arising necessarily from this circumstance, are these: that he conversed familiarly with Papists, affirming that he would rather converse with them than with Puritans, and that he fasted on Fridays, and often "journeyed on a Sunday." Wedderburn, Bishop of Dunblane, was degraded and excommunicated because, among other offences, it had been his usual custom, while professor of divinity at St. Andrew's, to "inveighe upon many

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things that are receaved in the Reformed Churches, and to render them distastefull to the hearers, his scollers." Against Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, no charges could be brought: "this bishop was upon the waye of the primitive pietye that resided in the West Isles, about the isle of Aya, in the tymes of Columba and Aidanus; being that, beyond all the rest, nothing could be objected to him *but his being a Bishop.*" "His censure was depositione, and, except he submitt to the assembly, excommunicatione!" It will suffice to mention only one case more, that of Forrester, minister of Melrose. It was objected to him, that he had said of preaching, that *it was too common;* that the observance of the Lord's-day *as the Sabbath was Judaism;* that conceived prayer by the Spirit was an "idle fancye;" that the service-book contained the best prayers, both for public and private use; that the *saying of these prayers was more necessary than preaching;* that at baptism and absolution he used the sign of the Cross; that he protested against *sitting* at the Holy Communion; and that, concerning Christ's presence, he had said, "it was a question of *curiositye* to enqwyre if Chryste was present ther, sacramentally, or by transubstantiatione, or by consubstantione, since it was *sure* that Chryste's Body *was really* present in the Lord's Supper."

Topics of common interest and importance to all Churchmen, of whatever age and country, more sacred and valuable than these, cannot be conceived. The Church in Scotland, therefore, though she suffered for them, had no right to appropriate them exclusively to herself; and she neither wished nor was permitted to do so. As the British Puritans had but one case as plaintiffs, the British Catholics had but one case as defendants; and the unity of design which bound English and Scottish rebels together, was not greater than the sympathy which united English and Scottish Churchmen. That the sympathy could not be *weaker* than is here asserted, the undeniable identity of the two Churches, in their fundamental principles, avowed by the Puritans, and proved in the fatal issue, is sufficient to establish; that it was *as strong*, no more powerful witness need be called than the well-known fact, that many of the ejected Scottish prelates found an asylum in England, as long as *that* was safe; and that to the weakness and ignorance of one of them (the Bishop of Orkney), who sacrificed his order and his office, and all the great principles which result from them, to indolence and avarice, we owe one of the most powerful and conclusive defences of Christ's Church, that ever was written, at least on this single question.*

We need not pursue this course of inquiry farther; it were easy to point out facts in the subsequent history which suffi-

* Episcopatus, juris Divini, by Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich.

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ciently confirm a Catholic relationship between the English and Scottish Churches. The time, however, was fast approaching, when the spirit of the world had the preeminence, and not with Scotland only, but with all Christendom; England ceased to be as a sister. But our purpose is answered. We have established two very important facts, which we shall not scruple largely to use: First, That the Scottish Church has always maintained her independence—an independence both in ritual and in discipline, which the English Church has freely and cheerfully admitted. Second, That the two Churches cooperated in the affirmative of the Catholic principle, that they were *in common* attacked for it by Puritan unbelievers, and *in common* suffered in its defence. We are now in a good condition for entering at once upon the Scottish Eucharistic office; but as our space is limited, we postpone the subject to another month.

Moral Philosophy, or the Duties of Man, considered in his Individual, Social, and Domestic Capacities. *By* GEO. COMBE. Second Edition, revised. Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Steward and Co. London: Longman, &c. 1841.

THE science, real or pretended, of Phrenology has not come to so speedy a termination as was probably anticipated by those who opposed its commencement. It has now endured through a half-century, seems to have sustained no very decisive check at any period of its progress, and has worked many of its phrases and notions into the common speech and thought of all educated persons, by none of whom we suspect is it altogether disbelieved. Everywhere are men familiar with the distinction between a good and a bad forehead; whenever any man of known ability makes his appearance, all eyes are turned to his intellectual lobe; and where that is remarkable in a person whom we do not know, we are all bent on discovering who he is. Indeed, the forehead has come to be no inconsiderable constituent in our ideas of beauty, especially in the male sex. This, to be sure, is not altogether new. If we are to believe Dr. Spurzheim and others, the ancient sculptors gave good phrenological developments whenever they meant to represent wisdom or excellence. If their statues were portraits, the argument is direct; if they were the result of enlarged observation of eminent men, it is scarcely less forcible.

But though a vague faith in this and a little more phrenological doctrine is now very generally diffused, it is one to which comparatively few attach any importance. Those who have

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ceased to think those doctrines *harmful*, regard them as *harmless*, which is generally considered the worse compliment of the two. No serious weight is attached to them; no results of the least consequence expected from them. People amuse themselves with descanting on the various coincidences they or others have discovered between their friends' *bumps* and their characters; and if they think their own foreheads good, rather like them to have them examined by the real or pretended adept; but all this with no solemnity, the coincidences and the examinations seeming to them of much the same sort of consequence as those connected with handwriting.

But it has been well said, that half the world does not know what the other half is doing, and as both consist of several small sections, the assertion is true of these respectively. Whilst one drawing-room is filled with smiling faces arguing their characters from their skulls, and often *vice versâ*, their skulls from their characters, another is occupied by gentlemen doing the same thing, with a gravity, nay, an awe over every feature most edifying to behold. To smile during such a process would, in their eyes, be profanation; for though they tell us of a double organ of Gaiety seated between Causality and Ideality, they must surely allow that all their own heads are deficient there, on peril of the science proving false. These gentlemen devoutly believe that they are the beginners of a new æra in the history of the world, the people living on which have never hitherto known how to be wise, good, or happy; nay, have never yet known anything about themselves in soul or body! The author now before us feels the strangeness of such dazzling light having been so long delayed, and by consequence of darkness having been so long protracted, and is consequently obliged to bestow some philosophical consideration upon the puzzle, which happily ends much to his satisfaction; for he finds it to be a fact in strict analogy with all others connected with man's intellectual and moral condition; and besides *knows* (did Phrenology too teach him this?) that the world is merely in its infancy; that its history has barely begun; and that it is destined to pass through ages of phrenological illumination, compared with the duration of which, the six thousand years of its past existence are but as a day or an hour.

To show such of our readers as may have been in the habit of talking of Phrenology as one among many tolerable materials *pour passer le temps*, we will give them a specimen or two of the solemnity of Mr. Combe's style, which may perhaps make them feel what triflers they are. The commercial distress of 1826 was a solemn subject, and Mr. Combe does well in being solemn about it; but we suspect the propriety of other people's demeanour, will, for the most part, be endangered by their being told that it arose very much from a want of phrenological

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knowledge on the part of our merchants and public men; and also that none but the phrenologist was able to understand its effects, or imagine the sorrow it occasioned! Here is the passage in question:—

"In a period of profound peace, and immediately after one of the finest summers and most abundant harvests ever showered by a bountiful Providence on Britain, this country has been* a theatre of almost universal misery. In October and November 1825, stocks began to fall with alarming rapidity; in November numerous bankers in London failed; in December the evil spread to the country bankers; in January and February 1826, the distress overtook the merchants and manufacturers, thousands of whom were ruined, and their workmen thrown idle; agricultural produce began to fall, and suffering and gloom extended over the whole empire. These events carried intense misery into the bosoms of numberless families. The phrenologist, who knows the nature of the propensities and sentiments, and their objects, is well able to conceive the deep, though often silent, agonies that must have been felt when Acquisitiveness was suddenly deprived of its long collected stores; when Self-esteem and Love of Approbation were in an instant robbed of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of worldly grandeur, that, during years of fancied prosperity, had formed their chief sources of delight; and when cautiousness felt the dreadful access of despair at the ruin of every darling project."—*Appendix*, pp. 435, 436.

Then follows some politico-economical discourse, which we dare say is very sound, but which is but preparatory to *the application of Phrenology* to the subject. And here it is:—

"According to our view, the Creator has formed the world on the principle of the predominance of the higher sentiments; that is to say, if mankind will condescend to seek their chief gratifications in the exercise of Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Intellect, they will be exempt in an amazing degree from calamity; while they will suffer continually recurring misery so long as they place their highest enjoyments in the gratification of the lower propensities. It is an undeniable fact, that the inhabitants of Britain generally are involved in a chase of wealth, power, and personal aggrandizement, or the gratification of Acquisitiveness, Self-esteem, and Love of Approbation, to the exclusion of everything like systematic cultivation of the proper human faculties before enumerated. Now, if our principle be correct, they never can be happy while this is the case. If the Creator have intended the higher powers to prevail, his whole arrangements must be in harmony with them, and the world must be so constituted that it is possible for every individual to reap the enjoyment for which existence is given. By the gratification of the higher powers, we do not mean mere psalm-singing and superstitious devotion; but enlightened religion, the exercise of habitual benevolence, justice, and respect between man and man, the reciprocal communication of knowledge, and the systematic exercise of the intellect in studying the laws of creation. For these ends, a portion of time every day is requisite: but on the present system, the whole energies, bodily and mental, of millions of our population are expended in ministering to the gratification of Acquisitiveness, Self-esteem, and Love of approbation, and still lower animal propensities: and if suffering follow this course of conduct, men have themselves alone to blame."—*Appendix*, p. 440.

We have nothing to say against this application of Phrenology to the question of commercial distress, except that it involves a

* This is quoted by Mr. Combe, from an older lucubration of the same date as the events to which it refers.

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troublesome and round-about way of stating a truth, of which anti and non-phrenologists could deliver themselves in a much shorter space. Indeed, this seems to us one distinct effect of Phrenology on its votaries, that it leads to an exercise of the lungs far beyond what is procured by any one else. If Dr. Henry Holland be right in saying that we want a system of *lung-bracing*, there can be no doubt that the dissemination of Phrenology will go far to remedy the defect, for on phrenological principles, the very simplest matter cannot be stated under three times the length that would otherwise be required. Thus the case of a young English lady used to the strict observance of Good Friday, and never having heard of the Presbyterian fast-day, going to Scotland, and being much shocked by the neglect of the former, and quite taken by surprise on finding how rigid was the observance of the latter, is one which our lungs would have been little the better for explaining, so slight would have been their exercise in doing so. But hear how much Mr. Combe has to say before he can make the case clear.

"When she came to Scotland for the first time, and saw no sanctity attached to that day (Good Friday,) her Veneration was disagreably affected; and if she also had treated the day with indifference, her conscience would have upbraided her. In a few weeks afterwards, the half-yearly fast-day of the Church of Scotland came round, but in her mind, no sanctity was attached to it; her intellect had never been informed that it was appointed to be held sacred; she desired to follow her usual occupations, and was astonished at the rigid sanctity with which the day was kept by the Scotch. Here the intellect gave the information, and Veneration acted according to its light."—P. 28.

Most people would be apt to fancy that they could well enough understand the feelings which must have struggled in the mind of Regulus, to deter him from his noble resolve; nor, unless minded to be rhetorical, would they waste many words on the matter. But hear what a phrenologist can make of it.

"When we contemplate the noble Regulus, eloquently pleading for the very decree which must consign him to the fury of his enemies,—it is in virtue neither of Conscientiousness nor Veneration that his great merit is perceived, because these faculties discover nothing in the action beyond the simple obedience to their own dictates. But Cautiousness with its dark forebodings of pain, and misery and death; and Adhesiveness, with its yearnings after the objects of its fond desire, tell us of the terrible assaults which Conscientiousness and Veneration must have sustained in maintaining their supremacy."—*Phrenological Journal*, quoted by Combe, pp. 24, 25.

We think our readers will, by this time, agree with us that, in its bearing on style, Phrenology leads to the same sort of impersonation as that in which Somerville and Mr. R. Montgomery so greatly excel; the former of whom they may remember has made a person of *Perspicuity*, and the latter of *Explanation*, whom he has also seated on a royal throne.

But the question of style is an unimportant one beside the great pretensions of the science. It is the new and true

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philosophy, the mystery of whose tardy revelation to the benighted sons of men, Mr. Combe, as we have said, feels obliged seriously to consider. It is that "which unfolds the functions, uses, and relations of the human faculties, and which, for the first time since man was created, enables him to discover his own position in the world which he inhabits," (p. 431.) We have already heard Mr. Combe declaring that "the phrenologist knows" (and we presume from the terms that other men do not,) "the nature of the propensities and sentiments, and their objects." And if after this our readers would like to hear a little more of the value and necessity of the science, let them give heed to what follows:—

"What, however, does Phrenology teach? It teaches the nature, functions, uses, and abuses of each of our faculties; it shows us that the moral and intellectual powers are given to guide our inferior feelings; and it informs us that we must observe the organic laws in order to preserve our brains in health, otherwise our mental powers will be impeded and deranged in their action. It leads us, in short, to study *ourselves*, and our relations to the external world, and to practise the duties thence discoverable, as acts of obedience to the will of God. The result is, that instead of being lost in a mist of vague notions of what constitutes sin, and what righteousness, our disciples are enabled to distinguish good from evil, in the uses and abuses of their faculties: instead of wandering amidst dark superstitions, and perhaps praying to God for health, or other benefits, yet blindly neglecting every law of physiology on which health, or the realization of their other desires, depends, they recognise the imperative necessity of first obeying God's laws of health established in their constitution, or his other natural laws related to the objects prayed for; and then, and then only, do they venture to approach Him for His blessings and His benefits. Instead of seeing in the external world only a vast confusion of occurrences, in which sometimes the good triumph, and sometimes the wicked,—in which the imagination is bewildered, and the moral affections disappointed in not recognising God,—they, by being taught the spheres of the different natural laws, by being instructed to trace their relations, and by being made aware that each acts independently, and produces its own consequences of good or evil,—have their eyes opened to the magnificent spectacle of a world full of the wisdom and goodness of God, specially adapted by Him to man's moral and intellectual powers, pervaded in every department by an intelligible and efficient government, and the whole tending regularly and systematically to favour virtue and to punish vice."—Pp. 427, 428.

Let us now proceed to examine these magnificent pretensions, and see whether we can persuade ourselves that a new and nobler æra has begun with, and in consequence of, Phrenology. And the first inquiry doubtless is, though not as phrenologists for the most part imagine the sole one, whether its doctrines be true.

Now, as regards this, we concede to its disciples a great many of their facts. The coincidences between cerebral form and mental and moral character are certainly far too numerous to be accidental, and this we see granted by Dr. Holland, even when writing, on the whole, against Phrenology. The connexion between the size of the front compartment of the skull and intellectual power is established, we think, by as large an induction

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of particulars as can reasonably be demanded. We cannot charge our memory with the sight of a single man of ability, in whom that compartment was not larger than ordinary in proportion to the general size of the head. This, however, as we have already said, is nothing new, and before Gall or Spurzheim, Lavater had laid it down that size of forehead is an indication of mental power. But Phrenology does not stop at this general assertion, nor do the coincidences between indication and fact stop here either. Not only have all clever men well-developed foreheads, but, as far as we have seen, those foreheads are developed in the main very much as Phrenology says they should be. Men who excel in the material sciences exhibit the perceptive region in unusual prominence: eminent metaphysicians, moral philosophers, and divines, the reflective. Those "kings of thought" whose sceptre extends over both territories, of whom it is given to a favoured century to see one or two, present us with the majestic spectacle of a forehead *two stories high*; the dome of reflection so grandly swollen out, that the head would be top-heavy but for the massive pile of perception underneath. Poets and imaginative people generally expand sideways in Ideality, so as to produce the most graceful flanking of the temples that can possibly be seen. We have never yet seen the trial fail in any of these particulars. Where a forehead has seemed fine, and yet the proprietor been an undeniable fool, it may, we think, always be found where the mistake has lain. The man may be an enormous man with an enormous head, in consequence of which his actual front has been larger than most men's; but then it bears a smaller ratio to the whole cranium, which is proportionably large: and did we go to the nearest ox we should see a yet more expansive front, but the favourable argument to be deduced from it would be similarly vitiated. The practised eye will soon learn to distinguish between this mere unmeaning extension, and the well-defined and prominent temple of thought; and we believe that all of us own the presence of a kingly mind, when lips whose smallest movement is charged with meaning, and a face which muscles never distort, but over which notwithstanding they move with all the incessant play of light and shade in a leafy grove; and eyes lit from within with that light which penetrates to the very soul of him on whom they turn,—and all the busy world of emotion and energy which these comprise and exhibit,—are surmounted by a clear marble heaven of still, imperturbable Intellect enthroned over all, and in its pure whiteness settling "eternal sunshine" on the once seen and then never-to-be-forgotten visage.

But the coincidences, however far they may carry us, certainly do not end with the forehead. Never yet saw we obstinate man or woman who had not the organ of self-will too distinctly

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exalted in its most uninteresting and inaccessible position, to allow of much hope in reasoning with him or her. The phrenological doctrine of the cerebellum, or rather the coincidence pointed out by the phrenologists, is, we believe, admitted by medical men generally. And others of what our new philosophers call the established organs seem fully entitled to the epithet.

We have got then to the amount of faith which we described, at the outset, as being pretty generally diffused amongst educated men—the faith that *there is something in* Phrenology. But such a faith as we have seen would neither satisfy phrenologists, nor amount to much in itself; and the question therefore remains, can we go any farther?

Here a vast variety of considerations keeps pressing upon us, for when we leave the mere coincidence and come to the theory of the phrenologist, our difficulties at once commence; difficulties which, as has been said in one of our preceding articles, quoting Mr. Mill, phrenologists have not shown themselves able to appreciate, far less to remove. The brain, we are told, is the organ of the mind, and each several lobe the organ of a separate faculty: that is to say, if the word organ is to bear its usual meaning, we exercise our powers of geographical apprehension by means of the two lobes over the eyebrows called *locality* as instruments; our reasoning faculties by the two in the forehead's upper region as instruments, &c. &c. This, at first sight, is a perplexing notion, and though its being so cannot vitiate really good evidence of its truth, we may well plead its perplexity as an objection until we have received such evidence. It cannot be said to have come to us yet, for phrenologists have yet to wait for the verdict of that profession without whose consent, we who are not physiologists cannot be entitled to accept their physiological views. One of its most distinguished members, Dr. H. Holland, in a work to which we have already twice referred, expressly dissents from some essential principles of Spurzheim on anatomical grounds. He may be wrong, but those who are without medical lore cannot be entitled to say that he is, or to accept medical statements dissented from by him, and such as him.

But what is meant by this notion of organs of the mind? Mr. Combe, in a former work, which we have not by us at present, appeals to our consciousness that we think in and by our heads, as a proof of his general principle regarding the brain. We certainly *seem* to ourselves to have such consciousness; but there is one reason for it so sufficient, that we need no other to explain it: all the five senses reside in the head; only one of them in any other part of the body; consequently, the physical life seems gathered up into the former; "the mighty world of eye and ear" has its soul and centre there; all our intercourse with the outward world, except that which is coarsest and least varied in its disclosures, is carried on there. What

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wonder, then, that our heads should seem to us *ourselves*, and the rest of our own bodies comparatively objective even to ourselves? For it is to be observed, that only by means of the senses residing in the head can we take much or accurate cognizance of the other parts of our frame.

It will, however, we suppose, be granted that the brain is more nearly connected with the mind, than any other part of the body; and that its existence in a tolerably unimpaired and healthy state, is a *sine qua non* of the mind's ability to manifest itself. But this is a very different thing from pronouncing it *the organ* of the latter: and, still more so, from pronouncing its several lobes *the organs* of the several faculties. Till the evidence is in a more satisfactory state than, for the reasons we have just alleged, we can regard it, we are, as we have said, entitled to plead the extreme perplexity occasioned by this notion as an argument against straightway receiving it; for much that the phrenologist calls different faculties are obviously but the same faculty differently directed. We do not study Geography by means of a different power of the mind from that wherewith we study History; but in the one case we direct the mind, and such of its faculties as may be needed, to facts in space; in the other, to facts in time. That it is so, is, whatever Mr. Combe may believe, far more abundantly certain than that we are conscious of thinking in and by means of our heads. Now, when we are told that in apprehending geographical facts, the mind uses two lobes over the eyebrows as organs, and that in apprehending historical, it uses one between and just above the eyebrows, we are naturally led to ask, what possible connexion have those lobes with their objects? For, if it be really but the same faculties of the mind that are exercised in both cases, and the difference consist only in the direction, *i. e.* in the objects, then what we have to seek for, is a relation between Locality and the facts of space; and between Eventuality and the facts of time. It is not the mind that is different, but Geography and History that are different; and therefore it is not with the mind, but with Geography and History that we want to see a connexion in Locality and Eventuality respectively. Dr. Spurzheim seems to have relied on an analogy between his organs and the five senses. As far as we have been able to apprehend his meaning, he seems to have thought that the five senses are organs very much as he asserts his lobes in the brain to be organs. But the least reflection will show that they are nothing of the sort: the mind does not act through them, but receives impressions from them. It may, indeed, begin by willing their activity; but in its subsequent connexion with that activity, it is only passive and receptive. The office of the senses is to apprize the mind of external objects, Sensation being, in this state of existence, a necessary condition of Perception; they are the avenues by which outward facts get to the mind. But are Locality, Eventuality, and the

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other craniological developments, the avenues by which geographical, historical, and other classes of facts get to the mind? The senses are mysterious enough; but, however little we know about them, we see plainly that they do link outward things to us; there is a most perceptible connexion between them and their respective objects—they do obviously bring us into contact with those objects. But no man will tell us that the lobes of the brain do anything of the sort; nor, indeed, is it the theory of the phrenologist that they do: but unless the case be so, as is not maintained, there can be no analogy between them.

We have heard something of facts supporting the phrenological theory,—of its having been seen in certain cases where the skull has been opened, that the organs of the faculties exercised by the patient were excited and in motion. We do not venture on the medical lore of the question; but we cannot help thinking that the number of instances in which such inspection has taken place must of necessity be too few to allow of a sufficient induction being made; nor is it easy to imagine many faculties in very active exercise whilst the skull is opened.

We cannot, therefore, look upon the *science* of Phrenology as at all established; and, whatever advantages the researches of its votaries may have conferred on us, must consequently be confined to their discovery of some curious facts and coincidences. Should the theory ever be established, we admit that a great accession of dignity must ensue to their speculations, which will thenceforth form a very interesting branch of human knowledge; the attainment of which, as of many other such branches, will be its own justification, however few and slight may be the practical results from it. That, even then, those practical results will be few and slight, compared with the expectations of its disciples; that, should they ever reach the ground at which we maintain they have not yet arrived, no consequent revolution ought to take place either in philosophy or in practice; that all the great established principles and all the baffling problems of the one, and all the old and recognised duties of the other, will remain just where and as they were,—we now propose briefly to show.

Phrenology, as we have seen, claims to be the new and true philosophy of mind, which, according to Mr. Combe and others of its votaries, supersedes all others. Mr. Combe expressly tells us that for want of its principles and facts all past philosophers have been working in the dark, and have been unable to put morals on their true basis. Now were we to grant Mr. Combe his two leading principles, that the mind consists of a great number of underived and independent faculties and sentiments, and that these act each by means of its own material organ, the said material organ being a lobe, or a pair of lobes, of the brain, the bearing of all this on philosophy would, we can assure

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him, be altogether subordinate. For many, without phrenology, do look upon the various properties, powers, and sentiments of the mind, as they practically reveal themselves, and without, except as a mental exercise, analyzing them into what may be their elements; and this, whether or not there be lobes of the brain indicative of those properties, powers, and sentiments, must ever be an important occupation, which phrenology cannot claim the merit of discovering, but which we think it has already illustrated, and may hereafter still more illustrate. On its actual and possible uses in this way, we shall have more to say by and by, but we must go on to show that this branch of Philosophy, which we have seen to exist without Phrenology, but which, we admit, receives illustration from it, is altogether subordinate to a very different class of inquiries, on which Phrenology throws no light whatever.

All the great questions that relate to the primary and essential forms of the mind, to the subordination of the Understanding to Reason, to our participation in the latter, to Conscience the result of that latter when applied to Morality, to Ideas,—the Right, the True, the Beautiful, the Good,—to Will, with all its mystery, and all the certainty of its existence notwithstanding, to the distinctive elements of Humanity, and the ground of Personality in each human being,—all these remain just where they were. Phrenology can no more settle them for us than it can rid us of them. They will haunt reflecting minds; they will be felt by such to be of paramount importance; and the results at which they may arrive concerning them will brood over and inform all their habits of thought.

The phrenologists live in a little flower-garden, of which they flatter themselves that they have arranged every border and parted every bed; but whether they have done so or not, we cannot with them shut our eyes to the mighty world beyond, which exists, though they take no cognizance of it. In all Mr. Combe's speculations about man, the word *Will* would seem forgotten. He recognises indeed an organ of *Firmness*, the proper development of which produces what is called *a will of our own*, and renders the character independent, and the excess of which produces obstinacy; but this is volition, not Will. Dr. Spurzheim seems to have seen the difference. Indeed, he both knew and allowed the importance of a Philosophy without the range of his own pursuit, and was in many respects a very superior person to his followers. Now what is the value of a system of Moral Philosophy which, professing to be complete, overlooks the Will, the very central ground of Ethics, and necessary condition of all Morality? Those who have persuaded themselves that the whole notion of a Will is a fiction, may indeed welcome such; but, as they never were the majority of mankind, and are now becoming a most insignificant minority

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in the philosophical world, we imagine most people will agree with us that Mr. Combe's moral philosophy is something like the performance of "Hamlet, the part of Hamlet being unavoidably omitted."

And just so in the case of Conscience. Mr. Combe will tell us of his organ of Conscientiousness; but we take leave to tell him that the Conscience is no more represented by that than it is by the organs of Time or Tune. There may be such an organ; there may be a greater predisposition in some minds to look at things in their ethical aspects than in others, and a consequently greater immediate pain in doing wrong. Those in whom this predisposition resides have doubtless much to be thankful for: their blessing is great in having their feelings thus enlisted on the side of right. But yet this tendency may, we think, co-exist with a habit of disobedience to the voice of Conscience, which latter must never be confounded with any mere sentiment or propensity. It is, what we have just called it—a Voice, something which speaks to us, which declares, reveals, guides, which exhibits Ideas.

There is another most important branch of Moral Philosophy, on which Mr. Combe bestows no attention whatever—that of Habit. He speaks indeed of cultivating, and so strengthening what is good, which of course involves a reference to Habit; but on Habit itself, one of the most mysterious, and yet most momentous laws of our being, we have found nothing in his pages; nor, as may easily be seen, could Phrenology afford us any clue to the difficulties by which the subject is beset.

If Mr. Combe neglects and ignores all the higher Philosophy irrespective of Theology, much more does he overlook that Heavenly lore, from which now that we have it, the latter should never be disconnected, and to which that latter, as has been beautifully said, should continually be making signals of distress. He who has not brought home to himself the presence and the mystery of human Will, will of course see no interest in the question how that Will may be made subject to the Absolute Will, without being swallowed up in it; nay, how in such subjection it may attain at once its own distinct existence, and its true freedom of action. We do not, indeed, say that Mr. Combe never alludes to Theology, or that his allusions are not meant to be complimentary. On the contrary, he tells us that he has omitted to make certain applications of his science, "because it is the peculiar and dignified province of divines so to apply them." He frankly admits that there are truths which Natural Religion could never disclose to us, and amongst these he classes the forgiveness of sins. So far, well; but though Mr. Combe doubtless means no intentional disrespect to Theology, he does not see its necessity—he fancies that he is giving us a complete scheme of moral philosophy without it; that he is teaching us to know ourselves and our

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position in the world without it, both of which we hold to be impossibilities. On the largest estimate of his value, we cannot consider him as teaching us to know *ourselves* at all, but only certain accidents and properties of ourselves. The Self, or Personality of a man, is a field of research on which he never entered, and of which he seems never to have even dreamed. Nay, even our most important relations are unexplored by him. We know nothing from all his teaching of Humanity. We have no light thrown on the question—what is Man—what is each one of us in virtue of being a man?

The pretensions therefore of Phrenology to be a new and better philosophy, capable of supplanting all former ones, are quite baseless. The higher Philosophy remains just where it was, and much of Psychology must be pursued irrespectively of all the discoveries of Gall or Spurzheim.

But though this be so, it may remain true that many important practical results flow from Phrenology, and that once convinced of its doctrines, we must recast a great deal of our conduct in many important particulars. Now this we deny—one may admit the phrenologist's facts, and even assent to his leading doctrines, without seeing much practical consequence from them in any one direction. There may be truths of no consequence. The capsules of one at least of the species of moss ranged under the genus *Polytrichum* taste like oysters, and so we believe do the tongs after being struck in some particular way, we quite forget what; which latter discovery threw the scientific population of Edinburgh into a pleasing state of excitement. These are cases, far from alone, of knowledge which is altogether barren. We do not rank Phrenology quite with them; for we shall, by and by, see that there are some uses to which it may be turned; but we hold that it is far nearer them in practical value, than it is to the consequence which its votaries claim for it. And this will appear, we trust, when we look with a little attention at the matters to which it is proposed to apply it. One is,—*the choice of a partner for life!* A grave matter, certainly, and one in regard to which the more previous enlightenment we can manage to procure the better. A grave matter, we say, and most gravely handled by Mr. Combe:—

"I have introduced these remarks, to prepare the way for the observation, that before the discovery of phrenology, it was impossible to know well the mental dispositions and capacities of individuals prior to experience of them in actions: and that there was on this account great difficulty in selecting, on sound principles, partners really adapted to each other, and calculated to render each other happy in marriage. I know that a smile is sometimes excited when it is said that phrenology confers the power of acting rationally, in this respect, on individuals who could not be certain of doing so without its aid; but it is my firm conviction that it does so.

"Not only is there nothing irrational in the idea that phrenology may give

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the power of obtaining the requisite knowledge; but, on the contrary, there would be a glaring defect in the moral government of the world, if the Creator had not provided means by which human beings could ascertain, with reasonable certainty, the mental dispositions and qualities of each other, before entering into marriage. He has prompted them, by the most powerful and fascinating of impulses, to form that connexion. He has withheld from them discriminating instincts, to enable them always to choose right; and yet He has attached tremendous penalties to their errors in selection. If He have not provided some means, suited to the rational nature of man, to enable him to guide his impulses to proper objects, I cannot canceive how His government can be reconciled to our notions of benevolence and justice. We must believe that He punishes us for not doing what He has denied us the capacity and the means of accomplishing."—P. 113.

"I cannot here enter into the limitations and conditions under which phrenology should be used for this purpose; such discussions belong to the general subject of that science. My sole aim now is to announce the possibility of its being thus applied. If you will ask any lady who suffers under the daily calamity of a weak, ill-tempered, or incorrigibly rude and vulgar husband, and who, by studying phrenology, sees these imperfections written in large and legible characters in his brain, whether she considers that it would have been folly to have observed and given effect to these indications in avoiding marriage, her sinking and aching heart will answer, No! She will pity the flippancy that would despise any counsel of prudence, or treat with inattention any means of avoiding so great a calamity, and declare that, had she known the real character indicated by the head, she could not have consented to become the companion of such a man for life. In fact, we find that sensible men and women in general do direct themselves in their matrimonial choice by the best knowledge which they possess; they avoid glaring bodily defects, and openly bad characters: and what is this but a complete recognition of the principle for which I am contending? My whole extravagance (if any of you consider me guilty of such) consists in proposing to put you in possession of the means of obtaining more minute, accurate, and applicable knowledge, than is at present generally attained, in the belief that you will be disposed to act on that knowledge, as you show that you are anxious to do on that which has fallen already in your way. I am willing, therefore, to encounter all the ridicule which may be excited by these views, convinced that those laugh best who win, and that observance of them will render all winners, if they be founded, as I believe them to be, in the institutions of creation."—Pp. 118, 119.

Now we really think that, whether she be a phrenologist or not, it is a lady's own fault if she marry "a weak," or "an incorrigibly rude and vulgar husband." She may not be so much in fault for uniting herself to an ill-tempered one; for it is wonderful how long a bad temper will sometimes remain latent. But "weakness," and "incorrigible rudeness and vulgarity," are happily "written in large and legible characters," in other places besides "the brain;" they are disadvantages which a man cannot hide at will; they are apt to break out most alarmingly just when he to whom they attach is at his best, in respect of good will and good humour; and a lady had better not complain that for want of "seeing it written in large and legible characters" on the gentleman's brain, she has married either an incorrigibly weak or an incorrigibly vulgar husband, for the argument is irresistible, that she is, on the one supposition, incorrigibly weak, and on the other, incorrigibly, vulgar herself.

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Vulgarity is a quality which none but the vulgar fail to discern at a glance. It is, (we hope the comparison will not be considered as savouring of it,) like onions or garlic in the breath; a thing there is no missing at the very first, and no forgetting for a single moment afterwards.

But how like a man with one idea it is to attach this importance to what is written legibly in the brain! Is there really no way but Phrenology whereby we may discern the character of one whom we think of marrying? Are smiles and the countenance, the chance voice, and the chance expression, kind deeds, pure thoughts, generous emotions, consistent obedience, worth nothing? Are they things which we cannot see, or which seeing, we must distrust till Phrenology has set on them its approving seal? What a reason for refusing one in whom we see every symptom of a good Christian, and whose words and deeds are all marked by sufficient wisdom, that really the configuration of his head is in some things too alarming! that his Acquisitiveness is so very strong that it is impossible not to fear that he may be transported for theft, or his Destructiveness such that he will by and by be impelled to commit murder! And suppose the skull all right, none but a very confirmed phrenologist would feel safe without satisfaction from the other sources to which we have referred; and with that we should always be content, even though there might be something infelicitous "written in large and legible characters on the brain."

Education is another field on which phrenology is we believe expected by its votaries to produce abundant fruit. Now there is next to nothing for which we look from it here, and most strongly do we deprecate its interference. As the gentleman's skull is to tell a young lady what manner of man he is, and so to guide her to say Yes or No when he proposes to her, so parents are to find out by their children's skulls what are the peculiar dispositions and faculties of each, and educate accordingly. It is certainly more advantageous early to discern, and so prevent evil, than to correct it after it has fairly appeared; and even so the sooner we see what is worth cultivating the better. But pray do our children make no manifestations except phrenological of themselves, of those dispositions, tempers, and tendencies, which whether as needing check or encouragement call for our interference? Need we look behind their ears in order to discover that they are destructive? or in the same neighbourhood to see whether a youth be combative between four and fourteen? Will nothing indicate either quality but a lobe of the brain? Oh! there is something far more living and far readier for use, which the parent must watch, and note, and keep in mind. The human being exists not in parts or parcels,—but in look, and word, and action in the turn of the lip, and the glance of the eye, and the choice of the phrase, and the impulse yielded to or

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resisted, is the tendency made manifest, and in these must we see our materials for judging and determining. And so of the faculties: those which are strong enough to make it worth while to think about them, will soon show themselves any how; and as we believe it to be admitted by phrenologists that the form of an infant's or a very young child's head cannot be reasoned from, the one manifestation, that of actual saying, doing, and character, will come about as soon as the other, that given by the form of the head.

Anything further than such discrimination as we believe God's providence has abundantly enabled every parent to exercise, as we have said, we vehemently deprecate. What is the end of education—to cultivate the individual in all his individuality, or to cultivate Humanity? If the latter, and who, what Catholic Christian at least, will say otherwise? then the longer, on the whole, we delay consulting individual differences, the longer we keep on a common ground, the better. This is the well-known justification of the English training in the classics: hence did our fathers style the knowledge and habit therein acquired *humanity;* and the same law holds good of that wherein ladies, and again, of that wherein all children are educated in common. In fact, the sense of difference, of chasm between one man and another, can hardly be too long deferred; it never can come otherwise than as a curse, till a common ground has been secured, far more important than any variety that may be subsequently developed. And as regards each individual, under what conditions does he most truly live, how best do his powers develop and exercise themselves—when they are fed and pampered in all their peculiarity and separation, or when they are beaten, and compressed, and shaped into the common mould? Surely it is when a man has learned not to follow his own idiosyncrasies, and to bring such under the yoke of what is truly good in our common Humanity, it is then that he is most alive, most capable, most powerful. Eccentricity, in all but subordinate matters, does necessarily involve weakness — it would involve it in them were they otherwise than subordinate. Now, it seems to us, that Mr. Combe's system, unless carefully guarded by a Philosophy which he ignores, and fancies he has dispensed with, would fix an impassable chasm between all in whom there is anything uncommon and their fellows.

But if Phrenology cannot be allowed much to modify the great concerns of life to which its disciples have tried to apply it, what is it good for? Now, we think there certainly are uses to which, on supposition of its being considered sufficiently established, it might be put. The medical man who is convinced of it, might well have recourse to it, in the case of an insane person, who neither will vouchsafe to him any autobiography, nor could be depended on if he chose to do so. In other cases, where the previous

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history is unknown, it might give a hint how to proceed with the patient. The moment too we recognise its facts, even as mere coincidences, we are supplied with abundant matter of musing. A pious mind might see much to adore, could it have, supposing the men were visibly present, or that we had authentic busts or portraits, a clue to the early influences that must have subordinately conspired with more important ones to make a Paul, an Athanasius, an Augustine, an Aquinas, a Ridley, or a Laud, the men that they were. The magnificent truth that the manifold Spirit distributes His gifts to each man severally might receive new and beautiful illustration from phrenological study. Nor would we deny that by their classification of the lower attributes and faculties of mind, by their steady looking at them as they are, in place of altogether passing over undoubted fact for the sake of analysis, which is nearly always more ingenious than satisfactory, by the attention they have called to the original varieties of all men, and the peculiar way in which these display themselves in the habitual and scarcely conscious conduct, the disciples of Spurzheim have established a claim on our gratitude.

Let them be contented with such uses for their favourite study, and learn to believe that they cannot yet dispense with other people's wisdom. What effect their peculiar arrogance is having on the majority of them, we are without the means of saying. Mr. Combe's book is full of matter, against which we should have protested most vehemently, did we believe it necessarily connected with Phrenology. But we cannot believe that the principles involved therein lead by themselves to the doctrine that marriage should be dissoluble, and to other of Mr. Combe's opinions. He is probably a benevolent man, but, whether consciously or not, his benevolence has taken an infidel direction; practically infidel, even though he may not have foresworn his creed. Had he not been possessed with the notion that he had found a panacea for all ill, this might not have been the case. Let him unlearn that notion, and it will, perhaps, cease to be the case. We could easily raise a cry of horror against much that is contained in his volume; but we think we have better consulted the case of those who may be under its influence, by pointing out to them how groundless are its pretensions. If, irrespectively of those pretensions, Mr. Combe's principles on marriage, and on religion generally, have a charm for them, then we hold that Phrenology is not the field on which we should meet them, and that their disease is more deeply seated than to be removed by showing, as we have tried to do, the humble place among man's pursuits which, taken at its best, that study must occupy.

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3. *The Churchman Newspaper.* New York.
4. *The Gospel Messenger Newspaper.* Utica, United States.
5. *The Banner of the Cross Newspaper,* (Philadelphia.) *The Episcopal Recorder,* (Philadelphia.) *The Chronicle of the Church. The Western Episcopalian,* (Gambier.) *The Christian Witness. The Southern Churchman. The Christian Examiner,* (Boston.) *The True Catholic; Reformed, Protestant and Free,* (Baltimore.) *Charleston Gospel Messenger. The Primitive Standard,* (Clarksville, Tennessee.)

We are about to enter upon a survey, the right to make which is, under any circumstances, perhaps, questionable, but which to us, in particular, becomes a matter more than ordinarily delicate, and even trying. Very far are we indeed from desirous to become critics of any, still less of a daughter, Church; wherever our Lord's sacred presence, His succession and sacraments are, it beseems us rather to pull off our shoes and be silent, than coldly and irreverently only to scrutinize and to contrast—to wrangle, and to find fault. This is at least plain duty as from one branch of the universal Church to another; and as betweeen the Church of England and the Church of the United States, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget; *yet will I not forget thee.*" If we have been warned, and in the words of true piety and charity, however captiously disputed, to

"Speak gently of our sister's fall,"

surely it becomes our duty even more carefully to hide our daughter's faults of temper and tendencies towards wilfulness, if such there be, than to parade what may be called *family* sorrows before the enemy and the scoffer. And, last of all, *we*, at least in this review, have every reason to think and to speak, as we do, most lovingly and most hopefully of the American Church: the Christian Remembrancer has personal and peculiar grounds for acknowledging the cordial greetings, and, which under any circumstances could not be otherwise than a matter of honest pride, the acceptableness which its labours have met in so many quarters among churchmen of the United States. Causes, therefore, of every sort combine to render any picture of the state of the American Church to us a more than ordinarily embarrassing subject; but we trust that, once for all, and *in limine*, to have disclaimed anything like a judicial position towards our Transatlantic fathers and brethren; and our obvious purpose in reading our own Church a lesson both by the excellences and

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defects of others, will be accepted as a sufficient apology, should our rapid and most partial and incomplete sketch require one, for anything which may wear even a distant appearance of mere criticism and haughtiness on our part. None know better than the well-informed churchmen of New York of the many and serious defects of their communion, faults which are in some degree attributable to national characteristics; but, bearing in mind our own most fearful losses and short-comings, far, as we believe, exceeding some which we shall have to protest against in others, it is any thing but a morbid vanity in ourselves to expose our neighbours' faults which prompts this inquiry; truly we can scarcely afford to take very high ground; but knowing that, "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it," it is our own *interest*, as well as duty, to see how far the American Church has declined in theory from a severe and true Catholic model, or even from one as incomplete as even our own Church in its best days; though it will, at the same time, be a labour of love to trace how she carries in her the signs and lineage of an apostle, and this under distresses and trials which we of the Church of England find it more tolerable to read about than to face. If then our words should, which we are far from wishing, seem severe, they are forced from us, even from the depth of our affection for our brethren: we cannot but see, and sometimes weep at, what they are; and perhaps it may be a consciousness of our own miserable weakness which strengthens such ties of sympathy.

> In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
> For they in thee a thousand errors note:
> But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise.

Nor must we forget that for much, even most, of the present defects of the American Church, we ourselves, we—that is this Church of England in the person of our forefathers—are directly accountable. To us must be laid the heavy charge of making them what they are: upon us and upon our children, it may be, are even now visited those centuries of neglect, oppression, contumely, and grudging: ours was but a stepmother's rule; and though we could not but hear, we seldom listened to the bitter cry—

> Μῆτερ ἐμὴ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέα θυμὸν ἔχουσα,
> Τίφθ' οὕτω παιδὸς νοσφίζεαι;

If the Americans have thrown away one, and slighted another of the Catholic creeds, we taught them the lesson of neglect: if they have altered the Prayer-book, it was but confessedly* carrying out our own English project, which, recommended by archbishops and bishops in 1689, all but admitted an hypothetical ordination in the case of presbyterian teachers conforming to the Church; and by allowing the validity of the orders of the foreign reformed, all but reduced us to a mere sect of Protestantism: if they have tampered

* "A commission for a review was issued in the year 1689; but this *great and good work* miscarried at that time, and the civil authority hath not since thought proper to revive it by any new commission."—*Preface to American Prayer Book.*

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with Church doctrine so far as openly to acknowledge the "different religious denominations of Christians" as "Churches," and to boast of that political libertinism which has encouraged the wildest licentiousness of schism which the world ever saw,* and so far as to invent for themselves an unheard-of title, generically Protestant and differentially Episcopal, as though Episcopacy were as little of the essence of the Church, as high cheek-bones or a copper skin were essential to the human animal; all this is but a fair and manly carrying out of principles which we are, even now, with all our boasting, only just not formally committed to. Before we complain of this harvest of the whirlwind, we must remember who sowed the wind: if our children are, in any proportions, sickly and stunted, we must never forget the corrupt stock from which they spring.

Our thesis will be a simple one; and to state it in the simplest terms it is this—and as will be seen, one hortatory to ourselves, rather than ostentatiously criminating others:—

That serious and grievous as are the many deplorable defects of *the idea* of the American Church, yet that its members have so far outgrown and outfought this constitutional evil, as, *in fact*, to *do* more than we, with all our theoretical beauty, and abstract showy completeness in doctrine and discipline, can effect here in England: or, in other words, to phrase it in Coleridgeian antithesis—

That the Americans are good churchmen in spite of their bad churchmanship, and that we are bad churchmen in spite of our good churchmanship; which is of course a solemn and afflicting thought to us, and a cheering one to the Americans; for it may be that deficiencies will be made up, and losses restored to those who make the best of their scantier privileges, and their gifts, however few; while from a sinking Church assuredly "shall be taken away even that which she *seemeth* [and in our case does it amount to much more than an appearance?] to have."

Judging from our own, not altogether limited, experience, we are led to suspect, that not only is the actual condition of the American Church, but its formal and ritual differences from the English, are very little known among ourselves. We make no apology, therefore, for entering into a rather lengthened detail of the changes which, upon so fatal a principle, its revisers introduced into the Anglican Service-book after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. On the one hand, we have observed in some quarters among ourselves, a desire to praise everything belonging to the American Church, as though it must be immeasurably superior to our own, from the simple fact of not being an Establishment: while, unquestionable as are some of the advantages, in the development of a more Catholic spirit and unworldly

* "When, in the course of Divine providence, these American States became independent with respect to civil government, their ecclesiastical independence (?) was necessarily included; and the different religious denominations of Christians in these States were left at full and equal liberty to model and organize *their respective Churches* and forms of worship and discipline in such manner as they might judge most convenient for their future prosperity."—*Preface to American Prayer-Book.*

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temper, to a body disconnected from such a state of things as the present English government, it seems to be forgotten that the mere voluntaryism of the American Church may be pregnant with still more fatal elements of danger, of which we are just beginning to discover the true and terrific nature in the lamentable, and in every sense most cruel and dishonest, experiment of pew-rented and voluntary district churches: and yet more, it can be nothing less than ignorance of the American Prayer-book, not to know that it is frightfully corrupted; and with scarcely more than one most providential exception, ought to be considered by us in England, only as a thing to be avoided, in all its changes and losses of privilege. Yet, on the other hand, we deprecate an unfair and partial disparagement of the state of the American Church, on the ground of its debased theory, which, bad as it is, is the most striking argument for that strong and inner life, and high principle, which has, by God's grace, resisted it; and for which we claim a very cordial sympathy in England, and an appreciation yet fuller and warmer than it has received from us. America is not spotless, because the bishops are not appointed by the President; neither is her Church one vast blot, frightful as is the loss, because she has rejected even the Athanasian Creed, and all the absolutions of the Church.

And yet the most incomplete catalogue of her ritual losses is sufficiently appalling: of which losses we desire to present some specimens, rather than a complete collation, which could scarcely be other than wearisome.

1. We must call attention to verbal changes, some of which are mere grammatical fopperies, and bad taste, and some are simply ludicrous, and were evidently the result of a crotchetty affectation of some purists in language, who were determined that new English should be better than old English; though we can scarcely enter into the feelings of those who would change a thing so sacred as the Lord's Prayer, endeared by so many and so dear associations.

ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK.	AMERICAN PRAYER BOOK.
Daily Office.	
He is faithful and just (Sentences)	God is faithful and just
most chiefly so to do (Exhortation)	chiefly so to do
after me	omitted
spare Thou them—restore Thou them (Confession)	spare Thou those—restore Thou those
Christ Jesu	Christ Jesus
Our Father, which art (Lord's P.)	Our Father who
in earth	on earth
forgive them that trespass	those who trespass
Cherubin and Seraphin (Te Deum.)	Cherubim and Seraphim
Thine honourable, true, and only Son	Thine adorable
and we worship Thy Name: ever world without end	Thy name ever, world without end
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten	O Lord, let Thy mercy be
O all ye green things upon the earth. (Benedicite.)	green things upon earth

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O Ananias, Azarias, &c.*	omitted
The third day He rose again (Creed)	the third day He rose from the dead
holy catholick	holy catholic
all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do always that is righteous in Thy sight (3d Collect)	all our doings, being ordered by Thy governance, may be righteous in Thy sight
Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels—bishops and curates and all congregations. (P. for Clergy.)	Almighty and everlasting God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift—bishops and other clergy, and upon the congregations
A prayer for all sorts and conditions of men. (Title)	A prayer for all conditions of men
and that we shew forth (Thanksgiving)	and that we may shew forth
Lighten our darkness, &c. (3d Collect at Even-song)	O Lord our heavenly Father, by whose almighty power we have been preserved this day, by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers, &c.

Litany.

In all time of our wealth	In all time of our prosperity
love and dread Thee	love and fear Thee
them that fall	those who fall
that are in danger	who † are in danger
so as in due time	so that in due time
deal not with us after our sins	according to our sins
worketh against us be brought to *nought*	worketh against us may, by thy good providence, be brought to *naught*
noble works that Thou didst	[here the "that" is left!]
pitifully behold	with pity behold

Office of Baptism.

that thing which by nature	that which by nature
lively member	living member
this infant to His holy baptism	this infant to this holy baptism
Bishops and curates (Communion Office)	Bishops and other ministers
to the end that we should always remember	always remember
meekly kneeling upon your knees	devoutly kneeling
so God loved the world	God so loved
Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings	Direct us, O Lord
Which be they? (Catechism)	Which are they?
all other (Marriage Service)	others.
meekly beseech Thee (Burial Service)	humbly besech Thee

We are constrained to say that few of these changes amount to more than a slip-slop attempt after mere verbal precision, and, at the lowest view, are not the result of even a manly criticism. We have adduced the above, and, indeed, every class of our collation, as mere specimens of the temper of the Church, and of the trifling changes which she sanctioned.

2. Our next collation must deal with graver changes: those unhappy tamperings with the godly boldness of our ritual language embodying "words and phrases which, when addressed to modern

* A graver principle is involved in *this* change than we care to do more than indicate.

† This needless change *passim*.

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ears," even our own Dr. Cardwell seems to be scrupulous about. These alterations arise from an unhealthy bias: there is a pseudo delicacy which is itself all but indecent, and highly objectionable; and Coleridge spoke with wisdom when he said "our version of the Bible—[and the same holds good of the Prayer-Book]—is to be loved and praised for this, as for a thousand other things; that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects: without this holdfast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions."

ENGLISH PRAYER-BOOK.	AMERICAN PRAYER-BOOK.
Thou didst not abhor *the* virgin's womb (Te Deum)	Thou didst humble thyself to be born of *a* virgin
From fornication, and all other deadly sin (Litany)	From all inordinate and sinful affections
All women labouring of child	all women in the perils of child-birth
an honourable estate—Galilee (Solemnization of Matrimony)	omitted
wantonly—understanding	omitted
duly considering—adversity	omitted
with my body I thee worship	omitted

And the whole altar service (for the espousals ought to take place in the body, or at the door, of the church) is omitted, from the procession to the Lord's table to the end of the sermon; so also the direction about communion at marriage. Under this head must be ranked the omission in the calendar of such thankworthy lessons as Genesis xix. for a Sunday lesson, and Ezekiel xiii.; and, in our belief, even Genesis xxxviii. in the daily service: to take only the first and most obvious specimens of a subject, distressing even to allude to.

3. We proceed to direct losses of positive doctrine and discipline; such as the

ENGLISH PRAYER-BOOK.	AMERICAN PRAYER-BOOK.
Creeds.	
Athanasian Creed	omitted
He descended into hell	"any churches may omit the words 'He descended into hell,' or may instead of them use the words 'He went into the place of departed spirits,' which are considered words of the same meaning as the Creed:" (Rubric).
Absolutions, &c.	
The absolution to be pronounced by (Title)	The declaration of absolution or remission of sins to be made by
Almighty God—live, and hath given—(Absolution in Daily Service)	Almighty God—live, hath given—
remission of their sins: He pardoneth	remission of their sins. He pardoneth
Then shall the Priest—people, pronounce this absolution (Rubric in Communion Office)	Then shall the Priest—say

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let him open his grief, that by the ministry of God's holy word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness (Exhortation to Communion)	let him open his grief, that he may receive such godly counsel and advice as may tend to the quieting of his conscience, and the removing
The Confession and Absolution in the order for the Visitation of the Sick	*totally omitted*
The Commination Service, and consequent prayer for restoration of discipline	*totally omitted*
The directions about vestments and chancels, and the compulsory use of the daily office; the vigils for saints' days, all saints' days, and celebrations, except the red letter ones; the apocrypha lessons in the daily service; the solemn recitation of the Apostles' Creed in Baptism; the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* at evensong; the use of the Offertory and Prayer for the Church Militant, on all Sundays and holy-days; the declaration as to the salvation of baptized infants; the declaration against a corporal presence in the holy eucharist	*totally omitted*
The pointing of the psalms and hymns, and the direction that they and the Creeds, &c., should be "sung or said;" also the use of the anthem after the third collect:	omitted
Private Baptism.	
In which case, if those that bring any child to the church do answer, that the same child is already baptized, then shall the minister examine them further, saying,	omitted
By whom was this child baptized?	
Who was present when this child was baptized?	
Because some things essential to this sacrament may happen to be omitted through fear or haste, in such times of extremity; therefore, I demand further of you,	
With what matter was this child baptized?	
With what words was this child baptized?	

and of a similar uncatholic tendency may be enumerated other significant changes:

In the Communion Office, in the Warning.

damnation	condemnation

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In the Communion Office, in the Exhortation.

For then we are guilty — kinds of death	omitted

Ibid. in the Rubric before delivering the Body and Blood.

When he delivereth the bread to any one, he shall say	when he delivereth the bread he shall say
The rubrics directing weekly communion in cathedrals and colleges; prescribing the kind of bread; ordering communion thrice a year as the minimum; about the disposal of the money given at the offertory; about publishing excommunications	omitted

In the Catechism.

My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism	My sponsors in baptism
God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God	all the people of God
in all dangers, ghostly and bodily	dangers both of soul and body
inward and spiritual grace given unto us	inward and spiritual grace, given unto us
The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received	which are spiritually taken and received.

The Rubrics after the Catechism.

Shall diligently, upon Sundays and holy-days, after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in the church	Upon Sundays and holy-days, or on some other convenient occasions, openly in the church
And every one shall have a godfather or a godmother as a witness of their confirmation.	omitted

Solemnization of Matrimony.

The man shall give unto the woman a ring, laying the same upon the book with the accustomed duty to the priest; and the priest, taking the ring.	give unto the woman a ring; and the minister, taking the ring.

In the Visitation of the Sick.

The Psalm, *In Te Domine Speravi.*	The Psalm, *De profundis.*

The Burial Service.—Rubric.

The office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves.	is not to be used for any *unbaptized adults*, or who die excommunicate.
Psalm xxxix. or Psalm xc.	A compilation of the two.
Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother, here departed	Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother
in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall	looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord

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change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious	Jesus Christ; at whose second coming, in glorious majesty, to judge the quick and the dead, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto His own glorious body; according to, &c.
The minor Litany	omitted
We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all	We give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours; and, we beseech Thee, that we, with all (But the whole prayer is optional.)

Churching of Women.

Verses 6—10 Ps. cxvi. and minor Litany	omitted
Accustomed offerings	Accustomed offerings, which shall be applied to the relief of distressed women in child-birth.

In the Ordinal, at the Consecration of Bishops.

Take heed unto thyself, and to doctrine, and be diligent in doing them.	omitted

In the XXXIX. Articles.

The declaration	omitted
VIII. Athanasius's Creed	omitted
XXI. On authority of general councils.	omitted

4. Our next head of objections consists of such parts of the Ritual as are left to the discretion of particular bishops or priests: a state of things which, to say the least, seems timorous and compromising, and is calculated, as indeed it works, rather to perpetuate divisions than to enforce the "one faith" and the "one mouth" of the Church.

Instead of the ordinary and regular incense of praise ascending day by day in the Book of Psalms, with a too plain hankering after once a week Christianity,* a selection of Psalms has been constructed, to be used instead of the daily portion, at the discretion of the minister. The *Gloria Patri*, at the end of each Psalm, is only discretionary, though compulsory at the end of the whole Psalms; while here, again, license is given to substitute, what always ought to be restricted to the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Of the option given about the clause of the descent into hell, in the Creed, we have already spoken.† The Nicene Creed, also, only

* Another instance of the practical slight cast upon the daily office is the appointment of special *second* lessons for the Sunday service.

† "In the reading of the Creed, a disagreeable confusion sometimes arises when a stranger officiates. In my own parish, on one occasion, a bishop performed the

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because it omits this clause, may be substituted for the Apostolic, at morning and evening prayer. On certain occasions, the selection of lessons is also left to the officiating clergyman.

In the Litany, from the Agnus Dei to the prayer, "We humbly besecch Thee," including the lesser Litany and Supplications, *may* be omitted; an arrangement singularly infelicitous and ignorant, as the larger Litany, which concludes before the Lord's Prayer, is thus curtailed of its proper and beautiful conclusion, the trine Kyrie Eleison to the Most Holy Trinity, and the second Litany is shorn of three-fourths of its contents.

In the Communion Service, the "two great Commandments," as enounced by our Lord, (Matt. xxii. 40,) *may* be substituted for the Decalogue. Upon the Feast of Trinity, instead of the Proper Preface, *may* be said—

"Thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, for the precious death and merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and for the sending to us of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, who are one with Thee in Thy eternal Godhead:"

from a too palpable hesitation upon the strict and dogmatic theology, as to the true Catholic doctrine of the Most Holy Trinity contained in the Anglican Preface,

"Who art one God, one Lord: not one only person," &c.

in the Post-Communion, a proper hymn from "the selection" *may* be substituted for the world-famous and heaven-famous *Gloria in Excelsis.**

In the Baptismal Office only one of the first two prayers is ordered; after which occurs the following remarkable rubric:—

"Then the minister shall say as follows: or else shall pass to the questions addressed to the sponsors: and from thence to the prayer immediately before the immersion, or the pouring of water on the infant. But note, that in

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services in the morning, and two priests in the afternoon and evening. The bishop read the article on the descent into hell; the first presbyter read the substitute permitted in America, 'He went into the place of departed spirits;' and the second omitted the article altogether. *Very frequently* the clergyman says one thing, and the congregation another; and, occasionally, individuals, disapproving of their pastor's choice, repeat with marked emphasis the phrase which he rejects," (Caswall's America and the American Church, p. 295); which reminds us of the English story of a clergyman who thought proper, in the warning for the celebration of the Holy Communion, to read "doth nothing else but increase your *condemnation*,"—"*damnation*," in a sonorous voice,—the Diocesan on the north side of the altar—was the comment and correction administered to this fastidious gentleman.

* An indignant rebuke of the neglect with which the noblest hymns of the Prayer-book are treated among ourselves is so applicable to the present subject, though written with an object entirely different, that we are glad to express our own sentiments in the words of one remarkable for anything but vehement language:—

"It would be incredible, were not the fact notorious, that those divinely-inspired hymns, the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*, as well as those most noble of uninspired hymns, the *Te Deum* and *Gloria in Excelsis*, are scarcely considered by the majority of our people as songs of praise, and that even some clergymen could be so perversely ignorant as to profane the holy mysteries of the Lord's Supper by the introduction of a metrical song, when so glorious a vehicle of praise had been already provided as the last-mentioned piece."—*Evans' Day in the Sanctuary. Introduction on Hymnology*, p. 55.

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every Church the intermediate parts of the service shall be used, once at least in every month, (if there be a baptism,) for the better instructing of the people in the grounds of Infant Baptism."

The obsignation of the cross in Baptism is left to the perilous discretion—or indiscretion—of the sponsors or parents; thus making the laity judges in holy things:—

"If those who present the infant shall desire the sign of the cross to be omitted, although the Church knows no worthy cause of scruple concerning the same, yet, in that case, the minister may omit that part of the above which follows the immersion or affusion:"

which rubric seems very loosely worded; the parental or sponsorial scruples are recognised, but yielding to them seems left, after all, contingent upon the minister's decision; he "*may*, in that case," not "*shall*, in that case omit."

In the Churching Service occurs this notice:

"This service, *or the concluding prayer alone*, as it stands among the Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings, *may* be used at the discretion of the minister."

In the Burial Service it is left to the choice of the minister to use one or both of the two last collects, recognising the intermediate state of the faithful departed, and praying for their more perfect consummation and bliss.

In the Ordinal, also, a very serious license is given to the ordaining Bishop: the words of commission, the imparting of the Holy Ghost, and the authority of the keys to bind and loose, as contained in our own orders, are prescribed, but in place of this sublime and most scriptural form, *may* be used this jejune and unsatisfactory sentence—

"Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in the Church of God now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands: and be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of His holy sacraments: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

5. To conclude this branch of the subject: the American Church has formally recognised several variations from canonical and rubrical order, even in the formularies of our own Church, and certainly changes from primitive and Catholic practice, which, though some of them may be all but universal, as mere unlicensed practices among ourselves, have obtained rather by their total lack of authority, and by the culpable collusion of our spiritual guardians, than by the synodical decisions of the Church herself. Instances occur in the recognition of our most slovenly practice, in English churches, of throwing Mattins, Litany, and Communion into one office, by which even here nearly all traces of their true distinction are erased; but, in order to prevent repetition, and still more completely to merge their speaking propriety into one senseless chaos, in the American service, when the Communion Office is read, the Collect of the day is omitted before the Collect for Peace at Mattins; and, for the same reason, the Lord's Prayer is omitted even in the Communion Office!

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when morning prayer has preceded it;—so also the Nicene* Creed, under similar circumstances;—and, with the same object of shortening the weary hours of prayer, the versicles and responses,

"O God, make speed, &c. O Lord, make haste,"
The four last verses of the Invitatory *Venite Exultemus*,
After the Creed—the Oremus and Kyrie before the Lord's Prayer,
The Lord's Prayer itself—and all
The suffrages—O Lord, show Thy mercy, &c.

are rejected: these, certainly not among the least delightful or awakening parts of the service, are ruthlessly shorn away: and with the same object, viz. of compression and mutilation, as well as the discretion permitted as to portions of the Litany, the *Benedictus* is cut down to the first four verses.

And, as a most melancholy proof how completely the original choral purpose of the whole service is lost, not only is the choral pointing everywhere omitted—not only is the anthem not prescribed—not only are the directions to "sing or say" the service entirely discarded, but the metrical psalms, or rather a selection from them, are formally incorporated into the Prayer-book as part of the acknowledged ritual, a degradation from which we have been hitherto wonderfully spared; and this selection is accompanied by a table of contents, full of dissentering allusions of the worst description; and, to crown all, "the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church," with these metrical psalms, authorized also a collection of hymns, 212 in number, which it would be painful to characterise, but of which the theology may be guessed, by stating that, "When I can read my title clear," "Grace! 'tis a charming sound," "Saviour, source of every blessing," and the like schismatical cantilenes, are not excluded. Indeed, some specimens will not be altogether out of place: and we purposely select the very worst, not for the sake of derision; but, for ourselves, as an opportunity of thankfulness, to know what we have escaped: for had certain recent attempts at procuring an authorized Hymnology for our own Church succeeded, we fully believe that we should have been inflicted with even worse: and for others, we are not altogether without hope that our serious expression of very deep and earnest sorrow that the American Church, nay, that any "Christian denomination," should have replaced the song of the ever-blessed Virgin by such miserable, and, to us, profane and familiar, doggrel as the following, may have its weight with our Transatlantic brethren, to remove these significant deformities:—

42.	128.
"Hail, thou long-expected Jesus, Born to set Thy people free! From our sins and fears *release us*, Let us find our rest in Thee."	"Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your maker, asks you why? O, ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye for ever die?"

* Option is always given to use the Apostles' Creed in the Communion instead of the Nicene, as well as the Nicene instead of the Apostolic in the daily service: in either case to abandon the clause respecting descent into hell.

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61. For *Passion Week and Good Friday!*

"Who is this, that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood,
To the captive, speaking *freedom*,
Bringing and bestowing good?"

173.

"Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine."

175.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?"

177.

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

185.

"Since I've known a Saviour's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am;
Nor feel Thy easy yoke."

And perhaps the easy lilting jig of the following ballads is even beyond the very lowest of the Islington collections:—

187.

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?"

144

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can we say, than to you he hath said;
You, who unto Jesus for refuge *hath** fled?"

Last of all; for any *Church* to continue its *imprimatur* to this strange duet, is to us a matter of wonder beyond words to express:—

110. For Sunday and Charity Schools.—*Children and Congregation.*

Children. "Come, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise.

Congregation. "To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children. "Now we are taught to read, &c.

Congregation. "To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you," &c.

We have been minute in this collation and description of the American Service-book, because we are not aware that any regular comparison or account of its contents is accessible to English readers. The only one with which we are acquainted is Mr. Caswall's; but it is exceedingly defective and insufficient, and his analysis, such as it is, has not been conducted upon any principle of classification by which the *animus* of the various changes could be understood; we have preferred, therefore, at the risk of tediousness, a more detailed sketch of the authorized American Prayer-book, as best illustrating the positive loss of high and distinctive sacramental doctrine, and lower-

* Sic.

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ing of the Catholic Creed, under which the Transatlantic Church labours. We have desired to show that, as all the changes in our ritual since the settlement of Edward's Second Book have been in a more Catholic direction, it was reserved for the American Church, in an evil hour, to yield almost every point against which the Marprelates and Puritans of two centuries and a half had in vain clamoured at home. And with such a spirit at work, and deferred to in the constitution of the Church, and knowing also the invariable tendency of Protestant communities—the more Protestant they are—always to fall below even their dogmatic forms, it certainly does not surprise us to learn from Mr. Caswall, that low as the Church is in theory, she is still lower in fact; or to be told—for by such external and significant signs religious principles are best developed—that so far has dissent and puritanism prevailed, that the majority of the "Episcopalian Churches" differ but little in their form from sectarian meeting-houses; that

"The communion-table is often little more than a narrow board, placed in front of the reading-desk; that in front of the table are the rails which divide what is called the chancel (!) from the body of the church, and include the pulpit, the desk, and the table; that the font is generally placed adjoining the rails; that there are but few free seats;" (Caswall, p. 281);—that "handsome carpets cover every part of the floor, and the pews are luxuriously cushioned in a manner calculated to invite repose," 289;—that "the service for churching of women is seldom used," and that "funeral rites are generally performed at the house of the deceased as far as the end of the lesson;" and that the not unnatural effect of "the dissenting denominations generally extolling the liberality and intelligence of those Episcopalians who are willing to merge their peculiarities," p. 333, is such that it has fostered a dissenting temper *in the Church itself* to such a lamentable extent, that "some clergymen consider it so far expedient to give way to the prejudices of the sects, as to admit sectarians to their communion without making confirmation a necessary condition; that some shorten the appointed Sunday service by omitting, on their own responsibility, the ante-Communion, or even the Litany—[we should have reversed the order of guilt in this disobedience]—some lengthen it by introducing an extempore prayer at the close of the sermon; some neglect to wear the surplice, and a few reject both surplice, gown, and bands;—where methodists are numerous, some clergymen allow the practice of singing various hymns as the communicants approach the holy table, or retire from it;—in baptist neighbourhoods infant baptism is almost totally neglected; some clergymen, again, almost entirely neglect the observance of the feasts and fasts of the Church; a few have declined to celebrate even Ash-Wednesday and Good Friday, while they have united with other denominations in monthly prayer-meetings for dissenting purposes;—the saints' days are left unnoticed, while weekly lectures on the nights of Wednesday or Thursday are very general;—the ancient practice of bowing at the name of Jesus is disused,—some clergymen [once or twice Mr. Caswall has known it, would that our English experience were as limited!] omit on their own responsibility the word 'regenerate,' in the baptismal office, and show very little regard to the office of sponsors;—instruction in the Catechism is sometimes wholly neglected, and the books of the American Sunday School Union, professedly common to all orthodox denominations, are substituted in its stead; the marriage service, though short, is sometimes made shorter, and the ring occasionally dispensed with." P. 334—338. After all which it causes us no surprise to be told that "*during Lent*, and in some only of the city churches throughout the year, Wednesdays and Fridays are observed as days of worship; but there is no place in America in which the service of the Church

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is performed daily, unless the General Theological Seminary* at New York may be regarded as an exception."—P. 295.

This is but a cheerless picture, we are aware; and we regret to be compelled to close this portion of our article under a landscape so clouded; we shall auspicate the new year, however, under happier omens, reserving for ourselves the pleasant task of detailing the favourable points and distinctive excellencies of the American Church; and since this partial notice will be read across the Atlantic before we can complete our sketch, it will be well to add a few more words of explanation—which we are certain will be received lovingly and candidly—as to our object.

It were superfluous here to repeat our bitter consciousness that we in England cannot afford to be the accusers and revilers of our American brethren; probably there is not one of these improprieties, glaring as they are, which have not been committed by ordained ministers of our own communion; bad, frightfully bad, as are the malign and subtle Socinianizing elements at work in the American Church, certainly we have no immunity from them at home; and our own state under one view may be pronounced even much less promising than that of the Americans, because we have never formally tampered with the Prayer-book in the same distressing way: our guilt therefore is greater, because our temptations have been fewer, and our license less authoritative; but we may—and must—profit by this severe warning: we may know from the experience of others what it is to yield: all the gifts which the Americans have lost, our sectarians and puritans, in and out of the Church, have barely suffered us to retain. If we have escaped it has been "with the skin of our teeth," so fatally narrow was our deliverance from the perils of the "glorious Revolution" period, or even since.

Yet more—how deep must our thankfulness be to Almighty God, to feel that with such grievous sacrifices of sacred things, His long-suffering does not desert the place where His honour dwelleth, and the Church where His presence is. This surely ought to comfort *us* in our many and sad distresses, divisions, and unworthy forebodings as to the future: we have at least not fallen below the Americans; and yet, though they have been content to do all but openly reject even the most meagre of the creeds and absolutions—the apostolic succession—the sacramental presence and gifts—the communion of saints—discipline—the power of the keys, the Catholic hymns, prayers, and living forms, yet somewhere dwells,—(we shall hereafter allude to the restoration in the Communion Office,)—not only the salt to keep from

* It is not said whether even here the *full* daily service is celebrated morning and evening in the College chapel of this the Oxford of New England; for elsewhere, Mr. Caswall very properly does not rank his own "performing daily morning and evening prayer in the chapel of the seminary at Lexington, reading on both occasions *the greater part* of the Church services for the day," p. 216, as a legitimate daily service. We happen to know, however, that the excellent Bishop Doane commenced the full daily service at Burlington last Lent; and we have not heard that he has seen fit to discontinue it.

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utter corruption, not only some secret force to neutralize, and, we are assured, in the end thoroughly to expel, the spirit of apostasy, but that Divine Life which has, in the very midst of such seeming impossibilities, produced such men as Bishops Onderdonk and Doane and De Lancey, Hobart and Dehon. Who shall deny the existence of a heavenly development in the Church, which is like the American, daily, hourly, casting off its fetters, and such fetters too? Mutilated, chained, oppressed, bound hand and foot, almost pledged to false doctrine, heresy, and schism; such unquestionably has been the American Church: and yet what is she doing! speaking with the voice of a giant, openly proclaiming to men and angels what we scarcely dare to whisper; spreading her loving arms from land to land, converting the world, absorbing the earnest from all Christian bodies. Like another Samson, she may have slept upon Delilah's knees: she may have been shorn of her strength; but, upon repentance, her once despised privileges are being restored: "howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven." Her past persecutions, and her constrained bearing of her Saviour's cross of sorrows, have not been in vain; "the wrath of man shall praise Thee,"—the Church of Christ in holy suffering shall always claim the earnest of success, and receive the blessing:—

> Merses profundo pulchrior evenit:
> Luctere, multa proruet integrum
> Cum laude victorem, geretque
> Prælia conjugibus loquenda.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Novum Testamentum Græcum, Editio Hellenistica: being the New Testament interpreted by citations from the Septuagint. By the Rev. E. W. Grinfield. London: Pickering. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is pleasant, in this age of compilations and compendiums, in which every one appears to be engaged in discovering short and royal roads to theological knowledge and controversial notoriety, to meet with a work like the present, which is the honest fruit of hard and well-directed labour. Instead of illustrating Scripture with translated scraps of patristic learning, to enable half-fledged divines to bolster up their meagre discourses with the appearance of an erudition, which, while they have no taste for acquiring, they would fain be imagined to possess, Mr. Grinfield has chosen a field too long untrodden, which Grabe and Pearson, which Hody and Watson, have before him traversed, yet in which they have still left many triumphs for an undaunted scholar to achieve.

It is confessedly of more importance to be in possession of the literal and grammatical sense of a work, than to collect the opinions of

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others upon its meaning; it is generally considered expedient for us, to be sure that we know a language before we venture to pronounce judgment on the matters which it seems to convey. This, at least, has been the course pursued by all honest critics, in regard to every work except the Holy Scriptures. Thus, for instance, a student who would read and understand Aristotle's Ethics, is compelled first to study other Attic authors, that from them he may learn the usages of the language in which the ideas of the philosopher are conveyed. But to what similar authors is the student of the Greek Testament ordinarily directed, or with what is he taught to compare the expressions which he meets with there? His previous studies, so far from preparing him, rather disable him from arriving at a true sense, for he treats the language he is reading as though it were the same in which Thucydides wrote and Demosthenes declaimed; and imagines that similar usages to those which he discovers in such authors, betoken a similar course of ideas, treating as barbarisms all the varieties which meet him in every page.

Now, in reality, no conduct can be more unfair than this. The language of the New Testament, (call it Hellenistic, or Macedonian, or what you will,) is perfectly distinct from the language of Athens. It is the language which Alexander's soldiers bore with them over the Oriental world, naturalized in a climate not its own, and combined with various ingredients which have more or less modified its original character. It is no mere local dialect, but a widely spread variety of speech, having been in use from the Hellespont to the Indus, and from Caucasus to the Cataracts. Many are the works which are written in it, but among these almost the only one which has met with general attention is the New Testament, while that which is hardly less important, the Septuagint translation of the Ancient Scriptures, has sunk into comparative neglect. Composed, as this translation was, in the best days of Alexandrian literature, by the command, or at least with the sanction of Ptolemy Lagus and his successor Ptolemy Philadelphus, accepted and approved by all the Hellenistic Jews down to the Christian era, quoted, as it appears to be, by our Saviour and his Apostles, commented on or explained by Athanasius, Theodoret, Gregory, and Chrysostom, what single volume could be more suitable as a field of study to prepare the mind for the right understanding of the New Testament? The writings of Philo-Judæus and Josephus are also valuable in this point of view, but are of course of very secondary importance to this ancient version of the Old Testament. Mr. Grinfield has rightly judged that its words and expressions will form the best illustration to the New Testament, and has therefore devoted himself to the task of citing such instances of parallelism between the two as have occurred to him during more than ten years' diligent study of the sacred volume.

His citations may be divided into three classes; 1st. Instances of similar words; 2d. Parallelisms of meaning; 3d. Direct quotations from the Old Testament by the inspired writers of the New. We could have wished that these three classes had been kept more distinct, whereas at present the third class alone is designated by any distinguishing mark; but we trust that when this valuable work reaches

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another edition, as it well deserves, the learned author will make such a classification.

On the first glance, a careless reader will be apt to think the passages too numerous and not sufficiently parallel, but a second perusal will generally be enough to convince any candid mind, that, so far from their being too many, they have been most carefully compared, and a selection has been made with great judgment. The list of actual citations, or intentional parallelisms, affixed to the end of the second volume, is in itself a valuable contribution to biblical literature, and would be highly useful to the student, were it printed separately, in order to be affixed to other editions of the Greek Testament. It is far more complete than any that has yet been made, containing more than 350 passages, whereas the best that we have before seen was not able to reckon so many as 200.

Mr. Grinfield appears to have selected, for the most part, Mill's text as the basis of his edition; we could have wished, perhaps, for a more modern recension; he has also discarded the use of accents, a practice which we are sorry to see is gaining the sanction even of good scholars. We must not, however, complain of such little matters as these, in a book which has so much that meets our approbation; we will, therefore, now conclude by expressing our obligations to an author who has conferred on the public a work which will soon gain, by its intrinsic merit, a place in the library of every one who has any claim to the honoured titles of a scholar and a divine.

A Manual of Prayers for Young Persons; or, Bishop Ken's Winchester Manual, adapted to general use. Printed for the S.P.C.K.

THIS is a most disingenuous—we must say it—a most dishonest publication. The editor professes only to have freed Bishop Ken's Manual from "allusions to the customs of Winchester School, and from such antiquated expressions as render it less adapted to general use in the present day;" and again tells us that the "alterations consist chiefly of omissions." But what is the case? The expressions involving points of doctrine have been revised throughout; old Catholic terms have been expunged, and the low cant phraseology of the conventicle has been substituted in their place. "Altar" is turned* into "Table;" "Holy Eucharist" into "Lord's Supper." Paragraphs containing mention of "Absolution," "Daily Prayers," "the Real Presence," "fellowship with the Holy Angels," and the like, are cancelled; and the possibility of the young having kept

* This change reminds us of a Cambridge anecdote. Professor Scholefield was recently engaged in a controversy with Mr. Collison, touching the use of the word "Altar," which did not add very much to his reputation. But what could not be done by argument, was effected by authority. The professor is a Syndic of the University Press. He convokes a meeting of his colleagues, and it is ordered, that henceforth "the Altar Services," (*i. e.* the book known by that name,) be transformed into "Communion Services." Whatever *was* the language of the Church, now, at all events, it is "antiquated." Let us hear no more of "Altars." Professor Scholefield has ruled it, preferring nonsense and untruth to the venerable language of the Church, for his *Communion* Services include Baptism, Churching, and Confirmation.

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themselves from sin is not allowed to appear. Particular instances, however, must fail to convey an adequate notion of the liberties which have been taken with the good Bishop. There is throughout a general lowering of doctrine, and a modifying of all dogmatic statement. No doubt the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge consider these things "antiquated;" but then we think they ought to have apprised us of this their opinion, because there are some who have been taught to consider truth as "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

To speak more seriously. We have long lamented the tone of the Society's original publications; but so long as the subscribers choose to allow a certain number of pragmatic London clergy, with a sprinkling of briefless barristers, to elect and re-elect themselves into committees, it has appeared to us that they have only themselves to blame; and we have been wont to confine our purchases at the Depôt to Bibles and Prayer-books, and a few of the old standard works. We do not profess to say that the sacrifice has been very great to us. We could, even without a very great pang, retire from the Society altogether; but to see the Committee sailing under false colours, and pretending to republish the works of our standard divines, while they really substitute inventions of their own, does move our indignation. We can only compare their conduct to a man who, having stolen a coat, is compelled to tear and soil it, lest its goodness should betray the secret of the theft. Why, in these days of rail-road communication, should a few metropolitan rectors and vicars monopolize the whole management of this and the other Societies?

A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wildernesses of Sin and Paran, &c. &c. By the Rev. GEORGE FISK, *Prebendary of Lichfield, Rural Dean, and Vicar of Walsall.* London: Seeley.

THIS volume purports to be written for the benefit of the author's parishioners, and conveys, undoubtedly, the impressions produced upon a mind trained in the most rigidly ultra-protestant school, by the scenes presented to it during a rapid and hasty tour throughout the countries named in the title-page. The author had an undoubted right to record those impressions for the advantage of his flock; but we deprecate the attempt to give enlarged publicity to such crude, prejudiced views as are displayed in the volume before us. It contains much that is interesting, much which bears marks of piety, and reverence for holy things and hallowed associations; and yet, at the same time, it is impossible not to feel pained at the self-satisfied spirit with which Mr. Fisk surveys all indications of zeal and devotion in any other communion than his own; the invariable sneer of pity at every form of religious faith saving that of the Church of England; the utter want of sympathy, alike with the self-denying austerities of the recluse, and the gorgeous magnificence of the cathedral—the spirit, in a word, which led a priest of the Anglican Church to travel through the most hallowed spots of the Holy Land without one feeling of regret at the suspension of Catholic communion which made him an isolated individual, incapable of offering the right hand of brotherly fellowship to the Christians in whose lands he was a pilgrim,—shrinking from

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their worship as though it was a pollution, and viewing their most solemn services as a show to be gazed at, an abomination, to be contemplated only for the purpose of qualifying the spectator to speak to the monstrous superstitions, from personal inspection, at some future meeting of a Protestant Association!

We are no defenders of modern popery, as may appear from our last number; but, at the same time, we cannot but believe that no advantage is gained for the cause of truth by such sweeping and unguarded assertions as that of Mr. Fisk, after contemplating the flocking of pilgrims to St. Peter's at Rome, during the Holy Week:—"*It was altogether an imposing scene; but the great drawback upon it all, was the melancholy feeling, that religion*—the *religion which saves souls and glorifies God—had no place in this splendid temple of a false system.*"

It is a circumstance which strikes Romanists with amazement, and is, in truth, inexplicable to every truly Catholic mind, that members of our Church, who profess to hold such views with regard to the ceremonies of Popery, feel no scruple whatever in attending them for the sake of gratifying curiosity, even at the sacrifice of time which one would think would have been far more profitably employed in secret meditation, or in participation in the worship of their own communion. Yet here, upon his own showing, Mr. Fisk, an English clergyman, thought proper to pass the Holy Week, (a week, be it observed, which his own Church, no less than that of Rome, directs to be spent in daily public prayers, in fasting, and silence, and penitence)—in hurrying from church to church to see, as a sight, the most solemn religious ceremonials. Good-Friday, indeed, saw him at the English chapel in the morning—where "it was no small privilege to be permitted, in the very stronghold of Popery—to hear the truth as it is in Jesus, simply and faithfully proclaimed." The rest of that most solemn day, however, was passed in *exploring* some of the more distinguished churches of the city—sneering at the devotion of those who "knelt, and fervently kissed the feet" of a crucifix—in lionizing the Pantheon, the Mons Capitolinus, and the ancient scenes of the eternal city. We doubt not the pious intentions of Mr. Fisk; but we must be permitted to ask whether he is capable of comprehending or appreciating, in his prejudiced state of mind, the devotion and reverence which actuated some at least of the Romish worshippers whose acts he contemplated with so contemptuous a pity?

On Easter-Sunday Mr. Fisk would, we presume, have attended the English chapel again, and probably have partaken of the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Church of England; but he felt that the duty of testifying against Rome must supersede, upon this occasion, even those sacred services. Rome could be seen but once—Easter would probably return again.

"Feeling that I ought to embrace every opportunity of seeing Popery in the magnificent form which it assumes at head-quarters, in order that future protests against it might be based upon actual experience, I resolved on being present at St. Peter's on Easter-day. Popery, as it is, can be thoroughly understood only in Rome. We may read of it in books, and become intimately enough acquainted with its dogmas and doctrines and discipline. We may trace its insidious workings in our own land, whether it go like the serpent, or speak like the lion; but as to its power to influence the mind, by captivating the imagination—this must be looked for in Rome!

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"As early as nine o'clock on Easter Sunday, we found the church thronged by those who were eagerly waiting for the ceremonies of the day; while the whole extent of the area was lined by the papal guards in their picturesque Swiss attire, keeping a due space for those who were to take part in the proceedings. All Rome was throbbing with life and animation. Its week-day dullness, and moping inactivity, were quite banished. All was glitter and glare and display. Carriages of nobles and cardinals —the latter, with their splendid gold and sumptuous scarlet trappings, thronged the streets, which resounded with the clattering of wheels and the cracking of whips. All notion of Sabbath quiet and peacefulness was at an end. I thought of Christ and his meekness, and asked within myself—Are these the genuine followers of such a Master? as my eye glanced upon nobles, cardinals, and inferior ecclesiastics, monks, pilgrims, and devotees, all pressing on together in a current of excited eagerness, as if to some secular spectacle.

"I took my station on the south side of the high altar, amidst one of the largest assemblies I ever witnessed; and certainly, I must admit, one of the most picturesque and striking. Perhaps it would not be easy for the most vivid imagination to conceive any thing more splendid and dazzling, in its way. And there was something, too, in the season of the year—the blandness of the atmosphere without, and the brightness of the light within, that helped the mind and stimulated the imaginative faculty. It was at about ten o'clock that the great western doors of the cathedral were thrown wide open, while the choir within sang the introductory anthem. By and by, the papal procession began to enter, advancing up the middle of the nave, which had been kept by the pontifical guards. The procession was headed by soldiers in armour, followed by a large retinue of the civil officers of the Pope, in costume, and a great body of ecclesiastics, monks, friars, &c. in the various habits of their orders. Then came the Patriarch of the Greek Church, crowned, accompanied by several bishops of the same Church, and their various officers and attendants; and after them, a very large assemblage of bishops of the Church of Rome, in their splendid and gold-embroidered robes and mitres; next, a great number of cardinals in their state attire of scarlet and purple, attended by their train-bearers and other officials. It was, perhaps, half an hour before those who formed the procession had taken the several places assigned for them. A large space behind the high altar, in which stood the papal throne, was carpeted and superbly decorated with gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, and set apart for the distinguished members of the procession, except for the cardinals, whose place was immediately about the high altar, so as to be in attendance upon the Pope. As soon as all were in their places, a loud flourish of trumpets from without, responded to by another within the cathedral, announced the arrival of the Sovereign-Pontiff himself. Every eye was turned towards the entrance on the south side, where there is a communication with the Vatican, and soon was seen the uplifted golden cross of the Pope, and next, himself, borne aloft over the heads of the people in his gilded chair of state, under a rich canopy, with fans of large dimensions made of peacock's feathers, continually waving from side to side. He wore his robes of state —white-silk and gold, and his triple crown. He sat more like an image than a living man, with his eyes for the most part closed, and occasionally moving his hands, as if in the act of benediction. His person is far from prepossessing, however the weight of years upon his brow might entitle him to be called venerable. I should speak of his countenance as being a bad specimen of the vulgar Italian. He was soon seated on his throne behind the high altar, and received the homage of bishops and others. His triple crown was then removed from his royal brow, and forthwith offered and deposited on the high altar; and then, wearing a plain white skull-cap instead, he was arrayed no longer in royal, but in priestly vestments, for the purpose of saying mass, according to annual custom. During the whole ceremony, the Pope, aged as he is, appeared like a hale and active man. The scene was certainly imposing and splendid in the extreme; but, alas, no religious feeling could for a moment be connected with it. It seemed altogether a matter of mere external display and ceremonious pomp; and I could but feel how gracious a lot was mine, that I should be a member of a Church through which both the Bread of Life and the Water of Life are really dispensed to the people. And, alas, I thought, if a poor guilty and sin-withered soul, craving after salvation, had entered St. Peter's at that moment, he might have been dazzled by the church's splendour, so as to have forgotten for a season the burthen of his sorrows, but would have departed without an answer capable of bringing peace and consolation!

"The Mass was complete—the host was elevated—the idolatrous adoration of the "bread-god" was performed, and the immense congregation began to disperse, in

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erder—some to witness, and others to receive, the Papal benediction from the front balcony of St. Peter's. Following the crowd, I made my way to the grand area without; and it was an overpowering scene, when I beheld its vastness crowded with masses of people waiting for the remaining ceremony. I cannot say that they appeared like persons expecting to receive a spiritual benefit, and so far they were right; but yet, there they were, alas, the vassals of a sovereignty which based its magnificence upon the ruins of spirituality. The blue of an Italian sky hung over us, and the lustre of the brightest sunlight broke upon the lovely fountains that were casting their misty streams far and wide. The great bell of St. Peter's and other bells were tolling, military bands were playing, and all were at the height of expectation, when, at length, bells and music suddenly ceased, and a dead silence pervaded the bare-headed and attendant thousands. Immediately the Pope presented himself at the middle balcony, in his full pontifical robes and triple crown, borne forward in his chair of state, and gave the accustomed benediction—signing it, as it were, by the motion of his hands. Some prostrated themselves on the pavement, while others fell upon their knees, and a few remained erect, as mere spectators. As soon as the ceremony was complete, a volley of heavy cannon thundered from Fort St. Angelo; again the military bands burst forth with their acclamatory strains, and soon the area was empty and silent, except as it was traversed by the carriage of a lingering cardinal or noble, wending his way from the splendours of the Vatican. How sweet and refreshing was the simple scriptural worship in which we joined in the afternoon, at the English Protestant Chapel: how affecting the contrast it presented to all we had witnessed in the lifeless formalities of popery, splendid and imposing as they were to the perception of the carnal mind!"—Pp. 23—26.

Undoubtedly, had we been at Rome, and had been apprized of the unprecedented sight which was that day to be seen in St. Peter's, we should have hesitated whether it were not worth witnessing, at any sacrifice. The spectacle of "the *Patriarch of the Greek Church* crowned, accompanied by many bishops of the same Church, and their various officers and attendants," in procession in St. Peter's at Rome, preceding the Pope himself, in perfect amity and christian fellowship, was certainly so singular and gratifying, that we really are inclined to envy Mr. Fisk the privilege of beholding it; especially as, so far as our information goes, he is the only person who was ever so fortunate as to witness such a public testimony of the re-union of the Greek and Romish Churches, which such a circumstance plainly indicates.*

From Rome, Mr. Fisk passes on to Naples, where he finds "clergy and monks of all orders swarming about the streets, and loitering in and about the churches." The pleasing contrast afforded by the remembrance of his own parish of Walsall, with its select complement of six clergymen to fifteen thousand souls, must have occurred most refreshingly to his mind; but yet, will he not agree with us, that if Rome multiplies mendicant friars, and religious of all classes, to an extreme, the Church of England languishes and is failing for lack of more clergy?—and must there not be something of wisdom in the system which permits and encourages men of all classes and temperaments to enlist themselves in the service of the Church, when we see that Rome preserves her hold upon her people, while the Church of England cannot grasp the affections of her nominal members for want of a more numerous and devoted body of ministers? Are we in a position to pity that communion in which clergy swarm? Would it not be wiser in this to emulate the "wisdom of the serpent," displayed by the Church of Rome, while we plume ourselves upon the domestic simplicity and harmlessness of the Church of England?

Mr. Fisk moralizes upon the uselessness and "withering inactivity"

* What Mr. Fisk means is, the Patriarch, or at least a prelate of the schismatical—that called the *United*, Greek Church.

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of the monastic life. He finds "the furniture" of the monks of St. Elmo "poor and scanty, giving but a slender notion of comfort in any particular,"—*comfort*, we can readily believe, would not be the remarkable part of a Carmelite cell, however it may be one of an English parsonage; but there are such duties as self-denial, and self-mortification; and possibly there may reside, even under the cowl of a "filthy" and "idle" monk, a degree of self-devotion for Christ's sake, and a saving knowledge of the Redeemer. Mr. Fisk thinks otherwise:—"In one cell lay an aged monk in bed, sick and helpless; my heart longed to be able to set before him Christ Jesus and Him crucified, apart from the corruptions of the Church of which he was a member; and it was sad to be obliged to leave him with the darkness of death and error about him; but there was no help for it."

From Naples, our author makes a rapid tour to Malta, Alexandria, the Pyramids, Cairo, the Desert, Mount Sinai, and the Holy Land; returning by Constantinople, the Danube, &c. There is much in his descriptions of scenery and incident which is graphic and interesting, especially in his adventures on his route from Mount Sinai to Akabah, during which, the chief of his Bedoween escort was murdered by the head of a hostile tribe, and Mr. Fisk and his companion placed in circumstances of considerable danger. The catastrophe and its sequel is simply and strikingly narrated, and may be taken as a fair specimen of his powers of descriptive writing :—

"I was awakened for a few minutes, as early as three o'clock on the following morning, by the sound of many voices in loud and earnest conversation, amongst which I recognised that of Sheikh Suleiman; but as noisy conversations, at such early hours, are by no means uncommon with these restless spirits of the wilderness, I gave no heed to it, and composed myself for sleep again, intending to rise about half after four, in order to get a dip in the Red Sea, before resuming the march; and this intention I fulfilled; but just while throwing on the few clothes I had then with me, I heard suddenly a loud strife of many tongues bursting forth—not in our encampment, but in a small copse or grove of palm-trees, about two hundred yards distant. At once the thought rushed upon my mind, that the Mezzeni had overtaken us, and were meditating an attack, now that we were so near the place of their main encampment. This was directly confirmed by the sound of a gun-shot in the palm-grove, which was soon followed up by a second. I ran up towards the encampment as rapidly as possible; and just as I reached it, another shot rang awfully upon my ear. I found our party in a state of the greatest consternation, and gathered closely together, gazing wildly towards the grove. The first thing I learnt, was the harrowing fact, that poor Suleiman had just been murdered by the Mezzeni! It was an astounding announcement. To what would this desperate blow lead—here, in the desert? The prospect of further bloodshed was terrible. It would have been insupportable, but for the influence of that inward calmness which is the privilege of the children of God. We were braced up for the worst, and stood gazing upon the scene, in full expectation, that, out of a deep and deadly spirit of revenge, we should be immediately overpowered by the enemy, and held entirely at their mercy; as any show of defence against so many as had now come down upon us, would have been utterly futile, and might have led to the destruction of us all. How wild and desolate this awful theatre of death appeared, while, with the sound of gun-shots still vibrating in our ears, we thought of Suleiman writhing in his death-throes, and eagerly watched the movements of the murderers! We were motionless—almost breathless. Each man among us gazed silently upon his fellow. Our suspense was not of great duration, but long enough to get the heart secretly lifted up in communion with a covenant God of mercy. And there was sweet peacefulness in that brief exercise.

"—— My worst fears were groundless. The hearts of all men are in God's hands. Our helplessness must have been a powerful matter of temptation to the blood-stained men, over whom the departed soul of Suleiman was hovering. But God restrained them!——

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"Having slaughtered their victim, the Mezzeni (of whom about forty were counted) quietly marched back towards Nuweibia, without exchanging even a word with us; leaving behind them the corpse of poor Suleiman, as a sad memorial of their malignant vengeance; while several others of their tribe, who had been lying in ambush beyond the scene of terror, came forth from their hiding-places, and joined their retreating comrades.

"My heart almost sickens at the recollection of this dreadful transaction, while referring to the notes made on the spot, and compiling from them the particulars of this sad page.

"As soon as the enemy had fairly departed, I took Hassenein with me, and advanced carefully towards the copse of palm-trees, where I found the mangled body of poor Suleiman quite dead, but with the agony of the death-pang still visible on his sun-burnt and swarthy features. It was a terrible sight—thus to behold the leader and confidential companion of our wild route, lying as the clods of the valley, and saturated with his own life-blood. And how, in a Christian's heart, was the sense of the sad reality heightened, by knowing that the poor sufferer was a follower of the false prophet—a Mahommedan—ignorant of Him who was 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification!' I have seen death in many forms; but I never beheld it with so dread an aspect as it here assumed.

"I was more than half inclined to withhold the minute particulars of the dark tragedy, when arriving at this part of my narrative; but they now fasten themselves upon my mind, and I feel constrained to leave them on record.

"Suleiman had received three balls through his body, and four sabre-gashes on his head, which was also nearly severed from the trunk; and his right arm, which had been evidently raised in an attempt at warding off a blow, was all but divided near the wrist. We returned to the encampment, where our Arabs were sitting together, still terrified. At length, a few of them who volunteered their aid, went and washed the body, wrapped it in an unfolded turban, and prepared it for immediate interment. They hastily formed a resting-place, about a mile upwards, towards the hills which skirted the plain in which we were encamped, by raising four walls of large loose stones. Having made all ready, they brought up the remains of their leader, laid them across the back of his camel, and, with deep emotion, deposited them in their final abode, arching it over with large masses of stone, and quitting it with what appeared to me like deep expressions of vengeance against the tribe, on which lay the guilt of his murder."—Pp. 176—179.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the spirit and tone which we deprecated at the beginning of this notice. It is singular, and almost amusing, for example,—were it not indicative of matters too serious to afford subject for ridicule,—to observe how the same man who was shocked at the idea of examining the relics of Santa Katarina, and turned away in disgust at the exhibition of fragments of the "true cross," should contemplate with delight and reverence the autographs of Luther and Melancthon at Frankfort, and be inspired by the sight of *Luther's shoe!*—"Even the rude shoe of Luther preserved with veneration, and shown in the Library, is an object from which one cannot turn away without many a thought directed towards him who trod the difficult way of duty in the firm majesty of truth—though all that was terrible in earthly domination and spiritual despotism sought to frown him off from his integrity of purpose." But we must close our remarks with the expression of our firm belief, that it is not by sneers, or self-satisfied gratulations of ourselves, that we shall best meet and overcome the march of Romanism; but by the exercise of a more reverent spirit; by carrying about with us, wherever we wander—and especially to scenes and places which are hallowed by the remembrance of the visible presence of God himself—a devout and earnest piety, ready to discern a godly and profitable lesson, even in the most debased and ignorant attempts to surround with the halo of religion the tra-

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ditionary haunts of Christ and his apostles; in short, travelling as pilgrims, rather than as bustling, curious, irreverent sight-seers.

We are far from classing Mr. Fisk with the latter description of travellers; his reflections are occasionally devout and edifying; but when a Priest of the English Church travels in the Holy Land, and writes a book of his adventures, we naturally look for a higher tone of reverence—a more meditative spirit—a greater abstraction from the mere novelty of sight-seeing, than we expect in the writings of laymen; still less of those whose object has been merely the gratification of curiosity, and that morbid eagerness to see sights simply for the pleasure of being able to say they *have* seen them, which characterizes the generality of the English* who flock to the Continent. We confess that we greatly doubt whether it would tend to the extension of true religion, if, as Mr. Fisk ardently wishes, the Church of the Convent of Santa Katarina, "instead of being what it is, could be made the centre point of a pure Protestant Mission to the Bedoween of the Peninsula of Sinai, and through them, to the rest of the family of Ishmael." "What it is," however, even Mr. Fisk himself confesses, "considering the locality, is quite surprising. There are three daily, and one midnight, services; to the latter of which the monks rise from their beds, summoned by sounds emitted from a piece of hard dry wood, suspended by a cord, and struck by a mallet." The only one of these services which Mr. Fisk attended on Trinity Sunday was, he says, "of course, totally unedifying to those who had been brought up in the light of the 'faith once delivered to the saints;'" but suppose Mr. Fisk's wish realized, and the Convents of Santa Katarina, at Mount Sinai, in the possession of a "pure Protestant mission," how soon would the daily and midnight orisons of the monks give place to three "Sabbath services," and a Wednesday evening lecture!† how soon would the outward semblances of religion vanish—the rude cross, and the small chapel, or oratory, marking the traditionary place of some hallowed event, disappear! And would the Bedoweens perceive, in their banishment, the approaches of a purer faith? We doubt whether they would. Mr. Fisk remarks: "So far as my observations go, the poor monks appeared to be in a state of sad ignorance. How should it be otherwise?—the intellect must needs contract for want of due exercise and means of expansion." It strikes us as singular, that this charge of sad ignorance is brought against the monks in the succeeding paragraph to one in which he mentions having given medicine to "a young monk, a Russian, who spoke eleven languages." At least, in this instance, the charge of want of cultivation of intellect can hardly be fair; and surely there must have been something deeper than mere superstition which could induce a young man, with such powers, to seclude himself in the Convent of Mount Sinai. How few missionaries, which the Church of England could send to Syria or Egypt, would be possessed of the intellectual capabilities of this Russian monk!

Already we have stage-coaches over the Desert, and a Steam-Navigation Company from London to the Red Sea: ere long, we shall

* Has the "Bishop of Jerusalem" daily service?

† See some remarks on this head in Mr. Formby's Visit to the East, which we lately noticed.

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hear of a rail-road to Jerusalem, with a branch to Mount Sinai. It may be delightful; but we are sure the influence is secularizing, and tends to irreverence, if not to unbelief; rather would we see the Crusades revived, and the chivalry of Europe pouring forth to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the dominion of infidels, than have Jerusalem, and all the sacred names and spots of Holy Scripture brought within the compass of the idle hundreds, who are now content to fool away the money which might be profitably spent in their own country, upon the Rhine, or Switzerland, and the Holy City become the subject of every vain scribbler who writes a journal, and every romantic young lady who carries a sketch-book.

Waverley Novels, Abbotsford Edition. Edinburgh: Robert Cadell. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1848. Third Volume. Royal 8vo. Pp. 670.

We should be glad if the illustration of our poems and fictions were, for the most part, confined to the scenery and adjuncts of the story; more or less we are always dissatisfied with the attempt to represent the characters and incidents of the plot. The best plays never answer our expectations on the stage; and the best points of a novel always fail when they are transferred to wood or steel. And the reason of this is, that the main constituent of the pleasure derived from fiction is the picturing to ourselves the gesture, drapery, and all the nameless accompaniments of a story. We want no limners to paint and draw for us what is far better left to each reader's own imagination. Ophelia and Ariel are most glorious when unconnected with the misses of the stage; and we care not that our own shadowy vision of a Die Vernon should be banished by the hard positive hand of a draftsman, even though he be a Wilkie, or an Allan. The ideal has its own empire; and the actual its own. It is hard to have our vague imaginations of the beautiful tied down to one hard unvarying type. Cicero and Scott we gladly recognise in marble or in canvass; but we can only endure even the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the meeting of the two sorrowing sisters in the Tolbooth, when they are invested with a severe and conventional reserve—if we may so say. Illustrations should seek rather to suggest, than to reproduce facts; and this sort of distinction, we think, should always obtain in the decoration of our churches. In them the history of our Blessed Lord, to take the first example, should be taught by figure, and allusion, and symbol, rather than in actual painting; we require spiritual, rather than material associations.

It is for some such reasons as these that, in again recurring to our pleasant task of turning over the Wizard's Book, we feel ourselves bound to suggest that the noble Abbotsford Edition of Scott should contain as few as possible of the characters, in the way of illustration—invariably they are spoilt; we need only allude to two in the present volume, the "glove scene in the library," (p. 140,) and "Jeanie Deans locking the door after her interview with Robertson," p. 435. Besides, there is another vice in this kind of pictorial illustration; the scenes not being given to the same artist, the characters of one chapter are not recog-

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nisable in the next; dress, feature, character, all are changed; and the plaided and snooded Jeanie of p. 513, is utterly undistinguishable in the ringleted and wasp-waisted damsel of p. 524, though the story had expressly told us that her dress was the same. In this one tale there are at least half-a-dozen ideals of that sonsie lass Jeanie, and not one of them like its—anything but—counterpart.

With this single drawback we can say nothing but praise of this remarkably beautiful third volume; indeed, some of the local and historical illustrations are even superior to those of its predecessors. The plans and different views of Edinburgh, illustrative of the Porteous riots, for example, and the general, antiquarian, and other literature, brought to bear upon the elucidation of the details of these works, is extremely praiseworthy. It contains Rob Roy, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Rob Roy was never one of our prime favourites; the inane (may we venture on the phrase?) spooniness of the hero, and the unlucky construction of the tale in the *first* person, are scarcely compensated by the not very loveable originality of Die Vernon, or even the raciness of the good Bailie; and while the spirit-stirring escape of Rob Roy shows true artistic powers, the desperate expedient of slaughtering the whole Osbaldiston family, in order to make room for the hero's gaining the ancestral halls, is a clumsy expedient which well nigh recalls some of the blood-boltered clearances of our ruder dramas.

But we should be ashamed of our critic-craft, were we to attempt to disturb the verdict which common consent has given upon the Heart of Mid-Lothian; the very highest powers which Scott possessed were lavished in its execution; and if we sought for a reason for this labour of love, it may be, that the scene being that of his own early and very cherished home-affections rendered it a delight to linger about the Canongate and St. Leonard's. The exquisite contrast between the true-hearted Jeanie, and the wayward, wilful, Effie—the stern crushing bigotry of the old Covenanter; his hard, obstinate, technical, religionism, not more than once softened by that "one touch of nature;" his sullen, and sometimes happily unsuccessful, struggle against the sweet charities of human yearning—the quiet, staid, yet principled presbyterianism of Reuben Butler—the dull and decorous love-making of himself and his massive-minded wife—the unmatched excellence of the scene at Richmond Palace, as well as the earnest dignity of Jeanie's resolve and journey to London: these things must be so familiar to our readers, that it were little short of presumption to do more than mention them. But we cannot fail to point out what we deem the very perfection of ethical propriety in this tale. It is to make the Lady Staunton of the tale flippant and cold: when the warm, loving Effie, was compelled by strange and awful circumstances to lead a constrained, deceitful, artificial life, it could not but be that to mask the intensity of personal shame and disgrace, which was not permitted to have recourse to the healthy violence of open confession and penance, an unnatural gaiety must be forced to conceal the dull, heart-eating, inner sorrows. But unnatural feelings soon become the inevitable result of unnatural habits; and we in the end become in fact, what we first assumed to be, in spite of ourselves. Sport may be hollow

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and only meant to deceive others, when first we drive ourselves to adopt it, but it ends in deceiving ourselves. Neither should the tremendous retribution for poor, miserable Effie's first sin be forgotten; there is a pathos in it almost tragic; and we know not whether any writer, with such plain materials, ever so nobly brought out the solemnity of that obvious, though most needful, "great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."—*Concluding Address to the Reader.* Nor is it without its significant warning to ourselves, that, having failed as a Church to provide for the real *wants*—the soul needs of a penitent—Scott was compelled to represent both Sir George and his miserable wife as converts to Romanism. If, as has been truly said, that Scott never did justice to the Anglican Church, may it not be because we have furnished so few models?

We are glad, amid the lamentable exhibitions of ignorance which are occasionally made by the Clergy of the sister isle, (our readers will doubtless acquit us of implying that their English brethren have much right to cast stones at them,) to see so sound and intelligent a pamphlet, by an Irish divine, as "the Rule of Faith," by C. Boyton, D.D. (Dublin, Grant & Bolton; London, Rivingtons.) The subject has been well nigh exhausted on this side of the Channel, and therefore we can have nothing ourselves to say on it that would be new to our readers.

"Chanting Simplified, or an Arrangement of the Canticles," &c. (Bell,) is a pretty volume, unnecessary indeed, except on the principle which we have once or twice had occasion to lay down, that different people read different books, and that consequently the identity of the contents of such books may prove no superfluity in any of them. The publisher announces himself as "Oxford and Cambridge Bookseller." We are entitled to ask what this means. A confluence of the Cam and the Isis in Fleet-street is a puzzling thought, and one difficult, as they say, to *realize*.

Mr. Burns has just put forth a collection, entitled "Eastern Romance," chiefly, though not wholly, compiled from the Arabian Nights. The embellishments are very good, and every thing exceptionable in the original Tales is omitted. How far something of their life and fulness may not have been thereby sacrificed, we cannot say, not having the Arabian Nights by us. Of course we must not be understood as ranking any merits above those of purity and morality, but we have no recollection, when young, of understanding whatever portions of those wonderful fictions may be amiss; and in riper years we suspect that their objective interest passes too much away to enable such portions to do any harm; the Arabian Nights are then looked at with little more than literary curiosity; we cannot bring back the time when "true Mussulmans were we and sworn;" the stern pressure of fact has either "paled the ineffectual fires" of the imagination, or else the latter has fixed itself in some of the many aspects or contests of the Christendom around it.

A volume, "Legends and Traditionary Stories," has appeared from the same source, continuing the undertaking of a former one, and giving us many of the best German fairy tales.

We are really alarmed for the interests of Architecture. At the rate we are going on, the taste, the antiquarian opinions, the *ecclesiology* (we are not just

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now referring to our contemporary who introduced that word) of young gentlemen and ladies threaten to be quite as tyrannical and quite as blind as the demands and the restrictions of a Cockney committee. People are invited to believe that, for a couple of shillings or half-a-crown, by dint of an hour's reading, and looking at prints, they can be put in possession of "the principles of British Architecture." "A Manual" for those who wish to be thought "students" thereof has just appeared, discussing, within marvellously-compressed limits, its "features" and its "characteristics," with a "table" and a "glossary." (Bell.) The author signs himself A. Barrington, M.D. (and seriously we are glad to see taste and zeal on such a subject in one of his profession), but when we are asked to what the value of his whole performance amounts, we answer, to that of a very pretty *toy*. We have great pleasure in looking over his table; but it will teach nothing to those who have not been taught it all long before. There is no royal road even to amateur and antiquarian lore in architecture, still less, of course, as part of our last number was devoted to showing, the satisfactory and practical skill therein.

Mr. Neale, one of the most indefatigable writers of the present day has put forth "Hymns for the Sick," (Stevenson,) which is most especially pleasing, as it shows that, among the author's varied powers, a certain polemical fire observable in the "Ballads for the People" does not stand single. Why do authors of our own times write so miscellaneously?

"A Tract on Holy Virginity, derived from St. Ambrose," (Oxford, Parker,) by Mr. Christie, of Oriel, has been met, as might have been, and probably was, expected, with very coarse and irreverent criticism. It becomes a serious question, whether these evils do not more than counterbalance the good of such publications: but then, again, we must bear in mind, that though our age and Church are frightfully worldly, and our losses unspeakable, we shall not be permitted to recover a higher estate, unless we steadily keep in view the ancient patterns of actual holiness, and the lessons and fruits of a better faith. Under this aspect, we appreciate highly the stern sense of duty which prompted this recurrence to the express teaching of one of the four doctors of this Western Church: such duties are best taught in the words of those fathers whom the Catholic world has in some degree stamped with authority; and we are thankful for anything which recognises the peculiar and scriptural privileges attached to the unmarried state. We cannot follow Mr. Christie in seeing the propriety of the heading which, in the table of contents, he has prefixed to the penultimate chapter; and we are quite sure that the text does not authorize it: it is needlessly offensive, and if not in the original, it is something worse than uncalled for.

Mr. Van Voorst is publishing a most valuable series, "Illustrations of Baptismal Fonts," of which the first two numbers are out. This supplies what we want; viz., examples of every period of christian art from the remote village churches; for we begin to suspect and to dread the construction of architectural canons upon a very insufficient induction of authorities.

A useful, though rather too large school-book has appeared, "Conversations on Arithmetic," by Mrs. Henry Ayers, of Camberwell. It seems eminently calculated to disentangle what is equally perplexing to teachers and taught; but what we especially like is, the genial line adopted by the authoress, in recommending to her pupils other studies than mere accomplishments: and, which is quite a new feature since the days of Cocker, the examples are framed to contain some real instruction. Mrs. Ayers is, we are assured, wrong in her derivation of *Munnday* Thursday, p. 163; and what can be meant "by Constantine passing an edict for the observance of the *Sabbath*," p. 147, is beyond us.

"Hints on Ornamental Needlework for Ecclesiastical Purposes," (Burns,) has a good object in view: first, to employ females "who are wisehearted to work in blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen," for the honour of the sanctuary; as well as for, or rather instead of, the trumpery screen and slipper work of the day; and next, when the good heart is gained, to furnish them with ancient patterns and models. Here the lady (?) artist we think has failed: the plates of patterns are very poor, and recourse has not been had to the right

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source, which is the representations of vestments, the embroidered copes, and chasubles and orfrays, upon brasses; these are really suited for needlework, which is more than can be said of the bits of stone-work and wood-work suggested in the present publication. The very elaborate frontal recommended is nothing more than stone panelling. In one recommendation we heartily concur; the preference of silk to gold thread, which latter always spoils and tarnishes in a twelvemonth.

"Melbourne Church," (Cleaver,) by Mr. Deane, is a good and interesting account of a Norman church but very little known: we can hardly make out whether the restorations have been actually carried out. Not the least able part of this publication, is an elaborate historico-ecclesiastical essay on the state of our ante-Norman Church.

By some accident, we have omitted to acknowledge Mr. E. C. Harrington's "Brief Notes on the Church of Scotland, from 1555 to 1842." (Exeter, Hannaford.) It is merely a guide to the further pursuit of the subject, and on the whole it may be pronounced a satisfactory sketch; but under the title we had no right to expect the history as well of the Presbyterian schism as of the Church. Do the two together make up "*the* Church of Scotland?" or, if one excludes the other, which? We desiderate in Mr. Harrington, as in nearly all writers on the subject, a distinct notification that the *present* Scotch Communion office is *not* the Caroline office: this latter did vary but little from the office in Edward the Sixth's First Book: but as we often see it stated, that the present Liturgy, against which the clamour is raising, is identical with that of Edward's First Book, we must caution our readers that they are the same only in the sense of succession, as Archbishop Howley is the same as Archbishop Laud. Of the two the old Scotch office is better than the new: and either is infinitely beyond the present Anglican office. The information on the Non-Intrusion question is very useful.

Mr. Allen's "Diary of a March through Scinde and Affghanistan" (Hatchard) is about the only bright spot in that fearful cloud of distresses and sins, our late Indian conquests. The book itself shows an earnest mind, and, barring one passage of conventional nonsense upon present controversies at home, it is quietly and affectingly written. It is quite comforting to hear of the prayers during this march of vengeance and blood—that of General Nott's army upon Ghuznee: and we are almost, *but not quite*, reminded of those days when before Cressy and Poictiers the Holy Eucharist was administered to a whole army; or when the good Baron of Bradwardine read his evening prayers before the fight of Preston Pans.

The "History of Etruria. Part I. Tarchun and his Times," by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, (Hatchard) is not only a most remarkable book for a lady to write, but it is a permanent and important contribution to the criticism of history. We augured much from the Tour to the Etrurian Tombs of our learned authoress; but we were little prepared for so deep and discriminating a work as the present. Though composed in the spirit and school of Niebuhr, it is reverential and believing throughout.

The first Part of Mr. Knight's "Old England" has just appeared. It begins well: and the illustrations, both in profusion and value, are something beyond even his tact in pictorialisms. We have heard from those who are judges that the new process of printing in colours, of which we have a specimen, is as curious as a mechanical, as we know it to be beautiful as an artistic, result. There is a quiet yet deep right-mindedness in all that relates to the ecclesiastical part of the subject, which is as comforting as some time since it would have been surprising. We call particular attention to what Mr. Knight says about the old church in Dovor castle, and the site of that at Richborough. It puzzles us to hear that there could have been a doubt as to what the cruciform foundation at the latter place meant. We are glad to find the days of the Aldi returning. Literature is always a gainer when author and publisher are combined.

Two works on different subjects may be classed together, since they go to establish a position which requires to be dwelt upon. Mr. O'Connell, of Water-

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ford, and late of Oscott, writes a "Letter to Dr. Pusey, on the true mode of the real Presence, *or* Transubstantiation," (Dolman,) with the object of showing that the Hebrew Professor's theology is anything but Romanism: and Mr. Vanburgh Livingston, a recent convert to Romanism, puts forth an "Inquiry into the Doctrine of Imputation," (New York, Casserly), for the direct controversial purpose of demonstrating that Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, &c. are radically unsound on *the* cardinal and all-involving controversy between the Church of Rome and all bodies apart from the Papal obedience, viz. that of Justification.

Speaking of recent converts to Romanism, reminds us of a very ambitious pamphlet, "The Character of the Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College, as a Controversialist, considered, by a late Member of the University." (Dolman.) This is attributed to Mr. Renouf, formerly of Pembroke College, now of Oscott. We hardly think that it may be passed over *sub silentio.*

A very valuable catechetical work, by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, of Harrow, has just appeared. It is entitled, "Theophilus Anglicanus," (Rivingtons,) in allusion to St. Luke i. 3, 4; and it is intended for the use of the highest classes in grammar-schools. We rejoice to hear everywhere the spread of catechizing.

The article from our last number, "On the State of the Church and Mr. Palmer's Narrative," has been reprinted under the title "Church Development; or, How to repress Romanizing Tendencies?" (Burns.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.*]

SOME TESTIMONIES AND FACTS REGARDING DR. PUSEY, AND MR. NEWMAN.

I. 1. "I entertain the most unwavering confidence in Dr. Pusey's faithfulness to the standards of his Church, and his integrity as a Catholic Churchman. He is no nearer, on my word, to Rome, than the Liturgy and Offices of the Church of England and of her sister in America go with him. I would that we might all remember and act upon these homely lines, which I find in our favourite writer:—

"'Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story wrong
Which *ought not* to be true.'

"Your faithful friend,
"G. W. Doane.

"*Riverside, June* 27, 1843." "*Bp. of New Jersey.*"

2. "Notwithstanding an occasional difference of opinion on matters of importance, our friendship has lasted for more than a quarter of a century. I feel, therefore, that I am not taking too great a liberty, when, by dedicating this sermon to you, I avail myself of the opportunity to record my respect for the profound learning, the unimpeachable orthodoxy, and the Christian temper with which, in the midst of a faithless and pharisaical generation, you have maintained the cause of true religion, and preached the pure unadulterated word of God. By the publication of your truly evangelical Sermon on the Eucharist, you have put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; and I am only uttering the sentiment of thousands when I venture to affirm that it may be said of you, as it was said of one who suffered injustice from the Church of Rome, that if, peradventure, you have erred by loving your God too much, your enemies have erred by loving their neighbour too little. 'Nullius addictus jurare in verba

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magistri,'—I do not pledge myself by this dedication to support all the opinions which you have, in your writings, advanced; but I know the piety of your heart, and your devotion to the cause of Christ and His Church, and I shall ever feel it to be an honour, through evil report and good report, to be permitted to subscribe myself, my dear sir, your affectionate friend, "W. F. Hook."

3. "My Dear Pusey,—I hope that you will permit the dedication of the following pages to you, as a tribute of respect to one now suffering under a sentence which, in the absence of any alleged ground to justify it, may reasonably be expected to be speedily removed."—*Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval.*

"The censure pronounced against Dr. Pusey is, apparently, pronounced against St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, and other Fathers of the Church, with whose praise the Homilies teem, and whose language upon this very subject they hold up to the highest commendation."—*Ibid.*

4. "Dr. Pusey has not been preaching any new doctrine, but only that same earnest believing view of the benefits which we receive by partaking in the Lord's Supper, which has sustained the faith and inflamed the devotion of the greatest lights of the Church Catholic in all ages."—*English Churchman.*

5. "Before the publication of this Sermon, many who, like myself, living at a distance from Oxford, had not an opportunity of hearing it delivered, when they saw an announcement that it had been condemned and its author suspended, were compelled to believe that there were *some* grounds for the proceeding; and that, however harsh and severe the sentence, men in the solemn and responsible office of judges, and deliberating on a subject so entirely falling within their own profession, would at least have been able to produce some grounds on which they had convicted. It was thought, for example, not impossible that Dr. Pusey might not have been sufficiently mindful of the important principle laid down in the well-known tracts on *Reserve*, and that, however orthodox himself, he might, even in putting forward Divine truth, have had not sufficient regard to the capacity of his hearers to receive it, emerging as we are from the miserable laxity and ignorance on doctrinal matters which characterized the last and commencement of the present century; so that, in urging some long-forgotten truth, he had offended against the principle, so observable in Scripture, and so incumbent on the Minister of Christ, of suiting the degree and strength of knowledge to the spiritual capacity of the recipient. And I am willing to admit that such an objection would form a valid ground for the *negative* act of *withholding* an appointment as preacher, one, for example, resting solely with the discretion of the Vice-Chancellor, unconnected with any legal rights or *official* duties, and the withholding of which consequently involved no censure on the hundreds from whom it must necessarily be withheld. But this is essentially different from a positive overt act amounting to a bill of pains and penalties like the present, and involving the suspension from prescriptive rights and the most sacred legal duties. Neither am I prepared to say that this Sermon would not have offended against the principle here spoken of, had it been addressed by a stranger to some mixed congregation, who had taken their religious tone, and adopted

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their views of doctrine, from the lax system and low notions on ecclesiastical and doctrinal matters which prevail so extensively among us: (though for any mischief which may on this same principle arise from the present publication of the Sermon, and its consequent circulation among numbers in no way prepared for the more advanced stages and higher views of the Eucharist here set forth, those persons clearly are responsible who have driven the author to this step.) But what is the real state of the case? The audience in the present instance was the University, whom Dr. Pusey had been for years accustomed to address from the pulpit in his official turn—a congregation not only familiar with his writings, (more freely canvassed than those of any living author,) but, which is particularly to be observed, one which might fairly be presumed to have heard the earlier sermons of the series of which this one formed a part.

"And what is the main purport of the Sermon? The assertion of a great fundamental truth—one much lost sight of indeed in a lax and profane age—but one,—not only recognised and taught in the English Church, but set forth prominently in every Formulary and Office relating to the subject. And it is also to be particularly observed, that this has been done, not as setting forth a dogma of the Church, in a way calculated to provoke a spirit of controversy, with no practical bearing, but purely *as* a practical question, pointing out its blessedness and value in its practical relation, as a source of comfort to the penitent, in the forgiveness of sins and the increase of spiritual life.

"To the astonishment of all, these Six Doctors have pronounced this doctrine unorthodox; and if they have not actually condemned, have at least circumscribed within the limits of sectarian interpretation, the English Church, her Homilies, Liturgy, Catechism, Offices. Men, too, of names the most illustrious in the annals of our Church, men who suffered persecution, some even unto death, for maintaining this very truth—to whom we have ever been taught to look up as our standard Divines—whose works form our standard English Divinity, and are recommended by our Bishops to candidates for Holy Orders—Archbishops Wake, Sharp, Laud, Bramhall; Bishops Ridley, Bilson, Overall, Morton, Andrewes, Cosin, Sparrow, Fell, Jeremy Taylor, Ken, Hackett, Beveridge, Bull, Wilson; Deans Jackson and Comber; together with Sutton, Mede, Herbert, Hammond, Thorndike, Leslie, Wheatley, Grabe, and many others,—all these have been condemned, and virtually branded with the charge of heresy by the Vice-Chancellor and his coadjutors."—*Rev. H. A. Woodgate.*

So much for maintenance of the Truth.

II. 1. In March, 1841, Mr. Newman discontinued the "Tracts for the Times," at the suggestion of the bishop to whom he was subject, with the view of giving none occasion of offence.

2. In September, 1843, Mr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary the Virgin, in Oxford, because his preaching created opposition and cavil among a certain party in that place.

3. In the following month the editorship of the British Critic was relinquished, at Mr. Newman's particular request, by his brother-in-law, out of respect to the prejudices of a large number of persons in the Church.

So much for love of Peace.

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

Bp. of Ely, *Dec.* 3.
Bp. of Durham, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Winchester, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Ripon, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Rochester, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Hereford, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Lincoln, *Dec.* 17.
Bp. of Chichester, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Glouc. & Bristol, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Worcester, *Dec.* 24.
Bp. of Norwich, *Jan.* 28.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Allen, H.	Patcham	Chichester..	Lord Chancellor	£110	490
Bateson, W. H.	Madingley, v.	Ely	Bishop of Ely	78	252
Bennett, E. L.	Long Sutton, v.	Lincoln	Rev. T. L. Bennett	600	5233
Beresford, G.	Hoby, *w.* Rotherby	Peterboro'..	Mrs. Anne Beresford	647	357 / 152
Bevan, D. B.	Burton Latimer	Peterboro'..	David Bevan, Esq.	699	996
Brooks, J. W.	St. Mary, Nottingham, v.	Lincoln	Earl Manvers	699	39539
Collett, W.	Normanton, R.	Lincoln	Marquis of Bristol	104	204
Dene, A.	St. Athan, R.	Llandaff	W. Rayer, Esq.	369	312
Eager, T. T.	Portwood, P.C.	Chester			
Hallons, B.	St. David's, Denbigh, P.C.				
Hope, T.	Hatton, P.C.	Worcester..	Mrs. Baker	158	815
Jones, E. L. C.	Llangerniew, R.	St. Asaph	Bishop of St. Asaph	275	1036
Kidd, R. B. P.	Potter Heigham	Norwich	Bishop of Norwich	165	367
King, W.	Batley Carr, P.C.	Ripon	Vicar of Batley	150	
Kyrle, J. S. M.	Yatesbury, R.	Sarum	Col. J. K. Money	438	274
Littlehales, T.	Shering, R.	London	Ch. Ch., Oxford	433	547
Lockhart, S. J. I.	Hurstborne Prior, v.	Winchester	Bishop of Winchester	202	1615
Lowe, T. H.	Colyton, R.	Exeter	D. & C. of Exeter	403	2919
Nott, J. L.	St. James, Dudley, P.C.	Worcester..	Rev. W. H. Cartwright		
Parker, E.	Great Oxenden	Peterboro'..	Jas. Parker, Esq.	410	239
Pearson, H.	Norton, v.		C. R. B. Leigh, Esq.		
Pughe, R.	Meliden, P.C.	St. Asaph	H. S. Milner, Esq.	90	726
Ryle, C.	St. Thomas, Winchester, R.	Winchester	Bishop of Winchester	145	1986
Steele, P. C.	Caerwent, v.	Llandaff	D. & C. of Llandaff		
Strong, W. H.	St. George's, Chorley	Chester	Rector of Chorley		
Tate, T.	Edmonton, v.	London	D. & C. of St. Paul's	1550	
Twine, W.	Rayleigh, R.	London	Robt. Bristow, Esq.	774	1339
Werner, T.	Trinity Church, Swansea, P.C.	St. David's.			
Whall, W.	Little Gidding	Ely	Lord Chancellor	126	48
Whalley, J. P.	Illington, R.	Norwich	R. K. Long, Esq.	140	91
Williams, L.	Matherne, R.	Llandaff	Bishop of Llandaff	352	413 / 444
York, P. W.	Hawkeswell, R.	London	R. Bristow, Esq.	385	329

APPOINTMENTS.

Gifford, E. H. B.A. — Second Master of the Free Gram. School, Shrewsbury.
Harding, H. — Precentor in Lichfield Cath.
Hollway, T. — Prebend of Stow Longa, in Lincoln Cathedral.
Kennedy, W. J. — Secretary of the National Society.
Thompson, G. — Head Master of Free Gram. School, North Walsham.
Ward, T. — Minister of Bedford Proprietary Chapel, Charlotte-st., Bedford-square.
Williams, T. — Archdeacon of Llandaff.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Barnwell, F. H T., M.A., F.R.S., and S.A.
Cathrow, E. J., M.A., of Oakwood, Surrey.
Fanshawe, J., Vicar of Frodsham.
Fennell, S., D.D., Principal of the West Riding Proprietary School at Wakefield.
Hudson, J., M.A., Vicar of Kendal, Westmoreland.
Littlehales, J. C., S.C.L., Fellow of New College, Oxford.
Muckleston, J. P., D.D., Vicar of Wybunbury, Cheshire.
Pattinson, J., at Northwood, Isle of Wight.
Purcell, J., Vicar of Worminghall, Bucks.
Rham, W. L., Vicar of Winkfield.
Strong, W. B., B.A., at Cambridge.
Tanner, T., Incum. of Bradninch, in Devon.
Thomas, E., at Rolleston Hall, Leicestershire.

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PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT, BUILDING, AND REPAIRING OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

A MEETING of this Society was held at their chambers, in St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, on Monday, Nov. 20, for the general business of the institution.

The Lord Bishop of London was in the chair. There were also present the Ven. Archdeacon Lonsdale, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., the Revs. Drs. Shepherd, H. H. Norris, and B. Harrison; Messrs. W. Cotton, N. Connop, W. Davis, H. J. Barchand, B. Harrison, S. B. Brooke, A. Powell, J. Cocks, &c.

The Secretary read the reports of the sub-committees, after which the meeting, having examined the cases referred to their consideration, voted grants of money towards building additional churches or chapels at the following places: viz. Alltygryg, in the parish of Llanguick, Glamorganshire; at Kensal-green, in the parish of Chelsea, Middlesex; at Wood-green, in the parish of Tottenham, Middlesex; in the district parish of St. George, Leeds; at Robert Town, in the township of Liversedge, near Leeds; at Cowhill, in the parish of Oldham, Lancashire; at Plymouth; and at Trawden, in the parochial chapelry of Colne, Lancashire. Also towards enlarging, by rebuilding, the church at Bovington, Herts; enlarging the church at Owston, Lincolnshire; reseating, or otherwise increasing the accommodation in the churches at Batcombe, Somerset; Burton, Westmoreland; Stoke Golding, Leicestershire; Tavistock, Devon; and Wanborough, Wilts.

The population of the above fifteen parishes is 213,614 persons, and the accommodation provided for them, in 37 churches and chapels, is 29,411 seats, being less than one-seventh of the whole number, whilst the free sittings are only 9,672, or one free seat for 22 persons. To this insufficient provision of church room, 5,753 seats will be added when the works above referred to (which include the erection of eight additional churches) have been completed, and 3,788 of those seats will be free and unappropriated for ever. Among the parishes now assisted are—one which contains 60,000 inhabitants, with church accommodation for less than one-tenth; another with upwards of 40,000, and church room for less than one-eleventh; another with 30,000, and accommodation for one-sixth; another with 23,000, and church room for less than one-fifth; another with 20,000 inhabitants, of whom only one-seventh can be accommodated; of 12,000 persons resident in another, there is not church room for one-eighth; whilst another, with a population of 6,000, can only afford sittings for 1,000 of them. In one of these parishes, seven miles in length and six in breadth, with a population of above 3,0 0—with church sittings for only one-tenth of that number—a church is about to be built in a district containing 1,500 inhabitants, five miles distant from the nearest place of worship connected with the Church Establishment.

The Society then examined the certificates of completion of the works in ten parishes. These were approved, and the board issued orders to the treasurer for the payment of the grant voted in each case; the population in these parishes is 36,727 persons, and to the former provision of church room therein (3,909 sittings, including 1,507 free) have now been added 2,300 seats, and of these 1,861 are free and unappropriated.

In addition to the cases now enumerated, the Society has received notices since their last meeting that applications for aid are about to be made towards building churches; one at the Swindon station of the Great Western Railway; another at Norland, in the parish of Kensington; one at Coventry; another at St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate; another at Thorp Acre, near Loughborough; one at Seasalter, near Whitstable; another at Lynn, in Norfolk; and one at Nenthead, in the parish of Alston, Cumberland; also assistance to enlarge or otherwise increase the church accommodation in fourteen existing places of worship.

COLONIAL BISHOPRICS.—BISHOPRIC OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE Committee appointed to promote the endowment of a Bishopric in the Province of New Brunswick, earnestly request attention to the following extracts from the Second Report of the Archbishops and Bishops, under whose authority they are acting:—

"The important Colony of New

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Brunswick, equal in extent to one half of England, and rapidly increasing in population, has been too long without a resident Chief Pastor. The time, however, seems at length to have arrived for the supply of a deficiency so generally felt and acknowledged; and as a proof of the interest excited in New Brunswick, by the proposal of forming that province into a separate bishopric, it may be stated that the Governor, Sir William Colebrooke, has officially expressed his opinion in favour of such a measure, while the Chief Justice, the Solicitor-General, and other leading persons in the colony, are exerting themselves to raise a fund towards the endowment.

"The Special Committee, to whom was entrusted the duty of soliciting subscriptions on the same behalf in this country, have estimated the necessary income at 1,200*l.*; but though we are far from regarding such a provision as too great, we shall be prepared to recommend to her Majesty's Government the appointment of a Bishop, as soon as a clear revenue of 1,000*l.* a-year has been permanently secured.

"A capital sum, therefore, of 30,000*l.* will be required. The contributions, which had only commenced in New Brunswick, amounted, at the date of our last despatches, to 2,150*l.*, but a much larger sum was expected; and the Bishop of Nova Scotia had addressed a pastoral letter 'to the Clergy and Lay Members of the Church,' recommending a collection in aid of the endowment fund, in every parish and mission of his diocese.

"Having taken these matters into our serious consideration, and looking to the great urgency and importance of the case, we have determined to appropriate a large portion of the fund remaining at our disposal, namely, the sum of 20,000*l.* towards the endowment of a Bishopric in New Brunswick. Assuming that 5,000*l.* will be collected within the Province, it will only remain for the Church at home to raise an equal sum, in order to complete this most desirable work. And we cannot refrain from expressing an ardent hope that the public at large, and especially those connected by trade or property with New Brunswick, will make a new effort to provide the required amount."

After noticing the wants of other Colonies, the Report of the Archbishops and Bishops proceeds as follows:—

"We propose, first of all, to recommend to her Majesty's Government, as soon as the adequate endowment has been secured, the erection of a separate Bishopric for the Province of New Brunswick."

The foregoing extracts abundantly testify the great importance which the heads of the Church attach to the erection of a Bishopric in New Brunswick.

Nothing is now wanting for the accomplishment of this excellent design, but the comparatively small sum requisite to complete the moderate endowment which the Bishops consider necessary.

The object proposed, and now almost within reach, is the planting of another branch of the Church of England among a population of British origin, which is every year increasing by the influx of emigrants from the mother-country.

That the Colonists themselves anxiously desire to have a chief Pastor of the Church resident among them, is evident from the contributions which they have supplied from their own very limited means for the due support of the Bishopric. It would be sad to think that these should prove unavailing for want of a brotherly co-operation at home.

The Committee, therefore, confidently appeal to all who feel an interest in the welfare of the Colonies, and especially to every true-hearted member of the Church, for such liberal assistance as may at once remove the only existing obstacle to the appointment of a Bishop of New Brunswick. (Signed by Committee,)

V. Knox Child, *Hon. Sec.*

79, *Pall Mall, Nov.* 28, 1843.

Besides the 20,000*l.* appropriated to this endowment by the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, about 3000*l.* have been contributed in the colony, and 1600*l.* at home.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication from the Author of "The Rector in Search of a Curate," reviewed in our last number. This gentleman – and he is one, and we have taken some pains to ascertain his credibility and complete highmindedness, inquiries in which he himself volunteered every facility—assures us that he has never read Bernard Leslie—that he never heard of Mr. Bernard Smith, the late Rector of Leadenham, and was not aware of the existence of such a parish—and that he did not intend the slightest allusion to the Bishop of London in his fictitious editor of Æschylus. He admits that, with our knowledge, we had the most ample justification for our charge of personality—he allows, also, that such an "extraordinary coincidence" never occurred in the annals of literature before—he is perfectly aware that he can expect but few to give credit to his disclaimer—and yet he feels bound, in justice to himself, to make it: and we feel bound, in justice to the Author of "The Rector in Search of a Curate," to make our readers acquainted with his statement. We perceive that he does not deny that Dr. M'Caul was intended in his Mr. M'Cloud.

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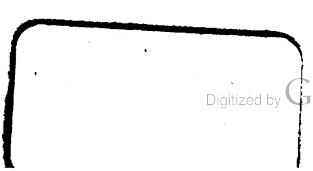
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